

FIELDING'S

Travel Guide to Europe

TEMPLE FIELDING

FIELDING'S Travel Guide to Europe

illustrated by Lombard C. Jones



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To my brother,

Captain Dodge Fielding, F. A.
(Philippines, April 30, 1945)

Ever enchanted by travel, he
took the Big Trip with his
usual smile.

Temple Fielding is also co-author
with Nancy Fielding of

The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide to Europe

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Author to Reader

About the only thing more deadly than an author's note is a home movies session with Cousin Jules lecturing on the stained glass windows of Barberino di Mug, Italy.

But we just finished this manuscript 10 minutes ago and we can't resist. Cousin Jules, move over!

This is the year when history's biggest T-Bomb—"T" for "Tourist"—will scatter its golden fallout over 1,903,000 square miles of European landscape. It's startling to realize that American trippers, numerous as we are, will constitute only a tiny pinch of powder in this mighty explosion. With the prosperity, bargain transportation, and the New Leisure this year, millions upon millions of continental vacationers will swap countries as tirelessly as some spouses in Hollywood swap wives.

The boom is fantastic. Vast areas of wasteland have been reclaimed to lure the holiday-maker's dollar or franc or pound. New hotels, restaurants, excursion targets, and other facilities are opening like popcorn on a hot griddle. Architects, contractors, painters, and plumbers are groggy from an epic dose of redecoration and modernization. From the Skagerrak to the Aegean to the Atlantic, Europe is twitching with a St. Vitus's dance of compulsive mass movement. The Jet Age is no longer a promise. It is here.

That's why this 1960-61 edition of the *Guide* is such a very special one.

x. AUTHOR TO READER

That's why the job of putting it together was the most rugged professional challenge, in both travel and writing, that has ever come our way.

And that's why, too, this has turned out to be the most heavily revised, comprehensive, fact-packed book in the 13-year history of our series.

Changes? Tens of thousands—more than ever before, and many more than we'd care to count. As one trivial indication of their scope—statistics courtesy of our Department of Irrelevant Information—exactly 647 feet of Scotch Tape, all in $\frac{1}{2}$ " snippets, were used to paste the typewritten new inserts into the printed work pages of the '59 edition. (This little fact was unearthed only because our automatic dispenser gobbled up 3 standard 2592" rolls.)

The reborn France of de Gaulle, Italy in its Olympics Year, Germany in its Oberammergau Year, up-and-sassy England, fast-expanding Switzerland, fast-awakening Portugal—all these have been rewritten to the bone. So have most of the other lands. Every word on every page has been scrutinized, checked, and winnowed, forward, sideways, and backward.

One of the happiest additions this year is the brand-new set of 30 line sketches which our old friend and perennial illustrator, "Lump" Jones, has come up with. We find them rich in that blend of gentleness, subtlety, and drollness which is the trademark of this renowned artist, and we hope that you'll chuckle over them as much as we have.

Now—readers are sometimes curious about the backstage operation of this *Guide*. Who gathers the information? Who collaborates? Do we travel under our own names? How much free-loading and "compliments of the management" can we squeeze? What kind of a rake-off do we get from merchants and other businesses we recommend?

Here's a quick glimpse at the inside picture:

• First, my wife Nancy saves her writing hours for her own special pet on which we collaborate, *The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide to Europe* (Sloane; \$1.95). On this bigger volume, however, I do the manuscript and together

we do everything else. On the road, she is my only researcher, Chief of Staff, sock-mender, and working-partner—not to mention treasured companion. After 13 years of joint coverage of the European map, we've become such a smoothly functioning team that she often strikes out alone to become my eyes, ears, and nose in one country while I'm busy re-checking another. To see what we must see each 12 months, and to co-ordinate this great mass of material into each new edition, would be absolutely unthinkable without her full-time assistance.

- Second, we never introduce ourselves anywhere until the check has been paid or the work has been done. In the early days, while learning our trade, we used to forward advance notice of our arrival to the Official Travel Organizations of the various nations—but now, to the distress of dear friends in some of these offices, we just pop up on their doorsteps, after completing our own rounds in our own way. No one ever knows our schedule except the next hotelier—if we haven't walked in cold in hopes of snagging a room. Our primary obsession wherever we move is to be accepted as Mr. & Mrs. Joe Smith, routine American tourists, who apparently speak nothing but English, who are typically easy-going, and who might be somewhat baffled by it all (which is too often true!). Sometimes we lose our little game by being spotted and identified—but the frequency with which we win it, especially after years of trudging over the same ground, continues to astound us.

- Third, this book is 100% independent and 100% clean. Through its 13 years of existence, we've stuck to one inflexible rule *always*: no payola, commissions, rake-offs, cuts, kickbacks, or outside compensation in any form—from *anybody*. From time to time, skeptical travelers have scoffed at this claim; less politely, certain ruffians whose rackets we have exposed—various Madrid, Toledo, and Italian tour guides are vicious examples—continue to spread the smear that they've "personally stood there" while we accepted bribes "up to \$5000" from institutions which refuse to play their crooked ball games. Here's our answer: let anyone open

for the traveler's hard-earned dollar. Because nobody wants to read an opinion that his establishment robs the customer or is overrun with cockroaches, this policy has made scores of bitter commercial enemies over the years. There has even been, in one case, an anonymous death-threat mailed to our home. Here's the crux: you, the reader, are our *only* consideration in this book. We did not write it for the benefit of the hotels, restaurants, airlines, shops, or any other agencies, good or bad, in its pages. Instead, your protection and your interests are not only paramount to us, but exclusive. Trite as it might sound, your travel happiness is our modest but utterly sincere personal crusade.

For trouble-free journeying, time is a crucial ingredient in this volume or any like it. This revision, for example, involves up to 125-thousand new words of copy. For the first 24 months after original publication, every individual edition continues to be workably valid. But after this 2-year period, more than half its total wordage has been ripped out and renewed—leaving it just about as hopelessly forlorn and unhelpful as a '58 copy of the *Wall Street Journal*. So when you're finished with this, please don't pass it along to friends who are making a 1962 tour, because European conditions change so fast that you'd really be doing them a disservice instead of a kindness. Now—even though this counsel might conjure up suspicions of publishers' cash registers ringing away, that's incidental. Nobody hates money, including indigent travel reporters—but nobody wants readers swearing at him for bum information which is dismally outdated, either.

A caution about our price listings this year: the quotations you'll find are accurate up to the moment we go to press, but inflation is on such a rampage abroad that it's impossible to make predictions. The spiral is whirling nearly everywhere, and since we're reporters rather than fortune tellers, the best we can do is to cite the last-minute prices before putting the manuscript to bed, and hope that you will regard any discrepancies with your most charitable eye.

Errors, bloopers, boners? With any good fisherman, editor, or author, a few big ones (sometimes horrifyingly big!) are

bound to get away—and you'll find them, sure as shooting. If you'll pause to consider the sheer number and bulk of facts on more than 20 separate nations which are peppered through these hundreds of pages, perhaps we'll be forgiven if an occasional aberration should let you down. As Polydorus said, 2 millenniums ago, "Perfection is unthinkable—except for a beautiful woman." Being male and downright uncomely, all we can do is just sweat and try.

But this edition which sits in your hand is the distillation of 13 solid years of work, hundreds of thousands of European miles, countless hours of editorial polishing, and actual field trial by more than a million Americans. It has come a long way from the slender manuscript which we so timidly introduced to the traveler back in '48, and we're grateful for the chance to make this year's offering the best one that we've ever published.

Our fondest hope is that your trip—even if it's in your armchair—gives you half the fun and half the delight that has gone into the preparation of this good-humored companion.

T. H. F.

*Europe . . . Formentor, Mallorca,
Balearic Isles.*

Tips on Highspots

As stated in "Let's Get Ready," any travel writer who attempts on a sweeping scale to make evaluations of "how long-where" for the Europe-bound tourist should turn in his belt, necktie, and pajama cord at the nearest mental clinic.

Nevertheless, we're going to be foolhardy enough to make a stab at this dangerous subject. Therefore, in charity to retarded children, lame dogs, and moonstruck authors, please bear in mind always that these ratings reflect *only* the opinions of one man and his reporter-trained wife—with which you and zillions of other travelers may easily disagree.

Below are tables with explanatory key. The first table pits individual country against individual country, without regard to cities or local points of interest. It assumes that the visitor is free to spend from 2 days (the minimum) to 10 days (the maximum) in any of these lands. By weighing the general appeal to Americans of each nation against the general appeal of all others, and by using the 2-to-10-day scale as a common yardstick, suggested stopover-times appear for each national entity.

The second table lists the most popular cities, resorts, and specific tourist targets, from one end of the Continent to the other. *Here the time-scale is different: 1 day is the minimum, and 5 days is the maximum.* Assumption is made that the voyager is at liberty to stay from 1 to 5 days at any of these points, depending upon its degree of attractiveness. Again what we've tried to do, within these hampering but carefully chosen limits, is to balance the charms of each place against the siren calls of its competition, and to evaluate accordingly. Naturally, some of the major centers deserve at least 10 to 14 days of any leisurely vacationer's attention; this has been disregarded, in the interest of practical simplicity.

Table I—Countries (2-10 day ratings)

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| AUSTRIA, 5 | MONACO, E |
| BELGIUM, 4\$ | NETHERLANDS, 5 |
| DENMARK, 7H | NORTHERN IRELAND, 3¢H |
| ENGLAND, 10\$ | NORWAY, 7¢H |
| FRANCE, 10\$ | PORTUGAL, 4 |
| GERMANY, 6 | SAN MARINO, E |
| GREECE, 4¢ | SCOTLAND, 4\$ |
| IRELAND, 5¢H | SPAIN, 10H |
| ITALY, 10\$ | SWEDEN, 5\$ |
| LIECHTENSTEIN, 2 | SWITZERLAND, 7\$ |
| LUXEMBOURG, 2\$ | |

Table II—Cities and Resorts (1-5 day ratings)**A U S T R I A**

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Badgastein, 1LQS | Salzburg, *2CLSX |
| Bregenz, ECS | Salzkammergut Lake |
| Fuschl, 2QS | Tour, *3LS |
| Graz, R | St. Anton, 2\$QS |
| Innsbruck, 1LSX | VIENNA, *4CHLS |
| Kitzbühel, *2LQS | Zell am See, 1LS |
| Lech, 2QS | Zürs am Arlberg, 2LQS |
| Linz-Vienna Danube trip, *ES | |

B E L G I U M

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Antwerp, EC | Han, ES |
| Bastogne, EC | Knokke-Le-Zoute, 2Q |
| Bruges, *ECLSX | Liège, 1CH |
| BRUSSELS, *2\$CJLX | Namur, R |
| Dinant, R | Ostend, 2JQ |
| Ghent, *ECLX | |

* Especially Recommended
 Numerals: number of days
 \$ Costs Comparatively High
 ¢ Costs Comparatively Low
 C Outstanding Cultural Interest
 E Excursion Only, Not Overnight
 H Especially Hospitable to
 Americans

J Outstanding Joie de Vivre
 L Local Color
 O Specialized Interests
 R Strictly Routine
 S Scenic Interest
 T Tourist-Trap Atmosphere
 X Americans Swarm in Season

VIII TIPS ON HIGHLIGHTS

DENMARK

Aalborg, 1¢H
Aarhus, EH
Aerøskøbing, *¢EHLS
Bornholm, 2¢HLS
COPENHAGEN, *5¢HJLS

Elsinore, ECHL
Fredensborg, ECHL
Frederiksborg, ECHL
Odense, 1¢CH
Rødvig, E¢HL

ENGLAND-WALES

Birmingham, R
Bournemouth, ES
Cambridge, ECLQ
Dover, ES
Isle of Wight, EJ
Lake District, 3LQS
Leeds, R
Liverpool, R
LONDON, *5¢CHL
Manchester, R

Newcastle, R
Oxford, ECLQ
Shakespeare Country, 2CLSX
Sheffield, R
Southport, EST
Torquay, 2\$JQT
Wales, 3¢CLQS
Windsor, ECL
York, 1CS

FRANCE

Amiens, R
Antibes, 3\$JX
Arles, R
Avignon, R
 Biarritz, 2\$JTX
Bordeaux, R
Bougival, E\$
Cannes, 3\$JTX
Carcassonne, 1CL
Chamonix, 2QS
Chateaux District Tour, 3CX
Cherbourg, R
Deauville, 2\$JX
Dijon, R
Fontainebleau, EC
Grasse, ETX
Juan-les-Pins, 2\$JX

Le Havre, R
Lille, R
 Lourdes, 1QTX
Lyon, R
Marseille, 1\$CT
Megève, 2QS
Nantes, R
Narbonne, R
Nice, 2\$JTX
PARIS, 5\$CJTX
Perpignan, R
Reims, 1CT
St. Jean-de-Luz, 2\$JX
Strasbourg, 1C
Toulon, 1C
Toulouse, R
Wine Districts Tours, 3L

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GERMANY

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Aachen, R | Hamburg, *2J |
| Baden-Baden, 1JQX | Hanover, R |
| Bad-Homburg, EQ | Heidelberg, 1LTX |
| Berlin, *3CHL | Kassel, R |
| Black Forest Road | Königswinter-Bonn, 1QS |
| Tours, *3CLS | Kronberg, 1HQ |
| BONN, R | Lübeck, EC |
| Bremen, R | Munich, 2CJTX |
| Coblenz, R | Rhine by boat, 3LQSX |
| Cologne, EC | Romantic Road Tours, 2CLS |
| Düsseldorf, 1C | Stuttgart, R |
| Essen, R | Travemünde, EJ |
| Frankfurt am Main, 2CX | Wiesbaden, R |
| Garmisch-Partenkirchen, 2QSTX | |

GREECE

| | |
|--------------|---------------|
| Aegina, R | Mykonos, *1CL |
| ATHENS, 2CL | Olympia, ECX |
| Corfu, *2CLS | Patras, R |
| Corinth, ECX | Rhodes, *2CLS |
| Delos, EL | Salonika, R |
| Delphi, ECTX | Santorin, ES |
| Mycenae, EL | Sparta, R |

IRELAND (*see also* Northern Ireland)

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Aran and islands, 2CHLS | Killarney Tour, 2CLSTX |
| Ashford Castle, *3LQS | Limerick, R |
| Ballynahinch Castle, 2QOS | Parknasilla, 1LQS |
| Cobh, R | Ring of Kerry Tour, 2CLS |
| Cork City, ELX | Waterford, ELX |
| DUBLIN, *3CHL | Waterville, 2CLQS |
| Dun Laoghaire, EQ | West of Ireland Tour, |
| Ennis, R | *4CHLS |
| Galway, 1HL | Wexford, ECQ |

ITALY

| | |
|---------------|-------------|
| Amalfi, ESTX | Bari, R |
| Assisi, ECSTX | Bologna, EC |

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XX TIPS ON HIGHSPOTS

ITALY cont.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Capri, EJSTX | Portofino, 1\$STX |
| Como, E\$STX | Positano, 1LSX |
| Cortina d'Ampezzo, 2QS | Rapallo, ET |
| Elba, *2¢HLS | Ravello, R |
| Florence, *2\$CLX | Rimini, 1¢JT |
| Genoa, 1C | ROME, *5\$CJLX |
| Ischia, ESX | San Remo, 1\$JQ |
| Milan, 1C | Siena, ECSX |
| Montecatini, EQ | Sorrento, ETX |
| Naples, 1TX | Stresa, 2QS |
| Palermo, 1C | Taormina, 2LQ\$X |
| Perugia, ESTX | Turin, R |
| Pisa, R | Venice, *3\$CLX |

LUXEMBOURG

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Luxembourg City, 2CHL | Rest of nation, E |
|-----------------------|-------------------|

MONACO

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| Monte Carlo, ECJLQX | |
|---------------------|--|

NETHERLANDS

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Aalsmeer, EL | Leyden, EC |
| Alkmaar, EL | Marken, TX |
| AMSTERDAM, *3CHLSX | Rotterdam, 1CJ |
| Arnhem, R | Scheveningen, 2JQ |
| Delft, ECL | Spakenburg, *EL |
| Giethoorn, *EL | Staphorst, *EL |
| Groningen, R | Utrecht, R |
| Haarlem, R | Volendam, TX |
| Hague, The, 1C | |

NORTHERN IRELAND (see also Ireland)

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Antrim Coast Tour, *¢ELQS | Cushendall, ¢ES |
| Armagh R | Cushendun, ¢EL |
| Bangor, ¢E | Giant's Causeway, ES |
| BELFAST AREA, 2¢HLQS | Londonderry, R |
| Carrickfergus, ¢E | Mourne Tour, *¢ELQS |

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NORTHERN IRELAND *cont.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Omagh, R Portballintrae, ϕ Portrush, 2 ϕ HLQS | Portstewart, 1 ϕ HLQS Strabane, R |
|---|---|

NORWAY

| | |
|---|---|
| Arctic Tour, *5 ϕ HLS Bergen, 1 ϕ CL Fjord Tour, *5 ϕ HLS Hammerfest, 1 ϕ HL | OSLO, *2 ϕ CHLS Stavanger, R Tromsø, 1HLS Trondheim, 1HLS |
|---|---|

PORTUGAL

| | |
|--|--|
| Batalha, EC Buçaco, *1S Cascais, EL Coimbra, ECL Estoril, *2\$J Évora, EC Fátima, EQ | Figueira da Foz, 1Q LISBON, *3\$CLS Nazaré, ELSX Porto, R Setúbal, ELS Sintra, *ECS |
|--|--|

SCOTLAND

| | |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen, 1LQ Ayr, R Balloch, RTX Blair Atholl, ER Clydebank, R Dornoch, 1Q Drymen, ETX Dumfries, R Dundee, R EDINBURGH, *2\$CHL Glasgow, R Gleneagles, *2\$QS Hebrides Islands, Q Inverness, 1 Isle of Arran, *ELS | Isle of Skye, 1LS Loch Lochy, *ES Loch Lomond, *ESTX Loch Maree, *ELS Loch Ness, *ES North Berwick, 2Q Orkney Islands, Q Perth, E Pitlochry, ETX St. Andrews, EQ Shetland Islands, Q Stirling, E Troon, 2Q Trossachs, ESTX Turnberry, 2\$QS |
|---|---|

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mi TIPS ON HIGHSPOTS

SPAIN

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Algeciras, R | Palma de Mallorca, 2HJLX |
| Ávila, EC | Port Mahón, Menorca, R |
| Barcelona, 1\$Q | S'Agaro, 2Q |
| Bilbao, R | San Antonio, Ibiza, 2¢LQ |
| Cádiz, R | San Sebastián, 1HJ |
| Córdoba, EC | Santander, R |
| El Escorial, ECS | Segovia, *¢ECHS |
| Formentor, Mallorca, 2\$QS | Seville, *2HJLX |
| Granada, 1CLSTX | Tarragona, R |
| La Granja, ES | Toledo, ECSTX |
| MADRID, *4\$CHJL | Torremolinos, ESX |
| Málaga, R | Valdemosa, Mallorca, TX |
| Marbella, E | Valencia, ECHL |

SWEDEN

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Dalarna Tour, *3HLS | Sandhem, EQ |
| Göteborg, 1C | STOCKHOLM, *2\$CS |
| Malmö, 1C | Sunlit Nights Train Tour, *\$LS |
| Östergötland Tour, 2L | Uppsala, EC |
| Sälen, 2HQS | Visby, *1CLQ |
| Saltsjöbaden, EQ | |

SWITZERLAND

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Arosa, 2QS | Leysin, 1¢Q |
| Basle, R | Locarno, 1LS |
| BERNE, *1CLX | Lucerne, 1LSTX |
| Bürgenstock *2\$QS | Lugano, ELS |
| Davos-Platz, 2QS | Montreux, 1TX |
| Geneva, *2CJLSX | Neuchâtel, ECL |
| Gstaad, 2QS | St. Gall, 1CL |
| Interlaken, 1STX | St. Moritz, *3\$JQSX |
| Klosters, 2QS | Zermatt, *3LQS |
| Lausanne, ETX | Zürich, 2CS |

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FIELDING'S

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Let's Get Ready

If Wall Street's gaudy steeds continue to bob smoothly around the calliope, and if Khrushchev doesn't play Russian Roulette with the carnival hands, 1960 will be the dizziest, busiest merry-go-round in European travel history. If you climb aboard the carrousel with a blueprint in your pocket and a twinkle in your eye you'll come home dancing with holiday delight. But if your planning is faulty or your good humor stretches less than 12 inches, you'll wish that you'd either gone with Aunt Mabel to Yellowstone Park or stood in bed.

So let's go over your trip, step by step, starting at the beginning and tracing things through. Some of these preliminaries will be old stuff to you—but use them as a check list. Maybe they'll remind you of something you've forgotten. Or maybe, if we're lucky, you'll pick up a fact or two.

Exactly 35,850 chores stare you coldly in the eye before departure. That's natural. But you're bound for Europe, not for the headwaters of the Zambesi River by dugout canoe. As everybody knows when he thinks about it, no lions, tigers, or exotic dangers lurk in the jungles of mankind's most civilized and highly cultured continent—only wolves, who are usually amusing company and pretty good dancers, too. Sure, things are different—but not *that* different; a house is a house, a street is a street, a waiter is a waiter, and a radish is a radish whether it's in London, Lourdes, Lucerne, or

2 LET'S GET READY

Little Falls. If you're at all fluttery, remember that exactly 17-jillion travelers have already blazed your trail without harm to themselves or, more important, to the local populations. So relax and be sure that nobody's going to raise an eyebrow at your presence anywhere you might go, unless you're built like Jayne Mansfield.

It's only human, however, to plan an overseas tour as carefully as an amphibious invasion. Here are a few basic suggestions. If several hundred of the minor details on your list should slip your mind, like winding the cat or drowning the milkman, don't think a *thing* about it. There isn't one voyager alive who doesn't get distracted, and any transatlantic holiday this record-smashing year carries an extra emotional jolt.

Costs Take the elastic band off your bankroll, because the first leg of your trip will cost you plenty.

By air, over-ocean rates on all scheduled carriers (except Icelandic Airlines, page 71) are exactly the same. An organization called the International Air Transport Association (IATA) is responsible for this questionable practice. Subject to probable *upward* revision this year, you'll be rocked the cartel price of \$462.60 for an Economy-class round trip between New York-London on piston planes, plus an additional levy to all points beyond. Yet, if your business firm or private club were to charter the *same* plane from the *same* airline for the *same* run, you'd pay only about \$260!

This far-flung octopus, made up of 90 airlines, also regulates everything from the spacing of the seats to the nature of your free hand-baggage to the type of sandwich served aloft. In '58 it decreed that passenger service be broken down into 4 major categories: De luxe, First class, Tourist class, and Economy class. (For further remarks on IATA and the differences in comfort among these classifications, see page 51.)

Continuing the New York-London run as our basic illustration, the subject-to-change fare tables also call for a *round trip* by De-luxe class at \$900, and by First class at \$792.

Sounds simple enough, but wait until you are confronted with the choice within the De luxe and First-class categories! In only these 2 classifications are there Sleeper flights, meaning a berth and/or special reclining seat. Pricewise, in addition to your De luxe or First-class fare, you will pay \$85 extra 1-way for an ordinary berth, and \$60 more 1-way for a reclining seat. As a topper, the extra-fare "red-carpet" specials have gone up to another \$60 extra.

On ordinary First class or Economy 1-way, Rome will nick you a respective \$91.60 or \$74.60 more—but, due to IATA's mystifying "zonings," Copenhagen and Zürich, as 2 samples of many, call for exactly the same outlay. Other centers are proportionate, *if flown direct*.

Jets? Over the Atlantic, the *round-trip* surcharges of \$40 for every De luxe or First-class passenger, and \$30 in Economy class may be dropped by May. Because of the jet's superior speed, no berths are offered. Within Europe and intermediate points to the east, jet transportation costs remain exactly the same as piston transportation.

One astonishing sidelight on these weird rate structures: if you pay \$732.60 for a round trip from New York to Athens, you can continue all the way around the world for only \$613.30 more!

Now here's some salve for that gallant but often-forgotten member of the household: Papa. *From October 15 through March 31 only*, daily or Sunday, family parties may pocket up to \$300 per person on the De luxe or First-class round-trip Atlantic crossing—\$150 on Economy—by merely riding on the same plane. Here's how this works: the boss (husband or wife, and how tactful can these airlines get?) pays the normal rate, regardless of destination. Each additional member of the party (partner and/or children aged 12 to 25) then benefits by a \$300 reduction on First class, or a \$150 bonus on Economy class. Kids under 12, already eligible for half-fare, get no further break. As you can see, the dividends are terrific. If a family of 5 join forces for a First-class round trip to Paris, Papa can buy them \$1200 in vintage champagne with the money he keeps. But check with several airlines be-

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fore making reservations, for all give a sizable reduction on 1-way as well as round-trip fares.

And here's a hint which can add hundreds of miles to your travel pleasure without costing you an extra nickel: you can hit a whole string of odd and unexpected places for the price of one straight ticket to one straight destination. Nothing could be zanier—or better for innocent voyagers like us. On Scandinavian Airlines System, as one of perhaps 20 illustrations, when you lay down the cash for a round-trip (any class) billet to Rome, you may stop off in any of 20 optional cities of 9 different countries, *whenever you wish, within the 1-year validity of your ticket, with no further investment involved*. These are *not* point-to-point tours; pick as few or as many targets as you wish, strictly at your own option and at your own time. All of the carriers have similar plans. If you'd like the mouthwatering SAS folder on this subject, as a representative breakdown, write to George Hedman, Vice President Public Relations, Scandinavian Airlines System, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica 35, N.Y., and ask him to send you "SAS Extra-City Trips in Europe For No Additional Fare." No charge, of course.

Steamship rates are roughly the same as airway rates. For '60, 26 shipping lines have cut *round-trip Off-Season* tickets by 10%—but no charity is involved, because they've simultaneously bumped all 1-way and/or High-Season fares by 7½%. If you cross in the Aga Khan's suite and demand a special diet of Rocky Mountain Peacock Tongues Flambé, you can pay a lot more. If you don't mind sharing a dormitory with the population of Flint, Michigan—all of whom snore—you can pay a lot less. For tips and suggestions on stateroom accommodations, see page 95. For specific prices, see your travel agent.

Sea-air agreements (1-way by surface, 1-way by plane) can be made for you in almost any combination by your travel agent.

The cost of living still varies—but, in almost every country, economic stability is progressing with gratifying rapidity. Please remember, though, that the inflation spiral is still

wreaking havoc in many parts of the Continent. You can forget about the "cheap" Europe of yore, with its \$2 rooms, 75¢ meals, and 25¢ drinks, because it has now dwindled (in most tourist areas, at least) to the point of extinction. Roughly (a personal evaluation), here is a scale of present comparisons:

Most expensive, in descending order, are France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, England, and Luxembourg. Second in expensiveness are Sweden, Monaco, Germany, Portugal, Netherlands, and Spain. Least expensive are Denmark, Austria, Greece, Ireland, and Norway.

If you're an oilman from Texas, an executive whose golf partner okays the company expense accounts, or a wife whose husband permits her more than 5 department store charge accounts, count on a minimum of \$50 per day (all transportation extra) to keep the wolves away. *For reasonable comfort, do not attempt a trip to today's metropolitan Europe on a budget of less than \$20 per person or \$35 per couple for actual daily expenses.* Superficial tip sheets on the newsstands will assure you that you can see the Continent happily on \$5 per day. Thousands of individuals try it, just as thousands of individuals see New York, Niagara Falls, or San Francisco with \$2 rooms, 50¢ meals, and 5¢ tips—but Third-class facilities abroad are normally such ancient and depressing fleabags compared with Third-class facilities at home, that their shoddiness and grime take away most of the fun. That's why the \$20 or \$35 averages are recommended for those who want to live decently, tip generously, shop reasonably, and not worry too much about buying that extra Martini. City travel costs a lot more than country travel—often twice as much, in fact. This should be figured in, too. But chichi resorts and rural tourist meccas like St. Moritz are sometimes the most expensive of all.

At the peak seasons, ship reservations are impossible and airline reservations are often as scarce as pants in Pago Pago. A good trick few sky travelers know about is to take Go-Show, and you should be out within 72 hours.

The explanation is simple: aircraft loads are made up 30

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hours and 10 hours before flight, on a basis of maximum bad weather. If the sun shines at take-off, there's room for as many as 3 extra passengers. So notify the airline you're ready to pull out at a minute's notice; if cancellations don't get you aboard, this clear-weather load differential possibly might.

Reminders: There is no "no-show" penalty on transatlantic portions of a ticket. However, on "travel wholly within Europe," you'll pay a whopping fine if you fail to show up to claim your flight reservation at flight time.

And don't forget to *reconfirm* every ticket everywhere not less than 72 hours in advance of departure, or you'll probably be scratched off the list and lose your space.

Passports and Visas The passport is the document that seems to combine the best features of the U.S. Constitution, the Message to Garcia, and the original Ark of the Covenant. Guard it more carefully than your wallet—or your wife. Without them you can move, but without the passport you're finished. European officials can be surly and stubborn. It might mean 48 hours in the local hoosegow, plus at least 30 days of catastrophic delay.

Look in the phone books of New York, Boston, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, Los Angeles, and San Francisco under Passport Agency, Department of State. Otherwise file application before the clerk of any United States District Court or State Court authorized by law to naturalize aliens. The head office is at 1717 H St., N.W., Washington 25, D.C. Unhappily, you must appear in person, despite the fact that your local post office will furnish the blank forms.

In New York, the head office is at Radio City. Take along 2 identical full-face, unretouched photos between $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ and 3×3 inches (color photos are acceptable now, too!); proof of American citizenship (birth certificate, baptismal certificate, or certified copy of the record of baptism); an identification document bearing your signature such as a driver's license, naturalization certificate, or industrial identification card (the "identifying witness" requirement was dropped in '58, thank heavens); and a \$10 bill (which might

be \$20 by the time you read this, because Congress is now pondering the silly monkey business of doubling this fee). You'll be relieved of the last faster than Thurston could get rid of a rabbit. Incidentally, they also will issue a joint passport which wraps up the family in one package—husband, wife, and 16 children if you have them—thereby saving a whole string of individual payments. But there's only one trouble with this: if a feud should break out en route, somebody's going to find himself stuck in Zwartsluis, Holland.

A new ruling extends the validity of passports *issued on or after September 14, 1959* to 3 years. They still, however, can be renewed for another 2 years and an additional \$5. This may be done by mail. Then, after the 2-year extension, you must start from scratch again, including the bigger payment. Take your old passport along for their reference; they'll clip the corner and return it to you as a souvenir.



Frances G. Knight, our charming and highly competent Passport Director, has revolutionized the Department during her 4-year tenure. Because this outstanding executive has always placed the interest and convenience of the traveling public first, her innovations have been notable.

As one example, it took the old regime up to 6 weeks to issue a passport—but now, *providing that all documents are correctly submitted*, the maximum delay is 3 days. As another, the series of 7 official brochures covering all phases of the subject (*You and Your Passport, Information and Travel Tips*, etc.) has been revised or rewritten in a friendly, chatty style; they're available free of charge. As a third, not only did Mrs. Knight inaugurate the optional use of color pictures, but one of her pamphlets comes right out and urges voyagers to "Get a good picture. The Passport Office welcomes photographs that depict the applicant as a relaxed, smiling per-

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son . . ." What a breath of fresh air in our Government!

Most photographers will give you a list of each country's picture requirements. In New York, a convenient and reliable place for pictures is Acme Passport Photographers, located in the same Radio City building as the U.S. Passport Division. They're well-liked by celebrities; they do the job, as many copies as you want, in about 20 minutes. Whenever they're called for, you'll need at least 2; occasionally you're asked for 4 or 5. *As insurance, always be sure to get 5 or 6 extra photos*; later they might save hours and headaches.

Now—visas. Prompted by a touching affection for the American buck, every nation in Free Europe has at last eliminated this formality for U.S. visitors. Israel and Turkey have also followed suit. To enter Yugoslavia, Russia, the Iron Curtain satellites, Egypt, most of Africa, and practically all of Asia or the Pacific, however, visas are still demanded. Thus, if you're extending your tour through any of these areas, hand your passport to your travel agent or airline representative, and let *him* sally forth into the lush tropical forests of red tape. He'll furnish you with all the forms for police certificates, health certificates, and other special documents, too.

Visa fees range from zero to \$15.25, depending upon the country and how eager it is for your trade. If you're crowded for time, you may pick up the later ones during the first stages of your wanderings on the other side. Transient transatlantic passengers through Gander Airport (Newfoundland) need only passports and vaccination certificates.

The 4 Scandinavian lands have started operating a 1-entry, 1-exit "free" zone within their combined borders—harbinger of the pleasant trend toward fewer and fewer European frontier stations stamping their visitors' passports each year. As soon as the Traveler's Holy Grail—the simple International Identity Card—can become a reality, the battle of documents will be won, thank goodness.

►Passport tips from Mrs. Knight:

Don't use it as a notebook, scrapbook, or autograph book

—in fact, never touch your pen to it, except for your signature *and home address* (the latter is crucially important, as proved by the identification problems in Norway's Stalheim Tourist Hotel conflagration last year).

Don't fiddle with the photo—and, above all, don't "accidentally" spill nail polish on your birth-date line if you're female. If you do, your passport can become invalid.

Never use it as collateral or pledge—and always register it if you send it through the mails.

Never lend it to a stranger—or even to a friend.

Always carry it on your person when you head for a new country—never in your luggage, which can so easily go astray abroad.

Shots These depend upon your itinerary:

If you're making the standard Baedeker circuit to the standard capitals or tourist oases of continental Europe, your smallpox-vaccination certificate should be enough—if only to get back into the U.S.A.! Actually, a typhoid inoculation wouldn't hurt (your resistance, not your arm!)—if you're timid about physical well-being, or if you're hitting the southern rim in summertime.

But if you plan to poke through any of the odd places around the Mediterranean (including *all* of North Africa, the Middle East, the bottom of Italy, and most of the islands)—or if you're heading for deep Africa or Asia—for heaven's sake be brave and let your doctor shoot the works. Europe this year, generally speaking, is safe-and-sound; they've got good public-health officials, fine doctors, and new American drugs, too. These hotter lands, though, still crawl with 77-zillion varieties of varmints—so even if you feel like an old-fashioned pincushion, it's worth it many times over. Nothing is more catastrophic than hospitalization thousands of miles from home.

Dr. W. Price Fitch of Larchmont, N.Y., the internationally famous authority on travel health, recommends the following series of inoculations and vaccinations for the latter group of voyagers:

| <i>Type of Immunization</i> | <i>Time Consumed</i> |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Smallpox | 1 visit |
| Tetanus and Diphtheria (Booster) | 2 visits, 30 days apart |
| Cholera | 2 visits, 7 days apart |
| Typhus | 2 visits, 7 days apart |
| Typhoid | 3 visits, 7 days apart |
| Poliomyelitis (If under 40) | 2 visits, 30 days apart, plus 1 visit 9 months later. |

Smallpox vaccination is still mandatory for re-entry to the United States. It is good for a 3-year period, provided you can show the certificate.

Yellow fever serum can be found in only one place in most cities—in New York, for example, at the U.S. Public Health Service, 67 Hudson St. Hours are between 1:30 P.M. and 2:30 P.M. 5 days a week, and the inoculation is free. Only parts of Africa and Asia plus one South American nation require this.

Plague immunization is still tricky and ineffectual. It is not recommended, unless the visited country demands it.

► **TIP:** Allow 8 weeks for the bulk of your shots.

For the Air Traveler: Male What clothes does a man take to today's Europe? What should he leave behind? How should he pack? What type of luggage will give him peak efficiency? How can he squeeze the last free ounce from his 66- or 44-lb. limit?

These questions—and many more—we have carefully studied with clothing experts and tested through years of field trial.



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Our first task was to list every single item worn by men; our next, to trim it to essentials. Then came a survey of what *kind* of wool, leather, canvas, cotton, silk, or synthetic would best do the job. Our last step was to lump our final selections into one pile, weigh them individually, pack them into the bags of our choice—and tote them across the Continent, again and again. The result is a practical, efficient, all-inclusive men's air wardrobe, without a milligram of waste.

Let's start with weights. Here's an *average* table of values, subject to individual deviations:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Wool suit, 3-piece, size 40 | 4-5 lbs. |
| Shoes, size 9 (pair) | 3 " |
| Shirt | 8-10 oz. |
| Shorts and top, cotton | 6-8 " |
| Handkerchief | 1 " |
| Socks, wool (pair) | 2-4 " |
| Socks, lisle | 1-2 " |
| Tweed sport jacket, size 40 | 2½-3½ lbs. |
| Slacks, flannel | 1½-1¾ " |
| Pajamas, broadcloth | ¾-1 " |
| Robe, synthetic | ¾-1 " |
| Sweater, cashmere | ¾-1 " |
| Dinner jacket and trousers, wool | 4 " |
| Evening shoes, size 9 | 1¾ " |
| Dress shirt | ½ lb. |
| Bathing trunks | 1 " |
| Slippers, folding traveler's | ¾ " |
| Toilet kit (empty) | 1 " |
| Suspenders | 2-3 oz. |

Now for our complete *cold-weather* wardrobe, *including all garments on the person of the passenger*:

- 1 overcoat-raincoat, "Transatlantic-Flight Coat" model
- 2 wool business suits (one dark)
- 1 sport jacket, tweed
- 1 pair slacks, flannel or worsted
- 2 pair shoes
- 7 shirts

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- 9 pair socks
- 15 handkerchiefs
- 7 neckties
- 6 sets underwear, shorts and tops
- 2 pair pajamas
- 1 robe, foulard or synthetic
- 1 pair slippers, folding
- 1 pair suspenders or a belt
- 2 pair garters
- 1 hat, neutral or dark shade, crushable (if worn)
- 1 cashmere sweater

Toilet kit

Medicines and miscellaneous (see "Five-Star Indispensables")

(Optional) Dinner coat and trousers, dress shoes, black socks, soft evening shirt with collar attached, black tie, cuff links. Recommended *only* for extra-social types or First-class passengers on the larger steamships.

The "Transatlantic-Flight Coat," the first article of clothing ever created specifically for the international air voyager, was designed in collaboration with several of America's top stylists. My only interest in this innovation, past or present, has been to make available a rugged, handsome, all-purpose garment which fulfills the practical requirements of hard continental travel; I had or have no tie-ins whatsoever with the people who put it out.

The whipcord material (dusky beige or blue) is so light and tough that you can sleep in it, hang it up for an hour or 2, and find that it has snapped back to its original shape. The tartan lining detaches—not to be tossed aside as useless, but to become your traveling bathrobe. The coat has 6 deep pockets, some with button-down flaps as thief insurance; fill them with bottles of heather-dew and extra cigarettes, carry it casually over your arm, and you'll waltz through most European Customs. Balmacaan collar to keep you dry, wrist tabs to keep breezes away from your elbows, other special features. Much too heavy for summer; buy a folding plastic

raincoat instead. But it's swell nearly everywhere from November through April. Stocked by Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and Saks Fifth Avenue in New York; the price, when I last heard it, was \$135.

Twist-yarn cloth is the recommended material for business suits. It requires little or no pressing, and the weave is outstandingly durable. Both jackets should have 2 inside pockets with button-down flaps, for money, documents, and valuables.

The sport jacket should be heavy (for warmth), made of rough tweed (no pressing), and of a dark pattern (no cleaning). A 3-button, easy-fitting model is the most comfortable; be sure it has an extra inside pocket. Seven shirts should be carried—and we recommend that at least 1 of them be the Hathaway product of 65% Dacron and 35% cotton. Soak it in a washbasin with a few soap flakes (*don't rub it or twist it!*), put it on a wooden (not metal) hanger—and climb into it the next morning without a lick of ironing. If your trip is jet-propelled, take 2 of these and practically no others. But if you're jogging along on a more routine time schedule and staying in good hotels, the laundry is so fast (24 to 72 hours) that broadcloth should be the bulk of your supply. No work, no trouble, neater appearance.

Socks should be rationed to 5 pairs of wool and 4 pairs of lisle. You'll need both, on different occasions. The nylon "cashmere" and "wool" varieties aren't too good for travel. The socks are slimy on the feet, take a year or two to dry, and fall apart under hard wear.

Hats are not worn by most European men. Unless you're a covered-head addict, you should leave it behind, because carrying it is often a terrible nuisance to the traveler with only one pair of hands.

Leave your silk or rayon pajamas at home, because they'll be ruined by improper washing. Take broadcloth or fine cotton or Dacron.

New shoes look nifty, of course, but you've got so much walking in store for you that they might make blisters. Tuck in an old, comfortable pair, too.

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Ever try nonslip waterproof soles, by the way? They're wonderful for climbing or hiking (and you'll do plenty of both on the Continent, whether you like it or not). They look like leather and grip like rubber but are neither—so darned if I can describe them. Neolite is the best. The little cobbler around the corner can convert a pair of shoes so neatly that no one will see the difference from what you're wearing now. He'll charge about \$7 for whole soles (not half-soles) and heels of the same tough composition.

Your cashmere sweater should have full-length sleeves. It'll feel mighty good at times.

If you're cautious, put labels in all your garments and have your full name stamped in your hatband. It isn't absolutely necessary, but it's good protection.

For the *summer* or *warm-weather* traveler, here are the recommended substitutions:

If you're bound for Northern Europe, Central Europe, or the mountains, the nights will probably be so cool that you'll want 1 *lightweight* wool suit—not winter weight. Your alternate, to fill the quota, should be either Dacron or shantung or tropical.

In Mediterranean and southerly areas, at least 1 Dacron-cotton or Dacron-nylon (less porous) suit is not only advised, but urged. We have had good comfort, pleasure, and travel efficiency from 2 Haspel Co. (New Orleans) blends. *They never need dry cleaning or pressing*; dunk 'em in any bathtub, quick-dry 'em on a hanger, and then step back into a garment that looks as fresh and as neat as if it were just off the rack. Probably available in the leading shop in your city. Wide choice of colors; \$50 price range; tailoring details on the skimpy and mediocre side, but the cloth is so practical for continental wandering that the merely passable fit is secondary.

- One crushable straw hat or 1 felt hat (if worn).
- Tropical dinner clothes (only for socialites or First class in larger steamers).

Add bathing trunks, supporter, and T-shirt (most of Portugal, for example, doesn't permit trunks-only).

The rest of the list (including the tweed sport coat and cashmere sweater) should be exactly the same.

If you're bound for Italy, leave out most of your neckties; if it's Denmark or Ireland, forget your sport jacket. These places have terrific bargains you won't want to miss.

Should you be uncomfortable without your electric razor, be sure to take along a current converter and a special plug to fit all types of European sockets. (Last year, at least, the transformer in the Schick World Traveler's Kit for the Schick Power Shave Model #77 was a dud for continental wanderings; get the right one on special order from the factory, if you use this brand.) Voltages and electrical outlets are different abroad, and without both of these accessories your razor won't work. Look in almost any gadget store.

Luggage? This year's survey of the U.S. market yielded pay dirt, for a change. From the welter of good-looking but foolishly designed candidates, we selected 3 models and subjected each to a careful field test. All were excellent—except for the common bugaboo of too much weight.

With the Jet Age a reality, and with hundreds of thousands of transatlantic passengers confined to the 44-lb. limit, no manufacturer we've found has yet succeeded in combining quality, durability, smartness, and packing efficiency with the *lightness* so necessary to the international air-coacher. The buyer is still left with 2 choices: (1) the featherweight bag of such skimpy construction that it murders wardrobes and breaks hearts, or (2) the tough, practical suitcase which voyage-proofs possessions but steals too many precious pounds from the free allowance.

If you're going both ways by ship, and if weight isn't too important elsewhere, we still rate the tried-and-true Hartmann "Skymate" as the finest, most serviceable piece of luggage in our travel lifetimes. While it won't hold as much as

the models described below, and while it's much too heavy for long-range air trippers, a 200-lb. man in paratrooper's boots can literally jump up and down on its surface without damaging its contents—and its convenience in loading or unloading is unrivaled. At the best department or leather goods stores coast to coast, from about \$65 to \$250 for the 7-hanger natural rawhide Jumbo.

In the so-called "folding-garment-bag" class (the hang-up-in-the-closet variety), our top picks are the French Company's "Avion Carrier" and the Hartmann Company's "World-Wide Tally-Ho" series. Both incorporate a flock of ingenious new developments.

The "Avion Carrier" is the joint brainchild of President Stanley Marcus and his Chief Luggage Buyer at fabulous Neiman-Marcus. Belgian linen with California saddle-leather trimmings; gray with black, brown with harness, or gold with tan; 2 detachable pockets; nifty, practical opening flap splits horizontally in the middle for packing ease; foolproof clothing suspension system; several other innovations. About 12½ lbs. empty—one-third too much to be ideal. "His" or "Hers" in various sizes from \$93.50 to \$121; descriptive literature or mail order from Neiman-Marcus, Dallas 1, Texas.

The "World-Wide Tally-Ho," in 4 different price classes (cotton-nylon Nyfoyle, buckskin canvas, belting leather, and alligator, all with beautifully fashioned trim) is even handier in some respects—although its full-opening zippered back and clothes hangers are not as cleverly conceived, and it scales a too-hefty 12-to-16 lbs. Choice of several colors; Scotchgard stain-protected; 2 large detachable pockets, plus an exclusive collapsible "in-or-out" bag with handle (\$24.95 extra), which can be stuffed with en-route purchases and returned as a separate piece. Another laudable development is its independent shoe compartment at the bottom, reached through its own private zipper. Hartmann has long been *the* prestige house in the U.S. luggage industry, and their experts consider this their best answer to date for any 1-bag trip of 2 months' to 2 years' duration. Available in the same stores which carry the "Skymate" (see above); standard lines, \$100 to \$140.

Finally, for male (not female!) budgeteers, we continue our affectionate recommendation of that grand old veteran, the B-4 bag (and we can hear professional baggage people growl). Officially adopted by the Army Air Corps during the war, this isn't the rigid Val-a-pak which it somewhat resembles; in the B-4 there's *always* enough stretch for that last extra purchase or that last bottle of cooking whisky. Your clothes will crush; all breakables must be wrapped in socks or soiled linen; these are nuisances. But there are so many, many assets—extreme lightness, expandability, side-pocket convenience for instant use en route, possibilities for concealment of surplus cigarettes, and so on—that it's very worthy indeed. Inexpensive, too; a good one costs around \$25 or \$30 in Sears, Roebuck or your nearest Army and Navy surplus store. Too hard on dresses for the gals, however.

►TIPS: Take as little as possible. Pare down my suggested list as far as your individual requirements will stand it—because the less you carry to Europe, the happier you'll travel and the more you can bring back.

A precision suitcase in good condition doesn't need reinforcement—but if your bag is at all old or fragile, it's mighty good sense to wrap an extra strap or belt tightly around the outside. Then, when it's dropped from the roof of the station or airport to the concrete sidewalk (as porters delight in doing!), it won't burst and spill the contents over an acre or two of foreign landscape.

Except when we carry our Hartmann "World-Wide Tally-Ho" (which already has something similar), my wife always tucks a 2-lb. folding canvas "Last Minute" case (that's what they call it) into her luggage at the start of every journey. It's shaped like a horse's feedbag, packs absolutely flat, and the weight is negligible. All gifts and bulky items collected on the road go into this special container—and not only does it always come home full, but her personal wearables and requisites are never jumbled or crowded. (If you can't find this, a routine military-style duffel bag will do.)

Finally, a timesaving trick is to mark *all* of your bags

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(even the overnight ones!) with your own private symbol in adhesive or miracle tape. The airport or hotel porter can then pull them out of the pile in a flash—and you're on your way while fellow travelers are still pointing like setters or grunting like baffled gorillas.

For the Ship Traveler: Male Unorthodox as this counsel may seem, I strongly recommend that you stick close to the limits prescribed above for the air voyager. Technically you are allowed either 20 cubic feet of luggage or (on some lines) 2 trunks of 110 pounds plus the valises in your stateroom. But only the very foolish or the very rich would dream of having more than a fraction of this maximum.

The first rule of the sensible and experienced traveler is to take no more than he can pick up and carry himself. For comfort, efficiency, speed in getting through Customs, insurance against loss or theft, any number of reasons, the logic is unassailable. Two slight modifications may be made, if desired:

The size of the cases might be larger—2 big ones instead of one 2-suitcase and an overnighter. Never take three.

For First class on Cunard or other liners, a dinner jacket should be included. See page 99 for further information.

For the Air Traveler: Female A woman's international air wardrobe calls for even more ingenuity and flexibility than a man's. Mr. Jones can get along with the same 2 beaten-up suits and a sport jacket; Mrs. Jones would rather be caught dead than wear the same outfit every second day.

First, let's make up a table of weights. Figures vary, of course—but here are the rough averages:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Shoes, ordinary (pair) | 1-2 lbs. |
| Shoes, dress " | 1-2 " |
| Suit, wool | 4½-5 lbs. |
| Dress, cocktail | 3 " |
| Dress, wool, long sleeves | 4 " |
| Stockings, nylon (pair) | 1 oz. |
| Blouse, nylon | 4-5 " |

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| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Blouse, Dacron-and-cotton | 5-6 oz. |
| Nightgown | 4-5 " |
| Sweater | 7-10 " |
| Girdle | 7-9 " |
| Slip | 3-4 " |
| Dressing gown, synthetic | $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 lb. |
| Bra and panties | 3-4 oz. |
| Slippers, folding | $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 lb. |
| Hat | 10 oz.-1 ton (!) |
| Purse | 8 oz. |
| Bed jacket, nylon | 6-8 " |
| Handkerchief, linen | $\frac{1}{2}$ " |

From this, the following *basic* air wardrobe is recommended. It is only basic, because there isn't a woman on earth who won't take along her special combinations. This list includes all the clothing worn by the traveler:

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 suits | 3 scarves |
| 1 cocktail dress | 2 hats |
| 1 dress, nylon or Dacron | 1 robe |
| 1 dress, wool | 1 pair slippers, folding |
| 3 pair shoes | 1 bed jacket |
| 2 blouses | 12 handkerchiefs |
| 2 bras and panties | 3 purses |
| (synthetic) | 1 stole |
| 2 slips (synthetic) | Toilet articles and cosmetics |
| 2 girdles | Jewelry |
| 2 nightgowns | (Optional) Dinner dress |
| 12 pair stockings | and accessories |
| 1 sweater | |

Dorothy Kilgallen Kollmar, columnist, TV star, and one of the most chic ladies of America, perfectly adapts this suggested framework on her frequent flights to Europe. Because of the elaborate reception formalities which await her in various lands, she substitutes 2 evening dresses for 2 daytime sets of apparel—and she highly recommends the inclusion of a fur and/or cloth stole (light and packable), plus a *glamor* sweater (the glittery kind).

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In addition, she has also dreamed up several clever and sensible travel tricks of her own, such as:

Waterproof case from the 10¢ store for wet washcloths

Separate transparent plastic bags for gloves, bras, slips, stockings, scarves, handkerchiefs, nighties—everything but dresses

10¢ pencil sharpener

Supply of extra buttons for everything she and Mr. Kollmar wear on the trip

2 rolls of Scotch Tape

Gay flowered carpetbag substituted for flight bag.

Naturally, your wardrobe must be designed for *your* travel needs, which probably will differ from hers—but this is how one seasoned, clever international fashion leader keeps smartly, practically, and freshly attired 24 hours a day, on a woman-killing European schedule.

►TIPS: Assuming that one complete outfit of the basic ensemble is worn, the balance should (but probably won't!) weigh, with suitcases, about 42 pounds.

Wear your heaviest suit on the airplane.

Don't take slacks or shorts, unless you have a figure like Gypsy Rose Lee's. On fat or plump women, Europeans hate 'em!

Coats: Take an all-purpose coat and aforementioned stole, or fur jacket (strictly optional, according to your own requirements). Carry them over your arm (in a zippered bag) or wear them so that they won't count on your allowance.

For winter, tuck in one pair of woollies; for summer, don't forget your bathing suit.

Always include that "good little black dress" (*sic!*), the one with the short sleeves. You'll need it for cocktail dates, dinner parties, and special occasions.

Travelers say that *shoes* are the most important item in the suitcase. Take 2 pairs for walking and 1 pair for glamor, even to Paris or London. And be sure that at least 1 is an old, comfortable and thoroughly broken-in low-heeled model, to cope with the cobblestone streets almost everywhere abroad.

The jersey or knitwear dress is fast becoming indispensable to experienced lady-trippers. It packs easily, requires little pressing, and takes a terrific beating without losing its smartness. If you're the tall, bony, model-type, wear it straight; if you're built like a woman instead of a pipe cleaner, you'll probably want it lined.

The quality of your fabrics should be carefully considered. If, for example, your oldest suit is a superb gabardine, don't pick up something newer—and of poorer material—just for the trip. International air travel is hard on clothes; be sure yours are durable, will take a good pressing and hold their shape.

Sweaters, scarves, and jewelry are invaluable. A cashmere and/or an Orlon sweater set are especially recommended. With 3 scarves and your jewel box, you can do a lot of tricks in changing your appearance.

A soft crushable hat (the crocheted type is good) packs easily; so do berets or turbans.

Cosmetics: Transfer *all* your make-up (except immovable items of course) to plastic containers. Dusting powder and many other items are now packaged in plastic. A half-pound of cold cream weighs a pound with the jar; liquid shampoo in a bottle is correspondingly heavy. The tendency of most women travelers is to overload on beauty preparations; don't fall into this trap, because you can now buy practically anything you need from one end of Europe to the other.

Now for luggage. Take 2 bags—plus 1 hatbox or make-up kit (heartily unrecommended, unless you can't stand life without it)—not a single piece more. The big one should hold the bulk of your wardrobe. The small one—*very* small!—should always be at your side; it should not be much larger than the canvas flight-bag given away by the airlines, because many times it has got to ride tucked unobtrusively under your feet. Here's what this must carry:

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| Some handkerchiefs | Toilet articles, cosmetics, |
| Cashmere sweater | tissues |
| Pair of stockings | Camera (if carried) |
| Jewelry | |

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You might be grounded at Gander or Shannon, without access to your carryall; that's why its little sister, with these basic changes, might be worth its weight in Celtic pounds.

Pocketbook? Get a *huge* shoulder-strap purse (which always leaves your hands free!)—the size of a miniature suitcase, if you can find one. Don't buy the horse's feedbag type; everything sloshes around the bottom, and it's no better than a junkman's collection sack. Stick to the kind with enough zippered compartments and side pockets to hold the *Kungs-holm*, the Washington Monument, and Woolworth's cosmetic counter. Sound strange? Take my word for it, though—the bigger and roomier it is, the more stray documents, requisites, 25¢ books, knickknacks, and last-minute souvenirs it can hold, and the happier you'll travel from start to finish.

For the Ship Traveler: Female This is going to be such outlandish advice that most ladies won't take it—but after painstaking research, observation, and experience, the conclusion is inevitable that the type of wardrobe and weight of wardrobe should be just about the same for ship and airplane. Naturally there are certain additions for ocean travel: a cocktail outfit and a dinner or evening ensemble should be carried for most liners—play clothes should be tucked in as extra—both suitcases might be slightly larger in dimensions and capacity, too. The essential factor with respect to your apparel is interchangeability—the art of making 4 outfits look like 2 dozen.

As has been stated previously, the first rule of the sensible traveler is to limit her luggage to what she can pick up and carry herself. Each bag over 2—including hatboxes—is a ball-and-chain which will constantly wear your temper thin. A steamer trunk, even the smallest one made, is worse. If you exceed this limit, you are going to be bolixed up in Customs, helpless without porters, open for pilferage, unpopular with male travelers (who have their own heavy suitcases), and, at least 3 times a day, mad as a wet hen.

Read the section above for tips on packing. It might seem skimpy to vacationers who are accustomed to 6 changes a

day. But remember, please, that this wardrobe has worked for 12 years for more than a million Americans abroad. Cut yours down to this size, and it's reasonably certain that you'll be satisfied when the trip is over.

Five-Star Indispensables—and Tuck-ins Far, far too many transatlantic travelers—especially first-timers—pack their bags as if they were checking into the Ritz in Paris for a month's visit or pushing their way by safari wagon from Nyasaland to Ruanda-Urundi. The parade of pretty, shiny, useless junk which too often finds its way into their luggage is pathetic—cruelly expensive in overweight charges, and a built-in booby trap to touring comfort and freedom.

Today's Europe is loaded with luxury and utility goods of nearly every description. Most large cities now offer almost anything the visitor might wish. Due to high import duties, U.S. name-brands are still sold at a premium—but if you're willing to go along with their foreign counterparts, you can save plenty of headaches, space, and money. Why, for instance, bloat your suitcase with masses of Kleenex, fine as it is, when an excellent facial tissue named Merci can be bought reasonably throughout France? The same principle applies to such items as soap, cosmetics, chocolates, reading material, toilet articles, liquor—nearly everything on the shelf.

A few typically American products are either difficult or impossible to find abroad, however—and these are the ones that are either mandatory or pleasant to take along if a corner can be spared.

Here, to us, are the absolute *musts*—urgently recommended to all overseas vacationers, regardless of routings or budgets:

A *good* pair of sunglasses. If you already wear spectacles, have your prescription made up in dark lenses; this eliminates carrying 2 pair when you sightsee. (A handy alternative is the Calobar "Clip-on" set, retailing at around \$5.) If you don't, the top lenses today, products of our 3 biggest optical manufacturers, are Calobar, Ray-Ban, and Soft Lite;

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any of these are safe and helpful, particularly so in the #3 and #4 (darkest) shades.

An extra pair of spectacles, if you use 'em—preferably of the "plastic-prescription" type (the easiest and fastest to refill in most of Europe). Or, if your vision isn't as sharp as an eagle's, a small reading glass for those miserably illegible phone books and official directories abroad.

A Zippo lighter. Matches are often hard to get, and this windproof, heavy-duty lighter is an absolute must for the traveler. The Ronson, Dunhill, French butane jobs and others are splendid for home use, but they simply aren't built to deliver the goods when you are on a ship or plane or fighting to light a cigarette on a breezy French street corner. Don't fall for substitutes which at first glance look the same; there's only one Zippo, the kind no user has ever spent one penny for repair of any original parts (they rightfully won't give free first aid to those Italian-made scrollwork "Zippo" cases, which weren't manufactured by them in the first place). Slip a few extra flints inside, under its top roll of stuffing.

A money clip: European bills are often too large for an American wallet.

A travel-sized spot remover called Janie Spot Cleaner. This tiny, push-up, chalk-like stick—not a liquid!—quickly removes street dirt, food stains, oil marks, and grease drips from common materials; just rub it on, give it a moment to absorb the blemish—and brush it off! Leaves no ring, can't spill, can't hurt colors or fabrics; with the slow, archaic, and expensive dry-cleaning facilities in Europe today, it's the answer to a voyager's prayer. New lipstick size for purse, in chic Black Onyx container, retails at 69¢; standard pocket size and household size (both with efficient sponge-brush) are, respectively, 25¢ and 49¢; the home-and-travel kit—a big stick for the bathroom shelf in your house, a small one for your European trip, and a neat nylon brush—is only \$1.25. Available at drugstores, bookstores, variety stores, gift shops, or notions counter of most major department stores. If you can't find this remarkable little clothing saver, send either

\$1 for several of the pocket-size Janie sticks or \$1.25 for the complete kit to the R. S. Cowen Co., 9 East 38th St., N.Y. 16, and your prepaid parcel-post shipment will go out in the next mail. Emergency insurance which is invaluable to every transatlantic voyager, regardless of destination, budget, or length of stay.

A soap container and one bar of toilet soap which fits it. Most European hotels do not furnish this necessity to their guests—merely custom, because plenty is available everywhere. You can restock on the Continent.

For men with tough beards, at least 1 can of ready-foam shaving cream, the only type that satisfactorily handles the harsh minerals and tepid temperatures so often encountered in foreign washbasins. Ordinary creams simply refuse to lather in many localities.

A pencil or key-ring flashlight—strictly pocket-sized. European illumination isn't American illumination, and this might come in handy at dozens of odd times.

Enough intimate supplies for the ladies of the party to last the entire trip. An extra bottle of your favorite hair tonic and deodorant, if you use it, and if you don't wish to experiment with some of the excellent varieties available abroad.

Kaopectate and Lederle's new antibiotic capsules called Signemycin (prescription needed for latter)—unless you're willing to go along with a very fine Swiss preparation called Entero-Vioform, which can be purchased almost anywhere on the Continent. Chances are good that you'll pick up diarrhea from change of diet or change of water (tainted food is rare these days). If you don't have one of these compounds on hand, where you can use it instantly, you may be very sorry should trouble come.

Sleeping pills—if you're the type who flirts with the Sandman.

If they cross by air, smokers should pack the maximum permissible limit of cigarettes, cigars, or pipe tobacco (see "Customs" sections of individual countries). If they cross by ship, however, *they should buy at sea stores aboard*—approximately 80¢ cheaper per carton, and wrapped in wax paper for

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that damp continental climate. With hard searching in various places (United Kingdom, Germany, etc.), you'll find U.S. cigarettes in every nation except Norway and Denmark—but you'll pay up to \$1.25 per package. Pipe tobacco is sometimes impossible to find (Spain, for one example). Turn to page 122 for further details.

For *long or off-trail trips only*, small units of the following are also recommended by Dr. Fitch: metaphen, penicillin ointment, thermometer (Europeans use the metric variety), Upjohn's Neo-delta-Cortef (the 0.25% ointment for eye inflammation, and the 0.5% for skin rashes), plastic Band-aids impregnated with tyrothricin, 1" gauze, 1" adhesive tape, and mild laxative. If you're continuing through the Middle East and the Asiatic tropics, a compound like Kaopectate with Neomycin (Upjohn & Co.) is an absolute requisite against dysentery; consult your own doctor for his advice about this.

For tuck-ins, one or 2 of the following might strike your fancy. None of them are necessities, in any sense—but if weight and other factors permit, selected samples might add to your touring comfort:

A special wallet for your passport—excellent protection against misplacement or loss. At the better leather-goods shops from \$10 to \$20.

A travel-type alarm clock or watch. The best bet is the Vulcain "Cricket"—an enormously practical timepiece which combines wristwatch comfort with a tiny alarm device which buzzes so militantly that it could rouse Rip van Winkle from his 20-year hangover. For further details, see page 1023 "Buying a Watch" under Switzerland.

Five or 6 extra passport photos, in case you should need a driver's license, a visa, or goodness knows *what* strange document. Probably you won't use 'em, but they can be a real blessing at unexpected times.

One roll of good toilet paper, squashed flat. Here's the humorous—but deadly accurate—description of the European variety, by a Bridgeport, Conn., doctor who is an old

friend of this *Guide*: "Over there, it falls into 3 categories: (a) wrapping-paper type, (b) crepe-paper type, and (c) wax-paper type. It is therefore very useful for (a) wrapping small packages, (b) Christmas decorations, or (c) storing food in the refrigerator."

A purse-size tape measure, gauged to both inches and centimeters. Most gals can't resist buying European linens, for example—and if they can whip out one of these at the psychological moment, they'll forestall endless bickerings and scribblings about feet, yards, and meters.

A tiny, self-inking rubber stamp bearing your name and stateside address, for foreign envelopes, hotel registers, and other documents en route. Only 1½" long and about 2 oz. in weight; available in major stationery stores; time-saving for the gadget-minded.

Three or 4 purse-sized tins of the remarkably efficacious Amitone or a similar antacid. Wine tends to sour the stomachs of travelers not accustomed to it, and you'll probably drink plenty before you're through.

A couple of dozen (or more!) tiny, packable, nearly weightless envelopes of a swell freshener and invigorator called Wash-'n-Dri, and a unique feminine personal cleanser called Memo. Both are made by the same company, both have the same sales price, and both perform wonders for the wanderer. Each Wash-'n-Dri unit contains a moist, pleasantly scented towelette—exactly the thing for sticky hands, grimy faces, and stiff necks at the end of a tiring train, plane, or bus trip. Each Memo towelette, on the other hand, has been saturated with a cleansing, antiseptic, and deodorant lotion for those difficult days (it does not function as a substitute for Kotex or Tampax); also practical for toilet seats and door-knobs of public rest rooms abroad. Sold in most drugstores for \$1 per 20 packets; if you can't find them locally, write to Unexcelled Corp., Consumer's Product Division, Canaan, Conn.

One can of Instant Coffee, if you're particular about that taste of rubber tires in your morning beverage. European coffee can be delicious—but it's completely different from

U.S. brews. A single tin is sufficient, because you can restock with Nestlé's brand in almost any big city.

Two or 3 cans of Pream (small, light, and compact) have become essential equipment for scores of Americans who are finicky about continental-style cream in their eye-opener. This powdered dairy product (light cream, lactose, etc.) is often a lifesaver to white-coffee fans, particularly in villages or hamlets where the milk is dubious or downright risky.

At least 1 box (20 foil-wrapped, 1-shot packages) of Woolite—the best answer we've ever found for your nylons, Little Things, and fine woolens. It *prefers* cold water, and will dissolve instantly in brick-hard liquid. For years we've been using Henri Bendel's Laundrel and another good detergent called Trav—but now that we've tried Woolite, we think that it's absolutely in a class by itself.

A copy of the new, flat, tidy, nearly weightless *Criterion's Instant Word Guide to French, German, Italian and Spanish*. Detachable sheet for each separate lingo listing perhaps 150 of the traveler's most commonly used words or phrases—intelligently, efficiently presented. Try your neighborhood bookstore, or mail \$2.95 to Criterion Books, Inc., 257 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 10. Other languages being added this spring.

A secretarial shortcut called Tripsters. With this \$1 "valise" of 25 elongated personal cards, there's no more scrambling for scraps of paper, match covers, or shirt cuffs whenever you wish to exchange addresses and itineraries with new friends along your overseas path; all vital categories are neatly catalogued on each wallet-size unit, merely waiting for you and your acquaintance to fill it out. If your local bookshop doesn't yet stock this excellent little aid, send \$1 to Tripster Personal Card Co., 314 West 24th St., N.Y. 11, and it'll be forwarded postpaid. Fine little permanent traveling file, too.

A sleep shade and wax ear-plugs—both suggested by a voyager who found them helpful on the transatlantic flight and in the noisier European hotels. If you're a particularly light sleeper, these sound sensible.

For walkers, vigorous shop-hounds and sightseers, and

heavy perspirers, a soothing, deodorant, antiseptic powder (Ammens or Mexana, carried in most drugstores, will fill the bill), and salt tablets for reviving flagging energies in Mediterranean regions during the summer. Dexatabs are a particularly good brand of the latter, because they also have dextrose and vitamins B and C.

For off-trail, hot-country voyagers, an insect repellent-stick called 6-12 put out by Carbide Chemicals Co., N.Y.—or, if your weight allowances will stand it, the new 6 oz. Bug Bomb made by Bridgeport Brass Co., Bridgeport, Conn., which works fast, is pleasantly scented, and is about half the size of the standard type.

Warning: Sunburn-preventing, tan-speeding tablets derived from the Egyptian drug called oxsoralen are now being sold on the American market, but they are *not*—repeat, *not*—recommended by this *Guide* until more is known about their possibly serious dangers if incorrectly used.

A collapsible cup, outdoorsman's-style, for that European railway compartment, excursion bus, or other thirsty moments when there are Bottles Only.

For the very latest developments in hot-from-the-factory travel gadgets, drop in at wonderful Hammacher Schlemmer (145 E. 57th St., N.Y.) and have a chat with its oracle, Dominic Tampone. The gracious, likable, and alert Mr. Tampone is President of this world-famous store, but much of his day is spent in direct contact with customers on the sales floors. He tells us that he will be happy to give his personal welcome to all friends of this *Guide*.

For wanderers to Monaco, Liechtenstein, San Marino, and other postage-stamp lands—or for a magic carpet in fireside reading—John Sack's *Report From Practically Nowhere* (Harper, \$3.50) is sheer delight. Warmly recommended as the happiest travel reporting we've enjoyed in many years.

Finally, if a corner or so is left in your bag, tuck in a couple of dozen rolls of Life Savers and packages of chewing gum. You'll be meeting children in Europe who seldom get them, and it's fun to be able to give them a little treat.

Gifts? Nylon stockings are still greeted with smiles all

over the Continent; they're on sale in most (if not all) foreign lands today, but the quality is generally 2-runs-per-minute—a very far cry from superior U.S. products. Parker pens are always good; this is the single American brand that has captured the imagination of the average European—and although in some shops he can purchase them, they're out of his price range. Don't forget a bottle of special Superchrome ink if you settle on this item, because that's hard to find abroad, too. New American gadgets of *any* kind—for the house, car, office, sports, anything—are almost bound to be successful; if you make sure that it's new, that it's streamlined, that it rattles, pops, grunts, roars, lights up or plays music, and that it performs some dizzy function that nobody but a man in a strait jacket ever dreamed of, that's it—you're in like Mr. Flynn. Foodstuffs have lost much of their impact on most of today's well-fed continentals.

Actually, over the years, the most consistently welcome small gift I've ever found to please European friends is the individually personalized Zippo lighter. Many nations have match monopolies; this makes the possession of a lighter almost mandatory for the smoker. They all know Zippo, from the G.I. days—and it's genuinely treasured. Finally, when it comes with their own signature perfectly engraved across its shining face, that's the cherry atop the whipped cream! Merely mail the back page of a letter from the recipient-to-be to the Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa., and they'll transfer the hand-written John Hancock with complete precision, returning the correspondence unharmed with the lighter. Price for the whole works is less than \$5. A half-dozen plain ones, without any engraving, should also be carried for distribution en route; these are simply wonderful to have on hand as an expression of appreciation to officials or citizens abroad who have broken their backs to be helpful (as some will!)—and who won't accept money in return.

Declare all your gifts as personal property; as presents, most Customs will hook you with a fat gift tax.

Miscellaneous Tips No magazines, if you're flying. They weigh plenty; besides, you'll find all you can read on the airplane.

If you're an author or business executive who simply must have a typewriter, most Yankees abroad seem to agree that Underwood has the most practical portable for European use. Royal, Remington, and Smith-Corona are old-line manufacturers whose products quite obviously are excellent. But Underwood has (1) extra-rugged engineering, (2) a company repair network right at your elbow in every city or town of Free Europe, and (3) such a simple design that practically any major part can be replaced in a few minutes. All standard U.S. portables are much too heavy, including this one—but after fighting the lighter Hermes through 1 abortive trip, I went back to a good American machine instead of a Swiss make. The Underwood Corp., 1 Park Ave., N.Y. 16, will be happy to furnish a world-wide list of their dealers.

When bound for the airport, stuff your pockets (or pocket-book) to overflowing with shaving cream, hair tonic, and the heaviest items you can find. If you're really in a jam with excess pounds, tie up the sleeves of your coat and fill up the arms; it's cheating, but you might get away with it. Then, just before you weigh in, throw *all* your coats over your shoulders, so that you are technically "wearing" them. It may look ridiculous to the spectators, but ignore them. *You* don't count, but every ounce of your baggage is a pearl beyond price.

Money At this writing (subject to rapid change) most European currencies are stabilizing so fast that it no longer pays, in most cases, to try to beat the local rates of exchange by outside bank purchases in Switzerland, Tangier, or America. But should your itinerary cover such lands as Yugoslavia, Finland, Turkey, parts of Africa, or practically anywhere in the Far East, it would be to your advantage to pick up the maximum amounts you can legally carry across these borders, before your departure from the United States. This can mean

a saving of anywhere from 5% to 50%—extra cash dropped right back into your lap, for extra fun en route.

In New York, see Manager John Flynn at Perera Company, Inc., 636 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center). If you talk with this amiable Scotsman in person, he might be able to save you enough for a new hat and a case of champagne. In the Wall Street area, William Holzman & Company (115 Broadway) is also topflight in the foreign-exchange field.

Incidentally, be sure to draw a little chicken feed for each place on the itinerary, so that you don't have to flash that 10,000-franc or 10,000-lire note at the station porter or taxi driver on arrival. Not much is necessary, of course—just enough to take care of the first couple of hours and to avoid the inevitable arm-wavings, moans, and groans.

British pounds, French francs, West German marks, Dutch guilders, Belgian francs, Italian lire, and Luxembourgian francs became mutually "convertible" in December '58. This means, quite simply, that in exchange for your American traveler's checks within these nations, you may draw any of these currencies—or dollars. You may also buy traveler's checks valid in francs, marks, or these other European monies at foreign-exchange houses in the major cities of the U.S. or Canada, or at most U.S. international airports.

But we still find it easier and wiser to carry at least \$200 in U.S. currency, and the balance in 1) American Express or First National City Bank traveler's checks, 2) in free-market foreign currencies for those countries not party to these currency reforms, and 3) personal checks (see page 109).

Now for the conversion of foreign money—and a solution which seems to have helped more than 1½-million of our traveling countrymen up to now: *Fielding's Quick Currency Guide for Europe*. Wherever you go in foreign lands, the man-across-the-counter will smile blandly and mutter "You owe me 1675 francs," or "29 guilders," or "12,380 lire," or "17 and 6," or something equally baffling. He knows the money, because he lives with it—but the poor American tourist, particularly the country-hopping variety, finds himself in a spin. First he automatically asks, "How much is that

in dollars?" Next his gears slip into something like this: "If 1 escudo is worth 3.45¢, call it 4¢, divide 4 into 878 escudos . . ." and out come the pencil and the shiny little beads of perspiration.

So many readers of other editions of this book found themselves stymied that they wrote in to ask for a short cut—some sort of table, machine, rule, disk, or gimmick to do the job and save their pennies.

Back in '50, after scratching our heads almost to the bone, we finally came up with one which does the trick with gratifying efficiency.

This pocket-sized plastic gadget quickly converts the currencies of 17 countries (including Israel) into dollars and cents. Operation of *Fielding's Currency Guide* is simple: you merely flip it open to the country you want, move the red-lined transparent slider up the page to the foreign amount in question—and read across for dollars. Exchange is based on official government rates; you'll also find notations for each land on how much local cash you may legally take in or bring out. Then, as a 5-page supplement, there's a basic *Language Guide*—a fast and ready reference which translates the 80 or 90 most common travel words of French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish into English, and vice versa. As a final feature, there are separate tables which change kilometers into miles, liters into gallons, European time into American time, and that sort of thing.

After 10 years of use abroad by 550-thousand traveling Americans, this little watchdog has become an automatic alarm signal to would-be chisellers all over Europe. At the first sight of its familiar red-and-white cover, crooked waiters, tradesmen, taxi drivers, and hotel cashiers hastily start re-adding that column of figures—and this time you can be sure that there won't be any convenient "mistakes." As always with any fresh idea, the product has been cheaply imitated by coattail riders who haven't sufficient imagination to create for themselves. But this is the original, the real McCoy, the *only* currency guide which throws the fear of Providence into gyp artists clear across the face of the Con-

continent. Literally hundreds of users have told us that its prestige as a silent policeman has saved them more than its purchase price—often several times over.

Most bookstores and department stores now stock it. If yours doesn't, drop me a line in care of Fielding Associates, Stamford, Conn. The cost is \$3.45 plus postage (U.S. 1st class 20¢ or airmail 35¢, transatlantic airmail \$1.50, or Armed Forces abroad, same domestic rates). You'll seldom find it on sale overseas, due to export complications.

We're happy to have stumbled across such a handy little device that has stretched so many travel dollars for so many of our *Travel Guide* friends.

Your Itinerary Our "Tips on Highspots" section, at the front of the book, contains 2 charts.

These are designed for the average traveler, not the special-purpose traveler; this distinction is highly important.

Let's use Italy as an illustration. If you're a serious student of culture and art, you'll want to spend far more time in Florence than is shown on the chart. Tranquillity-seekers would concentrate far more heavily on spots like Taormina or Montecatini; skiers, on Cortina d'Ampezzo; beach hounds, on Rimini or similar resorts; gamblers, on the Lido or San Remo; business opportunists, on Milan or Turin; other specialists, elsewhere. But if you're the normal Mr. & Mrs. Smith of Middletown, U.S.A., who good-naturedly come to Europe for *average* sightseeing and *average* fun—people who can either take-or-leave their cultural attractions, sports, and other diversions—you're the ones for whom these broad estimates have been created.

Offering these comparisons is like diving into a pool filled with hungry barracudas. Disappointed trippers who find our 2-day estimate for S'Agaro intolerably short (or intolerably long!) will probably come after us with blood in their eye. Patriotic National Tourism Bureaus, pained to the marrow that we've allotted 3 days instead of 30 days to their beloved lands, will sharpen their axes for us, too.

So please bear in mind that what you find in "Tips on

"Highspots" is simply the honest (but far from universal) opinion of one man—and nobody on God's Green Earth will agree with more than part of it. It's like the acrobat with the bad case of shingles: the performance is bound to be nervous and itchy, but all we can do is try.

Your European Dining Three years ago we inaugurated the Temple Fielding's Epicure Club of Europe, a brand-new, original service confined to readers of this *Guide*. In essence, it is a special personal introduction to the European restaurants that are most sought after by the traveler. This sponsorship by us opens the door to managers, headwaiters, and barmen with whom we've long had cordial associations, guaranteeing our readers a warm welcome instead of a brush-off as "just another American tourist."

To our delight, it has worked like a charm. The most gratifying evidence of its success is in the dozens of requests from members still en route on their own trips, to procure gift memberships for Europe-bound friends.

Now that it's so solidly in the groove, it should roll along even more smoothly in '60. But we're not going to spoil it by broadcasting it beyond the pages of this book or the precincts of our little company. This small, individual, and exclusive operation is solely for you and other friends of the *Guide*.

It is completely different from the Diners' Club and all other discount or credit plans. First, charge accounts do not interest us. Second, we refuse to take one penny of commission on whatever you eat or drink.

Our Temple Fielding's Epicure Club of Europe is an INTROduction, not a REDuction.

All we care about is V.I.P. treatment for you: a cordial welcome from all personnel, a preferred table location, extra-friendly service during your meal, and that heartwarming feeling that *The House Is Yours*.

From approximately 300 dining spots in 16 lands, we have hand-picked 22 regional restaurants which, in our opinion,

are the top bets on the Continent and in the British Isles today.

Not all of them are Gastronomic Palaces with astronomic prices; plenty of simple, colorful, down-to-earth havens are represented, too. In France and the top-money lands you'll go higher, but *the average cost on this list for a substantial meal (including tips but not drinks) is only \$3.50 to \$4—*reasonable enough, we think, for anybody on a once-per-city spree.

The cuisine of each place is acknowledged to be the cream of the cream for its area. Our more expensive choices include Tour d'Argent and Lasserre in Paris (Maxim's no longer meets our standards, and this year we have dropped it for reasons stated on page 335), Hostaria dell'Orso in Rome, Quadri in Venice, and L'Épaulé de Mouton and Carlton in Brussels. Our less-expensive landmarks include Caprice and A l'Écu de France in London, Arnold Grill in Frankfurt am Main, Jockey Club and Horcher in Madrid, Giannino in Milan, Au Coq d'Or in Copenhagen, The Three Hussars in Vienna, Riche and Stallmästaregården in Stockholm, Ermitage in Zürich, the Russell in Dublin, La Belle Sole in Oslo, Humplmayr Grill in Munich, the Ritz in Lisbon, and the Bali in Amsterdam. As you see, the spread includes England, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Italy, Norway, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal—often with 2 restaurants per country, and twice with three.

This is the first time in history that anyone has been able to bring these leaders together, into any sort of co-operative alliance—and we're mighty proud that we've been lucky enough to do it.

Membership in the Temple Fielding's Epicure Club of Europe is open on an annual basis (expiration date: Dec. 31) to any reader of this *Guide* or his friends. Because so few people dine alone in these establishments abroad, all enrollments are made on the basis of 1 member plus 1 guest. The guest may be your wife, grown-up son or daughter, business associate, traveling companion—anyone you wish to invite

at any time to share the privilege of your entree. Children are welcome, of course, when they accompany you, but as nondrinkers they don't count in your membership.

Each member is issued a handsome booklet of credentials—wallet- or purse-sized. The front cover is the Club card. Inside, there are detachable vouchers listing the name, address, manager's name, maître's name, barman's name, and other pertinent data about each enterprise.

On presentation of this card (and surrender of the applicable voucher), the member is guaranteed (1) special attention as a Very Important Client, (2) highest priority on table reservations and locations, and (3) one gratis welcoming drink of any kind for himself and his accredited guest. For further beverages and food, he's on his own, with no commissions or kickbacks of any kind to the Club.

This "free" first round is not a gift from the management. *From your membership dues, Fielding Associates pays the restaurant its full cost price, as soon as your voucher is returned to Club headquarters.* The annual dues for the 1 member-1 guest (2 persons) combination are \$15.50. For 4 persons, it is double this amount.

Since the cost price of these "free" drinks runs up to 50¢ each (\$1 for each member-guest combination), it doesn't take an Einstein to figure that if too many leather-footed wanderers visit *all* of our choices instead of the *average* number we've guessed this year, we'll be mortgaging our wife, pets, and cuff links until A.D. 2066. If you go the circuit, you'll be paying only \$15.50 for a \$44 retail value in apéritifs (at the non-Club average of \$1 per serving)—and you'll be guaranteed red-carpet treatment everywhere, which is the *raison d'être* of the Club. That's why this plan is much more of a reader service than a straight commercial venture.

In order to keep peace in this family of proud restaurateurs, we ask our members only one small favor. If our "free" round of drinks (and no food) should ever comprise the extent of your patronage, we request that our coupon be withheld. These are all serious dining establishments, not

cocktail bars, and are not organized to serve solely the beverage trade.

Important: If your trip is limited to only 2 or 3 countries abroad, don't waste a penny of your good money on this plan. We'd be picking your pockets, because the value simply isn't there for the short-hauler. But if you're visiting 4 or more lands, and if you're interested in taking a fling at this exclusive, personalized venture—or in passing along a *bon voyage* surprise to friends who like their food and who are dear to you—send \$15.50 to Fielding Associates, Stamford, Connecticut. The membership card, accompanied by the letter of greeting and directions, will be airmailed immediately.

Good hunting and happy dining to those merry souls who come along with us—and if any of our 22 restaurateurs should ever fail to knock themselves out for you, we'd like to know about it fast, so that we can remind them of their pledge to welcome you with the smile which they usually reserve for the Sultan of Kuwait.

Your Travel Arrangements Now let's lay aside all the rich excitement and glamor surrounding your journey—gently, so that we don't bruise or hurt it!—and get down to actual mechanics: By which travel method are you planning to go?

There are 3 choices open to you—as a trail-blazer, as a so-called F.I.T., or as a member of an escorted tour. Let's examine each of these carefully, because your decision here might make or break your trip:

As a trail-blazer (a term coined for convenience), you'd be 100% on your own. If you already know Europe well—and, most important, *if you nail down and copper-rivet every routing, date, transportation booking, and hotel reservation before your departure from America*—you'll probably have a wonderful holiday, with fun most or all of the way. But *if this is your first trip abroad*, you're almost bound to run into certain headaches, snarls, and disappointments. In Off Season it's relatively easy—but in today's High-Season rat

race, particularly in the popular tourist spots, the well-meaning but fumbling amateur is often licked before he starts.

If you're lone-wolfing it, and if you want to be *sure* of your space in the pick of continental hotels of distinction, the safest and smartest move any voyager could make would be to work through the free service offered by Edith L. Turner Associates, Inc., 51 East 42nd St., N.Y. Here is the American headquarters of more than 100 of the finest hosteleries in the world—all noncompetitive, and all tops in their cities or nations. Random examples of this fabulous list are both the Plaza-Athénée and the George V in Paris, both the Grand and the Excelsior in Rome, the celebrated Ritz and Palace duet in Madrid, and dozens more. Mrs. Turner, a lady of vast charm and infinite wisdom, is the uncrowned queen of the U.S. travel industry. So if you want good accommodations in most (not all) major centers, here's a painless way to get them—but remember that she plays strictly in the Big Leagues, representing the most plush and expensive houses only.

Some romantic but bird-brained citizens simply climb aboard a ship or plane with the intention of playing it all by ear after their arrival on the other side. In the winter, early spring, or late fall, they can usually get away with it, without too many disconcerting knocks or bumps. But in the summer—please believe me on this!—it is just plain murder. From one end of the Continent to the other, the human log jam is unbelievable. *Every* good hostelry in *every* capital and *every* routine tourist mecca is loaded to the rafters—not only with Americans, but hordes of vacationing Europeans, too. Thus, once again this urgent and earnest plea must be offered: to avoid miserable nights in 5th-rate fleabags and potentially miserable forced layovers en route, *make all of your basic arrangements in advance.*

The F.I.T. category (trade jargon for “Foreign Independent Trip”) is ideal for the first-time or unsure new vacationer who wants freedom of movement combined with expert protection. Here's how this works: merely tell your travel agent (see next section) where you want to go, how many

days you can spare, and how much money that table knife can pry out of the piggy bank for the expedition. That's all. When you leave, he'll hand you your complete string of tickets, a tailor-made itinerary that lists dates, times, train numbers, hotels, transfers, the works, and a book of voucher coupons with which you'll "pay" practically every bill you'll encounter. If you wish to have a friendly face greet you at each airport or station and take over your burdens, that's easy, too. Naturally, since you're the boss, he'll book you exactly where and how you specify—and he has a far better chance, especially in High Season, of getting you into the most desirable places than you generally have. You'll pay slightly more if you go as an F.I.T., of course—but you've got professional brains guarding your interests every hour of every day, and the headaches it saves are beyond price.

As a member of an escorted tour, the third choice, you don't even have to know that Paris is in France or that the Matterhorn isn't a tuba. It's that simple. If you're a stranger to the Continent, or if you're lonely, lazy, gregarious, fun-loving, or shy—any of 10-dozen reasons—here might be the perfect answer for your requirements. Parties run from 15 to 30, with 25 about average. When you sign up, one lump sum must be paid in advance. This usually takes care of the entire trip—boat, rail, air, or motor transportation, hotels, 3 square meals a day, sightseeing fees—every blessed thing except your tips, wines, liquors, laundry, gambling, gifts, snacks between meals, and 1759 other extras which always pop up to plague you.

It can be a beautifully serene way to go, because all of your problems are supposed to be solved by an experienced third party, the company official in charge of the group. If things are working right, *he* will fight with porters, scream at taxi drivers, bludgeon room clerks when reservations are snafued; you just sit back and play your little fiddle while Rome—or whatever city it is—burns. Everything is arranged, down to your last Mona Lisa and your sixteenth seat from the right in the dining room.

Scores of agencies specialize in this field of travel. Prices

vary. If you pick the right operator, you can see more of Europe under better conditions for less money than you could possibly do alone—a bargain which no individual tourist could touch. It has just *got* to be cheaper for any firm to set up a tour for 25 simultaneous bookings: hotels, railways, restaurants, and other facilities give special discounts, one truck and 2 men can handle 50 suitcases, one bus can do the work of 10 taxis, and so on. Of course you're paying an extra fee for the services of the Conductor and for the tremendous organizational work which goes into the project, but when this is watered down to your share, 1/25th of the total, it's a mosquito bite. There are dozens of fine houses in the field which function on small margins and which deliver the goods. If you should pick a greedy operator, however, you might pay as much as 30% to 40% more than you would by covering the same ground on an independent basis. Once again, it's all a matter of (1) choosing the right travel agent, and (2) making sure that he books you with the right tour company.

Picking Your Travel Agent As in all major fields of industrial endeavor, the travel-agency business offers every type of operator, from superfine to bad.

First in size and in renown are the giants: American Express and Thomas Cook. Regrettably but frankly, we do *not* recommend either for individual travel bookings on the Continent. Last year brought more complaints from readers, particularly about American Express, than did any annual period during the 13-year history of this *Guide*. Perhaps you'll disagree with this estimate (countless travelers do), but it is our considered opinion that (1) their F.I.T. facilities seem to be woefully spotty—excellent in some countries but miserable in others, (2) that the personalization of their service sometimes suffers gravely because the client is just one more name on a roster of thousands, and (3) that some (not all) of their charges are murderously high. On *banking* matters, they're both so superb that they brook no competition abroad; personally, we'd be lost without their blue-ribbon

financial departments. They're widespread, their integrity is unquestioned, and they're as solid as Mount Everest—but we'd still prefer to go elsewhere to make our independent travel arrangements for Europe.

Next in importance and in solidity are the 25 or 30 Old Reliable tour companies—the pace-setters, the Elder Statesmen of this highly complex trade. Most of them are members of a potent regulatory organization called the Creative Tour Operators Conference. In any of these you'll find expert guidance, heavy experience, and absolute honesty.

Then comes the backbone and bulk of the field—the small, earnest, hard-working retail agent in almost every city or town of America. Maybe he's not as venerable or as big as the Giants or the Old Reliabilities, but as their local representative, he can always call upon them for advice—and he breaks his back to please his clients and to add a large helping of happiness to their holidays. With few exceptions, he's honest and capable, and he'll steer you right without taking one penny more than his standard fees. See this home-town operator first, once you're satisfied that he's not a fly-by-night—because he can give you face-to-face attention, which is always the best.

Finally, there are the sharpies, deadbeats, and thieves—fortunately rare. This breed is few in number, but if one of them gets you in his grasp, probabilities are high that he will milk you for fantastic charges, ruin your trip, and break your heart.

Which operator should you select? Here are several broad yardsticks:

The first criterion you should look for is membership in the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA). This 29-year-old nonprofit federation of top travel and transportation companies, currently directed by the distinguished and veteran spokesman, Max Allen, is the standard-bearer of the industry. Its 2500-member roster is broken down into regional and local chapters, so that all new applicants can be judged by their peers instead of by a remote headquarters; candidates are hand-picked, and requirements are stringent.

No one could say that *all* good agents belong to ASTA, because there are dozens of reputable houses which don't; somewhere within this non-ASTA classification, however, you'll find most of the newcomers, mavericks, borderline operators, and out-and-out wolves. By the same token, membership in ASTA isn't a flat guarantee that at least one member won't try hard to pry the gold fillings right out of your mouth; it's just a mighty good *indication* of the soundness of the operator. *Look for the ASTA seal*—a big, cross-hatched globe with "ASTA" emblazoned across its face—whenever you visit a travel agent's office, because it will always be prominently displayed. If he hasn't got it, possibly he's still all right—but an outside checkup is suggested, just to make certain that you haven't fallen from that 97% bracket of square-shooters into that 3% bracket of racketeers.

The second criterion is membership in other professional organizations—International Air Transport Association, Transatlantic Conference, and so on. This may mean exactly zero. As an extreme case, the slipperiest, most unsavory firm I ever found in the travel industry (at last bankrupt and soiling the trade no more, thank heavens!) belonged for nearly 10 years to IATA, ATC, TAPC, TPC, and WHPC—until IATA finally, far too late for dozens of innocent victims, caught up with it. The police powers of these alliances are all sadly inadequate when it comes to expelling the occasional bunko artist. So don't count too much on the string of letters after an agent's name.

The third criterion is local reputation: other businessmen, your Chamber of Commerce, or your Better Business Bureau can tell you in general whether he's substantial or fly-by-night.

The fourth is price: are his charges routine, or does he scale them up? A little shopping around can determine this, if any dark suspicions in this direction should cross your mind when he quotes the costs.

The fifth is his familiarity with the area he is selling: does he have *current, first-hand knowledge*, or is he glibly rephrasing a pamphlet he has read? This is important, because last

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year's European picture is fantastically different from this year's picture—to which, as one minor example, each annual revision of this book attests.

The sixth—always the soundest one—is contact with a previous client. If he did a bang-up job for Mabel and Bob Smith last year, chances are excellent that he'll repeat it for you.

If you are *sure* that your home-town travel agent fulfills all of the above requirements, he's the man you should visit straightaway, because he can unquestionably do the best job for you.

If you're not sure, here's an alternate suggestion that might possibly help you. After years of pleasant association with one of the largest and finest conducted-tour specialists in the industry, I've now switched to a smaller group of experts who concentrate on *individual itineraries only*—a step which seems more in line with the requirements of readers of this book.

From the field of top candidates, I picked one without hesitation—Holiday House, 22 East 60th St., N.Y. 22. In honest analysis, this company is probably no more reliable, hard-working, or alert than a dozen of its high-level competitors. What excites me here, instead, is its combination of 4 rare qualities which seem tailor-made for friends of the *Guide* who happen to like what we like:

First, it's just large enough to swing its weight around to get you that choicest booking—but just small enough so that each traveler is a staff-wide worry rather than another faceless unit on the production line. Second, Europe is its specialized battle front, and individual journeys (not wholesaling) are its sole interest. Third, no standard, run-of-the-mill packages are ever offered, because their planners make it a point to know something about each prospective tripper before they'll even start to suggest each personalized routing. Finally, more than 95% of Holiday House's business are repeat customers, or friends recommended by former clients—the highest batting average we've ever found in any agency with such a heavy turnover.

If you'd prefer to join a group instead of striking out alone, Holiday House can easily handle this, too. Among other seigniors of this field, it works closely with that veteran specialist, Brownell Tours, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, the 72-year-old pace-setter which last year sent 196 successful escorted tours to Europe (more than any other U.S. firm, including American Express), and which is so solid, so highly regarded, and so competent that it has my greatest confidence and admiration in anything bearing the proud Brownell name. But if Brownell doesn't happen to offer a journey that is made-to-measure for your particular dreams, Holiday House will find what you want among the other Old Reliables—and naturally it won't cost you one penny more than the routine published rates of the tour.

Joseph A. Marchini ("Mar-keen-ee"), the owner-president of Holiday House, has been one of the most respected men in travel since 1927. Not only did ASTA issue its first membership card to him in 1936, but his remarkable accomplishments while on loan to the Transportation Corps during World War II gave him a grasp of international traffic which few of his colleagues can equal. He has personally made more than 45 trips to the Continent.

My relationship to Holiday House is now that of active consultant and working associate. We've pooled our ideas on how our readers can be made happiest while abroad, and we think that some of them might be stimulating. If your own travel agent (whom you should consult first) doesn't happen to come up with what you want—and if your inquiry is a genuinely serious one (the staff already is digging hard to perform its regular duties), write to Mr. Marchini, or drop in to see him if you visit New York. You won't get the millennium, and you won't get a miracle—but at least both he and I will give you everything we know.

Diet Gentle advice from a remorseful sinner: Take a mild cathartic 24 hours before your departure—if you use 'em. For the final 2 meals before hitting that dock or terminus, forget about that roast loin of pork and those last 5 highballs. Eat

and drink like a saint, no matter how many of the *bon-voyage* party get pie-eyed. Then, as soon as you're afloat or air-borne, my friend, you might be lighting a grateful candle to a Man Who Learned.



Some Old Transatlantic Hands disagree categorically with this premise. It boils down to a disparity between the Iron Stomach and the Nervous Stomach Schools—and this difference of opinion is what makes good horse racing.

Take-off by Plane New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, Detroit, Philadelphia, Miami, and Montreal are, of course, the major North American stations for transatlantic air traffic. You can fly direct from any of these, without changing planes—but not all airlines go from all of these points.

The New York East Side Airlines Terminal, on First Avenue between 37th and 38th Streets, opened in 1953. It is the midtown center for most major carriers—TWA, Pan American, BOAC, Sabena, KLM, SAS, Swissair, LAI, and Air France, as well as for many domestic operators.

From Montreal across the drink, there are frequent schedules by Trans-Canada, BOAC, KLM, and Air France. This is a slick way to go, if geographical factors permit, because it gives you a look at our great northern neighbor.

At the appointed time (probably in the early afternoon), you'll report to the meeting place designated by your carrier. The Passenger-Service representative takes over from here; you'll find him affable, courteous, and co-operative. Your ticket is inspected; counter men weigh and check your baggage. Hang onto your overnight bag; here's the place they'll try to grab it for cargo.

The special bus service to Idlewild gets you there on time,

come hell or high water. The fare is \$1.50—out of *your* pocket, not the airline's. Travel time to the International Terminal is about 45 minutes—and you'll probably blink when you see the changes in the desolate, sprawling ugly duckling of yore. The titanic rebuilding program, started in '56, will be given its finishing touches soon; already this \$90,000,000 airport is one of America's proudest showcases. As for the new hotels in the Idlewild complex, (1) Knott's 320-room, 6-story International drew such sharply disappointed reactions from last year's readers that it is not recommended by this *Guide*, and (2) we don't yet know enough about the still-newer Continental to rate it. Any comments on them would be appreciated.

For the average American, there is no outgoing Customs inspection. (Items purchased for the commercial use of others, or items being exported under a bill of lading or air waybill must be cleared, however.) Practically no red tape at all, these days—just about as easy as climbing aboard a flight for Dallas or Miami.

►TIPS: Traveler's insurance and baggage insurance? Wonderful to have, for the protection of both you and your dependents. I'd strongly advise—no, urge—you take out both, merely as routine, if you'll forgive me for being so bold. Airport Sales Corporation, New York International Airport, Jamaica 20, N.Y., are specialists in this field; they're reliable, and they can cover you against practically everything at moderate cost. Sample premiums, of course subject to change: for *flight* insurance (not good on trains or elsewhere, but valid on world-wide scheduled airlines), they'll protect you for your round trip at \$2 for a \$25,000 policy, \$4 for a \$50,000 policy, or \$5 for a \$62,500 policy. This includes the principal sum plus, respectively, either \$1250, \$2500, or \$3125 against medical expenses in case of injury. Now, for the first time, a brand-new optional rider is also available on this one: protection during unlimited use of *any* public transportation (bus, ship, train, taxi, streetcar, etc.); the extra fee is moderate. There are many other choices, including a very broad

travel policy that will give you complete accident coverage anywhere in the world—24 hours per day, land, sea, or air. For 31 days this runs only \$10.15 per \$10,000. The *baggage* insurance policies are, as usual, full of fine-print “buts,” “excepts,” “doesn’t apply,” and “valid ONLY if lost by a cross-eyed Mongolian coolie aboard a sampan”—like every floater on the market that sells for less than 5-zillion dollars. Yet, in spite of the holes, these *do* take care of enough important contingencies to make them a valuable investment. Sample premiums, again subject to change: for 15 days, \$500 coverage costs \$4.50 and \$1000 costs \$9—and for 30 days, \$500 costs \$7.50 and \$1000 costs \$15. Under certain conditions, with various specific exceptions, your luggage, furs, jewelry, and personal effects are covered against theft, loss, or damage in planes, ships, buses, taxis, hotels, and any other place during your entire wanderings. Incidentally, the vending machines in the Idlewild Terminal are for domestic—not international—passengers, but this company has representatives on the spot who can write your policy in 2 minutes. See your own insurance man or contact Airport Sales, because these simple precautions might spell the difference between economic security and bitter unhappiness.

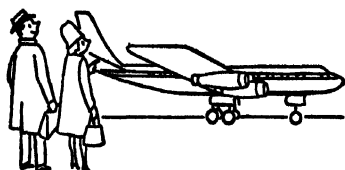
Camera: If you’re taking along a Contax, Rolleiflex, or *any* photo apparatus of foreign manufacture, register it with your nearest United States Customs or with the Bureau at the airport or dock. No charge. Otherwise you’ll pay 15% to 20% import duty when you try to bring it back—no alibis accepted! Kodaks and other American cameras are exempt.

Leica is a bit tricky. While the American company warmly assists the traveler who wishes to take his U.S.-purchased Leica abroad, *only one* European-purchased Leica with one attached lens may be brought back by each voyager.

Reminders: Don’t tip on airlines. No matter how good the service, you’re both insulting the employee and violating an international airlines’ agreement. Write a note of appreciation to the company, instead.

If you should be stuck by bad weather at Gander or Shannon, that’s hard luck for the carrier’s exchequer, not for

yours. They'll pay your hotel bill, your extra meals, all of your basic incidentals, praise be—regardless of the class of your flight.



Checkup for the Airport Pocketbook and all pockets (including raincoat or overcoat) stuffed to capacity.

Your passport, tickets, cash, traveler's checks, immunization certificate, address book, hotel reservations.

Adhesive tape binding on the caps of your perfume, ink, and whisky. Fountain-pen top screwed down tight.

Camera registered with U.S. Customs, if foreign-made.

Traveler's and baggage insurance policies either mailed home or at home (not on your person).

No lighter fluid or firearms (forbidden by regulations).

No welsh rarebits during the last 24 hours.

Checkup for the Dock Luggage—maximum of 2 bags, not 3, not 4, not 5.

Your passport, tickets, cash, traveler's checks, immunization certificate, address book, hotel reservations.

The baggage insurance policy en route to or safe at home.

Camera registered with U.S. Customs, if foreign-made.

Pencil for porter's badge number when he takes away your bags.

Muzzles and leashes on the young fry in your party.

A bland meal under your belt.

Okay? You're ready to climb aboard.

Let's Go By Plane

Like the ramp to somewhat more morbid structures, airplane cabins are often 13 steps up. But no hangman on top—just a pleasant young hostess beaming a welcome. She's pretty (maybe too skinny, though), with a smile for *you*—but watch your step. That Gary Cooper captain may be her fiancé!

Give her your coats and extra bundles, but hang onto your overnight bag. On some lines, she'll fight like a wildcat for it—but hang on just the same. You may have to ride with it under your feet, but it's well worth the trouble.

General Comment Let's take another hard reportorial look at a disturbing situation which bears directly on you and on all other airborne readers of this *Guide*.

In our opinion, not only are the transatlantic fares now cruelly and shamefully overpriced, but the disquieting general trend toward "cattle-car thinking" seems to be as strong as ever. Privately, too many aviation bigwigs still talk in terms of "push'em on, pack'em solid, push'em off, and to hell with them."

Their attitude would be thoroughly defensible regarding Economy class—if a rapid, frill-less passage were to be offered at a rock-bottom economy rate. But to jam vacationers into seats so miserably tiny that they'd make most motor-coach operators throw up their hands in horror, to service up to 102 people with only 2 or 3 exhausted attendants, and to

charge a tax-free \$462.60 for a New York-London round trip under these conditions seems to us, at least, like legalized rapacity—especially since the same approximate mileage between New York-Los Angeles is sold every day for \$208 plus 10% tax.

For this premium price, the passenger has every right to expect a comfortable, relaxed ride—and in most cases, he just isn't getting it.

What he *is* getting is outlined in this woefully typical protest to the Editor of *The London Times*:

"The present seating arrangements appear to have been designed by some modern Torquemada . . . The distance from the back of the seat in front is a cunning inch shorter than the average human leg. The knee is fixed in an unalterable right-angle, the toe jammed against the support of the seat ahead. There, one is stuck as rigidly as a prisoner in the stocks. Moving the back of the seat to "recline" (and what an overstatement *that is!*) merely alters the pain; it does not relieve it at all. . . .

"Sir, we go aboard a little tired. We ought not to suffer like that for hours, before we reach the ecstatic comfort of a 12-year-old Italian bus. . . ."

Much of the onus falls upon the International Air Transport Association (commonly called IATA), whose members carry 85% of the world's air traffic, and which dictates the foreign rule book to every scheduled transatlantic airline except Icelandic.

IATA represents itself as a "voluntary" alliance which "unanimously" enacts all regulations and fares pertinent to its membership, after approval by the various governments. This description stretches the actuality to the limits of charity.

If 1 or 2 or 8 or even a dozen of its smaller members should demand a showdown on any specific issue, and should stand up unflinchingly against the steam roller, they eventually end up with 2 options: (1) to surrender "voluntarily" and "unanimously," or (2) to get out of the organization, practically as of 60 seconds ago. The glue which holds

everybody so rigidly in line, and which pastes together some of the astonishing compromises between power blocks which have emerged from its conferences, is the universal, nearly pathological fear of a price war in the air.

"We loathe our IATA headaches and all they stand for," we have been told behind closed doors. "Nevertheless, it's still wiser for us to operate within a solid, industry-wide front than to have our throats cut by competition which sells for less and gives more."

But where does this philosophy leave the public?

SAS, Swissair, BOAC, KLM, and a small block of European carriers continue to fight bravely in defense of the travel pleasure of the individual passenger. Although the cold-blooded IATA code somewhat hampers their efforts, their service, in our opinion, is infinitely superior to that of their more mass-production-minded rivals.

The reaction of Europe-bound Americans toward this extra personal attention is significant. BOAC and SAS now hold third and fourth places in over-ocean traffic, with only the Pan American and TWA giants still ahead of them. Swissair and KLM traffic has climbed amazingly. The 2 U.S. flag carriers, on the other hand, are steadily losing a fat percentage of their former trade to foreign colleagues.

From the public's standpoint, the first evil is the preoccupation of the airlines with so many expensive, energy-consuming side issues that, all too frequently, the tail wags the dog. At one level, they weep and wail about their "inadequate" profits. At another, however, they continue to shovel up to 28% of their *gross* incomes into what they euphemistically call "Sales"—which include multimillion-dollar investments in such extraneous fields as the travel-agency business, the packaged-tour business, the hotel business, the publishing business, the giveaway business, and the Fifth-Avenue-glamor-real-estate business. We believe that this causes them to lose sight, at least partially, of their primary function: to transport the customer from one point to another, with maximum interest in his welfare and happiness. We believe that this works to the serious detriment of all of us.

The second evil, from the traveler's side of the fence, is today's overdominance of IATA. This intercontinental association of 90 operators should not be confused with the CAA or CAB, which also hold broad aeronautical powers concerning routes, safety, and other matters. IATA makes all of the international rules and regulations, later submitting them on a local basis, without authority for compromise, for CAB's flat approval or disapproval. Its hole cards of foreign landing permits, government-owned-and-managed competition, and other pressures are so strong that CAB's disapproval might bring instant retaliation all over the world. It is our contention now that IATA too often puts the carriers' interests above those of the traveling public.

As one example, IATA's only major holdout, the pluckily independent Icelandic Airlines, flies the Atlantic round trip in plodding, pleasantly appointed DC-6B's which offer *Tourist-class facilities*. But 90 airlines are pledged to charge you up to \$134 more, for *Economy-class facilities*!

This means, under IATA flight rules, that you're getting less service, less legroom, cold meals instead of hot meals, and less on-the-house hospitalities than Icelandic automatically gives you—and you're paying these IATA companies a higher price for a ride in which these impressively lower comfort standards have been fixed by agreement in almost every department.

Again—here's a real shocker—more than 100-thousand tourists blithely paid only \$260 for Atlantic round trips in '59, and *the majority were carried on the same planes, by the same airlines, which levy the general public \$462.60 for the cheapest regular flight*! These fortunate vacationers, 1/12th of all ticket-holders, belonged to private clubs, religious groups, or other organizations which chartered their own transportation. Because IATA has no jurisdiction in this "discount-house" of aviation, the rates enjoyed were up to 55% less.

Third, the IATA across-the-board charge of \$85 a bed is fully justified when a lower berth is involved, because this is

an economic problem of space—but for an *upper* berth, which doesn't have the slightest effect upon the normal seating pattern of the aircraft, here's one of the most cruelly expensive 6-or-7-hours sleep you've ever bought.

Sir Archibald Hope, Managing Director of England's Napier Aviation Engine Co., was chairman of a committee of the Air League of the British Empire which issued a report last July substantiating our premise. It stated, in blunt terms, that (1) transatlantic fares could be cut by half right now, and (2) within 10 years, the round trip could be reduced to \$168—with "no reason why operators should not make a useful profit" at these levels. Among other leading experts who sponsored this report was Peter Masefield, Managing Director of the famed Bristol Aircraft Co. Ltd.

As we've mentioned, IATA rigidly prescribes the number of allowable inches of "pitch" front to back between the seat banks (which boils down, by simple arithmetic, to the size of your chair), the number of cabin attendants who may serve you, the kind of hand baggage which you'll be permitted to carry free, even the specifications for the sandwiches you may eat—in essence, just about everything that you touch, or that touches you, during your flight. The original purpose of this organization was to promote harmony among the operators and to avoid the above-mentioned price wars. Unfortunately, in seeming to continue to reach further toward dominance of the industry, it has succeeded in standardizing all important passenger facilities and activities at the same level—and that level, sad to say, is production-belt mediocrity. Concurrently, it has almost throttled free enterprise in the air—at the expense, financially and pleasurewise, of John R. Smith, the average ticket-holder.

The solution? Here is one undistinguished and uninvited opinion of one traveler who is concerned about the public's interest, and who assumes full responsibility for these controversial conclusions:

(1) The IATA near-monopoly should be broken up into smaller, self-governing Conference Groups. Air France, Alitalia, Lufthansa, and Sabena, which last year pooled all

jet operations in their co-operatively administered Air-Union, should logically set up the first independent block. SAS and Swissair, already sharing a similar arrangement on their own, should set up the second. Pan American, keystone of the mass-traffic-at-very-low-fares school, should be the nucleus of the third. Other carriers whose operating ideas differ should be given the freedom to form similar autonomous clusters, according to their desires.

(2) Today's awkward categories and subcategories of international air travel should be reduced to a maximum of three. On piston-driven aircraft (not jets), a new De luxe class should offer Berths Only, plus every special luxury now featured on Extra-fare flights. Next, on all types of aircraft, a new First class should be honest-to-goodness First class in every detail, from more legroom, to sleeper-type chairs, to decent lounges, to all the elaborate food and service touches which the traveler expects to find for the whopping difference in price (see below). And again on all types, a new Economy class should be rigidly Economy—Third-class seating, box lunches, and Spartan austerity *at a maximum of \$300 for a transatlantic round trip*. The current hodgepodge of divisions should be dropped in its entirety.

(3) Finally, to repeat, the airlines should immediately curtail the enervating monkey business of trying to be travel agents, tour operators, hoteliers in competitive areas, guide-book publishers, handbag designers, model-airplane dealers, and promoters of other businesses which they have no right to be involved in—and concentrate 100%, instead, on their primary function of giving Passenger John R. Smith his money's worth in comfort, service, and transportation pleasure, every second he is in their hands.

Flight Categories Extra-fare subclassification tops the present ridiculously unwieldy breakdown of classes or subclasses. One example is Pan Am's "President Special" to London or Paris, which offers caviar, champagne, elaborate cuisine by Maxim's, extra attendants, and every airborne

service imaginable—for a supplementary \$60 1-way or \$108 round trip.

Jet subclassification is next. At this writing (subject to immediate change), each *over-ocean* passenger is assessed a jet surcharge of \$20 per journey in De luxe or First class, or \$15 in Economy. *Within Europe or the Eastern hemisphere*, however, this extra charge is waived, and there are unofficial indications that international lines may drop the surcharge by May.

Berth subclassification on piston-driven planes is next. The supplement is a flat \$170 for the round trip. You are eligible only if you travel De luxe or First class (not Economy class!). Be sure that your ticket reads "First," because a berth on De luxe is a pointless waste of money (see below). Frankly, on all piston-driven (not jet) runs, the extra crew, extra service, full bed instead of dolled-up chair, and feeling of refreshment at landing time make this the only *truly* comfortable "conventional" transatlantic air passage—so this alternative is strongly urged for travelers who can afford it.

The so-called De luxe class on piston aircraft is a fraud. The *only* comfort difference we've been able to find between this and First class is the sleeper-type seat of the former, against the standard airline seat of the latter—and you're out \$60 per trip for the dubious investment of having a chair which tilts backward at a lower angle. (That's why it's foolish to book a berth in De luxe instead of First, because you won't want both in which to do your dozing.) Remember that food, drinks, service, and all touches are normally identical in these classes. On jets the cleavage is greater. We'd call this IATA brain child not only misleading to its public, but an out-and-out gyp in the way it has been promoted.

First class everywhere boasts 2 (and only 2!) notable advantages over Economy class: more baggage (66 lbs.), and more seating comfort. What you're really buying here is a man-sized, instead of midget-sized, seat. Of course the meals are better, the highballs are free, fewer people are carried, and an extra cabin attendant rides along—but these are trifles when the whopping fare difference (\$329.40 round-trip New

York-London differential, First vs. Economy) is considered. By basic economics, the airline must charge for space—and because your legroom and decent-sized seat occupy more space, it is reasonable that you pay the price.

Tourist class is now confined almost entirely to short or medium hauls abroad. One of the few companies which still offer it across the Atlantic is the non-IATA Icelandic Airlines—and, at their price, it is worlds superior to the Economy-class discomforts of the others.

Economy class is the future Blue Sky Market of air transportation. Under present IATA rulings and fare tables, however, it is neither fish nor fowl. Passengers are squeezed into such disgracefully small living space (IATA specifies that seats must be a sardine-like 34" apart!) that a 108-lb. man finds it acutely uncomfortable, and a 220-lb. man finds it literally physically impossible. Cold plates and coffee or tea are served free. There are no hot meals available. Under a new directive, drinks may now be purchased. Except for the seat dimensions, on the other hand, it is not the simple, stern Third-class travel which should be available in a *true* Economy category, at a radically lower price. That's why we're not satisfied with this weird compromise of austerities, half-baked amenities, and inexcusably high tariffs.

Where to Sit In piston-driven or turbo-prop planes, don't follow the mob in the rush down the aisle. Grab a seat *in the rear*. This gives you a view of the ground rather than of 2 engines and a wing, less vibration, and proximity to the gossip of the crew (all the dope about the progress of the run). In many aircraft, it's a step, not a hike, from here to the rest room—and you're not only first out and first off, but first at the Customs counters as well. Bigger bumps? Maybe—but the difference is infinitesimal.

In *pure jets*, do just the opposite. You're not flying a glider, despite advertising claims about their silence aloft—and the banshee screams of those enormous engines, combined with the slipstream whooshing past at 575 miles-per-hour, cannot entirely be filtered out. So if there's a choice, sit as *far to the*

front as you can. The further back you are, the louder the impact you'll hear (and feel!) from the exhausts.

Twelve doctors at an International Symposium on Health and Travel issued the flat recommendation that you should sit *amidships* (midpoint of the cabin), *on the right-hand side of the plane*, if your stomach does its own private nip-ups when in flight. They found, curiously enough, that the young, fat, overtired passenger who rides by day on the left side, immediately aft of the wing, has the greatest inclination toward queasiness—while the thin, 30-year-old male who travels by night on the center-right is least likely to reach for that waxed-paper bag. Incidentally, one other conclusion they reached brings a chuckle to heartless Good Sailors: "The smug attitude of the nonsensitive traveler towards his less fortunate companions," the kindly doctors scolded, "is in itself a frequent incitement to nausea."



Relax and Enjoy it It doesn't matter if you're sitting next to Emily Post—relax and be yourself. In hot weather, take off your jacket, loosen your necktie or brassière—and put on a pair of bedroom slippers. If they're carried aboard, ask for a pair of those cute little "flight socks," compliments of the line. There is a lot of air to cover, and it's your money you're spending, so why not unkink?

Fasten your seat belt immediately, because take-offs are treacherous. Some veteran passengers wear it loosely engaged throughout the entire journey; it's not at all necessary, but it does add a tiny bit of extra insurance against sudden emergencies.

If you're on a Sleeper Plane, climb in your cubicle as soon as it is made up, and take a double dose of sedatives. It may seem about 10 inches wide, 2 feet long, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, but it is larger than a Pullman berth.

►**TIP:** To hell with your Stork Club manners. You might as well be sensible—and enjoy your flight—right from the beginning.

Armchair Solace On the ground, during take-offs, or during landings, “No Smoking.” With all those elusive vapors around you, you might blow up 40 to 165 celebrities—including the one sitting in your seat. Wait until the sign flashes; it’s okay then.

Cigars and pipes are frowned upon by most companies.

Ladies and Gentlemen There are separate rest rooms on all transatlantic planes. Kleenex, individual soap, all kinds of gadgets—clean, too (at the start of the flight).

Sad to say, no smoking here at any time.

Also, they sometimes run out of water, so do your washing or shaving immediately, just when you don’t need it!

►**TIP:** If you want a quick shave, borrow the special 24-volt electric razor from the hostess. The current is too weak to turn yours fast enough; it would take 3 hours to chop off your whiskers.

Stomach Trouble Airsickness, the bogieman of flying, is a lot of hokum. One passenger in a thousand gets seriously nauseated; when it happens, the cause is 90% psychological, 10% physical. But if it should get you, reach for the container either in the pocket in front of you or under your seat, then buzz for the hostess. She’ll rush you some quick-soothing pills.

If your neighbor is sick, don’t be interested, helpful, or curious. Look away—count sheep, think of Brigitte Bardot, do *something*; once this merry-go-round starts, it’s twice as contagious as measles or mumps.

Food On First-class flights, you’ll probably force down a small dinner like this after your free cocktails: chicken soup, filet mignon, browned potatoes, fresh peas, celery, olives,

radishes, rolls, green salad, Biscuit Tortoni, cookies, and coffee.

If that doesn't hold you, just press your buzzer any old time and ask for a sandwich or some cake, with any one of the following: iced tea, hot tea, tomato juice, coffee, beef bouillon, or ice water.

Sometimes the food could be hotter—that's a common failing—but the airlines feed their international passengers far, far better than their domestic ones. Wait until that last meal; it's 2-to-1 that you'll be groaning, "Do I *have* to eat again?" All free, of course.

Economy class? The widely publicized "Battle of the Sandwich" was finally won in '59 by SAS and Swissair. Now you'll be given a cold plate of meat or fish, cheese, and various other items, instead of the dry, Yankee-Stadium-type sandwiches which some carriers used to insist upon offering. There'll be bread and butter on the side, a juice of some kind, and hot coffee to supplement the meal. By IATA agreement, everything must be served at once.

For travelers of the Jewish faith, strictly Kosher meals are available on many Air France, El Al, KLM, Swissair, Sabena, SAS, and TWA schedules which originate in New York. They are prepared by Schreiber Caterers and bear the seal of approval of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America.

Martini or Manhattan On De luxe or First-class schedules, you'll be served complimentary cocktails before dining, and a bottle of still wine or champagne will appear with your meal. Between times, limitless supplies of highballs or liqueurs are free (as long as you don't get tipsy!).

Starting last October, Economy-class passengers were permitted to purchase drinks—the most noble blow for the arid palate since the Peterloo Potato Massacre of 1819.

Aboard SAS and KLM between foreign points, fine Scotch and cognacs are sold for consumption after arrival, at the tax-free tariff of \$2.50 per "tenth" (nearly a pint).



Don't be surprised if the purser is "fresh out" of soda, ice, or ginger ale. He often is.

While you're over U.S. territory (Idlewild to the border: 2 hours), or when you're on the ground in foreign airports, the plane is as dry as a W.C.T.U. clubhouse.

On DC-4's, DC-3's, and other unpressurized aircraft, altitude does crazy things to a man's capacity. Par for the course is a half-pint of kick for every 2 miniatures.

Something Forgotten Transatlantic planes carry just about everything but yo-yos and roller skates. Here are some typical examples on board the average Skyliner: combs, sterilized toothbrushes, electric and safety razors, acres of toilet and cosmetic necessities, shoeshine equipment, baby food, bibs, sterilized bottles, disposable diapers, picture books, baby powder, clothes brush, slipper socks, first-aid kit, writing portfolio, and playing cards—not to mention an atlas, a small library, and magazines in 6 different languages.

General Lore for the Airwise Here's a quick roundup of facts and suggestions for *all* airborne trippers, regardless of the type of aircraft they happen to fly. Specific jottings for jets and pointers for piston-driven passengers follow below.

Ask for (or reach for) a pillow, as soon as you sit down.

Chew the gum or hard candy which is offered free of charge by every company except tightwad British European Airways; they'll keep your ears open during changes of altitude. If your head is stuffed up with a cold, *open your mouth* when you blow your nose. Otherwise you might be shopping around for a new pair of eardrums.

Red glow and sparks coming from the wing? Just the exhaust—perfectly normal.

The fox-tail streamers dangling from the wing tips? Releases for static electricity, that's all.

Just after take-off or just before landing, listen for the change of tone in the engines. The pilot has altered the "bite" of the propellers, like shifting auto gears from second to high.

Take-offs, incidentally, are twice as ticklish as landings. If there's a serious engine failure as you leave the ground, you're possibly finished—but if all 4 motors should fail in descent, you've still got an excellent chance.

The empty seat near you doesn't mean a thing. That "passenger" is invisible; he's fuel, mail, or extra cargo. Regardless of the unoccupied seats, your airplane always totes about the same gross weight.

Neither the captain nor the co-pilot runs the airplane most of the time. "George" does it—"George" being a mechanical man who automatically steers the ship and makes corrections in his "head" for bumps and winds.

Often it's hard to tell whether you're going up, coming down, or flying at dead level. If you're curious, get a good perspective of the roof, up and down the aisle. The forward or backward pitch will tell you in one quick glance how you're headed.

Ask "ETA, please?" if you want to know when the plane is expected to arrive. ETA is "Estimated Time of Arrival," a flier's term; maybe you'll impress your beautiful hostess with your encyclopedic knowledge of aviation language!

Jet Jottings Riding a jet? Here are some tidbits:

As previously mentioned, jets are far noisier aboard than most people expect. Their total lack of vibration, on the other hand, is a joy.

Kerosene, not gasoline, is the fuel—an important safety factor, because it will burn but not explode.

Jet cockpits are the size of glorified broom closets. They squeeze the crew almost as tightly as IATA squeezes Economy-class passengers.

The pilot is prohibited by a new ruling from shooting the

breeze with the passengers in the cabin. The Air Line Pilots Association scorns this virtual imprisonment in the cockpit as "ridiculous and childish," and we agree.

Jet engines are fantastically simple in design and operation. With far fewer moving parts, far fewer controls, and far fewer instruments required, repairs at airports en route can usually be made in jigtime. They don't require the conventional pre-take-off warm-up, incidentally.

Individual oxygen masks are carried for each passenger—normally in a closed compartment directly above your seat. Note its location carefully, because if the cabin's pressurization system should accidentally blow at 35-thousand feet, you're going to need it in a hurry.

Noises, assorted: (1) The thump you'll hear at the start of the runway, immediately before the take-off begins, is merely the brakes being released. (2) The thumps and groans after the plane leaves the ground come from the mechanical process of pulling up and locking the wheels within the fuselage. (3) Just before landing, there are similar thumps and groans—this time when the skipper lets down and locks the wheels in approach position.

Fog in the cabin? Humidity being forced out of the air-conditioning system, when it's first turned on—a condition which evaporates quickly.

Expect a seemingly endless sprint down the runway before take-off, because jets require longer yardage to become airborne. But once you're in the air, man, *does* that nose tilt up, up, and UP!

Piston Pointers Riding a piston-driven plane? A few odd bits-and-pieces:

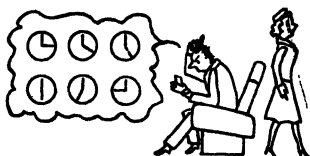
Solid ring of fire back of each engine on the DC-7 and DC-6? It might look scary at first sight—but don't give it a thought, because the manifolds are routinely glowing from normal internal temperatures.

Agonizing moans in the belly of the plane? Nope; it won't fall apart in front of your eyes. What startles you is only the hydraulic pumps, forcing the fluid to the proper places.

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When you're taxiing on the runway, and when you hear a familiar automotive noise, don't think (lots of people do) that airplanes come equipped with horns. That darned hydraulic system is being busy again.

Watch the gadgets they call flaps slide out from the wings immediately before take-offs or landings. They actually double the lifting surface; the pilot finds his plane twice as maneuverable.



The Time Can you flash a college degree in Riemannian geometry and combinatorial topology? If so, possibly you can master those baffling monkeyshines of the international clock. Most travelers, including this one, just can't.

Some airlines give each passenger a handy little cardboard clock. It's great. Let's see: midnight in Newfoundland, multiply by 5 hours, divide by Daylight Saving. All right! Let's take its word for things, in terms of New York:

| | |
|-------------------------|----------------|
| Gander (Newfoundland) | 1½ hours ahead |
| Azores | 3 hours ahead |
| London, Paris, Madrid | 5 hours ahead |
| Rome, Geneva, Stockholm | 6 hours ahead |
| Cairo | 7 hours ahead |

You figure it out.

►**TIP:** Always get an expert to read any streetcar, rail, or air timetable in Europe. No matter if your personal IQ is 300, you'll *still* be tripped up by their screwball methods of listing.

Land Ho! Before you land, the purser may come around with immigration forms and Customs declarations. (On your return flight to America, you can count on it.) Fill out everything—every line, every space; you'll save lots of time with officials.

Two or 3 minutes before contact, the warning sign over the front door will flash. Snap on your seat belt immediately; don't wait for the hostess to come and tell you.

As you lose altitude, yawn and waggle your jaw hard, even if you look like a Mongolian idiot. It may look funny to your neighbors, but it'll take all the cracking out of your ears.

At many airports, particularly in the hot countries, the first man aboard is a public-health functionary. Clutched in his moist palm is a "mosquito bomb"; he dances up and down the aisle, spraying both sides (and you), while you sit defenseless in your seat. If the little man's insecticide spray bothers you (it's actually harmless), cover your nose with a handkerchief. The tickling will quickly stop.

►TIPS: On landings, just before the wheels touch the runway, brace your feet on the bottom of the chair in front of you. Once in a million times a tire will blow out; that's when you want to be set for it. Keep your safety belt fastened; never stand up and never lean forward.

Stay in your seat when your plane rolls up to the terminus. You can't get out; there's always a delay, no matter where you are, who you are, and what you're flying. So don't stand in the aisle, because you're wasting your time.

The Line You Are Flying Here are some quick facts about the international airlines of North America and Iceland. For European carriers, look under the country of their origin.

Trans World Airlines, Inc. (TWA): TWA's far-flung international network provides the only single-carrier service between 70 U.S. cities and 23 points in 20 foreign lands on 4 continents. This 35-year-old company, the granddaddy of American commercial aviation, now flies farther and faster than at any time in its history. With the inauguration in '58 of scheduled service beyond Ceylon to Bangkok and Manila, it merges with Northwest Airlines in the Orient to provide a 2nd U.S.-flag carriers' route around the globe. As a personal aside on this subject, we happened to be aboard TWA

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from Colombo to Bangkok a few weeks after this service was started—and the vitality and know-how of this remote TWA operation made us proud of being Americans.

TWA's jet services began in '58 with shorter-range Boeing 707's on U.S. routes. By the time you read this, brand-new, 5000-mile Boeing 707-321's (the "Intercontinental" model) will be racing across the Atlantic to key points along their foreign system. Later this year, 30 still-speedier (615 m.p.h.) Convair 880's will replace some of the piston-driven Constellations of their impressive fleet.

In addition to being the only U.S. carrier which offers both transcontinental and international runs, TWA also flies the polar route between West Coast cities and European capitals—direct and nonstop. On summer schedules, as well, you may hop nonstop from Chicago to London or Paris without pausing for breath.

As with every company in the industry, TWA has had its financial and administrative ups-and-downs. When hard-driving, forward-looking President Carter L. Burgess resigned in '58 after policy disagreements with Howard Hughes, morale throughout the airline hit an alarming slump. But presidential successor Charles S. Thomas, former Secretary of the Navy, naval pilot during World War I, and long-time public servant in high government offices, has already succeeded admirably, through skillful reorganization, in raising employee *esprit* once again to its normal peak. On the financial side, however, TWA still faces problems.

Chief stockholder is, of course, the legendary Mr. Hughes. Warren Lee Pierson, whose years of philanthropic service in the cause of world trade and international understanding are shining examples of unselfishness, is Board Chairman. E. O. Cocke, 30-year veteran and recently Senior Vice President Sales, has just been named to the newly created office of Vice President and System General Manager, reporting directly to President Thomas. Overseas interests have now been consolidated into one over-all Paris headquarters, under the

razor-keen direction of popular Vice President R. E. Montgomery.

In the TWA family are people like their number one jet specialist, Captain Gordon Granger, who broke the transatlantic and New York-Los Angeles speed records, skin-diving champion Captain Neal Lytle, discoverer in '54 of that fabulous lost underwater city off Egypt's coast, the irrepressible and beloved Captain Willie Miller, and Victor Harrell, Jr., of Ethiopian fame. Should the TWA aviation world ever become too much for you, you may reach the dynamic Gordon Gilmore, Vice President, and his crackerjack Director of Press Relations, W. E. Boughton—one of the nicest men in aviation—at TWA, 380 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17.

Safety record? When you climb aboard that red-striped, triple-tailed TWA job, you're riding one of the planes which won award after award from the National Safety Council. This is just one more mighty milestone of TWA progress and security.

Recommendation: Here's one of the best-equipped, best-maintained, and best-experienced carriers in the air. In our opinion, from the traveler's point of view, its passenger personnel and in-flight passenger service are infinitely superior abroad to those within their U.S. operations.

Pan American World Airways, Inc. (PAA or "Pan Am"): This colossus of commercial aviation, the largest and mightiest air lord of the world, has an unparalleled record for pioneering new routes, new planes, new technical advances, and new legislation. Starting as a Caribbean and Latin-American trail blazer in the '20s, its historic Clippers were the first scheduled aircraft to bridge the Pacific and later the Atlantic. As an historic sidelight, June 28, 1959 marked the 20th anniversary of the *Dixie Clipper's* courageous first crossing from Port Washington, Long Island, to Lisbon and Marseille.

Today Pan Am's 134 sky cruisers wing to every continent except Antarctica—down to Johannesburg and Buenos Aires, up to Scandinavia and Alaska, west to Wake Island and

Singapore, east to Rangoon and Calcutta. There are 6 round-the-world services per week in each direction, making it possible to step aboard Pan Am in New York (Chicago and Detroit are now terminals, too) almost any day in the year for a global circumnavigation. Polar flights direct from the West Coast to London and Paris gateways were launched in '57. More than 150 separate points, from Cochabamba, Bolivia to Keflavik, Iceland are directly touched by this giant and its affiliates.

The Pan Am fleet is equally impressive. The vertebrae of its backbone are Boeing 707-321's ("Intercontinentals"), DC-8 J-75's, and Boeing 707-121's (shorter range)—a breathtaking total of 44 pure-jet aircraft, all flying before the end of this year! How many and what types of their piston-driven planes will be retained throughout '60 is an open question at present, but it is obvious that all their roomy but lumbering Boeing Stratocruisers will immediately be turned out to pasture.

If you're at all timid about that transocean run (New York-London is now only 6½ hours by Pan Am jet!), remember that these veterans have already flown the Atlantic more than 82-thousand times. In '59, they made the record-breaking total of more than 100 passages *per week*. And this year, with their spectacular new fleet, they hope to boost this figure to 150 crossings every 7 days.

At press time (subject to change), all Pan Am jet schedules are operated on a 2-class basis: De luxe, extra-fare "President Special" passengers in the front compartment of the plane, and Economy-class passengers in the rear section.

The "President Special" category is the last word in opulence—wonderfully large and comfortable chairs, eager-beaver extra attendants, handsome little lounge, a 25-dish Maxim's-of-Paris menu which will knock your eyes out, and scores of thoughtfully planned small touches to add to your holiday pleasure. If you can afford it (we couldn't, but did!), perhaps you'll agree with our estimate that here's one of the plushiest, most gracious, most enjoyable flights in the skies

today. Daily or twice-daily departures; 1-way supplement of \$60 (\$108 round trip), plus normal jet surcharge.

Extra charges in its Economy-class segment are limited to the routine jet premium of \$15 each way. As on all transportation in this classification on all IATA-dictated airlines (these conditions are industrywide, as we've explained earlier), the seats are miserably cramped, the legroom is almost nil, the cold-plate dinner is uninspiring, and the company is not permitted to staff the cabin with an adequate number of crew personnel. But who worries, when he can save up to \$308.60 on a 6½-hour passage?

Should you need information somewhere along the line, get in touch with Rear Admiral H. B. ("Min") Miller, the beguiling, likable, highly capable Director of Public Relations, at Pan Am in the Chrysler Building, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St., N.Y. 17, who will fix you up in a jiffy.

Recommendation: The quality of the aircraft, the soundness of the maintenance, the skill of the pilots, and the competence on the mechanical side can't be topped by any airline in the world. On the extra-fare "President Specials," passenger service is downright superb; on ordinary flights, while improving every year, it still ranges from adequate to fair to excellent when compared to leading European carriers. Important dividend: Pan Am's safety record continues to be fabulously healthy.

Trans-Canada Air Lines (TCA): TCA started in '37 with nothing in its pockets and 122 air miles to service—and, over these short years, it has ballooned to a tidy colossus which boasts 160 daily take-offs, 30-thousand route miles, a hefty fleet of pure-jet DC-8's, prop-jet Viscounts, piston-driven Constellations, and status as Canada's largest commercial carrier. Canadian National Railways, a government corporation, owns it outright.

At this writing, it covers 40 communities from coast-to-coast domestically, and 20 abroad—but it's still expanding. Montreal, of course, is the base of operations for frequent service to Ireland, Scotland, England, France, and Germany;

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in '58, its fingers reached farther, to Brussels and Zürich as well. About the same time, direct flights from Vancouver to London (via Winnipeg and Gander) were inaugurated as a bonus for westerners with the European travel itch. Florida, Bermuda, the Bahamas, and the West Indies are also now in the network.

Twenty new Vickers Vanguard prop-jets are on order, for delivery this year.

We've only had the pleasure of riding TCA once in our lives (the short skip from Montreal to New York), but plenty of readers continue to report that its long-haul Atlantic service is splendid in every detail. And it should be, now that this fine, safety-conscious airline has more than 10-million passengers under its traffic belt!

Canadian Pacific Airlines (CPA): This air arm of the world's mightiest independent transportation body was energized in 1942, by the amalgamation of 10 "bush" services in western and northern Canada.

In 18 years, it has mushroomed almost unbelievably. Today it boasts a 46,700-mile route pattern which links 48 Canadian communities with 5 continents.

The overseas routes stretch from Mexico City through Toronto and Montreal to Lisbon and Madrid—from Australia and New Zealand through Honolulu and Vancouver, and thence over the polar path to Amsterdam—and from Hong Kong through Tokyo, Vancouver, Mexico City, Lima, and Santiago to Buenos Aires. CPA is the only carrier in the skies which flies over the International Dateline, the Equator, and the Arctic Circle.

Bristol Britannia jet-props are employed on most of its long hauls, including the polar run. A program is well along to service all foreign points with this speedy, tested, comfortable airplane.

CPA's President is the famous ex-"bush" pilot, G. W. Grant McConachie, who played a major role in the development of north-country flying during the '30s, and who won

the '45 McKee Trophy for "Long and Outstanding Service in the Field of Aviation" in Canada.

We first hopped CPA up to Great Slave Lake in Northwest Territories, back in '48, and ever since that moment, our admiration has been profound. Our Good Neighbors up North can fly like angels. They should, because they're among the most experienced, most careful, most reliable air experts around today.

Icelandic Airlines, Inc. (IAL): Here's a perfectly swell bargain for any economy-minded vacationer—the *only* real bargain, in fact, in the whole field of transatlantic air travel.

Whenever you see blatant advertisements of *any* other carrier which advise "Up To 20% Under Lowest Tourist Fares To Europe!", or "Economy Fares Now Lowest In Airline History!", take them with your largest grain of salt, because they're double talk. Every company except Icelandic belongs to IATA (see beginning of this chapter)—and IATA dictates 100% standard rates, down to the same penny, for all of its members.

But Icelandic still stubbornly and courageously prefers to stand alone. Because it has always refused to join IATA, this lone holdout can charge its passengers as little or as much as it pleases.

The result is soothing news to all budgeteers. Here is the one-and-only scheduled operator in the industry that crosses the ocean at honest-to-goodness cut prices.

At this writing (subject to change, of course), IAL's round-trip tariffs are *up to \$134 less than Economy class on any other scheduled airline*—quite a saving! Their 1-way, all-year ticket is \$230 to Glasgow, \$248 to London, \$252 to Amsterdam, \$258 to Copenhagen, and \$250.10 to Oslo, as random examples. Low-Season, round-trip rates are \$368 to Glasgow, \$401.20 to London, \$407.60 to Amsterdam, \$418.40 to Copenhagen, \$441.10 to Hamburg, and \$404.20 to Oslo, plus other similar reductions.

Please don't get the notion that Icelandic is a slapdash, 1-horse operation that flies tattered old candidates for the

boneyard. It's a substantial, serious venture, with substantial, carefully maintained equipment, a \$7,000,000 annual revenue, a 65-million annual passenger mileage, U.S.-trained pilots, and a high proportion of American personnel. Old hand Nicholas Craig, veteran Pan Am, Panagra, and Braniff executive, is its Board Chairman, President, Chief Executive, and spark plug.

In safety standards, it has the full approval of the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board. Up to this writing, IAL's safety record is flawless.

And last January brought an important new bonus to all 1960 ticket-holders—the replacement of IAL's DC-4 Sky-masters by a complete fleet of dependable, pressurized, speedier, single-class DC-6B's. Two complimentary full-course meals are served; so is free cognac and a free midnight snack. A maximum of 76 passengers is carried (far fewer than routine Economy class), which gives the priceless boon of extra legroom.

Naturally, DC-6B's are slower than the new jets—but what you're getting here, in our opinion, is a faithful and fine aircraft which offers greater physical comfort, more breathing space, and better in-flight service than you'll find on any IATA Economy-class round trip which costs up to \$134 more.

The IAL route map covers various points in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the British Isles, Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany, with New York the only U.S. terminus. All transatlantic flights touch down at Reykjavik, to give their passengers a dividend peek at Iceland. The Great Circle curve keeps Icelandic planes within 400 miles of land at all times.

For further information, see your travel agent. The company's headquarters are at 15 West 47th St., N.Y., and there are branch offices in Chicago and San Francisco.

You won't find caviar or pink orchids aboard Icelandic, but you will find a real value for the price.

Guest Aerovias Mexico (GAMSA): If you're bound from sunny Florida to *sol y sombra* Europe, businessman-socialite Winston Guest's well-known airline might be just the carrier for you.

After many successful years in the Caribbean area, GAMSА inaugurated transatlantic services in March '59. Because this expansion required additional equipment, technical advice, and management assistance, Scandinavian Airlines System stepped forward with both the aircraft and the know-how.

As a consequence, modern SAS planes, flight operations by SAS-trained crews, and concentrated management attention by SAS experts have given Mexico and GAMSА the intercontinental aviation identification which both have desired for so long. Commissary and cabin functions are maintained on SAS standards and are closely supervised by SAS consultants.

GAMSА provides better-than-daily schedules between Miami and Mexico City, and thrice-weekly flights between Miami and Lisbon, Madrid, or Paris via Bermuda. For no extra cost, you may stop off as long as you like to pick up a genuine Bermuda tan.

Liaison between GAMSА and SAS is accomplished in Mexico City, with SAS Vice President Thomas M. Reilly and GAMSА General Manager Folke S. Egerstrom ably running the show.

We're unusually eager to try this new GAMSА run, because all reports to date are so enthusiastic that this line intrigues us.

Transatlantic Bound There are 3 main air routes across the Atlantic. Chances are excellent that you'll fly one or the other without crisscrossing. Look in the seat pocket in front of you for the flight kit containing a map of your route. It's lots of fun to follow the progress of your flight.

1. London, Paris, Central or Northern Europe. You might (not always!) stop at Gander, Newfoundland or Shannon, Ireland—or Prestwick, Scotland (near Glasgow) if you take the "old" route to Scandinavia.

From New York, Gander is 1163 air miles—approximately 2¼ hours by jet, or 3½ hours by piston aircraft. It's on the ocean side, clear across the island from the mainland. The original terminal, built by U.S. engineers during the war,

was superseded in '59 by a modern, elaborate, expensive replacement—and why the Canadian Government sank so much money into this new colossus in the wilderness, with nonstop, jet-age traffic already starting Gander on its slide to oblivion, is a puzzle to us.

On your first leg, you fly over Bridgeport, Boston, and Bangor, Maine; when you cross the Canadian border, you swing to the east over the sea. From Moncton, New Brunswick, it's a 300-mile hop over the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Stephenville, an alternate U.S. field on the near side of the island.

The weather is tricky up there. If Gander is closed in (it often is, at 2 hours' notice), your alternate fields are Stephenville (across the island), Goose Bay, Labrador (way up north), Moncton, New Brunswick (seldom used), or Boston, Massachusetts.

If the regular route is stormy and the north is clear, you may take the Great Circle to Meeks (Iceland), thence to Ireland or Scotland. Lucky you, for the scenery!

► **TIPS:** Have your coat handy for Gander, because it's often windy—and, if you're westbound from Europe, the hard-boiled authorities here won't let you in the terminal building without a valid vaccination certificate.

If you haven't been fed aboard the aircraft, don't grab the check in the airport restaurant. The drinks might be on you, but ask the cashier for a free meal ticket.

After the take-off, change your watch to Greenwich time. (Ask the hostess how many hours; it's a mystery to me.)

The terrain over Newfoundland, now Canadian soil for the first time in history, is worth a look. Lakes, lakes, lakes—thousands of 'em—scrub pines, thick brush, countless little hillocks. A symphony of browns, purples, and greens—desolate, barren, forbidding. Wonderful fishing, frightfully hard living. Watch the shoal waters turn to sapphire as you fly over the beaches—it's beautiful.

It's 1976 miles to Shannon—about 4 hours on jets or 7½

hours on most of the big piston-driven jobs, if the winds are normal.

2. Portugal, Spain, or West Africa. You'll stop at the Azores, then (and possibly at Gander, too). These are 9 small islands in a 400-mile daisy chain; yours, Santa Maria, is about 1000 miles from the continental mainland. All of them are an integral part of the Portuguese Republic (not colonies or territories). The total population of the group is 500 thousand; the neat patchwork of farms, the sheer brown cliffs to the sea, and the turquoise surf will enchant you.

Facilities are excellent. The field was built by the U.S. Army, for the U.S. Army; after V-E day, all of this superb construction and most of the equipment were turned over to Portugal. The hotel (also known as Hotel de Gink) has pleasant accommodations for 60 transients; there's a good Officers' Club nearby, a movie theater, and a small neighboring town where you can pick up fine gold filigree and Madeira lace.

Incidentally, Santa Maria is the place where Christopher Columbus was once thrown into jail. The immigration authorities of the 1490's and 1960's present an amusing contrast (see under Portugal). Mr. Columbus didn't contact the right people before he embarked. His visa, so the jailer said, was not in order.

3. The Polar Route: SAS pioneered the exciting, time-saving, money-saving, Top-of-the-World trail between Los Angeles-Winnipeg-Blue West 8-Copenhagen in the fall of '54. Take off in California in a specially equipped plane, touch down briefly in Canada or in Greenland, and before you know it, you're lifting a skål in welcome to wonderful Copenhagen—provided this carrier hasn't already put you under with typical nonstop demonstrations of its renowned hospitality. Easy, safe, and pleasant; by far the most thrilling lane for any passenger. See section on "Scandinavian Airlines System" for further data.

Now other carriers like TWA, Pan Am, Air France, and Canadian Pacific Airlines have climbed aboard the band-

wagon to exploit this twentieth-century Northwest Passage. You can jump from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, or Vancouver to London, Paris, Amsterdam, or other gateways soon to come. Get in touch with your travel agent for hot-off-the-griddle developments.

► **FINAL TIPS:** During wintertime in Europe, always be prepared for delayed take-offs, diversions to strange airports, and outright cancellations of flights—especially in the northern countries, the mountain countries, the British Isles, and the Benelux countries. Fog and smog are the major problems, and the flying weather is often terrible.

Don't ever play your portable radio in the cabin of any aircraft—it's liable to interfere with the plane's radio navigation systems, and thus endanger the safety of the flight. This is now an international law.

For Men Only (please, Girls, stop reading NOW!): Here's a weird-sounding but eminently practical tip from our very dear friend, Colonel Malcolm K. Beyer, U.S. Marine Corps (Res.). President of New York's "21 Club" food interests, Col. Beyer flies frequently to Iran for caviar, Japan for Tempura prawns, Spain for Andalusian quail, in short, all over the map—and he is never without a small rubber hot-water bottle in his berth, to avoid the nuisance of putting on a robe, calling the hostess for the ladder, and trekking the long hike to the men's room. *Semper fidelis!*

Let's Go By Ship

Traveling on a ship is a pretty simple process. All you do is walk up a gangplank, wave a champagne good-by to a crowd of stevedores you mistake for your friends, and settle back comfortably in the arms of the Captain, the Stewards, the turbines, and God. The Svengali touch so necessary to the air passenger—that colorful business of 99 human beings buoying up a plane by mesmerism and Yogi—isn't required. Your neck muscles are safe from post-voyage paralysis, because this kind of Captain doesn't need your help. But both methods of transport have their own tricks, so let's look at some last-minute ship lore.

Geography and Weather Three major routes: Scotland and Scandinavia (Northern), England and Middle Europe (Central), Gibraltar, the Peninsula, and the Mediterranean (Southern). If Old Man Weather is behaving as he should, the Northern passage will probably be rough, the Southern passage smooth, and the Central passage a little of both.

The best months for ocean travel are June and July. High Season for all passenger lines—periods of peak bookings—vary with the directions of the ship's nose. For the eastbound run in '60, it is expected to be April to September; westbound, from July through October. Important: *a 7½% boost will be added this year to the premium prices already charged during these selected times.*

►TIPS: For Low-Season voyagers (eastbound from Aug. 26 to Apr. 14, westbound between Nov. 1 and June 21), a 10% slash in *round-trip* fares also became effective in '60. This not only makes slow-month travel a better bargain for everybody, but with a wider choice of staterooms, it's generally far more comfortable.

The Old Wives' Tale that the sea is always particularly turbulent around March 21 and September 23—the equinoxes—is legend, not fact.

Flag Differences Broadly speaking, vessels of each nation have special characteristics. Like that ever-delightful choice among blondes, brunettes, and redheads, the traveler can pick 'em for what they offer his personal preferences. Let's run through these national differences, bearing in mind that stereotypes are tricky, unreliable, and often untrue.

British ships are noted for their superb seamanship, their conservative social routine, and their excellent service. Life aboard is inclined to be subdued, formal, and more dressy than most. In contrast to the typically mediocre fare on English soil, the menus of the better (not all!) Cunard liners are usually so lavish that their dining salons take second place to none. Top-class British shipping, like top-class British hotels, is considered by some qualified observers to be the best in the world.

French ships concentrate on food, wines, service, and gaiety. The cuisine is most often exquisite; champagne is about the price of Orange Crush, and the curfew is a joke. The romance department, which has the blessings of the sympathetic crew, makes a Gallic liner an especially happy hunting ground for the bachelor and bachelor-girl. One caution is the higher-than-average fire hazard on many French designed ships. But good seamanship, good comfort, good cooking—and good fun, if you're lucky.

Scandinavian and *Dutch* ships rate with the best on the water. Food, service, dependability, the solid national characteristics of these peoples reflect in their shipping. The social atmosphere aboard is sometimes as heavy as pumper-

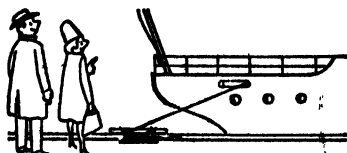
nickel, sometimes surprisingly gala. In the Low Season, fewer parties, fewer nightcaps at dawn, and Jack Armstrong wholesomeness are the rule. In the summer, the lid pops off with delightful frequency. Their special attractions: food so luxurious that it will bust your buttons (notably on Swedish liners, not always on Dutch ones), and cleanliness such a ritual that you can always see your face on the galley floor.

Italian ships are full of intricate mechanical gadgets, Stewards who leap forward with "Command me!", rich fodder, inexpensive drinks, and blithe spirits from engine room to bridge. Like the French and Spanish (this doesn't apply on the Italian Line giants, which are immaculate), occasionally they are chary with the scrubbing brush where you don't look—and sometimes, unhappily, where you do. The smaller craft feature Peninsular food, as you'd expect (lots of pasta, olive oil, and heavy stuff), but in the *Cristoforo Colombo*, *Augustus*, *Giulio Cesare*, regional dishes are merely one segment of a comprehensive international menu. Outstanding feature is service.

American ships are pretty typical of us. They have hotel-lobby lounges, hotel-bedroom staterooms, hotel-dining-room dining rooms, plumbing which works like a charm (and don't think *that* isn't important!), a sprinkling of fluttery clubwomen as shipmates, amiable crews, all technical advances known to man, and nothing which crawls or hops behind the woodwork. Their aura is not as garish as the Italian, not as subtle as the French, not as impersonal as the British, not as aseptically functional as the Dutch. Americans at sea now get 4 times more pay than the crews of any other nation—not counting tips, either. Their 250% rise over 9 years gives them 51% more in their envelopes than the average worker in manufacturing and 20% more than the average steel, auto, or construction man. Yet, in spite of this bonanza, they still usually walk away with the title of the world's worst waiters and service personnel. After the first 4 days at sea, they'll probably manage to refrain from calling you "Bud" or "Baby"—but you'll see what a strain it throws upon them.

80 LET'S GO BY SHIP

Let none of this discourage you. Any American can point with pride to most liners which fly our colors, particularly the *United States*, the *Independence*, and the *Constitution*.



Individual Rating Every steamship company, travel agent, transatlantic tourist, and armchair sailor has copper-riveted ideas on the rating of shipping among the 70 passenger or student vessels which will ply the Atlantic this year. Naturally, the question that always brings out the shillelaghs is *which* liner is better than the other. Here is one uninvited, undistinguished, and unimportant personal diagnosis—and here starts the war with aggrieved marine moguls. Listings within groups are *not* made in order-of-choice, but strictly at random.

CLASS AA

Queen Elizabeth (Cunard): Largest in the world—and for service and comfort in First and Cabin classes, one of the most satisfactory in the world; Tourist-class facilities now topped, however, by several newer competitors. Fast, crowded, aging but beautifully maintained, highly impersonal. Cuisine superb except when meals are served in staterooms. In First class, after sailing, book in advance at least one lunch in the chichi Veranda Grill (\$1.40 extra per person). Denny-Brown stabilizer fins since '58. If you like your ships huge and your atmosphere hotel-ish—impressions which were strikingly reinforced on our latest Atlantic crossing—she and her sister are still hard to surpass. First, Cabin, and Tourist classes.

Queen Mary (Cunard): Some voyagers like this one more than the *Elizabeth*; some don't. Both actually boil down

to the same fine category. Second largest, same new stabilizer fins, same comments.

United States (United States): This racy and spectacularly designed superliner, holder of the transatlantic speed record, is the fastest and fanciest behemoth ever to fly the Stars and Stripes. Streamlined décor, completely air-conditioned, so fireproof that the only wood aboard is the lead pencil with which your opulently salaried Steward figures how big your tip should be. Excellent Tourist class, with more space in cabins than on most ships. All facilities and amusements under the sun. Sharply mixed current reactions from *Guide* readers on both the cuisine and the service; some reported that both were excellent, but others reported both were poor. Be this as it may, there's one clear, shining, indisputable fact: for design and performance, nothing on the water today, anywhere on the globe, can compare with her. Three classes.

Liberté (French Line): They've done a complete refitting job on the former *Europa*, and it's a fine one throughout. Even though she's 36 years old and will soon be retired, she's still great. Extraordinarily tempting food in First class, but don't expect caviar every day in Cabin and Tourist, because you're not paying for it. Gaiety and merriment will be the keynotes, if the crowd is average for your voyage. Three classes.

Mauretania (Cunard): This faithful, aristocratic, and beautiful lady, built in '39 and not to be confused with her predecessors, has a new dress, a new décor, and new air conditioning. Slightly larger than the *Caronia*, she's the ideal size to many. Although occasional reports trickle in that her cookery is no better than good, in spite of its wide variety, a number of experienced voyagers prefer her to all other Cunarders. Touches Cobh, Le Havre, and Southampton. Three classes.

Constitution and *Independence* (both American Export): With a \$6,500,000 modernization program freshly finished, these proud sisters now offer greater tonnages, longer superstructures, new glass-enclosed Starlight Roof

solariums, 58 additional staterooms, and many other extra attractions. They also come up with roast beef so delicious that you'll hate your home-town butcher, pleasant surroundings, and comfortable relaxation in the American tradition. Service now the best of any U.S. vessels afloat. Especially roomy and attractive in Tourist class. Air-conditioned from stem to stern, outdoor swimming pool, everything just right for delicious Mediterranean cruising. One-ticket, direct-connection service from New York to Paris via Cannes inaugurated in '59, offering choice of *Mistral* boat train or Air France shuttle from Nice. Book very, very early on these spectacularly popular vessels, or you haven't a prayer of getting aboard. Three classes.

Gripsholm (Swedish American): This pride of Scandinavia, introduced in '57, deserves (and is getting!) raves from even the most jaded travelers. She's everything the Line promised in advance, from layout to appointments to cuisine to service—all superior. Completely air-conditioned; 95% "outside" cabins, all with bath or shower, dial ship-to-shore telephone, adjustable reading lamps, extra-large closets, and other conveniences; pool, tailor shop, gymnasium, Denny-Brown stabilizers for smoother running; the works. Within 24 hours, she can be converted to a 1-class, top-drawer, winter-cruise ship. A champion; 2 classes.

Caronia (Cunard): Wonderful. Less than half the tonnage of the *Queens*, but large enough to carry every imaginable facility. Cruises are her specialty, and she goes everywhere. On transatlantic crossings, she's especially fortunate for families with teen-agers who want First class without the ostentation of the superliner. Passengers lovingly call her the "Green Goddess," because of her soft and eye-appealing color, and her regal warmth. First and Cabin classes when covering the Atlantic.

Cristoforo Colombo (Italian Line): This 26-knot, 100% air-conditioned Genoese duchess made her debut in '54, and she's improving every year. Roomy, comfortable state-

rooms, with a high percentage of private baths or showers; 3 spacious Lido decks, one for each class, with 3 heavenly outdoor swimming pools; closed-circuit television network, so that you can check up on that sunbathing blonde while seated over a cocktail in the lounge; most of the refinements for civilized, convenient travel. Separate children's dining rooms, nurseries, Mickey Mouse screenings, and other juvenile amenities make her an especially happy bet for harassed parents. First class excellent but insufficient for demand, Cabin class good, and Tourist class so full of provincial Italian immigrants that it is not recommended to the U.S. vacationer, particularly westbound. Even though she's now outdazzled by her big new cousin (see following), she still earns a bright Blue Ribbon in service, cleanliness, and comfort.

Leonardo da Vinci (Italian Line): Here's the just-crowned flagship of the line and new Queen Bee of Italian shipping. When she goes into operation early in July, she will be the largest and most exciting liner on the Mediterranean run. Latest-of-the-latest in design and equipment: all attractions of the *Cristoforo Colombo*, plus Denny-Brown stabilizers, a 300-seat movie theater, 30 lounges, poolside infra-red heating for brisk weather, a drive-on garage, a 175,000-gallon water distillation plant, and more. She's 761-feet long and sports a 92-foot beam; she accommodates 1300 passengers on 9 decks, with a maximum of 4 persons per stateroom (no 6-berth or 8-berth cabins carried). Although 80% of her Tourist class comes with private baths or showers, the same caution we suggested to *Colombo* budgeteers also applies here. *Salve* and cheers, from stem to stern!

Rotterdam (Holland-America): This brand-new Dutch flagship surely must be given a Class AA rating, even though she came into service too late last fall for us to inspect her. Observers inform us that she's a 2-class vessel (First and Tourist) for 1456 voyagers, with spacious public rooms, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, a 607-seat

theater, full air-conditioning, and the same carefully planned, carefully executed, solid Dutch amenities for which the *Nieuw Amsterdam* has so long been beloved. One major innovation: substitution of high, thin, coupled smokestacks aft for the conventional steamship funnels, providing vast recreation space and a soot-free atmosphere. The dove-gray-and-white gown worn by this largest passenger liner ever built in The Netherlands is reported to give her soothing eye-appeal. Rotterdam-Le Havre-Southampton-New York, when she's not following the sun on winter cruises.

Bremen (North German Lloyd): We haven't yet seen this debutante, either, but we hear that she's also outstanding. Fifth in this 102-year-old line to bear her name, she's said to be the most luxurious German ship ever put into Atlantic service. Formerly the French *Pasteur*, completely rebuilt in 18 months at a cost of \$25,000,000, she carries 1122 in 110 First-class cabins and 394 Tourist-class cabins. Air conditioning, Denny-Brown stabilizers, swimming pool, Finnish baths, children's nurseries, Promenade Deck with floor-to-ceiling picture windows; special attention to cuisine; décor represented by the owners as "a floating showcase of distinguished German art and design." Emphasis on leisurely, nondress-up comfort rather than speed, with New York-Cherbourg in 6 days and Bremerhaven 1 day later. Should prove an exceptional value for economy trippers.

CLASS A

America (United States): The diplomats' ship. Comfortable and pleasant, with adequate but not spectacular food. Service is not as polished nor as eager-beaver as on some of her European competitors. For a joggy old-timer, she's passable if you don't expect the world. Reasonable fares. Three classes.

Augustus and Giulio Cesare (Italian Line): Our earlier lukewarm comments about these near-twins now make

me hang my head in shame, because a later crossing on the *Augustus* was one of the happiest and most relaxed voyages of my life. Both were transferred from South American waters to replace the *Andrea Doria*; both are new, fast, and completely air-conditioned. Both have 3 marvelous Lido decks with a swimming pool on each—an Italian invention and development; both offer all the caviar, Morro crab, baked suckling pig, partridge Diana, guinea hen from the spit, and other delicacies you can stuff; both carry crews which couldn't be friendlier, warmer, or more knowledgeable; Master Maître Edoardo Ribatto of the *Augustus*, for one example, is so savvy that he could walk into Tour d'Argent and replace the legendary Pierre without changing his coat. The ships differ slightly in interior stylings and furnishings, with the simpler *Cesare* perhaps more to the U.S. taste. Tourist class not recommended on either to American vacationers, for same reason as stated for *Colombo*. Not *Queen Elizabeths* or even *Caronias*, but these are sound choices for the Mediterranean run. Three classes.

Nieuw Amsterdam (Holland-America): Showers of favorable comment continue to reach us about this 20-year-old matron. Now entirely air-conditioned; Denny-Brown stabilizers; particularly good for cruises. Again, she's no *Mary*, *Lizzie*, or *Rotterdam*, but to her many rooters she's ideal for a quiet crossing without fireworks in the Glamor Department. Three classes.

Homeric (Home Lines): Outstandingly fine for her tonnage and job, in nearly every department. She's the old *Mariposa*, sister to the *Monterey* and the *Lurline*; after wartime troop carrying, Home Lines gave her a spectacularly opulent and expensive refitting and launched her as the company's flagship. Completely air-conditioned; 6 colorful, charming, spacious suites, each with 3 huge windows; 30 nobly planned semisuites in both First and Tourist classes; discounting the small accommodations of the lowest price level, the medium-or-better-priced staterooms add up to one of the most

attractive Tourist classes we have ever seen afloat. Lido pool, children's playrooms and dining rooms, night club, wide-screen movie theater, the works. We particularly liked the crew. Canadian, in addition to N.Y., sailings; reasonable fare structure. Especially recommended to students and winter-cruise fans. Two classes only.

Bergensfjord and **Oslofjord** (Norwegian America): The former entered the Atlantic sweepstakes in '55, and the latter in '49—and both live up to the traditions of one of the world's greatest seafaring people. They're both small and nicely fitted—just the thing for the traveler who wants to escape from floating Radio Cities. Fine cruise ships, too. Both have now been fitted with Denny-Brown stabilizers—and *Oslofjord* underwent further modernization in the winter of '57-'58. First and Tourist classes only.

Kungsholm (Swedish American): All staterooms on this Swedish maiden are sound-proofed, air-conditioned, and "outside," and each has its private toilet, bath or shower, and telephone. Splendid extra facilities, including outdoor and indoor swimming pools, a Finnish steam bath, a 200-seat church-movie-theater auditorium, 23 public rooms, and others. Smaller than *Gripsholm*, but similar in construction. A smart buy for trippers seeking inexpensive First class; a field day for the Tourist-class minded.

Britannic (Cunard): This comfortable 2-stacker, one of the world's largest motor vessels, was rebuilt from the keel up after the war. Now she is due to be replaced in '61. Cobh and Liverpool are her main bases, but she's also still plodding along as a cruise ship. Larger cabins than ever before; 8-day crossing, which many like. First and Tourist classes only.

Empress of England and **Empress of Britain** (Canadian Pacific): The very new *England* and the new *Britain* are the pick of the venerable, traditionally sound "White Empress" fleet. (The older *Empress of Scotland* has been sold.) Climb aboard at Montreal or Quebec, and

wind your way blissfully through hundreds of miles of St. Lawrence landscape. Both have individually controlled air conditioning everywhere, 2 playrooms and a launderette for youngsters (and their harassed mothers!), battery of phone booths for ship-to-shore chatting, and many other modern developments. On both, you'll find classic service and classic food without excess glamor in the time-tested mold of the greatest independent steamship-railway-hotel empire on the globe. Low fares. First and Tourist classes.

Vulcania (Italian Line): After her \$2,000,000 refurbishing job in '53, she came up with a fetching New Look. You'll now find recreation decks, swimming pools, gymnasiums, veranda-deck suites, adequate food, inexpensive wines, and fine Italian service. Enormously better than she was; in spite of her age, now one of the most satisfactory on the Mediterranean run. Greater cleavage between First class and Tourist class than on most liners—so great, in fact, that Tourist is not recommended. But First is excellent, as its fervent popularity among long-voyage lovers so plainly attests.

Saturnia (Italian Line): Also greatly improved, but not quite up to her near-sister, the *Vulcania*. Same comment about cleavage between classes.

Italia (Home Lines): Once the old *Kungsholm* (not to be confused with the current Swedish flagship), she went back in service early in '58 after a major overhauling which included a change in 70% of the cabins on the 3 upper decks to parlor-bedroom suites with private facilities. Totally air-conditioned in '59; 2 glass-enclosed promenade decks; indoor and outdoor swimming pools. Cabin-class rooms switched to Tourist class, making this ship one of the most comfortable and rewarding bets for budgeteers on the seas. Now in Canadian-Channel ports service in regular season. No great shakes as a luxury liner, but a real value for the money. Two classes.

Zion and *Israel* (Zim Israel): These yacht-like fillies made their bows to Haifa and Brooklyn society 5 months

apart in '55 and '56. Hamburg-built, at over \$5,000,000 apiece; 50% air-conditioned; all outside staterooms; outdoor swimming pool; Denny-Brown stabilizers; direct Holy Land sailings every 3 weeks, via Naples and sometimes Halifax. The décor of the newer *Zion* is gayer and warmer than that of her sister. Very good bets for the tonnage and price.

Covadonga and *Guadalupe* (Spanish Line): You might be happy as a clam aboard these small (14,450 tons), speedy (19 knots), partially air-conditioned show pieces of the Spanish merchant marine, which entered service in '53—but, if you don't *habla Español* and if you insist on gourmet cuisine, maybe you won't. Both call at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and Havana, Cuba—a swell dividend for the interested voyager. First and Cabin classes.

Berlin (North German Lloyd): This patrician dowager, the former *Gripsholm* of the Swedish-American Line, changed flags in '54 to become the vanguard of the revived North German Lloyd fleet. New fittings, new crew, new cuisine (excellent), new operating policies on one of the most comfortable, airy, pleasant old girls afloat today. Tourist class somewhat cramped, but First class spacious in the old style. Popular with travelers of foreign extraction. Graceful and traditional.

Saxonia, *Ivernia*, *Carinthia*, and *Sylvania* (all Cunard): This family of look-alikes is Cunard's latest and speediest bid for the Canadian market; *Sylvania* made her maiden voyage in '57, *Carinthia* in '56, *Ivernia* in '55, and *Saxonia* in '54. They're not as impressive, unfortunately, as we'd hoped they would be. First class: only 110 to 154 passengers; functional but very small staterooms, so far forward that they probably rock hard in a head sea; limited public rooms; confined deck space. Tourist class: up to 813 passengers; aside from 18 convertible staterooms, no private showers or toilets—a big design mistake; excellent, attractively decorated public rooms; crowded dining salon; décor mostly on the cold side. But Cunard service, Cunard cuisine, and Cunard *savoir*

faire are more than 50% of any battle—so they're recommended in spite of these limitations.

Flandre (French Line): After sailing from one mechanical crisis to another during her maiden years, in '56 she at last found herself and rose to the high level for which she was built. Now travelers swear *by* her instead of *at* her, because her food is delicious, her décor is attractive, her outdoor pool is lovely, and her living is cheerful and animated. Her new popularity is richly deserved, because she's a gem for her size.

Hanseatic (Hamburg-American): Like the *Flandre*, here's another case of sputtering service at the start which soon hummed smoothly on all cylinders. Once the *Empress of Scotland*, she was given a \$9,520,000 conversion by her new owners in time for her maiden voyage on the Hamburg-Le Havre-Southampton-Cobh-New York circuit in July '58. Her flag is that of the German Federal Republic, and she's manned by German officers and crew. First class of 85 and Tourist class of 1169; all First-class cabins have baths; outdoor and indoor swimming pools. We still haven't seen her, but current reports are very heartening indeed.

Arkadia (Greek Line): Here's the fastest liner between Canada and Germany—the refitted and thoroughly modernized former *Monarch of Bermuda*. The Greek Line purchased her in '58, gave her a stern-to-stern workover in Hamburg's Blohm & Voss Shipyards, and then introduced her to Montreal-Quebec-Cobh-Le Havre-Southampton-Bremerhaven service during the regular season. Her Caribbean cruises of last winter were very successful. Emphasis on Tourist class, with 1293 here against 47 in First class. New air-conditioned dining salon; claims for the largest indoor swimming pool afloat; freshly decorated public rooms in classic décor; continental-style cuisine in unusually wide range. Not a superliner, of course, but easy and pleasant.

Ryndam and *Maasdam* (both Holland-America): Launched in 1951 and 1952, these near-twins are for the budgeteer.

There are virtual run-of-the-ship privileges for 842 economy-minded voyagers on each; they say that the First-class accommodations for 39 (penthouse cabins, elegant dining salon, all luxuries) are carried merely as a formality so that the Line has official permission to charge the minimum tariff. *Ryndam* shifted to Canadian ports this year; *Maasdam's* New York terminus reportedly unchanged. Air-conditioned; outside swimming pools; stabilizers now installed; plain food, plain service. Sixty percent are 2-place cabins with wash-basins (no private baths); although all furnishings are exactly alike, try your darnedest to get an outside room. Hardly elegant, but a value for what you buy.

Olympia (Greek Line): This 6-year-old Greek flagship, pride and pace-setter of the line, seems to be satisfying so many U.S. travelers these days that we're seriously considering her placement in Class AA. The only factor which holds us back is her overwhelming predominance of Tourist-class facilities: 1150 accommodations at very cheap rates, against only 138 in First. Cinema, theater; 21 public rooms; 2 swimming pools; more than 50% of her economy cabins have private showers and toilets. In First, she's excellent, but her most tempting bait is what might be termed "Tourist De Luxe" at bargain tariffs. Her winter Mediterranean cruises are among the most popular sailings offered by any operator today.

CLASS B

Parthia and *Media* (Cunard): Two fair bets. Small craft with fewer luxuries but more friendly atmosphere than the *Queens*. The big disadvantage is the limitation of facilities in some directions which count, such as only one lounge for 125 passengers. Typically agreeable Cunard service. Norfolk sailings added in late summer and fall. First class only.

Noordam and *Westerdam* (Holland-America): New-ish, slow, sturdy little vessels. Adequate and pleasant if you

want something very small, but not in the same ball park with the *Rotterdam*. First class only.

Queen Frederica (Home Lines): The latest owners of this 1-time *Malolo*, *Matsonia*, and *Atlantic* have spent a medium-sized fortune in modernizing her and in adding to her voyaging livability. Every cabin on all decks is now air-conditioned and many have their own private bath or shower; 20 spacious and comfortable Riviera suites, each with private sitting room and huge windows overlooking the sea; food quite good; extraordinarily friendly and kindly crew, one of the warmest and nicest we have ever sailed with. Passengers predominantly Greek; so many immigrants in Tourist class that First class only is recommended to American pleasure travelers. She doesn't pretend to be a *United States* or even a *Bergensfjord*, but everybody aboard is trying so hard to make every passenger so happy that we feel she's worth every cent of her fare.

Statendam (Holland-America): Physically, this handsome, impressive, up-to-the-minute 4-year-old, the 3rd largest Dutch passenger vessel afloat, merits anyone's Class A rating. But *Guide* travelers' recent complaints about her service standards have been so tart that this year we're compelled to drop her to Class B. In spite of the fact that her Tourist class is probably the most expensive on the Atlantic—more costly, in fact, than various Cabin-class accommodations on Cunard—these readers feel that the level of service is so often disappointing that it's not in keeping with the fancy facilities. With her attractive design, she could be one of the loveliest ships on the Atlantic for the type of family which doesn't take its Social Register too seriously—but, until somebody tells the facts of life to certain of her stewards and stewardesses, we'd recommend that you look around for a different steamer.

The "Aces" (American Export): These 2 Junior Misses, the *Excalibur* and *Exeter*, were a quartet until recently, when the *Exochorda* and *Excambion* were withdrawn. They might accurately be classified as glorified freight-

ers. Each has a limit of 125 passengers; each is a 1-class operation. Ship-wide air conditioning; run-of-the-boat freedom; some of the best American food afloat. Service continues to improve; *don't take children aboard, because facilities are almost completely lacking*. If you're after a small, tranquil, intimate sailing, without language problems, this might be it. But don't expect the comforts or the luxuries of their larger sisters, because the fares are low and the standards are uncomplicated and plain.

New York (Greek): Happy reports continue to flow in from voyagers on this modest but well-run old-timer, the former *Tuscania* and *Nea Hallas*. Pleasant, efficient, and co-operative crew; generous meals of above-average quality; stable sailing characteristics; T.R.I.P. programs nicely balanced between the educational, recreational, and purely amusing. A good buy, if you're watching that budget.

Empress of France (Canadian Pacific): This mellow veteran was rejuvenated in the spring of '58 with a smartened-up interior, a fresh exterior, and new streamlined funnels designed to lift smoke clear of the decks. Pastel colors and light woods replace Victorian Refined Saloon mahogany; a launderette and other facilities have been added. Still pretty ante bellum in feeling, but not bad.

CLASS C

Stavangerfjord (Norwegian America): Very old and slow.

- Pleasant service and good cuisine, but not too comfortable.

Newfoundland and *Nova Scotia* (Furness): The appointments in First class aboard these tiny, tranquil ladies merit higher than our Class C rating; it's their schedule which makes them nearly useless for most U.S. tastes. They make 12-day crossings from Boston—but the joker is the 3-or-4-day layover between 2 of our continent's

grimmiest cities, Halifax and St. John's. No entertainment except movies every 2nd or 3rd night; cuisine pretty poor; Tourist class so cramped that it is not recommended. For compulsive bookworms and voyagers over 102 years old.

Batory (Gdynia America): This communist-operated veteran, the escape route of so many Soviet agents and bigwigs from American justice, has again been given permission to make New York a port-of-call if desired. We wouldn't take her on a ferry ride to Staten Island for all the caviar in Moscow.

STUDENT SHIPS

While the following vessels carry routine passengers on some occasions, their fame rests on special sailings for students, teachers, and others who travel for educational purposes. Only individuals with bona-fide activities in this field are accepted for these particular voyages; proper credentials must accompany all applications. En route there are orientation courses, language classes, forums on European problems, concerts, and all sorts of cultural sidelights. But this shouldn't frighten even a 3-time repeater in Freshman Military Science, because they're more than balanced by a delicious string of highly uncultural pastimes like dancing, movies, deck sports, yakking, and charting the progress of the Atlantic moon with that sweet little chicken from Red River U.

Accommodations are simple, tiny, and crowded. Sometimes there are dining rooms, and sometimes they offer cafeteria-style service only; it is positive that none of the food will ever bring M. Escoffier gently down from heaven with a silver salver of Angel Wings Bordelaise in hand. Lounges, snack bars, libraries, writing rooms, and rathskellers are nearly always standard equipment. The majority of the crowd is young, attractive, and full of beans—and the rates are a steal. If you're the right age, and if you hit it right, you'll have more joy than on any other trip of your life. See your travel agent for full details.

Groote Beer, Waterman, and Zuiderkruis (all Netherlands Government): Capacities for about 800 passengers, in 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, and 10-berth cabins, or in dormitories of 55 berths. Individual wardrobes; always at least 1 wash-basin per living unit; children's playroom; small public rooms; barber shop; theater. Routings: Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, or New York to Southampton, Le Havre, and Rotterdam. *Student cruise bookings accepted on round trips only*; 2-way passage under \$350.

Seven Seas (Europe-Canada): Normally in service between Canada and Europe, with occasional sailings from New York to Europe via Halifax. Accommodations for about 20 in what the line labels First class; cabins run from 2-to-14 berths; swimming pool, cafeteria service, and the usual appurtenances, in the same under-\$400 bracket.

UNCLASSIFIED

We lack information about the following:

Irpinia (Grimaldi Siosa): Her maiden American voyage from Miami in '57 was hair-raising. Now we hear (1) she has been shifted to Canadian-Italian service, (2) she has been given a second major conversion, (3) she now carries 500 in 8-or-10-berth cabins and 700 in 2-4-or-6-berth cabins, (4) she has been approved by the important Council on Student Travel, which chartered her successfully, and (5) she is apparently now satisfactory as a minimum-rate carrier to the Mediterranean. We've never seen her.

Santa Maria (Companhia Colonial de Navegação; U.S. agents, Shaw Bros. Shipping Co., Miami, Fla.): A Florida friend of the *Guide* reports that this sizable Portuguese liner carries 156 First-, 226 Cabin-, and 696 Tourist-class passengers from Port Everglades (Fort Lauderdale) to Tenerife, Funchal, Vigo, and Lisbon about once each month, with eastbound passage 11 days. Return trip also hits Venezuela, Curaçao, and Cuba, in

15 days. Launched in '54; air-conditioned throughout; First class \$540 to \$565; 4 De luxe suites. After inspecting her, he salutes her as "a beautiful ship, spotlessly clean." Sounds excellent.

Stockholm: Sold by Swedish American Line to a German company, with delivery promised early this year. No word has yet been released about her future disposition.

► **FINAL TIP:** Passenger-carrying freighters? Prospective voyagers still have the happy dream that they'll save scads of money by traveling on cargo vessels. But if they're after at least minimal comforts, they generally won't. These days, unfortunately, the good freighters are usually more expensive than Tourist class on regular ocean liners. Here's another sad case of inflation, like that gone-but-not-forgotten 10¢ Martini of prewar Europe.

If this doesn't discourage you, Harian Publications, Greenlawn, Long Island, N.Y., issues a little book called *Travel Routes Around the World*—a complete roundup of freighter routes, accommodations, prices, and miscellanea. Fredric E. Tyarks and Norman D. Ford are the editors. Revised and up-dated annually; \$1 postpaid.

Classes Aboard Ship A few broad comments on the social strata of your ship:

First class is most expensive, most luxurious, and most formal. It also has the *tendency* to be the dullest—but when the crowd happens to be right it can out-sparkle anything aboard. Here you will find most of the celebrities—as well as the older people, the stuffed shirts, and those over-rich, over-loud characters whose grandfathers once peddled fish—most of whom go to bed early and alone. For slap-happy fun, this generally (not always) isn't the perfect answer. But if you're after the very best—foodwise, servicewise, comfortwise, luxurywise—there's naturally nothing to match it.

Cabin class (rarely called *Second*) usually draws a younger, livelier group. More parties and less sleep are the rule. You can save a hefty sum by taking this class (tips, valet, and extras are half the cost of First)—and, if the breaks are with

you (but don't count on it, because each trip is a separate entity), you'll have twice the fun.

Tourist class (rarely called *Third*) caters to schoolteachers, students, and the economy-minded voyager. The best bets in this category (see Individual Ratings) are tailor-made for pleasant crossings at super-budget prices. Frequently, however, conditions aren't quite so joyous. Meals are occasionally served at G.I.-style mess tables; a few dormitories still exist. Pick your ship carefully. Sometimes this type of travel is simple but delightful—but sometimes it's pretty rugged, too.

A Word on Decks Like the distinction ashore between penthouse and basement, the higher a ship's stateroom, the higher the price. Topsides is the Hurricane Deck, the uncovered crown of the ship. "M" Deck, next below, is usually the flossiest. "A" Deck is almost as flossy, "B" Deck is medium flossy, and "C" Deck not flossy at all. One advantage: "B" and "C" have less motion than "M" or "A." "D" Deck is usually the crew's quarters, but yours if you're unlucky.

►**TIP:** Don't let some lines confuse you with fancy names like "Veranda Deck," "Promenade Deck," "Boat Deck," "Main Deck," and the like. Learn what's above you and below you when making reservations.

Prices On a value-received basis, today's rates (excluding Tourist class) are absurd. Should you book on the *Queens*, for example, \$80 per day First class—or higher!—entitles you to this: an *inside* cabin, no bath, no daylight, darned little air, and a couple of mouth-breathers for roommates.

When you want something pressed, it's \$1 plus tip—typical of the price range for extras. Because no steamship operator can get rich during the winter, he loads his shotgun for the fleeting High Season. The revenue he then gently cons from you keeps his merry-go-round oiled for the rest of the year.

That's why the prices you pay are so terrific—steeper this year than ever, in fact, with brand-new High-Season and 1-way boosts of 7½%. Out of every dollar you spend, you can expect about 40¢ worth of gold and 60¢ worth of dross.

On Booking Passage The sooner you can lay these ghosts, the happier you're bound to be:

Before anything else, run—don't amble!—to get your steamship reservations. As one example of your competition, last year both *Queens* sold out every eastbound Tourist-class berth for June and every westbound Tourist-class cabin for August roughly *18 months in advance*—and this will probably be the most crowded season in the history of transatlantic shipping. Since single cabins and cabins for 2 are the most coveted and the first sold, at least this will give you a fighting chance to avoid sharing your waterborne nights with 3 retired ornithologists from Seabrook, New Hampshire.

Bear in mind that on most lines, children of 11-or-under pay half-fare and servants traveling First class get a 20% reduction.

Examine the ship's plan before you plunk down a penny, or you might tie Professor Piccard's diving record every time you go down to your stateroom. Pick the highest possible deck; midships is always better than bow or stern. And always try to book your space on the *sunny* side, except on the southern route.

Choose a smaller boat in preference to a giant. If 5 straight days of living in the Roxy Theater are to your taste, disregard this advice—but if you're after warmth and intimacy, try the *Mauretania*, *Caronia*, and carriers in this category.

Next, fix up your passport and documentation (see page 6).

Take out baggage insurance when you buy your ticket (see page 47). There's lots of lost luggage these days, particularly in France and Mediterranean areas.

Get your smallpox vaccination BEFORE you go, and bolt the certificate to the most durable part of your balbriggans. At this writing, you can't re-enter the United States without a valid certificate less than 3 years old. Aboard ship it costs you \$5 and can be a nuisance. In America it's free (in clinics) and takes 2 minutes to get.

If you are not an American citizen, and if you intend to return to the States at the end of your voyage, a *Sailing Per-*

mit is a must; you may pick up one from the nearest Internal Revenue office. Re-entry formalities have recently been eased by our Immigration Service. Noncitizens who are permanent U.S. residents may now go abroad and return to an established residence after an absence *not exceeding 1 year*; all they do is to present their Alien Registration Receipt cards. If they stay more than 12 months, however, they've got to get an *Immigration Service Re-entry Permit* before departure from American soil—or else. Your travel agent or steamship office will handle it for you. The *U.S. Head Tax* has at last been canceled, thank goodness.

While there is no longer any U. S. federal transportation tax on Atlantic crossings (ship *or* air), you'll pay a maximum of \$11.50 each way if you sail in and out of France, or \$10 in or out of Italy—that ancient and tiresome graft known as the *Port Tax*.

►TIPS: On the Cunard and a few other lines, you can (and should!) book both your dining table and deck chair when you buy your ticket. See the following section for suggestions.

Physical disabilities, among which our bachelor sea lawyers have somehow included pregnancy, must all be reported to your travel agent. Otherwise the Master of the vessel has the privilege of turning you away at the dock, cheild and all.

Proximity to a bath is the alpha and omega in selecting your stateroom. Always share a cabin near a washroom, before trying to lone-wolf it 3 city blocks away. And cross your fingers, too, that you'll be assigned the berth nearest the telephone, because that's usually the most desirable.

On Sailing Once aboard the lugger, here's what you should do:

If your travel agent hasn't already fixed it, the moment your stateroom beachhead has been secured, arrange for your table with the Head Dining-room Steward. A smile, a tear, and a little fast chatter will keep you from breaking bread with the Jukes.

Get a Passenger List as soon as it is published—often the first day out. You might find a college classmate or a sister

Junior-Leaguer you haven't seen since the Stutz Bearcat days.

Examine your fellow travelers top, bottom, and sideways before offering them your unreserved friendship. Be polite to all comers, of course—but if you aren't careful about your intimates, chances are high that by the middle of the voyage, you'll be ducking a retinue of clingers and pests.

The Deck Chair is one of the biggest rackets on the Atlantic. Shortly after sailing, there will probably be enough hue and cry about reservations "before they're all gone" to bring Lazarus running from the tomb with a \$10 bill in his hand. Actually, on most occasions—99% of the time—there will always be enough to go around. When you reserve, ask your Deck Steward for a spot *out of the wind*, and (climatic factors considered) *on the south side*. Charges vary: on most ships, First-class passengers may pay \$3 to \$4, Cabin-class passengers \$2 to \$3. To top this off, sometimes there is a \$1 bite for a rug plus another \$1 for a cushion. A telling illustration: only about a third of available deck chairs are usually rented on the way back.

►TIPS: A woman traveling alone should request a table with 4 to 8 companions *who are also traveling alone*. In a group this large, she's likely to find at least one who doesn't (or does!) try to hold her hand.

If there is any choice of dining-room servings, *always ask for the second sitting*. The first group gets up with the postmen, birds, and milk horses; the third group smells the breakfast eggs frying as they gulp their after-dinner demitasses.

The smartest way to pay off your social obligations aboard is to give a cocktail party in your stateroom during the latter part of the voyage—provided of course that your cabin will hold more than 3 men and one small boy. The cost is insignificant (especially if you furnish your own bottles); a few (not all) lines furnish free canapés; and it's a pleasant gesture that will seal good friendships.

What to Wear Afloat Two standard uniforms: Sports clothes during the day, town or dinner clothes at night.

On the Northern Route, take along an overcoat, sweater, and at least one heavy outfit, regardless of the time of year. On the Central Route, take along a topcoat, and dress as you would in the comparable season in suburbs of New York like Tuxedo Park, Purchase, or Westport. On the Southern Route, dress as you would in the more chichi resorts of Florida.

Ladies like sweaters and skirts, gay blouses and skirts, and bright playwear while the sun is up; men generally stick to country attire—sport jackets and slacks, tweeds, casual outfits in which they can relax.

At 5 o'clock, Old Man Convention climbs in the saddle. For First-class passengers on some (not all!) Cunarders, dinner clothes (black tie) are optional but not mandatory; there's a wide variance between vessels. First class on most of the Italian and French liners is also quite dressy; many (not all) of the other operators aren't quite so conscious about wearing apparel. The short cocktail dress has become extremely popular with ladies of all nationalities; it can double on all occasions for the long dress (which is still extensively used, too)—and there's less of a packing and pressing problem. Men should always change for dinner, even if it's into a business or street suit, because then they're within the bounds of good taste. And keep your coat on during the evening. This applies everywhere in First or Cabin classes, except on freighters or cattle boats.

►**TIP:** Most people do not dress formally on the first night afloat, the last night afloat, or on Sunday nights. And for heaven's sake don't wander into the dining salon in a bathing suit (believe it or not, some dūnderheads do!).

Facilities Aboard There is considerable variance from liner to liner and class to class. Almost all ships have lounges, bars, beauty parlors, barbers, valets, doctors, radios, writing facilities, deck games, libraries, a shop for sundries, and other routine services; most of them have a swimming pool, gymnasium, daily newspaper, movie theater, ship-to-shore tele-

phone, masseur, and planned entertainments; many of them have dog kennels, a ship-to-shore phone in every stateroom, optional air conditioning, Turkish or Swedish baths, a bank, a travel bureau, and sultry blonde manicurists with Harvard accents. Check the Purser, the Stewards, the bulletin board, and the other passengers to make sure you know what's available.

► **TIP:** Some of the biggest ships of all (at this writing, both *Queens* are included) won't handle your laundry. Don't get stuck, as so many travelers do.

The Crew Here's a quick rundown of the men and women who are there to take you across:

The *Captain* is just about as powerful, as busy, and as unapproachable (through no choice of his own) as Nikita S. Khrushchev at 9:01 A.M. on May Day. Dispel any romantic notions about sitting at his table, because (1) the track is swarming with faster candidates, (2) he often dines in his private quarters, and (3) on larger ships, he might never show himself. Don't bother this gentleman unless you're dying of black plague; he has 66-thousand separate worries without the one you might add.

The *First Officer*, *Second Officer*, and *Third Officer* (don't call them Mates!) are obliged by rank to listen sympathetically to a certain amount of yakity-yak from the customers. But let the garrulous Mrs. Jones pin them down with her complaint that an eel gave her a tickle in the outdoor swimming pool. Most of these men have their own Master's Licenses and they're much too important to be burdened with trifles.

Go to the *Purser* about practically everything. He's the ship's banker, bookkeeper, paymaster, Abby Van Buren, room clerk, Emily Post, information center—literally the managing director of all passenger requisites except cuisine and entertainment. Generally he has 2 or 3 assistants. Make an effort to get on his right side. He's the one it is best to know.

The *Chief Steward* runs the food, beverage, and amusement departments. If there's a worm in your chicken salad, a minnow in your Martini, or a Fitzpatrick in your movie program, breathe softly in his ear. But don't try to push him around, or your next order will probably come up with a double portion of same.



The waiters, chambermaids, bartenders, washroom attendants, and other service personnel are universally addressed as *Steward* or *Stewardess*. Specifically, there is a *Cabin Steward*, who makes your bed and sweeps your cigarette ashes under the rug; a *Dining-room Steward*, who serves your meals and bludgeons you into ordering the dish which sits best on his delicate stomach; a *Smoking-room Steward*, who serves your drinks and always nods toward the ace when you reach for the jack; a *Deck Steward*, who presides over your chair and will usually fetch you the quoits when you fire a 16-inch cannon; a *Bar Steward*, who mixes your cocktails and positively cannot be pumped about Gregory Peck, the Viscount with the mustache, or the buxom blonde in 314.

If you use a community washroom, there's a *Bath Steward*, too, who runs the tub department and likes his water about 211° Fahrenheit if it's not making ice crystals near the top. Women travelers can have a *Stewardess* on request; after hours, a *Night Steward* or *Night Stewardess* will answer the buzzer instead.

Don't worry about the *Chief Engineer*, *Quartermaster*, and the other working crew, because they're usually smart enough to run if a passenger bears down in their direction.

Tipping *Never tip the Purser, the Chief Steward, or any ship's officer.* They have dignity, pride, and bigger bank accounts than Henry Ford II.

Here's the batting average (very much on the generous side) *per 2 passengers in one stateroom*:

| | <i>First Class</i> | <i>Cabin & Tourist</i> |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Cabin Steward | \$2 a day | \$1 a day |
| Cabin Stewardess | Same if used | Same if used |
| Dining-room | | |
| Steward | \$2 a day | \$1 a day |
| Deck Steward | \$2 a trip | \$2 a trip |
| Bath Steward | \$2 if used | \$2 if used |
| Head Dining-room | | |
| Steward | \$5-\$10 if used | \$5 if used |
| Wine Steward | \$5-\$10 if used | \$5 if used |
| Night Steward | \$2 a night if used | \$2 if used |
| Bar- or Smoking-room Steward | 20% of your drinks or total bills | |

If you're traveling alone, 75% of the above would be not only adequate but lavish. You can cut them all by 50% and get away with it—but if you're traveling on your wife's or your company's money, you'll make friends by using this scale (except on First class on the *Queens*, where a scattering of deluded ingrates are complaining that, since all Americans are millionaires, these generous figures are too small!).

Correct tipping aboard cruise ships depends upon the quality of accommodations, the class of liner, the duration of the voyage, and other situational factors. In cases of doubt, the wise passenger merely takes the Purser aside for his honest personal estimates.

The most gracious procedure is to slip the *pourboires* into separate envelopes and distribute them immediately after the last meal aboard.

Ship's Pool and Sports There's a pile of money and plenty of fun in this aquatic Irish Sweepstakes called the Ship's Pool. This game revolves on the number of miles covered by the ship from one noon to the next. Let's pluck a figure from the hat and assume that on form and past per-

formance, a run of 625 miles is everybody's best guess. When the auction is held by the Smoking-room Steward (occasionally by the Deck Steward), that is the time to squint at the storm clouds, to Windex your crystal ball, to stir up your tea leaves, and to burn incense to Cagliostro. If the necromancy you make is working on union hours, there's a chance that you'll win between \$500 and \$2500.

Like betting on the bangtails, the odds are down and the prices are up on the favorites. Number 625, the choicest of all, might be bid up to \$80; 610 and 640, fifteen points on each side of this peak, might bring \$30; 602 and 648 might fetch \$2. The Low Field (all numbers below 600) and the High Field (all numbers above 650) can often be purchased as complete packages for \$25. The pot for the winner varies each day, of course, with the total amount of the pool.

One sad tradition: the Steward who handles the bets must be given his slice of the cake—from 5% to 10%—and a second 10% is usually turned over, by unwritten law, to a marine charity.

There's also a smaller deal called the Hat Pool—roughly the same mechanics, but bush-league payoffs by comparison. Then there are Horse Racing (a popular deck game with 6 entries, which is run off on a pari-mutuel basis), shuffleboard, quoits, table tennis, bingo, keno, trapshooting, deck tennis—all kinds of amusements to while away the hours at sea. You can pick up the times, rules, and details without effort, once you've climbed aboard.

Rough-Water Behavior No misery on earth can be more wretched than a full-blown case of *mal de mer*. When that pool-hall pallor, that clammy perspiration, and that queasy, other-planet feeling take over the innocent passenger, he's a gone goose. Death by garroting is sweeter and easier.

Thanks to brilliant scientific advances, however, most travelers can now be spared the agonies of motion sickness by merely swallowing a pill or two. The preparation called Bonamine (Pfizer Laboratories, Brooklyn) is perhaps the most successful to date; in tests run by the U.S. Armed

Forces, a single dose gave 24-hour immunity to the average man in uniform. In other studies, Parsidol, Multergan, Marezine, and Lergigan have also proved their efficacy; for full value, any of these must be taken *before* the horizon starts spinning. One 10-mg. tablet or 1 teaspoonful of Compazine (Smith, Kline & French), on the other hand, will soothe shuddering innards *after* the skies have fallen. Check with your own doctor on which of these preparations is best tailored for you.

Should you be caught short without any of these, what to do? We asked Dr. W. Price Fitch of Larchmont, N.Y., the distinguished travel health authority previously mentioned, and he was kind enough to suggest the following "practical" remedies: (1) 1 to 2 teaspoons of honey, and (2) as much extra salt as can be comfortably tolerated. Here's his explanation, especially written in nonmedical terms for *Guide* readers: "Whenever the body loses fluids—as in vomiting or diarrhea—there is a depletion of 3 things: fluid, sugar, and salt. Fluids are untenable when there is vomiting, but a small amount of honey slides down easily and cannot be upchucked because it is absorbed almost immediately. Also it prevents acidosis which often occurs after prolonged loss of fluids and food. Extra salt is very important, too. It prevents the 'shakes' after fluid loss. Most everyone knows that salt should be taken in the summer, when the body perspires excessively. But few of us realize, until we think about it, that there is a similar water loss from vomiting and diarrhea."

Here are other simple tips, aside from medicines:

The less you think about the ailment, the better you'll be. Bury yourself in a book, in a bridge game, in anything to distract your mind from food, your stomach, and the motion of the boat. It might sound fatuous, but remember always that 90% of your trouble, according to science, is based on your imagination.

Make like an airplane and take off with both feet when the passenger on your right turns green. If you stay around to watch, a dollar to a penny you'll be hitting the rail not 30 seconds after he does.

In bad weather, never, never, *never* look at the sea. You'll be emptied of all but regrets if you do.

Avoid (1) heavy foods, (2) fried foods, (3) eggs, and (4) liquids in any quantity (see above), such as soup or milk. Stick to broiled lamb chops, baked potatoes, dry toast, bland dishes (if you normally order them) like Mousseline of Chicken and Asparagus Reine. If things are really bad, try one cup only of hot tea or bouillon with saltines.

Avoid all cocktails and mixed drinks. If alcohol sometimes irons out the kinks, take only straight cognac, straight blackberry brandy, or straight whisky, not chilled. Some voyagers swear that champagne does the trick, but for me there would be cyanide in every bubble.

When life has assumed impossible proportions, go to bed and curl up in a ball. Don't lie on your back, because this position will only make you sicker. Stay warm, too; that's important.

But with Bonamine, Compazine, or the others, your worries should be over.

Voyagers' Roundup Last, a few small suggestions which might make your crossing easier: When you engage a porter at the dock, make sure to jot down his badge number. Otherwise your bags might turn up 7 weeks later in Nieuw Nickerie, Dutch Guiana.

If sailing time is morning, eat a good meal before going aboard—and invite nobody along to see you off. If it's at noon, pick your own table in the dining room—and again sail away alone if you can possibly stand it. If it's afternoon or evening, *check with the Line before dreaming up a bon-voyage party.* Some operators will still limit your guests to 2 and will stop the surplus at the end of the pier; others don't care if you invite Luis Romeu and his Copacabana chorus.

Bon voyage gifts of flowers, fruit, jams, jellies, and assorted weird dainties are pleasant but absurdly impractical. If you're sufficiently long on tact and short on chickenheartedness, ask your friends to send (1) strongly boxed candy or salted nuts, in easy-to-carry sizes, (2) liquor (if you drink), (3) cigars

(if you like 'em), or (4) some sort of European travel aid, nonedible, for your touring convenience. In the sweets line, the new CandyGram, Western Union's candy-with-telegram-display-cover, is so personalized and ingenious that it's almost bound to make a hit. All leftovers from the ship can then be slipped into your bags and used in places where they'll be even more welcome.

That fabulous era of transatlantic card sharks is just about over, but there are still a few who will try to entice the unwary into a "two-bit friendly game."

Never flip a lighted cigarette over the rail or out through a porthole; the wind might suck it back to another part of the ship.

Remember the "sinkproof" *Andrea Doria*, and take life-boat drill as seriously as you've ever taken anything in your life. Knowledge of *exactly* what to do in any million-to-one emergency like that collision might be the only thing that saves your skin.

Put dog collars, blinders, earmuffs, and harnesses on any young fry traveling in your party. While their chatter and innocent deck games might seem inoffensive to you, the man in the next chair is probably figuring out the most foolproof way to drop them over the rail.

When you are handed the Customs declaration near port, answer all questions clearly, correctly, and honestly. If one word or one article is awry, you may lose precious rail or air connections by delay at the dock.

Every European purchase sent to your homeward-bound ship is money in the bank for you. Your individual baggage allowance is 275 lbs.—550 lbs. per traveling couple—which should be ample for nearly everything you might buy. By carrying your new treasures in your own stateroom without cost and then personally jockeying them through U.S. Customs, you'll save all the red tape, breakage risks, and ruinous handling fees described in the following chapter.

Most of today's ships furnish, as part of their service, a bowl of fruit and a morning pot of coffee in your stateroom. Since stewards are often as lazy as we are, this facility is

usually kept under wraps. Likewise, First-class passengers can often order coffee or tea 24 hours a day—10 free gallons an hour, if they can force it down that fast. Don't be bashful about finding out what's due you, because you're paying for it—and plenty.

Reminder: It's "Steward" or "Stewardess" for every man, woman or child who doesn't sport gold braid up to the biceps.

Let's Be European

Europe is a fascinating checkerboard. Each nation has its own customs, its own quirks. It's just as if between Dallas and Denver you were to find 3 languages and 3 cultures—each strange and new. (Even Texas isn't *that* different!)

Here are a few generalities for today's traveler. They were learned the hard way—so careful reading is suggested.

Permission to Breathe Check your passport. For Yugoslavia, you'll need a visa—and make sure that its dates are valid for the time of your proposed stay. All other Western European countries allow U.S. citizens free entry for *maximum visits which range between 2 and 6 months*, the length of time depending on their own ground rules. If you plan for more than a normal tourist's look *anywhere*, *check your hotel concierge about visa requirements before your first 60 days are up*.

Money As described more fully on page 31, we recommend that your funds be broken down 4 ways: (1) U.S. currency, (2) dollar traveler's checks, (3) free-market currencies purchased in America, Switzerland, or Tangier for countries not party to the new currency reforms, and (4) personal checks on your home-town bank.

Credit cards? At this writing, the wickedest brawl in the travel industry is raging over control of the promising new European market. With the battle lines still so fluid, and with no satisfactory compromise in the immediate offing, we're compelled to abstain from making specific recommendations until the chairs stop flying and the situation clears. One important caution: despite tub-thumping advertising claims, no one—repeat, no one—yet offers a “universal” credit card, or anything that even remotely approaches it. Hundreds of Europe's most distinguished institutions still won't touch any of the clubs or companies which issue them with a 20-meter pole.

If your references are impeccable, your aura is prosperous, and you don't illuminate the lobby with a hula-hula sport shirt, hotel credit-managers abroad will usually (not always!) be pleased to accept your personal check—not only for your hotel account, but for your monkey-business-money, too. Since \$5000 in traveler's checks costs a fat \$50, here's a fine little saving which more and more smart travelers are catching onto.

But *some* dollar traveler's checks are a necessity—and you should buy *only* from American Express, First National City Bank, or similar big-name institutions. Dozens of international financial houses are reliable, but you might have the devil's own time proving it to hotelkeepers and department-store managers. The aforementioned giants are known to most of the little people; there's seldom the slightest question of their validity.

For cash transfers, American Express cable service is so fast and so efficient that there is nothing to touch it; in hours, not days, they can and do forward funds to travelers in any part of the world—except, possibly, Spain. (Spanish banking laws are so snarled that transfers of U.S. traveler's checks take up to 5 weeks—even if they're cabled!) If your problems are special ones, go to Mr. Brady at their Fifth Avenue office in New York; this kind gentleman has saved the lives of many frantic voyagers.

For quickly converting the value of currencies in 17 coun-

tries into U.S. dollars, see page 33 for a description of *Fielding's Currency Guide for Europe*.

► **TIP:** Carry about twenty \$1 bills and ten \$2 bills (Europeans think they're lucky). When you enter a country, they'll help to take care of your expenses until you reach a bank. When you leave a country, they'll handle your breakfast, taxi, porters, and small out-going expenses. Since traveler's checks come in units of \$10 or more, you're not stuck with a fistful of leftover bills.

Leftover *change* is a far thornier problem. Your surplus bills can normally be passed in the next country, but people will just sniff at your foreign change. Get rid of *all* your coins (except your souvenirs) before crossing the border.

Rationing Rationing in Europe is over. Don't worry about it for one second.



Customs Officials Most Customs officials are human beings, even as you and I; a few of them are skunks. Scandinavia, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Austria, Italy are outstanding in courtesy and efficiency; England, Ireland, Norway, Holland are thorough but pleasant; France is notably improving; Greek and Spanish officials are too often petty and officious. None is very fussy with American tourists in these days of dollar shortages; you might sail through your entire tour, if you're lucky, without a single bag being opened. Actually, the speed of your clearance usually depends upon the inspector's state of digestion at the moment he starts on your bags. Here are some helpful hints:

"Name, rank, and serial number *only*," as they used to say in the Army. Be affable and co-operative, but button up your lip, even if it kills you. Their sole interest is to

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get rid of you; if you keep your mouth shut, things will move twice as fast.

Liquor in your luggage: Break the seals before you get to Customs; otherwise you may have to pay import duty. Check with the carrier on the number of bottles you're allowed to bring in; most countries forbid more than one. If you have an extra, stick it in the pocket of the overcoat that hangs "carelessly" over your arm.

Gifts for European friends: Let Customs assume they're personal belongings (unless you don't mind paying a tax on each item). In any case, make them ask *you* the status of the articles.

The U.S. Customs men are generally conscientious and cheerful, in spite of their back-breaking overloads. Their latest headache is the '56 ruling, brought about by the Mediterranean Fruit Fly invasion, which rules out spot checks and requires them to examine *every* piece of luggage carried by *every* traveler. To help them (and you), carry all of your European purchases together, in one bag—and don't cheat a penny's worth, because they're experts at snaring fibbers. If your trip is 11 days or less, your duty-free limit is \$200. If it's 12 days or more, and if you haven't made any Customs claims within the previous 6 months, here's another '56 innovation: returnees with \$200 or less of foreign items are passed through on a new, simplified declaration form which does *not* require individual listings of the articles, and which involves 5 yes-or-no penciled check marks only. If your aggregate is more than \$200 or if any of the other queries are answered in the "yes" column, everything must then be itemized for possible levy. Your maximum gratis permission at this writing is \$500 at *current wholesale prices or fair market value* (this stretches your allowance at least 20% over retail!); the President has recommended that this amount be raised to \$1000, however, so a last-minute query might be helpful. Here are some key facts and suggestions: (1) Go easy on those Coronas for the boss or that bubble water for the blonde, because 100 cigars and 1 gallon of alcoholic beverages are all you may import without fee (*foreign-*

made cigarettes are unlimited, however)—and don't forget that they'll grab your liquor if they think that you're going to use it in violation of your local state or county laws. (2) Foreign fruits, meats, plants, and vegetables are the kiss of death; a very few are passed, but most are confiscated. (3) Most foreign-made eatables are banned unless all ingredients are printed on the label; we're just about the only country in the world with such a meticulous Pure Food and Drug Act. (4) Your exemptions may include alterations or repairs on anything you originally took abroad; if your car throws a piston or your watch gets a dunking en route, charge off the cost of making them tick again. (5) Antiques made before 1830 (exceptions: rugs and carpets made after 1700) are unrestricted. They include furniture, hardware, brass, bronze, marble, terracotta, porcelain, chinaware, and "any object considered to have artistic value." Be sure to bring certificates of verification, if available. (6) Original paintings dated after 1830 are subject to duty at 10% of their value. (7) Gifts costing less than \$10 may now be mailed from abroad on a duty-free basis, with no effect on any of your exemptions. Alcohol, tobacco, and perfume are ineligible; post as many as you wish, but not more than one parcel per day to the same person; plainly mark the package Gift—Value Under \$10. (8) Other foreign items shipped to your home? Be sure that they're legibly labeled Attention U.S. Customs—Tourist Purchase Enclosed!, and be sure to remember to list and describe them in your personal declaration. More about this toward the end of the section. (9) Certain trademarked articles—especially watches, perfumes, and accordions—require written permission of the foreign manufacturer or U.S. distributor before they may be cleared. Most of these companies, however, have extended blanket permission for bona-fide tourists to bring back at least 1 unit as a souvenir, providing they agree to the removal of the label and other marks of identification. If you have special purchases in mind which fall into this category, check with your Customs Officer before leaving America. (10) If you're caught selling any article within 3 years after importing it on a duty-free basis, you'll be fined

double the normal quotation. (11) Everything in your baggage must be for your personal use or the use of your immediate family, or for gifts; samples and other merchandise will be taxed. (12) Husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and offspring at least 1-hour-old can pool their exemptions on 1 form, if traveling together. (13) American citizens who officially reside abroad may bring back only \$10 in duty-free goods (ouch!). (14) Finally, French postcards, egret feathers, ammunition, narcotics, sultry redheads without passports, and various other demoralizing commodities are, unfortunately, contraband.

On the European side, cigarettes are usually what the officials look for first—if they look at all, which they probably won't. Above the prescribed number, there's a handsome duty to be paid. In some cases, the excess will be confiscated, or (in England) the levy must be paid on the entire supply. Most of the countries allow 400 cigarettes on entry (check Customs and Immigration section under each country for specific details). But the majority of them wink at a reasonable excess for personal consumption—but if you're ever in doubt, here's the best way to handle the tough ones:

When you're asked how many you're carrying, be casual—and vague. You don't specifically know the number—3 or 4 packs, you "guess." Being bewildered is often helpful.

Stuff as many packs as you can into the pockets of your suit and overcoat. A personal search is almost never made in Europe.

Don't pack the excess at the bottom of the bag, in the most secret place; that's where they'll head, straight as a plumb-bob. Take the packs out of the carton and put them halfway down, in an obvious place. Chances are the Customs men will be looking so hard at the bottom that they'll skip them.

The B-4 type bag is best for concealment. Use the 2 smallest compartments, because Customs men usually worry about the big ones.

Other tobacco? Instead of cigarettes, at least 50 cigars *or* 1 lb. of pipe tobacco can be brought in nearly everywhere.

Some officials are straight; some are as crooked as an ant-

eater's nose. Don't try to pull anything with the Americans, British, Scandinavians, Swiss, or Greeks.

A hoary trick for getting fast clearance is this: Offer the man a cigarette before he opens your bag. If he takes it, hand him the rest of the package—or put it next to him in plain sight on the counter. When he accepts it, you're in. The inspection will be quick and painless.

If the duty is too high, or if you're carrying a taxable item to a second or third country, arrangements can be made to leave it in escrow at the border. The Customs hold it for your return, without charge—and it's usually safe. One or two lands won't do this, unhappily.

Never declare *all* your money. Keep a lucky \$50 or so hidden for emergencies (particularly in Spain).

Carry a fountain pen wherever you go. You'll be astonished at the number of immigration, currency, and health forms you'll be asked to fill out.

Be patient. You'll waste many a dull hour at Customs counters—and *quite possibly not once on your entire journey will you be asked to open a single bag!* There's not one darned thing you can do about it—so why not relax and catch up on the latest whodunit?

► **TIP:** Separate shipment home of your European gifts and purchases? *Watch out!* Duty-free status at your nearest U.S. port is no problem, providing that you've properly declared them on your routine personal Customs form—but breakage and forwarding pitfalls are the bane of thousands of innocent travelers.

First, merchandise is often jammed into a shoebox and blithely sent on its way by continental shopkeepers; when it finally arrives, it's not only as flat as a pancake but it's in 322 pieces. Unless the merchant guarantees safe delivery or free replacement for everything which arrives smashed, don't take the chance.

Second, many stores turn over their stateside shipments to commercial Customs brokers—and this is murder on anyone's bank account. When your package reaches America,

it is transferred from custody of the Customs to a private warehouse—and a full month of storage charges is automatically tacked onto your bill, whether it's there for 10 hours or 30 days. This, plus fat commissions and handling fees for both the Forwarding Agent abroad and the U.S. broker, runs up your tariffs to astronomical levels. As an example, *The Travel Agent* magazine reports one case in which the voyager was charged \$65 on a \$100 purchase of perfume—making the total more than he'd have paid if he'd bought it on Fifth Avenue in the first place.

The best solution always is to carry everything with you, by hand. This is the only sure method. Second best, if you're homeward-bound by sea, is to have everything you can't carry forwarded direct to yourself c/o the Purser of your steamer. No foreign Customs clearances are required in these cases, because the articles are turned over to you on a "Free Zone" basis. Your biggest risk here, of course, is nonreceipt of the merchandise before your sailing deadline. Third best is to ship *by parcel post*—NOT through a Customs broker. It will be imperative that you impress the shopkeeper that it *must* go by parcel post (if your purchase is not too bulky), because often he'll give you his assurances, and then nonchalantly put it in the clutches of his forwarding agent. If none of these methods is practicable, get in touch with American Express. Extension of their services to 33 foreign countries eliminates much of the trouble involved in getting heavy purchases back home. In some countries the price paid to the agency includes pickup from the hotel and delivery, via stateside Customs, to the consigner's home. Typical rates for 25 lbs. delivered to New York are \$11.11 from London, \$19.83 from Rome. Charges may be paid collect or at the time of pickup.

Black Markets Forget about them in today's Europe. They're nothing.

Tipping Here are 2 important continental practices which baffle most new American visitors: (1) *the bulk of the tip is usually included in the bill, as part of the total so*

be paid, and (2) extra tips are usually withheld until check-out time, then distributed in one grand lump.



Most hotels automatically add a service charge to your statement. It varies from 10% to 20%, depending upon the country. Most restaurants do the same; watch this.

In your hotel, the only people customarily tipped *before* the final-hour reckoning are (1) the porter who carries your bags to the room (see individual countries for suggested amounts); (2) the *piccolo*, *botones*, or *chasseur*—Philip-Morris-style page boy—who brings the occasional message to your door (small change only). Forget about diving into your pocket or pocketbook for anyone else until you're ready to leave.

On departure from any De luxe or First-class European hostelry, however, certain *extra* gratuities are *always* expected. Specific recommendations follow, for each land. In general, looking at the broad picture, give the concierge (hall porter) of any De luxe or First-class establishment a minimum of \$1, never less; stretch this to perhaps \$5 if your visit has lasted more than a week and his service to you has been especially good. Give the maid some small change (25¢ per day should do); give the room waiter and the valet more chicken feed, if you have used them. The porter (bell-boy) who handles your baggage is usually the man who has shined the shoes you have left by your door; he's a separate deal everywhere, rating 25¢ to 50¢ when you move in and the same when you move out. *Never give the concierge a lump sum for distribution to the rest; he may keep it for himself.* Second-class or tourist rates are proportionately less.

In restaurants, give tips only if your waiter has been unusually attentive. An extra 5% is plenty, even if he has fed your baby, scratched your back, and tooted "That Mallorca

Spell" on his sweet potato. Most local diners let things ride with the service charge on the check.

A good average for miscellaneous services is 15%; if the bill is less than \$1, bump it to 20%.

Washroom attendants are always tipped with the smallest coin or coins of the currency; so are theater ushers, except in Portugal and one or two other countries.

Cigarettes used to be largess for extraordinary service, but their importance is now zero. Forget them.

Don't be browbeaten, just because you're a tourist. Belgian and Italian taxi drivers, for example, have the vicious habit of extracting their own tips (not on the meter) before they hand you your change. They know better. If this happens, demand the full amount, step out of the cab—and tell them to go to hell.

Continental servants are usually 100% better trained, better polished, and more interested in their patrons' welfare than American servants. You'd be surprised what a smile and a pleasant word will do for these excellent people—because not many Europeans treat them as human beings.

Urgent: Wherever you are and whatever you do, always carry a pocketful of assorted small change. Cash a large bill (or 2) each day before leaving the hotel; by always having the exact tip on hand, the time and money you'll save will be phenomenal. Please give extra-serious consideration to this suggestion, because we find it one of the most practical in this book.

Language In today's Europe, language is no barrier. As long as you've got a tongue, 3 or 4 hands, and an active imagination, you'll get along fine.

English is understood in just about every large hotel, restaurant, shop, night club, or major sightseeing area abroad. Only in rural districts should you find any serious difficulties.

Have no fears about going to a linguistically strange country. Plenty of Anglo-Saxons have been there before, to break the ice for you.

►**TIP:** When you're talking English and Mr. Native is talking Zulu, watch the volume of your voice. If your interlocutor doesn't speak your language, there's a ludicrous tendency on both parts to shout.

Telegraphed Reservations Whenever you cable or wire ahead for a place to sleep, you can probably save money by using a handy traveler's aid called the International Hotel Code. Like Esperanto, it's a universal language, deliberately designed to be stateless and rootless; unlike Esperanto, it's understood by everybody at any reasonably important reception desk of the world, so long as he wears a collar when quoting the rates to Lady Clients.

First, in the address, drop the "H" from the "Hotel" and combine it with the proper name into a single word; "Palace Hotel," for example, becomes "Palaceotel" and "Ritz Hotel" becomes "Ritzotel." Okay, you're one up already. Forget the street and number; if you just send it to the city, it'll get there equally fast—and that's more pennies in the bank.

Next, if you want a room with private bath, merely add "BAT" to any of the verbal hash listed below. (ALBABAT is an illustration.)

Then—what quality of accommodation? Write "BEST" if you're after the finest available, "BON" if what they call "good" will suit you, or "PLAIN" if you're after the minimum. Since the owner himself would probably greet you in the foyer with a pitchfork, kindly restrain any temptation to use "BAD," "LOUSY," or "HORRIBLE."

Now for the most popular types of rooms:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Single room, single bed | ALBA |
| Double room, double bed | ALDUA |
| Double room, twin beds | ARAB |
| Double room, three beds | ABEC |
| 2 adjoining rooms, 1 bed each | BELAB |
| 2 adjoining rooms, 2 beds each | BONAD |
| With sitting room (suite) | SAL |
| Room for child | KIND |

Your arrival time? That's easy:

| <i>Day of Week</i> | <i>Morning</i> | <i>Late Afternoon</i> | <i>Night</i> |
|--------------------|----------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| Sunday | POBAB | RABAL | RANUV |
| Monday | POCUN | RACEX | RAPIN |
| Tuesday | PODYL | RADOK | RAQAF |
| Wednesday | POGOK | RAFYG | RATYZ |
| Thursday | POHIX | RAQUB | RAVUP |
| Friday | POJAW | RAHIV | RAWOW |
| Saturday | POKUZ | RAJOD | RAXAB |

Finally, to cancel out the works, one short phrase will dutifully express your regrets, esteem, and absent affection: ANUL.

Smörgåsbord and Crêpes Suzette While it's true that many European refrigerators are substandard, today's continental traveler runs across almost no tainted food. If he does, chances are better-than-even that he has found it in some little hole-in-the-wall instead of the average or high-class restaurant or hotel. Europeans feed Europeans, too! Cuisine is taken much more seriously than it is in the States—and they've been forced to learn more about the simple conservation of eatables than we have. So don't come with any notions that you're going to be poisoned, because you aren't.

Most of the Classic Traveler's Complaint stems from plain, old-fashioned overfatigue and overexcitement—because it's common sense that the human body isn't built for the extraordinary stimulation and abuse stemming from high-tension hopscotch across 5 or 10 foreign lands. Next come actual bacteria (rare), changes of water (different chemical ingredients from place to place)—and, in lands like Spain, Portugal, and Italy, from the sudden massive doses of olive oil and tomatoes (merciless on any newcomer's stomach). *In ALL European capitals and in most larger cities, engineering advances now make it perfectly safe to drink the water right out of the tap.* Of course it's sensible to stick to bottled water where the supply sources are questionable (for names of traditional brands in still and sparkling varieties, see later)—but it's the height of absurdity in any major metropolis today to waste money on Perrier, Vichy, Solares, or Fiuggi, at perhaps 25¢ per quart, when all the cocktails or

highballs you're already knocking down so happily are made with local ice. Ask that everything be cooked in butter (a major operation, sometimes), and avoid cooked tomatoes in any form. These basic precautions should make things happier, to start.

Quite possibly you'll pick up diarrhea anyhow, if only from nervous tension and excitement. That's why it's wise to take along a small supply of the medicines listed on page 26. Don't worry about amoebae or the bad forms, though; if you pick up something, 99½% of the time in today's Europe you'll find it to be temporary and strictly harmless.

If you dine in small, primitive spots, here are some pointers which might be remembered:

Watch the milk—even ice cream or the cream in your coffee. It can be dangerous. Big hotels and restaurants take ample precautions in general, but sometimes these little joints don't. Scandinavia, the British Isles, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland are exceptions; it's sweet wherever you find it, in these lands.

Watch the hamburger, sausage, stew, hash. If they don't have the cheeseburger you order, they might accommodate you smilingly by tossing Dobbin, Fido, or the cat into the grinder.

If your lobster, *langosta*, or similar crustacean has a tight tail, his death has been so sudden that he was probably alive when he hit the boiling water—a fairly reliable guarantee that he's safe to eat. But if his tail is flabby and loose, *don't touch!*

Watch ice cubes, if you suspect that they're made from well water, or if you're not satisfied about the purity of the source. Incidentally, *never* drink from a well or stream in Europe, no matter where you are, or how thirsty you are.

If you're stuck in a beanery which is so repulsive that it turns your hair, order just plain eggs and toast. The bugs can't do much to these items, no matter how hard they might try (as long as you get a piece from the inside of the loaf!).

In the Middle East, Far East, North and Central Africa, and similar hot spots, an entire set of new and special pre-

cautions is absolutely mandatory. Consult your Travel Agent or airline for hints on these.

Cigarette, Joe Tobacco is one of the most precious small things in your luggage—not from scarcity, but because it costs so darned much to replace it.

In every country except Norway and Denmark, you can buy all the U.S. cigarettes you'll ever need—as long as you're willing to stick to the popular brands (Parliament, Fatima, and some filter types are practically unknown), and as long as you're willing to pay from 35¢ to \$1.25 per package of 20. They are cheapest in Mallorca (mostly contraband, and this is the place to load up); the *average* cost in Europe runs from 35¢ to 45¢. In some night clubs and ultra-chichi restaurants, however, they'll soak you up to \$1.50.

Try the *American-type* local brands. They aren't Luckies or Camels or Philips (as Philip Morris is called abroad) or Old Golds—let's face it!—but they always cost less and they're often surprisingly satisfactory. Dark-types (black tobacco) and Virginia-types (English-style) are also sold, but most U.S. voyagers don't like them.

Lock your extra supply in your bag—or tuck it away. Cigarettes are often pilfered.

Get over the habit of offering them freely; not even Rockefeller could possibly carry that many. It's a sign of friendship in most countries never to refuse an offered cigarette. If you're sitting at a table with 6 Europeans, you can usually count on 6 acceptances—and before you know it, you're forced into heavy buying.

If you're budgeting closely, save your butts. Crazy? Sure—but you might come to it! Smoke it halfway, flick off the spark, blow out the smoke, and put it back in your pocket. (Blowing makes it almost as sweet as a fresh cigarette.)

Pipe tobacco occupies less space, is easier to get through Customs—and lasts 3 times as long. But bring your own supplies, because it's often hard to find.

Laundry In practically every first-class hotel on the Continent today, you'll find 48- or 72-hour service. There's not

much to worry about on that score. Woolens and silks, however, are murdered by most (not all) continental "cleaners." The average firm *washes* everything, tossing suits, furs, overcoats, and velvet dinner dresses in the same tub; when they dry out, they're a jaundiced size 6, with spots like a Yucatan banana.

Be sure of your cleaner, regardless of country (see later for local information). If he doesn't take 3 weeks (quite common), he's apt to wreck what you give him. *Don't count on U.S.-standard dry cleaning anywhere on your trip.*

Metric Measurement The metric system is used in every country of Europe. It's highly confusing to most Americans; don't try to learn it all, any more than you'd try to learn the *Boston Cookbook* by heart.

Here are a few simple translations. Conquer these 5 and you'll get along fine:

A kilometer (pronounced kill-OM-eter by the British and Irish and *KILL-o-meter* by the Continentals) is roughly 6/10ths of a mile. Multiply by 6, knock off one decimal point, and you've got it in miles.

A kilo or kilogram (potatoes and onions) is 2.2 pounds.

A meter (dress material) and a liter (gasoline, beer) are both roughly 11/10ths—one of a yard, the other of a quart.

A gram (air-mail letters) is very tiny. There are about 33 to the ounce.

Now, for those who don't have the 1960 edition of our pocket-sized *Shopping Guide To Europe*, here are some size conversions which might come in handy:

Women's Clothing

| American | 10-30 | 12-32 | 14-34 | 16-36 | 18-38 | 20-40 |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| European | 40 | 42 | 44 | 46 | 48 | 50 |
| English | 32 | 34 | 36 | 38 | 40 | 42 |

Women's Shoes

| American | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| European | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |

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Men's Shirts

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|----|
| American | 14 | 14½ | 15 | 15½ | 16 | 16½ | 17 |
| European | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 41 | 42 | 43 |

(Men's shirt and suit sizes are identical in U.S. and England)

Men's Shoes

| | | | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| American | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| European | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 |

(In the past, both men's and women's shoe sizes in England have run $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 sizes smaller than those in the U.S., but by new English manufacturers may have followed through with plans for standard sizes in both countries.)

Glove and hosiery sizes are standard everywhere.

Last, let's have a refresher from our high-school days on how to change Centigrade temperatures into Fahrenheit. If you want to talk about the weather (and who doesn't?), it's mighty lean and sparse conversational fodder unless you can work this little 10-second trick: Take $\frac{9}{5}$ ths of the *Centigrade* temperature (the reading on the European thermometers) and add 32. It's as easy as that. Example: let's imagine that the mercury says 15° . Multiply by 9 (135), divide by 5 (27)—and add 32 to 27, which makes it 59° in Yankee talk!

Crooks and Saints A few countries, like Switzerland and Denmark, are so painfully honest that you could drop a gold nugget in the public square and find it as you left it 2 years later. (On second thought, the police would probably be guarding it—as a precaution against foreigners.) The honesty and integrity of these little nations shame even America and England. Spain, surprisingly enough, is one of the most trustworthy of all.



But there are all too many lands where the constant petty thievery is sickening. France and Italy are currently flagrant

examples. Tourists are fair game to unscrupulous hotel or airline help; once something disappears, it's gone for good.

In descending order, currency, jewelry, traveler's checks, cameras, passports, tobacco, perfume, candy, and light articles of clothing are the most frequent targets. *Lock your suitcase; leave your money, jewelry, and all other valuables in the hotel safe.*

Never let your luggage out of sight when traveling by train; when you go to the restaurant car, either ask your fellow passengers to keep an eye on it, or, if they dine at the same time, get the car attendant or conductor to lock the compartment. Stay with it on airlines as long as you can, too.

Never leave it ungarded in a waiting taxi or in the custody of a strange porter, except at the largest hotels.

Watch your hat and coat as if they were studded with rubies.

If you're grounded at a strange airport, leave nothing—not even the time of day—in the airplane. Five men's hats (including mine) were once lifted neatly from the cabin of a "sealed" airliner at Orly Field, Paris.

Always keep a duplicate laundry list. Socks, shorts, and handkerchiefs will soon dwindle if you don't.

Check your passport and the bulk of your funds with the hotel cashier the moment you register. You can draw from him daily—and you've got 3 strikes on the smartest pick-pockets in the world.

Egypt, North Africa, France, and Italy are the countries where the tourist must be extra careful.

Trains On January 1, 1959, the biggest, fattest transport bargain in Europe went into effect. This is the "Eurailpass" (pronounced "Your-rail-pass"), which entitles any North, Central, or South American *resident* to travel where he wishes, when he wishes, and as often, for a period of 2 months, on any continental train, even the numerous extra-fare expresses, without further payment except for routine sleeper or *courette*-car supplements. Acceptable in First class of all trains by railroads of Austria, Belgium, Denmark,

France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and West Germany; also honored on certain lake or river steamers, ferry services, bus routes, and private railways. Cost \$125. (Just to give you an idea what this means, a 1-way, First-class fare and sleeper from Paris to Nice costs \$49.90!)

Swiss, Italian, Scandinavian, French, and Dutch railways are excellent. Spanish, Portuguese, Belgian, German, and even some British trains, on the other hand, are occasionally terrible. They are all overcrowded in High Season, so make your reservations *now*.

By '58, all United Kingdom and European railways had eliminated one class—the old First class, as in Germany, or the old Second class, as in France. Now there's a uniform 2-class system (a new First and Second, or *Supérieure* and *Inférieure*), with tariffs roughly comparable to the old Second and Third. Because of this downgrading of both riding comfort and fares, we strongly suggest that all Americans who can afford it stick exclusively to First.

In June '57, a radical innovation called the Trans-Europe Express also rocked the continental transportation picture. This was the new high-speed, main-line, 2-or-3-car rocket between the capitals and major cities of 7 nations—Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, West Germany, Switzerland, and Luxembourg. The trains are mostly self-propelled diesel units (autorails in France); they're all painted what Travel Editor Bob Sage of the Paris *Herald Tribune* calls "cream and Coca-Cola red." Tickets are First class only; a 10% supplement is added; air conditioning is standard; advance seat reservations are mandatory; no standing room is sold. Average running speed is about 75 miles per hour; as examples of their high-stepping gait, Paris-Brussels is only 2 hours, 44 minutes, and Paris-Zürich is only 6 hours. Dining facilities are always on hand; frontier formalities have been streamlined to a minimum; both the conductors and the uniformed hostesses or stewards wear TEE insignia and are multilingual. Other runs now operating are Amsterdam-Frankfurt, Paris-Amsterdam, Amsterdam-Zürich, Paris-Dortmund,

Lyon-Milan, Paris-Cologne, Brussels-Zürich, and Hamburg-Zürich, to mention a few. Teleprinter reservations can be made in 15 minutes *if* available—but, since 100 passengers are ordinarily the maximum capacity, they should be requested at least 4 weeks before departure. Here's the greatest step forward in foreign railroading since the *Wagons-Lits* dining-car people discovered that the Animal Kingdom provides other meats besides veal.

On all other trains abroad, make sure that there's a diner *first*. We recently got stuck again, foolishly as always, because we neglected to find out that restaurant cars are never carried through the Simplon Tunnel. Advance knowledge will give you time to improvise your own picnic—which will taste a lot better than the snacks usually sold en route by platform vendors.

There is drinking water on about 1% of the local trains of Europe. Carry your own bottle, unless you're riding a mainliner.

Whenever you leave your seat for a meal, put your hat or some bulky personal possession on the cushion. Otherwise, the first incoming passenger is liable to take over, leaving you with the worst place and positively the lousiest view of all.



Dining cars? Here's the procedure: Usually there are 2 (sometimes 3) separate servings. First the Steward will come to your compartment, learn your time preference, and give you a table-booking slip which must be returned when he greets you in his own domain. Although a few meager *à la carte* items are available, probably 98% of the customers consume the standard, fixed meal at the standard, fixed price (usually \$1.50 to \$2). Course after course is served on a one-shot, universal basis; everybody eats the soup, the veal (1

gets you to that it still *is* veal, too!) the salad, the cheese, and the fruit from the same service platters. When the whole car has finished, there's an interminably tedious wait until the cashier makes his rounds to you, with the check. Finally, you'll be given the fastest brush of the week so that the tables can be prepared for the sitting to follow. *Don't tip*; it's not expected. And count on about 1½ hours for the average repast, if they're operating at capacity.

Sleeping cars? Under the new system, *wagons-lits* now offer 3 First-class and 1 Second-class categories. First class consists of regular 1-berth or 2-berth accommodations, plus "Specials" for shorter runs (20 small single compartments per car). Second class (rare) offers 3 berths only. In spite of the change in nomenclature, the combined fare and sleeper "supplement" work out to roughly the same totals as before. France has still another wrinkle, the Second-class *courette*—a minimum-priced 6-seat (or 6-berth) compartment in which passengers may lie down without undressing. It's a grand innovation for yogi apprentices or paratroop students.

If you share your *wagon-lit* with a stranger, unhappily it'll be a man if you're male or a woman if you're female. (Fascinating booking mistakes sometimes happen, however, to passengers with ambiguous first names like Sydney, Evelyn, Clare, Leigh, or Temple.) It's always good manners to stand in the outside passageway while he shaves or she dresses. There's so little elbowroom that you'll bless them for doing the same for you.

When you turn in a ticket, it *is* sometimes necessary to wait 3 months before you can get your money back. Fantastic red tape, that's all.

Check the date of expiration of your round-trip ticket. On short rides in some countries they expire within 24 hours.

Your Own Car If you're planning to ship your car across the Atlantic, run, don't walk, to the nearest A.A.A. office—because you'll be bewildered, battered, and bereaved without the magic help of this organization. Its efficiency is monumental, its personnel will almost kill you with patience

and good cheer, and its feet are mosquito-sized in view of what it does. You might as well set out to paddle the English Channel in a dugout canoe as bring your own automobile from America to the Continent without arranging its passage through the A.A.A.

Here's a quick summary of what they'll tell you—but write to them, please, for all the details:

Five documents are standard, and you can get the applicable ones through the Association. These are (1) *Triptyque* for one country or *Carnet de Passages en Douanes* for 2 or more countries, (2) National Driving License, (3) International Driving Permit, (4) International License Plates, and (5) International Registration Certificate. The total costs of these will run between \$45 and \$70, depending upon the places concerned. They are good for 1 year, and extracting an extension is only slightly easier than extracting an impacted wisdom tooth.

Under this year's agreement, the *Carnet de Passages* is no longer required by any Western European nation except United Kingdom, Spain, Portugal, and Greece. If you're bound for Italy, however, you'll find it (1) a necessity for more than a single entry, and (2) a major convenience in eliminating delays at the frontier.

The French *Vignette* windshield sticker, formerly issued by border stations, has now been replaced by the Compulsory Insurance Card. When this so-called "Green Card," properly validated for France, is shown to the Customs, it supplants all other importation documents as far as this nation is concerned.

Your American driver's license is now accepted by every open continental land except Spain. Here, and here only, will you need an International Driving Permit.

In countries which specify them, just flash the *Triptyque* or *Carnet*, and you'll be relieved of the embarrassment of telling the Customs officials (1) that you *won't* cough up the duty-deposit they so churlishly demand, and (2) that they can jolly well confiscate the car. The A.A.A., by international agreement, can clear the way through more than 70

borders—and this alone is worth 10 times the price of membership.

To prevent you from turning a fast buck by selling your car abroad, 2 stumbling blocks are thrown in your path. First is the requirement of most foreign governments for a sizable bond while you're within their jurisdiction. If you're a U.S. resident and citizen, and if you own property in America, the A.A.A. will cover this through the Indemnification Agreement. Second is the \$50 deposit to the Association when round-trip transportation has been paid (\$100 when only 1-way passage has been reserved), over-and-above all other charges. You get it back at the conclusion of your junket, of course.

The transatlantic passage is still a juicy source of revenue for the steamship operators. Although slightly less lethal rates and slightly more liberal provisions were put into force in '58, this situation remains an absolute disgrace—a racket which gouges the innocent traveler ruthlessly and mercilessly. They are rigged so that a round trip costs only a trifling sum more than a 1-way run, and the total often exceeds the price of the passenger ticket! Since the car occupies a measly few square feet of dead space in the hold, and since, as ordinary freight, it neither eats nor sleeps nor presses buttons for service en route, the companies should hide their heads in shame for milking the helpless international motorist with this outmoded table. On top of this whopping \$300 to \$500-plus (depending on the weight of the car), lighter-age fees from \$20 to \$80 must be added for Cannes, Gibraltar, or ports without adequate docks. Be *sure* to draw a special insurance policy against damage en route, because often the handling is downright brutal.

One way of beating this shameless trimming might be to put your car aboard an independent freighter which is not forced to conform to these rates. We've been informed that an outfit called International Sea and Air Shipping Corp., 24 Stone St., N.Y., specializes in this field. According to our information (we don't happen to be acquainted with this firm or the standards of its service), a great deal of money

can be saved through this type of transport—but you might have to pick up your car at a different port from your own debarkation point. Its president, Fred H. Silverman, states that Antwerp, Rotterdam, London, Bremen, Genoa, and Naples are generally the easiest destinations to arrange. Everything depends, of course, on the sailing schedules of that moment.

Public Liability insurance is now compulsory in Austria, Belgium, Germany, France, Luxembourg, Great Britain, Ireland, Northern Ireland, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. Don't let this stop you from buying it for other countries, because *you'll want complete coverage*—fire, theft, damage to yourself, the works—*everywhere you go on the Continent*. If there's any kind of accident, no matter how trivial, you'll be up to your neck in gendarmes, red tape, and A.D. 1066 legal procedures—and it's the devil to prove that the other fellow is wrong when you have to shout him down in a strange language. The insurance companies have their people in all principal cities—so let *them* do the screaming while you relax. Rates vary; ask the A.A.A. or, if you're buying a car abroad, the agency where you make your purchase.

If there isn't an A.A.A. office in your immediate neighborhood, write to the International Travel Department, American Automobile Association, 250 Park Ave., N.Y. 17. The manager of the Automobile Shipment Department here, W. J. Sheridan, has been infinitely patient, kind, and helpful on our personal car problems abroad. Or if you should need assistance on the other side of the water, contact A.A.C.S. in Paris (9 rue de la Paix), A.A.C.S. in London (15 Pall Mall), or the A.A.A. Special Representative, c/o C.I.T. Office, Piazza della Repubblica 68, Rome. Their alert staffs will rush to your rescue with exactly the right answers.

Straight rental of a car in Europe? If this comes as part of your travel agent's package—fine; you're buying his know-how, his service, and your touring convenience. But if you're making your own arrangements, on a 100% inde-

pendent basis, *we recommend that you wait until after you've crossed the Atlantic, instead of setting up any advance reservations in the States.* Here is our reasoning:

Every good-sized city on the Continent (with Spanish ones a possible exception) now has scads of excellent rental cars, both self-drive and chauffeur-driven. Nobody, but nobody, has a true Europe-wide chain of auto-hire offices; everybody, including A.A.A. and Hertz and Avis and all the rest, makes use of an otherwise unconnected string of independent local operators. What you're riding isn't an A.A.A. or Hertz or Avis car, in nearly all cases; it's actually a Schmidt or Goldfarb or Schultz car, booked by the American company for you under an arrangement between these principals.

While we have no special quarrel with this setup, we'd personally prefer the privilege of (1) selecting our own local operator, (2) examining what we are paying for, before agreeing to take it, and (3) making our own deal.

On the first point, it is our honest opinion that the caliber of local operators selected by these and other U.S. agencies varies considerably. In some cities, we think they're unparalleled, but in others we don't go along with their choices for even a nickel's worth. Once you book with any American company, however, you get the ones they give you, and that's that.

On the second point, no single local outfit can stock every kind of car. Before leaving home, you might *think* you want a Ford or Opel or Simca, but after an hour or two of on-the-spot comparative shopping, that cute little Porsche or that sleek little Goliath might be far closer to your personal taste. Seeing any merchandise first is obviously more satisfactory than accepting it blind.

On the third point, prices are supposed to be standard—but they aren't, please believe us. If you do your own talking, particularly in Off Season, you can end up with quotations which are substantially under the "official" prices which you must pay in the U.S. Comparative shopping is also a big factor here.

Therefore, we earnestly believe that your best bet is to walk in cold when you get to the other side, and strike your own bargains locally for exactly the car which pleases you most for that section of your tour.

Outright purchase of an auto in Europe, for (1) eventual resale to the original foreign dealer, or (2) shipment home? Because of the waiting lists these days on practically everything from Volkswagens to Mercedes-Benz, this is an entirely different matter. Advance arrangements are almost a *must*. I am told by our old friend, Jerry D. Ryan, Director of the International Travel Department of the A.A.A., that "the factory price is the factory price," and that the traveler pays "the same to the A.A.A." or to other reputable agencies "as he does to the manufacturer." Where the horse-trading comes in, of course, is on the repurchase part of any agreement—and that's just routine business. A representative list of American offices which offer these services follows. Unless otherwise specified, they're normally reliable and normally fair-dealing. But since even the best of them are subject to human frailties from time to time, we do not assume responsibility for their performance abroad.

The A.A.A. offers guaranteed repurchase (they sell it to you and buy it back when you're finished) on Citroën, Hillman, and Opel. Rental-purchase plans are also available (here you "rent" the car on a depreciation scale). So is straight foreign purchase of 185 models of 24 different makes.

Auto-Europe, Inc. (New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Seattle) is no longer recommended by this *Guide*. There have been too many irate reports from previous readers about service tangles.

Brownell Tours, Inc., Birmingham, Ala. (see p. 44) operates a special "Ford Abroad" plan, and it's a good one.

Citroën Cars Corp. (New York, Beverly Hills) offers 4 models under (1) guaranteed repurchase, and (2) an all-inclusive Finance Plan (no purchase price paid, but fee based on depreciation, documentation, and insurance costs for the

time you have the car). Unlimited mileage on both schemes. Straight purchase too, of course.

Fiat S.P.A. Turin (500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.) offers 10 different Fiats on a somewhat similar basis.

Jaguar Cars North American Corp. (New York, Los Angeles) can deliver any of its models in England or other European lands. Quotations are factory price, and tax-free.

Motor-Europe (San Jose, Calif.) is the exclusive U.S. agent for European delivery of the Goliath. May be picked up at any major port of entry. Guaranteed repurchase plan on 5 models.

Renault, Inc. (425 Park Ave., N.Y.) offers outright purchase of U.S.-model Dauphines or 4 CV's for eventual importation into the States; after your European tour, either you or they may ship them across. Customers wishing to use their cars only on the Continent can purchase the larger Frigate sedan, Domaine station wagon, or new Manoir station wagon with transfluid drive.

Rootes Motors, Inc. (New York and Los Angeles), a factory branch for Hillman, Humber, Singer, and Sunbeam, is mainly interested in outright sales. There is, however, a repurchase plan on Hillmans quoted at \$375 up. You may also trade in your present U.S. auto for a new model abroad.

World-Wide Automobiles Corp. (49-12 Newtown Rd., Long Island City, N.Y.) is the U.S. importer and distributor of the German Volkswagen. For delivery in Germany, prices run from about \$1138 to \$1462. No repurchase plans, to our knowledge.

Other well-known domestic agencies are Auto-Tourist-Europe, Inc. (Voyages Claude Michel, Inc., Quebec), with Simcas for Canadian voyagers; Europe By Car (Overseas Motor Corp., 37 West 57th St., N.Y.), with guaranteed repurchase or no-purchase-price plans on Peugeots, Simcas, and Citroëns; European Automobile Travel Center (323 Geary St., San Francisco) for a variety of plans on a variety of good cars; Fine Cars, Inc. (154 West 56th St., N.Y.) for 18 models of tax-free English Bords, deliverable at any Free Port in the world; International Auto Plan, Inc. (120 East

56th St., N.Y.) for straight purchase, rental-purchase, or guaranteed repurchase of many types.

All of these companies would be happy to send you up-to-the-minute details and price quotations, so why not ask the ones that look promising to forward their literature?

Please remember that (1) the U.S. duty on automobiles is 8½% ad valorem, and your \$500-per-person Customs allowance may be applied when your buying arrangements are made abroad; (2) all English cars must be exported from Great Britain within 12 months; (3) France, with its comparatively low tax of 20%, is the only European country where *private* sale of an automobile is practical; (4) all payments must be made in dollars, not foreign currencies; (5) many foreign insurance companies won't accept applicants under 21 years of age; (6) it's wise to inquire *first* whether the car you're getting is brand-new or so-called "new," which is often "used," and (7) as stated above, shipment across the Atlantic costs one hell of a lot more than those steamship robbers should charge for it.

Don't be disillusioned, either, at the peanut-size, snail-like performance, and cocktail-shaker riding qualities of the typical European car—despite the current national craze which feeds so drolly on inverse snobbism. Compared to that sleek, roomy U.S. jackrabbit you're accustomed to, it's as cramped as a doll's closet, as bumpy as a pogo stick, and at full throttle, as powerful as a Model C Mixmaster. But it will get you around like a cockroach on the smaller foreign roads, so who cares?

►TIPS: If you're shipping your own U.S. car from the States, *have the motor adjusted before departure for the lower quality of foreign gasoline.* This can be done (1) by inserting an extra gasket in the cylinder head to reduce the compression, or (2) by installing a manual control so that the spark can be retarded in accordance with the liveliness of the fuel. Some gas is so horrible in an uncompensated American engine that you'll think the whole car is flying apart when it tries to climb a 50-foot hill. The British Isles, Holland, Belgium,

and Switzerland seem to have the best grade abroad; the BB and Shell products in France are satisfactory; we've had comparatively poor performance in Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia; Spain and Yugoslavia take the booby prize. Since the gas of each country seems to vary in its standard, the manual sparking device is more sensible than the extra gasket for those who plan longer-than-average tours.

Special gasoline coupons are available for foreign motorists in Italy, France, and one or two other lands. Savings are whopping over normal European costs of 40¢ to \$1 per gallon. Check with the A.A.A. before striking out for any new country, because sometimes they must be purchased at the border.

European railways will now "pick-a-back" your car all over the place—Rome-Milan, Amsterdam-German points, through the Simplon Tunnel, and many other runs. See your travel agent, your car dealer, or the national tourist offices about this, because it's manna from heaven for passage of the duller sections—especially if you're overweary from too much driving.

Avis has started a Rent-A-Car-and-Trailer service in Holland, and there are plans for expansion to other countries. The trailers can sleep 4, and they're fully equipped with kitchen, bedding, table linen, and all appurtenances. Happy holidaying abroad, if you stay deep in the countryside.

Don't glance at the map, turn to your wife, and casually announce, "We're going to make 350 miles tomorrow!"—because you're not, anywhere in Europe, unless you're prepared for total exhaustion. Compared to U.S. driving conditions, continental roads are generally so antiquated that they'll make your eyes pop in disbelief. Almost no superhighways or thruways exist, except in Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Belgium; "progressive" nations like Switzerland and England are so appallingly behind times that it's ludicrous. So please be careful not to bite off more distance than you can comfortably chew, because 500 open-country miles in the States amount to 250 or (if you're lucky) 300 open-country miles over there.

Left-hand traffic? Only in Great Britain, Ireland, Sweden,

and Iceland. In all other countries, you'll drive as you do at home.

Vagabonding by Bus Today's highways in Europe crawl with more motor coaches than hungry ants in a picnic potato salad.

The largest network abroad is Europabus, created in '51 by the combined State Railway Administrations of 13 nations and 36 semiofficial or private touring organizations. A total of 94 individual motor-coach lines are involved. All of its vehicles, uniforms of personnel, seat numberings, timetables, and other facilities are standard throughout. It quite literally spans the Continent—Sicily to Lisbon to the North Cape, and hundreds of intermediate points. For further information, contact your travel agent or Europabus, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20. Reputation: good to excellent, depending upon the individual country and crew.

Among the private operators, Italy's CIAT continues to draw the greatest number of enthusiastic huzzahs from *Guide* readers. Any number of American vacationers of '59 sent glowing reports of their experiences aboard the fine "Roadmasters" of this company. Its famous "Ribbon" tours not only blanket the Italian mainland and Sicily, but they extend to Nice and Innsbruck in season. Further details will be found in "Attitude Toward Tourists" of our "Italy" section. Recommended as the finest service and value in the overseas field.

Linjebuss, the Swedish enterprise, covers a large chunk of international landscape efficiently and pleasantly. The only complaint we've ever had about this one (against paucity of praise!) is that legroom seems somewhat cramped on some of their equipment. A. Johnson & Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, is its stateside agent. Also highly recommended.

As for A.T.E.S.A., the official Spanish Government bus-tour and car-rental agency, the prices have gone up and the service has gone down so much I'm fast losing my previous enthusiasm. See "Spain" for details.

About others, consult your travel agent. There are hundreds—some good, some miserable.

If you strike it right, this is a lovely way to cruise through foreign lands with comfort, safety, and amazing economy.

Wild Blue Yonder The dawn of the Jet Age is the dawn of the Merger Age for the airlines of Europe. This year brings mutually co-operative interline arrangements which would have been unthinkable a decade ago—harbingers of a trend which will inevitably push independent carriers into power-block combines. With the changeover costs to jet fleets so staggeringly high, the era of the lone-wolf operator is fast drawing to a close.

Here's the scoreboard to date:

- Air France, Alitalia, Lufthansa, and Sabena have pooled all of their jet equipment, operations, and sales in a new supra-company association called Air-Union, which will commence functioning this spring. Although each member will retain its own markings, uniforms, and other separate signs of identity, all of its jets will be massed in what might be called "a Common Market of the Air," to share all of its members' international routes on a proportionate basis. Thus, if your ticket reads Sabena and you're unexpectedly shepherded aboard a Lufthansa plane for your flight, that's Air-Union at work.

- Scandinavian Airlines System and Swissair have made a similar pool. They trade jet airliners all over their networks, and repair them interchangeably in the shops of both. Again, your SAS ticket might bring you a Swissair ride, or vice versa.

- LAI and Alitalia merged into a single Italian national carrier, before the new version of Alitalia joined Air-Union.

Other deals of this kind are cooking behind the scenes, too. These are merely the start of an inexorable long-range revolution.

Are European airlines safe to fly? Almost without qualification, our answer would be a ringing "Yes!" Passenger service varies from superb (SAS, Swissair, etc.), to average

(KLM, Sabena, etc.), to penny-pinching (BEA), to poor (Iberia)—but almost all of them are so experienced, skillful, and careful in their technical operations that their competence simply isn't open to question.

On the critical side, however, Air France's policy toward in-flight service of alcoholic beverages to the cockpit still makes us a bit nervous aboard—in spite of the remarkably fine safety record which this carrier continues to chalk up. Aviaco (Aviacion y Comercio S.A.), Spain's second-line company to Iberia, has had too many crashes lately to merit our confidence; personally, I won't ride on it at all in '60. CSA (Czech) and LOT (Polish) can be gauged by the fact that their Communist directors sometimes can't get spare parts, a state of affairs which is automatically alarming. Reports on the Yugoslavian airline continue to be less than enthusiastic.

Look under the individual countries for more details on all major operators.

► **TIP:** If everything is sold out and your mission is very urgent, ask the American Consulate or Embassy about getting in touch with MATS (Military Air Transport Service). This successor to the Air Transport Command, like so many government bureaucracies, has expanded unchecked to the point where it is now the world's largest airline—bigger than Pan American and TWA put together! Since you've long been paying your share of this monstrous taxpayers' burden which steals such a colossal amount of traffic from the legitimate commercial carriers, you might as well try to cash in on its extremely low fares if the excuse comes up. Nonofficial civilians accepted on emergency basis only; U.S. military planes and pilots, with daily schedules to almost every corner of Europe.

Odd Facts—Some Important! The American term "First Class" becomes "De Luxe" abroad; continental "First Class" is American "Second Class."

When you register in a European hotel, "Joe Jones, Tuscaloosa, U.S.A." won't satisfy that gimlet-eyed clerk. You'll be given a form as long as your arm—and when all the spaces

have been filled in, he'll know more about you than your mother-in-law does. Neat trick, if he falls for it: scrawl your name on the bottom, hand over your passport, and ask *him* to do the work while you're unpacking upstairs. Sometimes he won't bite, though—so *memorize the number and date of issue of your passport for just such occasions*. In some lands this document will be held for 24 hours at the desk for registration with the local police. If so, please-se don't forget to pick it up when you check out!

Practically every European hotel has a Grand Panjandrum who is equivalent to the Purser on an ocean liner. Everywhere on the Continent, he is known as the concierge (pronounced "con-see-airj"); in the British Isles, he is called the hall porter—a different term for exactly the same office. Next to the Manager and Assistant Managers, he is the head contact man with the clients—boss of all of the bell-hops, mail clerks, key clerks, nearly everybody on the street-floor service staff except the dining-room-and-bar help. He can usually be identified by his fancy blue uniform which bears the crossed-keys insignia on both lapels—and he's not to be confused with the striped-pants, pearl-stickpin people at the other desk in the lobby, the Chief of Reception and his group (with whom you register). Use the concierge for everything—stamps, outside errands, complaints, reservations for trains, theaters, or restaurants, and, most important of all, questions and advice about what's what in the city. And be sure to tip him (Sweden excluded) when you check out—a minimum of \$1 per day (or \$5 per week) in De luxe or First-class houses, and perhaps 50¢ per day in lesser ones. This tip is pooled for the whole desk (2 to 10 individuals who have served you), and it's cheap at the price. Since setups vary from place to place, it's always safest to ask him what specific areas your gratuity covers. Incidentally, never tip the lofty gents at the Reception Desk.

Nearly every continental hostelry also offers what is called the Pension ("Pawn-see-ahn," not "Pen-shun") Plan. Remember the venerable institution known as the American Plan, which quotes room and board at one flat daily or week-

ly rate? This is the same principle—but the foreign deal generally breaks down into 3 choices: Full Pension (room and all meals), Demi-Pension (room and perhaps 2 meals), and Bed-and-Breakfast. Some countries require that you state your choice on initial registration (Portugal is an example); some hotels require that you take Full Pension only, whether or not you plan an occasional change-of-diet in outside restaurants. *Be sure to find out what is included and what is not included, as soon as you check in*—because you might be paying twice for your lunch or dinner, without being aware of it until they give you the bill.

Watch out for “supplements”—those devilish little sneak-charges which constantly rise to plague the innocent traveler. If you’re operating under one of the Pension Plans, for example, most hotels will give you the traditional European breakfast (the universal *café complet* or *thé complet*) as part of the contract—coffee or tea, toast, jam, butter, and a small pitcher of what is laughingly called cream. This will ordinarily be eaten in your room, because downstairs is most often closed. But when the waiter smiles and asks if Madame and Monsieur would like some orange juice, some fruit, some cereal, an egg perhaps?—these are on *your* bill, not the hotel’s. When you sit down to dine, they’ll allow you only the dishes-of-the-day—a rigid list—and if you order a lobster or oysters or a steak or something which isn’t within the strict Pension Plan limits, that’s socked onto your account, too. If you don’t watch these supplements carefully, they can absolutely murder any carefully planned budget.

Few continental hotels furnish soap to their guests—not poverty or stinginess, but a difference in customs. Be sure to have your own supply wherever you go.

The *bidet*, an institution in European bathrooms, is virtually unknown in North America. It’s a shallow, kidney-shaped porcelain apparatus, which might at first sight be a flat hopper; there are faucets at one end which control the flow and temperature of the water. Our description in previous *Guide* editions was so timid and uninformative that it has just drawn a protest from a Bridgeport (Conn.) phy-

sician—obviously a battle-tested campaigner. Here are the good Doctor's merry but highly useful observations: "Since the average American looks at his first *bidet* and says 'What the hell do you do with it?', I propose that it be explained so frankly that none of us are left in ignorance. Its primary use is to wash off your bottom, which, after you've been abroad a while, probably needs it. . . . In practical use, one fills the little tub with warm water and sits on it facing the wall—a sensation somewhat akin to forgetting to put the seat down when you approach the John. Europeans probably only tackle it when stark naked. Ignorant Americans emerge with wet nylons and shoes full of water. The European female, or male, may subsequently proceed to take a complete sponge bath from toes to ears, either because (1) they're too lazy to get into the bathtub, or (2) they don't own one. Some *bidets*—the ones with the little fountain gadget in the middle—are so old-fashioned that they're found only in the oldest hotels. They are lots of fun, since it's easy to squirt the spray straight up to the ceiling. The technique here is to adjust the spray to a height of about 8 inches, and then let it play lazily over your navel. With a little practice, you can also balance a Ping-pong ball on it, and it will stay for hours. But for the major purpose of its design, feminine hygiene, it is perfectly hopeless in the medical sense, and that's why this type has gone out of style." Any more questions?

Pompeii, the Vatican, the Louvre, and other cultural meccas fairly crawl with Roman numerals. If antiquities are your dish, it won't hurt to relearn to read your MCLVI's in advance.

Dates are written differently in Europe: our form of 6/30/59, for example, becomes 30/6/59.

Here's an oddity of language, too: corn (European) is the name for wheat (American), while corn (American) becomes maize abroad.

Most restaurants abroad (1) levy a special price for the bread you eat and (2) don't serve drinking water unless specifically requested. At some places (normally either the cost-

liest or cheapest ones), you'll also pay extra for the tablecloth and napkins—the origin of “cover charge.”

Store hours are a nuisance. Most shops close at noon and reopen at 2 P.M.—always the period you plan to do your buying. In hot countries like Spain or Italy, the siesta lasts as long as 4 P.M., but the doors remain open until 7 P.M. or later.

One institution that nearly always petrifies the overseas American is the co-educational toilet room—a facility which is standard from one end of the Continent to the other. Here's the typical arrangement: one common washroom, with wash-bowls and towels, serves all comers—and leading off this, there are 2 adjoining cubicles, marked “Men” or “Ladies.” Sometimes these booths are separated by a partition which extends only from the knees to the top of the head, with great yawning gaps at floor and ceiling level. You'll find this strange and disturbing architecture at topnotch places, too! Poorer or more primitive establishments often offer what is known as the Turkish Toilet—2 size-14½ moulded concrete feet strategically placed in front of a large hole chopped right through the floor—that's all! And for men, here's one more tidbit: don't let sudden paralysis strike you and freeze the works if a woman attendant should blithely be doing her knitting at a tidy little table smack in the center of the men's room, in full view of any-and-all proceedings. It's continental tradition, particularly in France, Italy, and Belgium—and if she can stand it (which she can), just drop a coin in her dish, give her a Pepsodent smile, tip your hat, and relax.

The majority of professional guides in Europe—including *many who work for the largest and otherwise most reputable travel and express agencies*—bitterly hate this book and savagely slander its author; recently, to cap this situation, we received a Death Threat from an anonymous Madrid-Toledo guide (see “Spain”) who states that he will “soon” have the gratification of killing us. Their rage is based on the fact that for many years we have continued to expose and to campaign against the dirty little racket called the kickback. Here's how they'll sting you, if you're not forewarned: in secrecy, with-

out the approval of the employer, the guide will ferret out second-rate or third-rate shopkeepers who are willing to pay a commission (generally 10% to 25%) on all suckers who can be lured into their establishments. The trusting tourist will then be persuaded to load up on shoddy, sleazy goods *which have been marked up to cover the guide's rake-off*. Result: he gets junk, and he pays from 10% to 25% more for the privilege of being rooked. Remember that *no* decent, legitimate shop, anywhere in Europe, would dream of stooping to such shady practice, any more than Neiman-Marcus or Bergdorf or Tiffany would do so in America; there's one price for everybody. In Paris, Rome, Brussels, Madrid, Nice, Barcelona—yes, even in honest Amsterdam!—this same shabby little racket flourishes among guides of illustrious agencies—with the tacit knowledge but not open consent of the officials. So, whenever one of these men takes you shopping, (1) *you* pick the stores, (2) be sure that they're the big ones, and (3) don't let him talk you into patronizing some quaint little hole-in-the-wall which is "positively the best place in town!" Also, when they curse this book, scoff at its contents, and pledge on their mother's memory that they've personally watched That Man Fielding accept big bribes from rascally merchants, please reach across the table for a large grain of salt.

Since lots of metropolitan railway stations abroad are dead-ends, like New York's Grand Central, don't be panicky when your train takes off in the exact opposite direction from your destination.

Many hotel rooms have foreign-type locks which demand *2* turns of the key instead of one. These must be twisted until both tumblers snap into place (easily audible); if only one is engaged, you only have 50% security against sneak thieves.

In small, hand-operated elevators (all elevators are called "lifts" abroad), keep your finger on your destination-button as you close the gates or doors, or you might go up and down the shaft like a monkey on a stick at the summons of impatient Europeans who have beat you to the punch.

Shoeshine: Before retiring for the night, drop your clodhoppers just outside your threshold, in the hall. They'll shine 'em free—part of the hotel-service charge (but you must add a small tip when you leave). Not much chance that your neighbor will steal them.

Service: When telephone-use for room service isn't *their* style, press the proper button on the gadget on your bedside table (or on the wall by the entrance). A light will flash outside your door; each button lights its own color, so the waiter, maid, and porter won't come running when you want the valet. If you can't read the language, there is a clever drawing of each functionary beside his particular button.

Bath: If it's down the hall (most of them are), notify the maid a few minutes in advance. She has to unlock it and clean it up for you. In some countries, like Sweden, every time you think of the word "bathtub," you're out another 50¢ (baths are extra).

Illumination: Standard power of the average reading lamp in the average hostelry, notably in Spain, Italy, and France, seems to range between 1½ watts (high) to ¼ watt (low). If you're staying any length of time, and if Seeing-Eye dogs don't interest you, a smart thing to do is to buy a big bulb and an extension cord locally—one which fits the sockets of the country. Very cheap comfort and optical insurance.

Hotel postage: When you turn over your correspondence to the concierge's lads with instructions that it be airmailed, stand right there until they put on the stamps. Otherwise it might arrive by ordinary postage, with the desk people pocketing the difference. This is a routine petty racket, particularly in France, Portugal, Italy, and the Middle East.

Cameras: Expect trouble (1) carrying them and (2) protecting them. Never leave them in an unoccupied hotel room; check them with the cashier the moment they're not in use. "Still" types are passed by most Customs, but movie types can cause infuriating difficulties (see individual Customs sections).

Film: Color film is now available in most big cities (not

smaller towns, though). Supplies are often spotty during the summer, when the photo rush is on. Take your own, as insurance—and save money, too, because it's still hideously expensive in some parts of the Continent. Plenty of good black-and-white in all sizes, practically everywhere. Gaevert is a Belgian brand (sold in all countries) with which I've always had especially good luck.

Sexy blonde: Take a good look at her these days; she might leave you a souvenir. The venereal rate from one end of Europe to the other is still unfortunately high; there's a new strain of gonorrhea so hardy that it eats sulfa and penicillin for breakfast. Plenty of willing women in half the cafés in Europe—gorgeous, too!—but it's a chance, nearly always. Gigolos are liable to be infected, too.

Transatlantic telephone: Fast and excellent. Book your call in advance, because the circuits are open a limited number of hours. Local service: Except in Switzerland, the Low Countries, and Scandinavia, it would make Alexander Graham Bell whir in his grave.

Cables: Expensive, but increasingly accurate and dependable anywhere. Mark it "LT" for night letter, the cheapest. If you're sending a "Reply Paid" query to Europe, *be sure that the cable company transmits at least 25 Gold Francs* (the currency used internationally in this field); time, time, and time again we've had to cough up an extra \$5 or \$7.50 on replies to strangers who were told that 8 or 10 Gold Francs took care of our return messages.

Office facilities en route: A new service called Manpower, Inc. has been set up in 11 cities (Brussels, Liège, London, Paris, Frankfurt am Main, Milan, Rome, Lisbon, Barcelona, Madrid, and Stockholm) for the traveling businessman who needs desk space, telephone answering service, bilingual secretaries, typing facilities, or related conveniences during his tour. We've had no experience with this outfit, but it sounds good. Look in the local phone books for either "Manpower, Inc." or "MAS"—or ask your concierge to find it for you.

Shoestring budgeteers: If you're a hiker, student, or other wanderer who must guard every penny, full details on camp-

ing areas, youth hostels, and other bottom-cost accommodations may be had by writing to "National Tourist Office of (name of country), Dept. ETC, Box 258, New York 17, N.Y."

American Military Cemeteries: Gold Star travelers whose gallant sons or daughters rest in military cemeteries abroad may obtain geographical and other information from Colonel Charles Shaw, American Battle Monuments Commission, Main Navy Building, Washington 25, D.C.

Reservation: This simply can't be emphasized enough: next to your passport, your hotel reservation is the *most vital part of your trip. Reserve in advance; before you go, wait until confirmation.* Otherwise you might actually sleep in a plush chair in a hotel lobby—if you're lucky.

Miscellaneous tips: Change your shoes at least twice a day, every day that you're abroad. This is better than yoghurt and wheat germ to make the traveler Last Longer, Look Younger, and Feel Peppier.

Keep your windows closed, even on the muggiest day of summer. In most European buildings, inside temperatures are considerably lower than outside ones, due to the thickness of the walls—and the fresh-air fiend not only lets in the heat but finds himself battling a new army of flies.

Plan your schedule so that your day breaks into 2 or 3 different and unrelated parts. Eight hours of unrelieved sight-seeing, shopping, or exploring on foot is too much at one clip; what starts as fun soon becomes leg-heavy work. A sensible itinerary, for example, would cover the museums and cultural interests in the morning, take you to an open-air restaurant for lunch (to clear the mental cobwebs), and send you out refreshed for the afternoon of shopping.

Whenever a lady visits a European cathedral, a long-sleeved dress (no slacks!) and a head-scarf are an *absolute necessity*. Likewise, men must not enter without jackets or in shorts. Ignoring this is such bad manners that it's a slap in the face—and a direct insult!—to the religion and to the local people. For ladies wandering at random, it's a good

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idea to tuck a scarf into your pocket or purse—and long gloves, if you're stuck with short sleeves.

If there's any choice about the location of your hotel room, here are 2 points to remember: (1) Always take the highest possible floor (less noise, fewer flies, cleaner air), and (2) always try to face either east or north (a northeast corner room above the sixth or seventh floor is perfect—unless it's on a heavily traveled artery, or unless you're missing great hunks of local scenery, of course).

Take a nap or a siesta whenever you can steal a moment; after luncheon is the best time. This will recharge your batteries and lessen that terrible travel fag.

Briefly and broadly, that's the general story of today's Europe. Now let's find out what's going on in each of the countries. They're listed alphabetically.

Albania

Albania is a beautiful little country—primitive, unspoiled, breath-taking in the ruggedness of its mountains and the simplicity of its people. But for reasons of their own, neither Mr. Hoxha nor Mr. Khrushchev is welcoming American tourists to Tirana.



Austria

No country on the Continent guarantees the foot-loose American more breath-taking mountains, a larger helping of enchanting beauty, or a warmer welcome from its people. In Vienna, Salzburg, and Innsbruck you'll find the fingerprints, footprints, and bottle prints of American culture; in smaller

centers you will experience a sample of living which has remained undisturbed since the days of Franz Josef. Here is an unspoiled, untrammelled land.

Let's straighten out her status first. After an anguished and miserable decade of stalling, during which Austria existed as a nation literally divided, the Soviet Union finally was persuaded to join the Western guardians in signing her State Treaty in '55. Her comeback in the 5 ensuing years has been not only startling but phenomenal. After the withdrawal of her occupation troops (American, British, French, and Russian), and after the successful solution of her burdensome refugee problem (Hungarian and others), her economy and her morale shot up like twin arrows. She has now emerged as one nation again—a joyous and proud sovereign power which is vassal to no one on earth. Her currency has a strong exchange value; her friendship and her statehood are acknowledged by everyone. Don't ever confuse her with Germany; they're as far apart in customs, attitudes, and culture as are Italy and France.

Until recently, she might have been called a Switzerland at Macy's prices—but the dear dead days of the 30¢ Martini and 18¢ tip are over. By European standards, her prices are no longer outstandingly low; on the routine tourist circuit, you'll spend about as much as you would in Denmark, Norway, Ireland, and several other lands.

The best time to go is May, June, or September. Despite the addition of 2000 new tourist beds in '57 and more since, she still hasn't enough facilities to cope adequately with the flood of foreign visitors in July and August. For skiers, January 7 to 30 are the choicest weeks; before and after, the resorts are filled to the rafters. Don't look for Swiss efficiency here; private baths, for example, still aren't plentiful. And don't be surprised if you find the gates locked and the caretaker curled up in the sack when you visit a castle or a museum during scheduled sightseeing hours, because formal organization (discounting that of the splendid State Tourist Department) is often slightly slap-happy. But as compensation you will get a warm, hearty, individual welcome—much less

commercial than that of the Swiss—plus a simple mode of living that is comfortable enough for anyone but the fussiest type of traveler, who ought to stick to the largest cities. France is the country in which to parade that mink coat and that new Dior; Austria is where you let down your hair and have fun.

Attitude Toward Tourists The Austrians couldn't be nicer. In general, your welcome as an American will be warm.

For detailed holiday information on this enticing nation, write, phone, or call in person at the Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22. Rudolf Mattesich, the Director, has the lore of his native land at his fingertips; the prospective visitor will find him a gold mine of advice, facts, and guidance.

Incidentally, the home office of this organization is doing an outstanding job in promoting all phases of tourism. With a budget only a tenth or a twentieth of some more fortunate countries, it is outrunning such giants as France and Italy. If you should run into any puzzling situations while you are in Austria, I suggest that you get in touch with the Österreichisches Fremdenverkehrswerbung (Austrian State Tourist Department) at Hohenstaufengasse 3-5, Vienna I. See the urbane, charming, and brilliant Director, Dozent Dr. Paul Bernecker, in person if your problem is especially rugged; otherwise, his fine staff can surely help you. There are 9 Landesverkehrsämter (information offices operated by the provinces) in Austrian tourist centers, plus a State Tourist Department network in nearly a dozen foreign capitals.

In local villages or hamlets not serviced by the official organizations, always ask for the "Kurdirektor" ("Official Host") in case of trouble.

Money and Prices The monetary unit you'll work with is the schilling. At current rates, 1 schilling is worth about 4¢, or 26 schillings to \$1. The unit below this is the groschen; since its value is only 1/25th of a cent, it takes a pound or two to buy an air-mail stamp. Toss these around like chicken feed

and you'll go to bed happy—with an expenditure of 11½¢.

There are now coins for 1, 5, 10, 20, and 50 groschen, and 1, 2, 5, 10, and 25 schillings. Notes are in denominations of 20, 50, 100, 500, and 1000 schillings.

Prices, as previously stated, are modest by U.S. standards but no longer cheap by average European levels.

Language English is standard in the larger hotels and restaurants. But in many shops, in many of the delightful Viennese wine gardens, and in most off-trail places, a smattering of German will bring you a bird, bottle, or blonde a lot faster.

►**TIP:** Mutter the magic words “Donkey Fieldmice” when someone is extra kind to you—and a 14-inch smile should be your reward. What you have said is “Danke vielmals!”—“Thank you very much!”—in such flawless Austrian that Mr. Berlitz should give you a medal.

Customs and Immigration Sensible regulations. Articles for personal use (portable typewriters, cameras, film, clothing, sports equipment, most sundries) are free of duty. Visitors are permitted to bring in unlimited amounts of foreign currency and/or schillings (*export* is restricted to 10,000 Austrian schillings), 2 cartons of cigarettes, 80 cigars, 1 jug of laughing water, and roughly a pint of cologne or shaving lotion which must positively not be used in their next Martini.

On normal occasions, the Customs officials are gentle, gracious, and tolerant—good hosts. Most often, that honest-John look below your eyebrows will sail you across the frontier in a breeze.

But if you happen to hit one of the sporadic spot checks which are run from time to time, you've got more headaches than Jimmy Hoffa. They are apt to strip your baggage right down to the last comic book. Travelers to and from Germany seem to be singled out most often for this Z treatment.

Ordinarily, however, you'll like your welcome to Austria, because these spot checks are fairly rare.

Hotels New hotels are springing up like edelweiss, all over the Austrian map. There's a lot more glamor in this year's picture than ever before. Don't expect to find it everywhere, though, because in some stops, baths are still at a premium, plumbing is often ancient, and stark simplicity is the keynote. But these innkeepers are trying as hard as they can, and their warm spirit should make you cast a charitable eye on the minor shortcomings. For what you pay, it's nearly always a bargain.

In *Innsbruck*, here's how I'd rate them: (1) Tyrol, (2) Europa, (3) Maria Theresia, (4) Arlbergerhof, (5) Maria-brunn, and (6) Regina. Second class: (1) Hellenstainer, (2) Grauer Bär, (3) Clima, (4) Goldener Stern. The handsome, colorful, comfortable Tyrol is tops for the region; every room with bath or shower; mild drawbacks are that it's expensive for Austria, and the service is slow; *closed in winter*, when clients are shuttled around the corner to the attached, Second-class, moderately priced Touring House which serves as its "annex," and which is okay for the category. Across the street and under the same management is the Europa; completely rebuilt in '51 after wartime bombing; modern, some rooms small, pleasant. The Maria Theresia, with the liveliest bar in town, has come up a lot—but after 2 poor stays here, I still don't admire it. The Arlbergerhof is routine. The Maria-brunn is 2½ miles out, 1000 feet high on the north slope of the mountain range; lovely vista, adequate facilities. The Regina occupies the 2nd and 3rd floors of a central business building; good prices, good service, notable recent improvements; now serving full meals instead of breakfast-only. The Hellenstainer, possibly pick of the Second-class houses, offers a convenient situation, an agreeably renewed restaurant, and modest tariffs; 5 private baths are its total, unfortunately. The Grauer Bär is Innsbruck's largest, with 24 baths for 260 beds; old-fashioned as a faded antimacassar; many conducted tours stop here. The Clima is brand-new; demi-pension only; we haven't yet inspected it. The Goldener Stern is a big one on the left bank of the river; popular with English travelers. *Salzburg* offers 3 leading choices—each for a different taste.

If charm and local color are your targets, the country-tavern-style Goldener Hirsch is small, intimate, and delightful. After midnight you can usually hear the original Gold Hart (or some other attractive 2-legged animal) prancing upstairs on the creaky floors. The best food within miles; friendly reception from the lovely, hard-working owner, Countess Harriet Walderdorff; just right for the de luxe "inn" trade, Austrian version. Next, the new Parkhotel Mirabell is for the ultramodern school; much thought, time, and money (including Marshall Funds) went into the construction of this handsome, lavish, imposing structure. Smallish, up-to-the-minute rooms, all with radio, radiant heating, Timemaster dictation plugs, and gadgets galore; connecting indoor swimming pool; service eager but slow, and tariffs extremely expensive by national standards. One of Austria's very finest houses for Hilton or Statler boosters. Finally, the Bristol, on the central "Market Place" square, has just been totally rebuilt and renovated by Brig. General Arthur McChrystal, U.S.A. (Ret.) and his wife, Margarete Hübner, of the famous hotel family; now 52 private baths for 90 rooms, an exceptionally high ratio for this nation; if you hunt or fish, the General, one of Europe's keenest sportsmen, will guarantee plenty of excitement for you. Also fairly expensive; extra-fine bar; American-style food on request; convenient and good.

Looking for something very Austrian and very unusual? Count Wolf Uiberacker has now opened his 600-year-old castle, Schloss Sighartstein, to travelers who appreciate tradition, fine furnishings, and the baronial charm of Franz Joseph living. Overlooks Lake Wallersee at Neumarkt, only 16 miles from Salzburg; capacity for approximately a dozen guests; each room or suite with running water and adjacent bath; all main meals served at one big table, with the Count presiding as host; \$13.75 minimum per person per day, all inclusive; Easter to late autumn only; neither a hotel nor an inn, but a luxurious country mansion for connoisseurs in search of a personal note in the land they are visiting. Inquiries: Graf Wolf Uiberacker, Schloss Sighartstein, Post Neumarkt, Salz-

burg. We've not yet seen it, but we hear that it is wonderful.

Back in *Salzburg*, here's how we'd class the others: (1) Gastschloss Mönchstein (plush, classic, and atop the cliff, this De luxe remodeled castle has cliff-high tabs by Austrian standards), (2) Europa (brand-new, well planned, smallish but comfortable rooms, all modern facilities), (3) Kaiserhof (small renovated castle, country-estate style, with pleasant but routine furnishings, medium prices, and a quiet atmosphere 1¼ miles from the center), (4) Oesterreichischer Hof (routine rooms; new Salzachkeller restaurant in building), (5) Winkler (many intelligent travelers don't agree, but on each of our 3 inspections, we've heartily disliked both the atmosphere and the value here), and (6) Stein (commercial). Second class: (1) Pitter, (2) Meran, (3) Zum Hirschen. Third class: (1) Blaue Gans, (2) Elefant. Pensions: (1) Fondachhof, (2) Radauer, (3) Furstenweg, (4) Nonntalerwirt. Nearly all of the better pensions are slightly out of town. The former De luxe Salzburger Cobenzl, 2500 feet above the city, was sold to local interests who renamed it the Berg Hotel Judenbergalp; after a short but disastrous new career, it was foreclosed and thrown on the market last year.

Vienna is in a frenzy of hotel construction or reconstruction. After trudging through all the following, here's how we'd place them now: (1) Krantz-Ambassador or Imperial (equal standing), (2) Sacher, (3) Bristol, (4) Europa, (5) Parkhotel Schoenbrunn, (5) Erzherzog Rainer, (6) Kummer, (7) Zentrum, and (8) am Stephenplatz. Not included in these ratings are the just-built or still-uncompleted Dom Royale ("A" category, 170 beds, sound-proofed rooms, opening this summer), Clima (90 beds, off-beat location, more modest), Prinz Eugen (opposite the station, average class), and the Pan American Intercontinental Hotel Corporation's 1000-bed giant (luxury class, inauguration in the spring of '62). Plans for converting a palace in the park into the Toskana Hotel have been canceled. The western section of the once-glorious Grand now serves as headquarters for the International Atomic Energy Agency. Best pensions: (1) At-

lanta, (2) Arenberg, (3) Schneider, (4) Opernring, and (5) Elite.

The Krantz-Ambassador, which currently shares top billing with the Imperial, is for the quiet type of traveler who wants elegance and tranquillity in discreetly de luxe surroundings. It is the Viennese home of kings, heads of state, giants of the musical world, international tycoons, and the type of celebrity who shuns the spotlight. Completely rebuilt and renovated; extremely unimpressive lobby, but handsome, spacious, mulberry bedrooms with comfortable, immaculate bathrooms; beautifully trained staff of long-time retainers whose service is impeccable; small dining room, for convenience of clients only, with superb cuisine; the skillful personal touch of owners Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Senft makes this one of the smoothest, most polished hotels in the nation.

The Imperial, on the other hand, is the perfect choice for the client who wants more grandeur, action, and hoopla with his elegance. Reopened in the fall of '57 after a decade of Soviet occupation and a \$1,000,000 reconstruction job, this beautiful, imposing, 200-room hostelry is already beloved by film stars and extroverts. Cold-ish lobby, cozy dining rooms, captivatingly friendly little bar; ground floor, mezzanine, and 1st floor air-conditioned; choice of ultramodern or classic-style rooms, all tastefully decorated and nearly all with radiant-heated private bath; if your stockbroker calls you "Sir," Royal Suite #121 is a steal at \$61.93 per day; staff heavily sprinkled with German personnel, who can't seem to serve with quite the same soft grace of most Austrians. Director Karl Peter Littig, the famous hotelier who put Hamburg's Vier Jahreszeiten on the world map, is there to make you comfortable.

The Sacher is as old-fashioned as Grandma's hoop skirt, with turn-of-the-century furnishings, high ceilings, squeaky floors, and corridors loaded with paintings and statuary. Fine sidewalk cafe, Espresso Bar; ambitious new wing (every room with private bath) scheduled for immediate completion; cunningly "hidden" Sacherstöckl regional restaurant which is captivating. Also impeccable service, smooth staff,

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traditionally suave attention to detail—but sometimes fusty to those who don't like the feeling of living in a museum. Not up to the Krantz-Ambassador or the Imperial, in our opinion.

The Bristol, closed for major alterations in '56, has gradually been reopened in piecemeal sections. Now it offers 9 suites, 111 rooms (mostly large and traditionally plush in furnishings), and many improvements; the dining room is stiff, and its food is 100 miles from being exciting; very good, but not the best. Try Suite #165-166 at \$30, if you're after its fanciest accommodation.

The spanking-new Europa, shining and modern to its TV-antennae tips (TV is rentable for every room!), is the latest venture of the official commercial Austrian Travel Agency. Convenient location next to the Krantz-Ambassador; lively, colorful, twentieth-century décor; small, livable bedrooms but tiny bathrooms; charming, intimate dining room and bar; handsome ground-floor café for snacks; get a corner double-accommodation like #222, if you can; Herr Zartl, the young and energetic Manager, knows his stuff—and this excellent Junior Miss of a hotel shows it. Best of its class.

Parkhotel Schoenbrunn, 10 minutes from the Ring, is 60-odd years old; halfhearted recent modernization; location awkward for short-time visitors; we'd call this only medium-fair, at best. The Erzherzog Rainer is supposed to have a lower official ranking, but we'd take it over the Parkhotel Schoenbrunn anytime. It's simple, unpretentious, and comfortable; small but bright rooms à la Austrian Sears Roebuck; 4th floor completely redone in '58; if you don't expect the Ritz, this long-time favorite of medium-budget Americans is recommended for its prices, its food, and its unusually friendly welcome.

The Kummer, partially renovated, has a minuscule lobby, an unfortunate situation regarding streetcar noises, and indifferently furnished rooms; just so-so. The Zentrum, opposite the railway station, impresses us as a stimulating idea gone sour—at least to our American tastes. Occupying the 3rd and 4th floors of a frenetic office building, it's supposed to be a

City Motel, with a huge drive-up garage adjacent to the lobby, a mass feedery featuring 31¢ meals, and other facilities for motorists. Designwise, however, it's such an odd fish that it simply doesn't come off.

Am Stephansplatz, opposite the Cathedral, leaves us less than enthusiastic. No lobby to speak of; many rooms mere cubicles; baths small and badly planned; the general taste in furnishings made us wince; very high prices, in our opinion, for poor values. Not recommended.

Pensions? Atlanta (Währingerstrasse 33) has improved to the point where it's now one of the most livable pensions we've ever seen. Seventy spotless, old-fashioned, pleasant rooms from \$3 to \$7, most of them spacious; 12 baths; roof garden; excellent food. The charming Miss Flint, who runs it like a sewing machine, deserves all the kudos which are so frequently offered by her U.S. guests. A period-piece gem of its category. Arenberg (Stubenring 2) has the advantage of 20 baths with its 22 rooms, but it hasn't quite the special hominess or warmth of Atlanta; smaller accommodations at slightly lower rates; Director Dr. Eker speaks English; also a good buy, throughout. Schneider (Lehargasse 1) is simple, clean, old-style, and inexpensive; 25 rooms, 3 baths; reasonable amenities; above average. Opernring was suggested for inclusion by a close friend, one of Austria's brightest tourism officials; while we haven't yet visited it, we place full confidence in this expert's judgment. Elite (Wipplingerstrasse 32) is adequate.

Here's a quick rundown on other centers popular with Americans:

Baden: (1) Esplanade (the De luxe leader, with its own thermal baths), (2) Gutenbrunn (reopened '56, with 6 buildings and 400 beds), (3) Herzoghof, (4) Stadt Wien. **Badgastein:** (1) Grandhotel Europe, (2) Astoria, (3) Kaiserhof, (4) Germania, (5) Haus Hirt, (6) Mozart. **Bad Ischl:** (1) Post, (2) Goldenes Schiff, (3) Freischütz. **Feldkirch:** Alpenrose (tiny, charming, very Austrian). **Fuschl:** Schloss Fuschl bei Salzburg (new management; Countess Walderdorff of

Salzburg's Goldener Hirsch has just withdrawn from this castle-hotel). *Graz*: (1) Daniel, (2) Steirerhof, (3) Weitzer, (4) Parkhotel. *Igls*: (1) Grandhotel Iglerhof, (2) Maximilian, (3) Sporthotel. *Itter*: Schloss Itter (see below). *Kitzbühel*: (1) Goldener Greif (delightful in every way, except for too-short beds), (2) Grand, (3) Weisses Rössl (4) Reischhof. Ehrenbachhöhe, up the cable railway, is in a special category. *Linz*: Parkhotel (modern and good). *Mittersill*: Club Mittersill (see below). *Seefeld*: (1) Karwendelhof, (2) Astoria, (3) Eden, (4) Tyrol. *St. Anton*: (1) Post, (2) Schwarzer Adler, (3) Arlberg. All village hotels so noisy in season that small Berghaus Nohl, up the hill, offers simple comforts, pleasant furnishings, good management, and relative quiet; no private baths, rates very moderate. *Zürs am Arlberg*: (1) Zürserhof, (2) Lorünser, (3) Edelweiss, (4) Alpenrose.

The Galina, Austria's first motel, opened in '55 on Federal Highway #1 at Kilometer Stone #599 near Frastanz, a few miles from the Swiss and Liechtenstein borders. It was followed in '57 by a second entry near Vöcklabruck, 30-odd miles from Salzburg on the same Federal Highway #1 toward Linz and Vienna. Convenient for main-line motorists—until the new Vienna autobahn has been completed, at least.

Finally, here are 2 Feed-Box Specials so unique and delightful that they merit outstanding recommendations:

First is the ultra-exclusive hunting, fishing, and gambling (not gambling!) rendezvous of the Bentley-Ferrari-El Dorado set—a private castle operated as a club and located on a mountaintop 12 miles south-southeast of Kitzbühel: Club Mittersill. Its membership roster is a *Burke's Peerage* and *Who's Who* in International Society, with everybody from Queen Juliana to the Aga Khan to Onassis very much in on the act. Guiding spirits are Prince Alexander Hohenlohe and his sparkling glamor-gal wife, the former "Honeychile" Wilder, whose warm hospitality will make you feel at home in your first 2 minutes. You may visit the Club once, for \$23 to \$25 per person per day, including room, meals, wine, service, and taxes—but to return again, you must pay a life mem-

bership of \$1000. Sports and casual living during the sunlit hours, with lunch always a big buffet; brilliantly social evenings, with black-tie a requisite; rotation of dinner partners by place card nightly; no signing of tabs to remind the guest that mere money still exists. Season: June 1 to mid-October; main buildings closed at other times. Adjoining *Gasthaus*, simple in appointments; rates \$6 to \$8 per day; open all year. Advance reservations only; write direct to the handsome, urbane Director, Fred Meyer, at Club Mittersill, Mittersill, Austria. So different that it's a refreshment for any traveler from anywhere. Don't miss it!

Second is the splendidly restored, gloriously situated Hotel Schloss Itter, 30 minutes northwest of Kitzbühel in the direction of Innsbruck. Imposing medieval architecture, moated, turreted, and bastioned like an illustration from *Knights of the Round Table*; its dominant Alpine view is wonderful. Most rooms with bath and vista; tasteful baronial furnishings; cuisine such a special point that its top-ranking chef always prepares 5 elaborate choices of 4 separate courses; attractive Drum Bar; ski lift and Ski School; horses and sleighs. Every Thursday during the hunting months, a whole deer is grilled at an open-air gala which features Tyrolean music, yodeling, and either hot wine or beer as the temperature dictates. All-inclusive rates, full pension can be had as low as an amazing \$7.52 per person in season, or \$6.40 Off Season. (Closed from Oct. 15 to Dec. 20.) Here's one of the finest castle-hotels we've ever seen in Europe. If you're after beauty and tranquillity instead of social fireworks, don't miss this one, either. Reservations and inquiries: Proprietor Willi Woldreich, Hotel Schloss Itter, Itter (Tirol), Austria.

For other towns or villages, consult the Austrian State Tourist Department or your travel agent. Far too many for this limited space, sorry to say.

Prices won't make you catch your breath. A single room with 3 excellent meals in most top establishments runs from \$4 to \$8 per day. A double room with meals averages

\$10 to \$15. Shades of Paris, where broom-closet cubicles run \$12 per day without a ham sandwich!

Food Breakfast averages 40¢ to \$1; lunch and dinner, \$1.50 to \$4. With champagne and imported cognac you may run the latter up to \$6 or \$7. Wonderful food, too—steaks, chops, shellfish, fresh trout, the works—all delicately prepared and graciously served.

Warning: Any good Austrian flies into a trauma of acute bookkeeperitis whenever he picks up a pencil. Everything is charged separately in this literal-minded nation: you'll be individually billed for your bread by the slice, butter by the pat, rolls by the count—and that goes for the heat in your bedroom and the soda in your Scotch!

Restaurants *Vienna's* number one establishment is now unquestionably The Three Hussars (Zu Den Drei Husaren, Weihburggasse 4, about a block from the Krantz-Ambassador). Classic atmosphere; topflight international cuisine under the meticulous direction of aristocratic Egon von Fodermayer; smooth drinks by Anton; *dinner only*; closed mid-July through August; ask for Maître Hans; this charming, sophisticated old-timer will give you the most distinguished meal in Austria. Am Franziskanerplatz (Franziskanerplatz 6), which used to be in this same league, has changed management; while still better-than-average, we feel that it has gone off noticeably. St. Stephan (Graben, in Haas-Haus, W.I.), atop a small skyscraper in the center of town, has a luxurious tone, a subdued modern décor, polished service, and a good view. Penthouse café above restaurant for tea, cakes, coffee, and snacks. First rank throughout. Kerzenstüberl (Habsburgergasse 6-8), a dignified old-timer with a fine international menu, rates plaudits for what it offers the conservative-minded visitor; mellow and quiet. Rôtisserie Coq d'Or (Führichgasse 1), conveniently located 2 blocks from the Sacher, is new, bright, modern-Swedish-rustic in tone, and medium-priced; chicken-on-the-spit, Fondue Bourguignonne, and escargots the specialties, but try the excellent

"Coq d'Or Spiesschen" *well done* (\$1.24) if you like your chicken livers and mushrooms rôti; choose the grill rather than the more formal dining room in back, especially when in a hurry; not The Three Hussars, but a worthy newcomer. Hochhaus-Terrassen (Herrengasse 6, W.I.), on the 13th to 15th floors of Vienna's second highest building, is modernistic, with plenty of glass and chrome. Go to the very top on a clear day and dine on the open balcony; vittles on the mass-production side, but the panorama is glorious. Zur Linde, the big, cheap, multirestaurant enterprise at Rotenturmstrasse 12, served such villainous fare on our last try that it is no longer recommended.

For local color, the municipally owned Wiener Rathauskeller (Rathausplatz, in City Hall, W.I.) occupies a mammoth cellar; several dining rooms, including banquet hall for 2500 and wine restaurant with a 70-thousand-liter barrel; 64 dishes always ready. Shouldn't be missed by any first-timer. The more intimate and charming little Zum Weissen Rauchfangkehrer (Rauhensteingasse 2) is a favorite of actors, artists, and journalists. Classic German décor, tinkling piano, friendly reception, terrific food for the price. Closed Sundays, all of July and August, and many holidays. The Griechenbeisl (Fleischmarkt 11, W.I.), where the Olde Taverne atmosphere has been laid on with a trowel, is larger, noisier, and poorly ventilated; what they served us was atrocious.

Our top recent discovery is a delightful open-air garden called Balkan Grill (Brunnengasse 13, about 10 minutes from the center)—perfect for a mild summer's evening. One side is a roofed dining-pavilion, gaily decorated in Balkan style; the other is a garden, with a kiosk-like open kitchen in its center where the chef frantically bastes a dozen twirling chickens. Trees, hanging lights, waiters in Bosnian costumes; violin, bass fiddle, and timbal; try goose liver with apples first, then chicken-on-the-spit or Siš-kebab à la Jenghiz Khan—delicious! We'd call this one a real find.

On the goulash circuit, readers tell us that Csardasfürstin (Schwarzenbergstrasse 2) has gone down; we don't know,

because we didn't have time even to look cockeyed at it on our latest swing.

Sunny weather? Drive out for 30 minutes to the fabulously situated Kahlenberg, perched on a mountaintop in the Vienna Woods; from its colossal East Veranda and dining-terrace, the city, the Danube, and a large slice of Czechoslovakia are at your feet. Accommodations for 2000 guests; open every day; meals from \$1 to \$3. *Life*, always picture-minded, astonished us by touting it as "one of the greatest restaurants of Europe"; the photographers must have brought their own lunch bucket when they shot that glorious view, because everything we've ever eaten here has reminded us of G.I. Mess or hospital cookery; in spite of the institutional-tasting fare, however, a *must* if the sun is shining. Hübner's Cobenzl, closer to town on the same route, disappointed us miserably recently, and we now don't recommend it at all.

The Viennese coffee houses, one of Austria's greatest traditions, are fast waning from the onslaught of the brash, Nedick-style café-espreso bars which have crept up from Italy. Among the best bets still left are the old-style Bastei and Rebhuhn.

But the legendary "Konditoreien" ("confection shops," for want of a better word) are still rolling along merrily, thanks to Allah. Emperor of this realm is wonderful old Demel (Kohlmarkt 14, W.I.), where grateful citizenry have been stuffing themselves cross-eyed since A.D. 1813. If you enjoy things like aspics, cookies, iced juices, chocolate puffs overflowing with Chantilly, and Viennese coffee (black coffee, sugar, and hot milk stirred into a king-sized cup, topped by great globs of whipped cream), tie one hand behind your back before crossing this threshold; otherwise you'll positively bust. Open every day, but poor selection on Sundays; ask for the English-speaking Mrs. Maria Mosch; recommended pantingly, with our tongues slapping our chests. Other outstanding examples are Lehmann, Heiner, and Gerstner-Köberl—none of them quite up to that delicious, dee-lightful Demel.

Finally, Vienna is famous for its "Heurige"—the "new-wine" or "fresh-wine" gardens. If you're within a hundred miles of the capital on November 11, here's *the* place to scoot for—because this is the official Tasting Day for the year's crop. The most celebrated of these establishments are in Grinzing, 15 or 25 minutes by taxi. Look for the garland of pine twigs and vine leaves over the door, and bring your own cold meat, butter, cheese, and bread, if you wish to follow the local custom. Or try their old-time specialty, if you can find it in this less-enlightened era—Backhendl, which is very young, milk-fed chicken, breaded in a unique way. Typical, sound examples are Kurtz-Leopold-Mannhardt at Cobenzlgasse 15 (the oldest in Grinzing; don't miss the cellar), the family-corner-tavern-style Dr. Franz Hengl a few steps down the street, the rough-and-ready Altes Haus Rode (next door to Dr. Hengl), the new Setzger (Backhendlstation), and Franz Mayer Pfarrplatz. All are shut down intermittently, whenever the barrels run out; light buffet and wine only, with no spirits or beer.

Der Dritte Mann ("The Third Man"), at Sieveringerstrasse 173, is not—repeat, *not*—recommended by this *Guide*, in spite of the featured zither playing of Anton Karas. In attempting to cash in on the film of the same name, Karas built what impresses us as a brash, cornball imitation of the traditional wine garden—and, if we ever saw a joint calculated to fleece innocent lambs, this is it. As a small sample, one of the musicians literally blocked the door, stuck his hand out, and refused to let us leave before we had forked over a fat tip. The suckers from Yokum Hollow might like this trap, but it's never again for us.

In *Salzburg*, the Peterskeller is the traditional show place, but I found the food unappetizing and indifferent. The Winkler (May to Nov. only) has a dramatic mountain setting, but it could also use some new talent in the kitchen; go for coffee, liqueurs, and dancing instead. My favorite family-style place, Franz Powondra (Linzergasse 20), isn't fancy; it's simple but charming, and the food is just about the best in town. Try the "Farmer Plate" for 77¢—typical and

excellent. Ask for either Erna or Hilde, sweet young Austrian lassies who speak fine English. You can get fat here for one American dollar or slightly more. Expect to wait for your table, in season.

Zum Eulenspiegel (Hagenauerplatz 2), in the fifteenth-century city gatehouse, has 3 floors, sophisticated tavern-type decorations, and good but not outstanding cuisine; jokes and proverbs on walls so earthy that I hope your German is academic rather than colloquial; expensive; closed Thursdays in winter. Festungsrestaurant in the Festung (castle) and Stieglkeller (Festungsgasse 10) are more famous for their folk dancing (summer only) than for their groceries; check with your concierge first, because on some evenings nothing happens; the latter spot, designed vaguely like the inside of a beer barrel, is the only place we've ever found where the purple-faced customer climbs 5 flights of stairs to get to the cellar. The Augustinerbräustüberl (Augustinergasse 4), a mammoth, old-fashioned beer hall and garden which can handle 2000 merrymakers without blowing off the suds, is almost unknown to foreigners; self-service throughout. Personnel about as lunkheaded as Mortimer Snerd, with practically nobody caring a hoot; colorful and amusing, in spite of the oafs in attendance.

Hellbrunn Castle, about \$1 by taxi from the center, offers practical jokes and squirt tricks with its famous fountains, delicious Châteaubriand, and an accordion player who knows picturesque Tyrolean folk music like "Deep in the Heart of Texas"; average dinner, \$2 to \$3. Weisses Kreuz has good Balkan dishes—and the irritating feeling that they're rushing the hell out of you. Est-Est-Est, with Italian fare, was a disappointment last time. We haven't yet tried the Salzachkeller in the Hotel Oesterreichischer Hof.

The Goldener Hirsch has far-and-away the outstanding hotel kitchen of Salzburg. Uniformly excellent; better than most of the restaurants, in fact. At the Bristol, try the mouth-watering General McChrystal Special Charcoal Grilled Steak Platter (the owner's private recipe), or the Icy Traun Fresh Trout—both scrumptious!

In *Innsbruck*, my leading choice is still the *Stiftskeller*; even though the cavernous, stiff, high-ceilinged main rooms are being rebuilt and redecorated, go straight to the *Bürgerstube* or the open terrace. My most recent steak was delicious (97¢). If adventurous, try the red-hot *Paprika Hatschec*, a combustible liquid of Hungarian origin with the flash point and chemical characteristics of napalm. Grasp both ears firmly before you sip it, because they'll spin like propellers if you don't. *Breinössl* is a big, straightforward restaurant, espresso bar, and summer garden which many visitors enjoy; music hall with evening performances in German; food pretty fair. *Altes Haus Delevo* is a Quaint-y Inn-y type which was built with both eyes cocked on the tourist trade; 5 rooms on 2 floors; Balkan grills the specialty; prices on the high side, and cuisine above average; pleasant.

The *Hochhaus*, crowning *Innsbruck*'s tallest skyscraper, shouldn't be missed for its fabulous view of the brooding mountain range and the town. In the 9th-floor, glass-walled penthouse, you can sip your midmorning coffee or 5 o'clock tea; on the 7th floor you can dine (cooking only middling) and dance (open terrace in summer). Definitely worth a visit, if only for 5 minutes and a short beer.

The *Wilder Mann* in *Lans* (4 miles out) has brought an enthusiastic salute from friendly Californian readers. Tyrolean motif; hunting-lodge room; fare reported to be simple, regional, and fine; moderate prices; no chichi. We'll try it on the next go-round.

In spite of its 600 years of continuous operation and its sentimental associations with Goethe, the cooking odors of the famous *Goldener Adler* were so strong that my party got only to the top of the stairs before beating a hasty retreat; the food smells clung to our clothing for some hours afterward. Probably the food is still good; judging by the assortment of aromas, they certainly must have a king-sized menu these days.

Among the hotels, the *Tyrol's* dining room is indeed satisfactory—but the *Europastüberl* (separate entrance around the corner from the *Europa*) is so decidedly superior that it's

probably the best in the city. The fodder at the Maria Theresia doesn't appeal too much to us, although the bar is attractive and popular; we're no longer fond of eating at the Hellenstainer, either.

For restaurants in other cities, check with the State Tourist Department or your concierge. Incidentally, the Konditorei Zauner in Bad Ischl rivals Vienna's Demel as the most tempting *confiserie* of the civilized world.

Night Clubs In *Vienna*, Moulin Rouge (Walfischgasse 1, W.I.) is Austria's modest answer to the Latin Quarter, the Lido, and Pigalle. Wine only at ringside level, whisky available on balcony; 2 fast, well-costumed shows nightly, with excellent imported talent; cozy, sexy bar adjoining, where the action starts late; 15 to 18 hostesses, all housebound until 6 A.M.; high prices; add up all checks carefully; ask for Fred. Best cabaret in the city. Casanova (Dorotheergasse 6, W.I.) is next, with a smaller show, a sleazier atmosphere, and fewer bar babes. Monseigneur-Bar (Führichgasse 3, W.I.), with Hungarian music and a rococo, schmaltzy-romantic atmosphere, is dull if empty but great fun if the crowd is lively; Patron Koczé Antal, who sometimes plays interminably, is billed as "King of the Gypsies"; no cover, no minimum, Scotch about \$1.25 for a flea's-eye portion. Recommended. Eden-Bar (Liliengasse 2) used to be the Minor League Stork Club or El Morocco of this capital, but its tone and its fun seem to have deteriorated from a couple of years ago—possibly because lovely Liane (Vanguard Records), the owner, isn't there enough now, and isn't paying sufficient attention to its operation. Still pleasant for a casual drink and dance, however; no pickups; closed Sundays from May to July, and various holidays. Renaissance-Bar, around the corner at Singerstrasse 9, is a cozy drop-in spot with barmaids, a tiny orchestra, and a friendly ambiance; not extraordinary. For German-speaking night owls, the Marietta Bar offers renowned cabaret singers Luise Martini and Gerhard Bronner, with their clever commentaries on human frailties and recent news events; witty if you understand, dull if you don't. We

haven't gotten around to the new, baroque Kaiser Bar on Krugerstrasse, or the older Splendid Bar; reports are favorable. Lido-Maxim (Rauhensteingasse 8) has cute Montmartre-style decorations, cute showgirls, and billboard advertising of undraped cuties which admonishes Vienna's good burghers to "Bring The Family"!!!—but the workmanlike clip-joint reception I got from the hungry characters in this place was the most un-cute I've ever run across in Vienna. Off my list forever, in spades.

Jazz hounds? Fatty George's long run at Tabarin was so successful that he has just purchased Casino Oriental (Petersplatz 1), renovated it in Mississippi-riverboat style, and reopened it to the accompaniment of his white-hot Dixieland band. Teen-age clientele predominates, of course; best of its type in Vienna. Tabarin (Annagasse 3) is still a barnlike dance hall which now usually features the vibrant tones of All Fat Edwards, the great colored singer. Modest prices; 19¢ door charge; also full of youngsters who would rather dance than eat. Adebar, next door, is an existentialist gin mill with bamboo, smoke, heat, perspiration, art exhibitions, 36¢ beer, and youthful jitterbuggers; fun, as long as you're sure that you're in the mood.

Opium Höhle (Habsburggasse 4) is a rugged, lowdown cellar joint For Gents Only. Stuffy ventilation, tiny drinks, and burlesque-pit music; occasional solos by "dancers" whose gold dental artistry often outglitters their sagging undraped bosoms; décor faintly reminiscent, to us, of High Chinese Bordello, circa the Wan Hong Crooked Period of the Tartar philosophers. Main room, illuminated by what seems to be 1-watt light bulbs, charges standard prices; adjoining Champagne Room (minimum: \$12) is so much darker that the customers are obliged to put aside their newspapers for concentration on more sociable activities, such as games involving digital skills. Go about 11:30 P.M., and leave your wife in the hotel with a copy of Henry Miller. Interesting as a curiosity only.

In *Salzburg*, there's now gambling at the plush Casino Salzburg. Formerly a U.S. Army Service Club, it's not yet

Monte Carlo, but the national syndicate has done it well. Handsome furnishings; 5 roulette and 1 baccarat tables; slot machines; dancing every evening in the pleasant bar; always open from 7 P.M. to 2 A.M. (4 A.M. on week ends) except on Christmas Eve and religious holidays. *Remember to take along your passport*; otherwise, you won't be admitted. No entrance fee.

The Winkler restaurant (not to be confused with the hotel), atop the cliff by special elevator, offers dancing on its lovely terrace, in its suave Boccaccio Bar, and in its Arabic-style Tabaris room. Not so hot for dinner, but fine for later. The Vis-à-Vis, built and operated by the Goldener Hirsch's Countess Walderdorff, is mecca of the socialites. Artful décor with lighting which flatters the hell out of anybody under 103; sweet bar with cowbell lamps; big fireplace for chilly weather; tiny dance floor and good music from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M.; 6 light dishes or sandwiches only, all house specialties. Closed Tuesdays; ask for celebrated Steve. The Casino Alm in Tal, a few minutes from the center, is a miniature 5-ring circus. The front building is a bowling alley; to the rear, there's a rustic, cheerful night club designed like the interior of a mountain hut, with socks and underdrawers "drying" from the ceiling, candle-lit tables, a zippy little band, and a lively crowd. Owner Fallenegger also offers swimming (day and night), tennis (day and night), mini-golf (day), table tennis (day and night), steeplechasing (day), and a surprisingly energetic smile (day and night). Amusing.

Casanova is seedy, second-rate Broadway with Austrian rural overtones; not recommended. Imbergkeller, formerly Capriccio, is tolerable for a quickie. Cocktail Club and Tabaris are closed. We haven't seen the new Winkler-Alm, said to be on the style of Casino Alm in Tal. Finally, if you tire of the noise and smoke and clatter, the wonderful old Café Bazar (the coffeehouse opposite Lanz, at the bridge), with its marble tables, newspaper racks, and serene dignity, will give solace and balm to your soul. The venerable Tomawelt (Alter Markt) and the bustling modern Glockenspiel (Mozartplatz) are popular runners-up.

In *Innsbruck*, the Keller (cellar, not the terrace) of the Greifkeller has crazy Tyrolean ceilings, cow-stall booths, tavern-type bar; tiny dance floor, 2-piece band, occasional entertainment on Saturdays in season; go after 11 P.M. and reserve in advance; can be fun. In summer only, the Maria Theresia ballroom (not cellar this time) features about 20 costumed yodeling yokels who dance the *Schuhplattler*—that body-patting, clapping, self-slapping gyration so characteristic of the region. There's also a cellar enterprise in this hotel which is popular with townsfolk for goulash and beer; ear-splitting brass band leads off the din; tough and cheap. The Breinössl often offers the same type of gymnastic terpsichore in its huge open garden. The Hofgarten, in the Park, has agreeable terrace-dancing in summer and moves into sterile, brash, typical honky-tonk-style quarters in the winter; some men wear sweaters, some girls slacks; average but worth a look. Stadtsäle, where the dance girls could easily have been entered in the Seventh Race at Jamaica, has closed. The dancing at the Hochhaus has been mentioned in "Restaurants"; the Maria Theresia owners are slowly redoing the Schindler Bar, and it's about time.

For other cities, here's a quick check list: *St. Anton*: (1) Hotel Post, (2) Hotel Arlberg. *Badgastein*: (1) Wührer Bar, (2) Grand Hotel de l'Europe Bar, (3) Hotel Bellevue. *Kitzbühel*: (1) Goldene Gams (best band, biggest floor, attractive bar), (2) Sportklause at the Goldener Greif, (3) Praxmair, (4) Weisses Rössl, (5) Alte Kitz. *Zürs*: (1) Zürserhof, (2) Edelweiss, (3) Alpenrose, (4) Flexen Hotel. *Seefeld*: (1) Karwendekeller, (2) Eden Bar. *Linz*: (1) Central Bar, (2) Metropol Bar, (3) Chat Noir. *Graz*: (1) Barock Bar, (2) Kabaret Kärntnerhof, (3) Ring Bar, (4) Triumph Bar.

In smaller towns, ask the concierge of your hotel.

Gambling casinos? Salzburg's is already mentioned; the same fine chain also operates in Badgastein, Kitzbühel, Velden am Wörthersee, Baden bei Wien, and Seeboden (brand-new). Take your passport!

Feminine companionship? Plenty. They cluster like pigeons in their favorite places (your concierge will steer

you). Generally, they're at selected cafés between 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. or in the night-club bars later. The streets of Vienna are loaded—positively loaded!—with them around midnight. The average gift they expect is about \$8. Major Austrian cities have licensed bordellos (2 in Salzburg and 2 in Innsbruck, for example); see any taxi driver or porter.

►TIP: "Bar" has 2 interpretations in Austria: (1) saloon-style, like the American corner tavern, and (2) dancing place with music, like the U.S. night club.

Taxis Many new cars these days; the stately, majestic relics of prewar nostalgia are almost gone, sad to say. The drivers in Vienna are especially courtly, and their prices are fair.

But unless you're either stony-drunk or paraplegic, never take a taxi in either Innsbruck or Salzburg. The chauffeurs have banded together to outlaw the installation of meters; as a result, you'll pay about 58¢ for a 3-block ride and about 77¢ for 6 blocks. Absolutely outrageous; strictly for suckers or invalids.

Trains Good tidings: the new *Wiener Walzer Express* (sleeping cars available) and the new *Transalpine Express* (daylight passage) cut the running times between Vienna-Zürich and Vienna-Basle, respectively, by at least 4 hours; the new *Mediolanum*, a De luxe operation connecting Munich with Milan, now saves proportionate time on the Kufstein-Innsbruck-Brenner Pass route.

These, with the famed *Orient Express* (75 years old last June!), *Arlberg Express*, *Rome-Vienna Express*, and a couple of other crack trains, are comfortable. All of them have sleepers and dining facilities; all serve drinks. The modern auto-rail cars like the air-conditioned *Blaue Blitz* are good, too. But be careful about local runs, because on some of them you'll still feel as though you've been given, for a few groschen, Lesson One in the Art of Riding the Rods.

And don't forget Austria is included in that new travel bargain, the "Eurailpass" (see page 125).

►**TIP:** If in doubt, before boarding always check *what kind* of diner is carried (regular or buffet car) and *between what points* it runs. Otherwise, through ignorance, you might be disappointed or starved.

Airline With a tremendous initial boost from Scandinavian Airlines System, Austrian Airlines (AUA) commenced operations on April 1, 1958. SAS technicians, procedures, and personnel gave it its start; now it is being reorganized, under local ownership and direction.

The fleet is still modest: a handful of chartered Viscounts. Current routes fan out from Vienna to London, Manchester, Paris, Zürich, Hamburg, Frankfurt am Main, Stuttgart, Rome, Warsaw, Moscow, Belgrade, and Sofia. The Schwechat Airport (Vienna) will soon sport refurbished terminal facilities and runways long enough to service any commercial jet in the air.

We haven't yet flown AUA—but since SAS handled its accouchement and weaning, it should be excellent in every respect.

Laundry Your week's wash will cost you 90 schillings in most places—which totals a fast \$3.49. Give the bundle to your chambermaid; she'll have it back in 1 to 2 days, nicely done. Should you want extra-fast service, slip her a banknote—and the suds will start flying while you stand by.

Drinks Wines are your best bet. There is a great variety of each, some deserving a better reputation than the Beebes and the Schoonmakers give them in the States. The 1947 vintage is a collector's item. Prices average from \$1 to \$2 per bottle and from 20¢ to 40¢ for a fourth of a liter.

While Klosterneuburger is perhaps the best white wine, if you stick to a brand with the equally jaw-cracking name of Gumpoldskirchner (available in most places), you'll always be safe—and very probably pleased. Think of "gum," then of "leopard"; with these in mind, it will stand out on the wine list. Other dependable and sound labels are Kremser, Dürnsteiner, Hohenwarther, and Nussberger. The finest red wine

I've tasted is Vöslauer; red wines from Baden are most often superb.

Of the beers, Gösser Bräu is a rich brew made in Styria. It's full-bodied and fine; choice of light or dark. Schwechater is tops in Vienna. Price: about 15¢ per glass.

With one notable exception, imported potables are expensive. By the drink, Scotch averages 70¢, manhattans 60¢, and Martinis 55¢. Scotch runs about \$8 per bottle in most places; bourbon and rye are very scarce. The happiest bargain is Beefeater gin—imported in bulk from England under a new arrangement and bottled in Austria for the amazing price of under \$2. In Vienna, you can find it on the Opera Square (near Cook's and Hotel Bristol), or at almost any other popular spirits store. Other foreign supplies are limited, and there's practically no choice of brands. Strictly for nickel-plated gullets, there's a local rum which puts life in afternoon tea, a "club whisky" which will lift the hat right off your head, and a schnapps which you'll find still delicately flaked with enamel from the bathtub. If you have \$2.20 to spend, and can take it like W. C. Fields, there's also the local plum brandy or slivovitz. Enzian is another brandy, distilled from the roots of the tall yellow (not blue) gentian. Verdict: at some indeterminate point between (1) mildly repugnant, (2) actively repulsive, and (3) totally unswallowable. Finally, Bowle is a delicious summer punch made of cognac, white wine, champagne or curacao, and fresh fruits; served from a bowl at about 35¢ per glass.

► **TIP:** When you order a Martini, be sure always to specify "Beefeater" (cheaper) or "Gordon's"; Austrian gin is best applied to arrest baldness.

Cigarettes Look for the establishments called "Spezialitätenträfik," now in all big centers; you can buy Camels, Philip Morris, and Old Golds at about 35¢ per pack at any of these. Locally, there are 4 types: oriental (Memphis at 40¢), American imitations (Jonny at 30¢, Old Splendor at 40¢), Virginia (British-style), and ladies' specials (10 red-tipped Astor, cute gifts, at 23¢).

Sports Skiing and mountain climbing lead the field. Any native over 3 who isn't expert at both is definitely a spy from the Sahara, Monte Carlo, or Moscow.

Most famous mecca of the birch-and-beeswax guild is Hannes Schneider's school at St. Anton, where trains from Switzerland make a special stop. Reams of publicity are ground out annually about this center; it is known all over the world, and will remain worthy of any sportsman's attention despite the recent demise of its founder.

But many Americans feel that Kitzbühel offers better all-around skiing and more fun, at prices which are bargain-basement in comparison. They find the slopes more versatile—easier ones for novices and flashier ones for speedsters.

Zürs, with its younger, wealthier clientele, is most animated after dark. Lech, like Zürs, has everything from *Idiotenhäng* ("Slopes for Idiots") to racing runs. Seefeld is especially happy for beginners. No matter which you choose, it'll be superb. You can't go wrong on any of these (if a broken arm or busted skull isn't counted, that is).

Austria is an elysium for sports. You'll find swimming, hiking, boating, fishing, skating, tennis, golf, bobsledding, the works. You'll also find some of the best shooting on the Continent (boar, roebuck, chamois, game birds, and many others). Consult the Austrian State Tourist Department about places, prices, licenses, and seasons.

Things to See Enough to keep the tourist busy for a year. In Vienna, your primary targets will probably be (1) a tour of the Ringstrasse, the famous boulevard circling the city, (2) a ride through the woods immortalized by Johann Strauss, and (3) for tradition only, a look at the not-so-blue Danube. Then you might try (1) a performance at the ultimate glory of this world music capital, the marvelous new Opera House (closed July and Aug.; 200 seats per performance allotted to local travel agents for foreign visitors), (2) the eye-popping Spanish Riding School (precision horse-training rehearsals every weekday morning for the fabulous full-dress Sunday morning show—don't miss it!), (3) the

venerable and impressive St. Stephen's Cathedral, (4) Schönbrunn Palace (ancient summer castle of the double-eagle monarchy), (5) the Brueghel exhibition, (6) the Secular and Ecclesiastical Treasure Rooms, opened in '55 in the Hofburg, where the crown jewels and other knickknacks are on opulent display. As a bonus, cruises on the Danube have now been resumed (see below). Plenty of first-rate art galleries, museums, and other Baedeker attractions in and around this center—but remember that music, especially opera and more especially Mozart, is the staff of life to any good Viennese. See the Austrian State Tourist Department or City Tourist Office for sightseeing times, routes, and costs.

A ride on the Danube? (1) Daily passenger service from the German frontier to Vienna was finally restored in '59—and it's a delightful experience to climb aboard at Passau for the 7:45 A.M. sailing, lunch after the noon stop at Linz, dine in the lingering sunset on the river, and slip into the capital at 8:30 P.M. If this haul is too long for your tastes, both the *Franz Schubert* and the *Schoenbrunn* may be boarded around midday at the railway hub of Linz. Should your car present a problem, a professional chauffeur is on tap to "pilot" it from Passau to Linz for \$7.14, or from Passau to Vienna for \$15.47. Staterooms available; ample restaurant and bar facilities; moderate prices; more beguiling than the Rhine excursion, because it's not so cut-and-dried. (2) From Vienna, you may sail up to Linz, overnight in the agreeable Parkhotel there, and return the following day in time for a late dinner. (3) Special moonlight cruises (Vienna to Vienna) are sometimes promoted, too. Incidentally, the above services are operated *from May to October only*.

Salzburg? In addition to the many classic-type attractions like Mozart's birthplace and the Mozart Museum, be sure to visit the enchanting Salzburg Marionette Theatre—probably the best-known company of its kind on the boards today. For kids from 5 to 90—definitely including me! This is the inaugural year, too, of the long-awaited new Salzburg Festivalhaus—which, like the Vienna State Opera House, promises to be the last word in theatrical accommodation.

Adjacent to the former building, this supermodern, 7-unit structure of steel, cement, and glass will contain 2155 seats—none of them more than 115 feet from the stage. Should be terrific. Finally, in springtime and September, Palace Concerts are scheduled, as well.

Now, in quick summary, here is my rating of outstanding attractions to the American traveler:

1. Vienna.
2. The drive over the Gross Glockner, which no visitor to Austria should miss.
3. Salzburg and surroundings.
4. The Danube cruise (see above).
5. The Salzkammergut lake country—Bad Ischl, Bad Aussee, Wolfgangsee, Traunsee, Mondsee, Hallstätter See, Gosausee. (New autobahn partially completed.)
6. Drive, by car or bus, from Bad Aussee through the Gesäuse, the narrowest part of the Enns Valley, and the Salza Valley to Mariazell; from there via the Seeberg to Graz, capital of Styria, branching off at Stainach-Irdning to Schladming-Ramsau, Austriahütte at the foot of the Dachstein Massif, and at Hieflau to Eisenerz with the famous Erzberg and Leopoldsteiner See.
7. If in winter, any of these: Zürs and St. Anton am Arlberg; Obergurgl; Hochsölden; Igls; Seefeld; Kitzbühel; Zell am See; Saalbach; Badgastein; Hofgastein; the Radstadt region; Mallnitz.
8. For Alpine scenery in summer: Zell am See (cable railway to the Schmittenhöhe and its hotel at 6000 ft.), Salzkammergut lake district near Salzburg, and Badgastein; the remarkable Silvretta High Alpine Road and the Hochtannberg Road in Vorarlberg, among the most thrilling larger highways of Europe.
9. Ötztal, Ausserfern, Zillertal, and Achensee, all in the Tyrol.
10. Velden and Pörschach, both on Wörthersee in Carinthia.

11. The quiet, family-type resorts of Weissensee in Carinthia.

12. The Monastery of St. Florian (Bruckner organ) near Linz—if you like baroque monasteries; they deaden every bone in my body.

13. The Wachau excursion, covering delightful little Dürnstein and the noted monastery at Melk.

14. Semmering, the mountain health resort 3000 feet up—only a 2-hour drive from Vienna.

15. The Burgenland, 1 hour from Vienna, with its many castles, Neusiedler Lake, Haydn's resting place, and colorful inns with gypsy music.

Pamphlets on all of these regions are available at the usual sources, notably the Austrian State Tourist Department and the excellent local tourist offices. If Salzburg is one of your goals, the *Official Guide* (published by Karl Gordon Co.) is sold at most newsstands and is decidedly worth the modest 30¢ it costs.

Roads? Still frustrating for long-range driving. The Salzburg-Vienna highway will eventually be an autobahn, and an expressway is under construction over the Brenner Pass between Vienna and Italy. But don't count on making decent time between other points (notably on #N-1, the main line from the Swiss border), because the average arteries are narrow, traffic-choked, and loaded with curves.

Good service stations in practically every city, town, and hamlet. Gas runs about 56¢ per gallon.

Festivals The Vienna Festival starts the ball rolling; end of May to mid-June is the time, and the galaxy of operas, operettas, concerts, and plays is astounding, even in this capital of voraciously determined music lovers. Don't miss it if you're one of the clan, because it's among the best in the world.

The Salzburg Festival takes place later—from the latter part of July to the end of August—and while it is going on the visitor will feel as if he had set up a cot next to the Information Booth in Grand Central Station. From forecasts,

the crowds will be fantastic; *don't attempt to see it without confirmed reservations in advance.*

If you can't find space (as is probable), and if you're sufficiently desperate, write to the Landesreisebüro or the Stadtverkehrsbüro in Salzburg, either of which will try to find a private family with an extra pallet. I don't know why lodgings are always so frustrating and inadequate for guests who travel such distances for pleasure, but they have been this way since the days of Moses.

The Bregenz Festival (late July to mid-Aug.) features classic Austrian operettas performed on a special stage in Lake Constance. Increasingly popular; worth a visit if you can as much as toot "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on a harmonica.

The Graz Festivals are held from early June to early July; I've never heard them, but reports are pretty good.

Consult the State Tourist Department for further details about any of these.

Tipping The mysterious word "Trinkgeld" will pop up like the Old Man of the Sea on most of your Austrian bills. It means "tip"; it also means that an additional 10% slice has been carved from your bankroll. But this isn't enough, by present standards. Here is a rough guide of the *extra* gratuities which you, as an American, will be expected to give:

Waiter—10% extra (to the waiter who serves you, not the headwaiter), bartender—10% of drinks, maid—5 schillings, washroom attendant—1 schilling, taxi driver—10% to 15% of fare, theater usher—50 groschen or 1 schilling, doorman—1-3 schillings, porter and bellboy—1-5 schillings.

If someone gives you extra extra attention with an extra extra smile, you may wish to bump these up a notch or two.

Things to Buy Except for leather, lederhosen, and regional handicrafts, *Vienna* seems to offer the shopper the greatest variety, highest quality, and lowest prices—straight down the line.

In our opinion, 4 establishments have outstanding values for the average American visitors:

Petit point is the first yen of many trippers—and the J. Jolles Studios (Andreasgasse 6) gets our rousing vote as the national leader. It's a factory, with 40 designers, 6 painters, and more than 1000 home workers—so there's a 10% factory discount to all who come to the source. Everything imaginable in petit point can be found here, from crude, dirt-cheap gift souvenirs to exquisite works of art which carry 3122 stitches per square inch and 550 separate color shades. Mr. Jolles enjoys showing the whole process to his callers—and it's fascinating to see. This year's evening bags, styled for the U.S. market, are so especially attractive that they shouldn't be missed. Grand Prix winner at the Brussels World's Fair; highest recommendation.

E.M.S.—Eva Marie von Wunschheim's *atelier*—is also excellent. This gentle, elderly lady has a topflight international clientele. By appointment only; telephone 72 14 68.

A. E. Koechert (Neuer Markt 15, across from the taxi entrance of the Hotel Krantz-Ambassador) is worth the time of anyone who likes extraordinarily fine brooches, rings, clips, bracelets, necklaces, and original jewelry. Austrian handwork on precious metals and gems not only has its own unique flavor, but labor costs are so low that only Portugal can offer such comparatively modest price levels in this specialty. This particular shop, Crown Jewelers to the Imperial Court in the old days, is the number one of the capital. It's small, exclusive, and 100% reliable; rubies are the pet hobby of Wilfried, Gottfried, and Dietrich Koechert, the distinguished family team of proprietors, but there's a mouth-watering range of flowers, dogs, sunbursts, fish, and ferns in cut-crystal, precious stones, and brilliants from \$100 to \$150—characteristically Viennese, and stunning. Don't miss having a look.

Lanz (Kärntnerstrasse 10 in *Vienna* and Schwarzstrasse 4 in *Salzburg*) is internationally renowned for its sportswear and peasant designs—probably the most famous house in Europe of its type. The merchandise is dreamy. Dirndls (dress, separate blouse, apron) range from \$15 to \$20; you'll find cotton blouses with lace and silver buttons, hand-knitted

white cardigans, Salzburg jackets, hats, and scores of other things. Newest rage with Americans are their Lodencapes (black, white, colors), with silver buttons and velvet collar, from \$28 to \$38. But to me, the biggest eye-catchers are the sweet little dresses for girls from 1 to 14, at \$4 to \$12. In the Vienna shop, ask for the nice Mrs. Kendl.

Following these top 4 are:

Gebrüder Groh (Kärntnerstrasse 11) is an excellent Ham-macher-Schlemmer-type store; recommended.

Much-touted Wiener Porzellanfabrik Augarten (3 outlets: Stock-Im-Eisenplatz 3, Mariahilferstrasse 99, and the Schloss Augarten) has magnificent Spanish Riding School figurines, a few knockout dinner settings and other creations which interest us—but a great many of their patterns, speaking strictly personally, leave us lukewarm. Overrated?

Crystal? J. & L. Lobmeyr (Kärntnerstrasse 26) is the most elegant. For saving money, we like E. Bakalowits' Söhne (Spiegelgasse 3), the crystal-glass-porcelain center which did most of the chandeliers for the new Opera House and other key buildings. Good variety; ask for Mr. Prager.

Boutique with Viennese handicrafts? Elfi Müller & Co. (Kärntnerstrasse 53, opposite the Opera House) is a gem for hand-worked items—costume jewelry, accessories, music boxes, souvenirs, much more. Ask Mrs. Müller to show you *the* dress for which she's so famous; only \$21.50, and looks like lots more. Swell for traveling shop-hounds, U.S. Feminine Gender. For avant-garde handicrafts, house-furnishings, Werkstätten Karl Hagenauer (Opernring 21) is provocative; branch in Salzburg.

Wrought iron? Colorful Kunstschmiede Schmirler (Schönlaterngasse) makes everything in front of your eyes; old-fashioned and intriguing. Florist? Sädler (Opernring 13) leads the pack. Hand-knit skirts, jackets, and sweaters? Sykora & Tochter (Plankengasse 4). Leather goods? We think that there are better buys in Salzburg, but Popp & Kretschmer (opposite the Opera House), Carl Hiess (Kohlmarkt 12), and A. Förster (diagonally across the street from Hiess) are all worthy. Furs? Szilagyi (Suttnerplatz 2) is

okay, but Jovanovic (Weihburggasse 9) is so European in fashion-thinking that it didn't impress us much. Antiques? Always haggle—and always expect to beat them down about 10%. Johann Kern (Kohlmarkt 7) seemed especially promising; Marta Schreder (Petersplatz 4) and August Siedler (Kohlmarkt 3) also looked good.

Finally, don't forget the intriguing Dorotheum Auction. Open most of the year; special commodities on special days of the week; buyer's examination from 10 A.M. through morning; if you give a professional bidder your top figure, he'll work for you during the afternoon session for a 2% fee. Everything tagged with a starting price set by neutral experts; the rest is up to you. A treasure trove, if you hit it right.

Buying hours? Inside the "Ring," most stores are open all day—but outside establishments usually close from 12:30 P.M. or 1 P.M. to 2 P.M. Saturdays: 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. nearly everywhere.

In *Salzburg*, here are our 4 best bets:

Lederhosen, the colorful Austrian leather pants, are swell gifts, especially for young or teen-aged boys—niftier than blue jeans, and about 3 times as tough. A small, select specialist called Jahn-Markl (Residenzplatz 3) not only has the handsomest stock of these that we've seen anywhere (from \$3 for small fry, \$6.50 for teen-agers, and \$9 for grownups), but he also features a distinctive line of leather wearables (jackets, skirts, slip-ons, dresses, gloves, belts, etc.) in stag, steer, roebuck, chamois, calf, antelope, and gazelle. Complete regional outfits in traditional styles, too—with knockout original designs. There's a nice, friendly feeling about this ancient house, founded in the fifteenth century, thanks to Owner Irving Markl's eagerness to please. Prices ridiculously low for the values.

The Salzburger Heimatwerk (Residenzplatz, near Jahn-Markl) is the local handicrafts center. Fine in every respect.

Slezak (Markartplatz 8) has the best leather I've found in the nation—price considered. Beautiful attaché cases, luxurious leather-lined box-calf brief cases, opulent billfolds for men, stunning gloves in suede, goatskin, pigskin, and nappa

—super de luxe merchandise at sensible, down-to-earth tariffs. The large selection of ladies' handbags comes in just about every hide except boll weevil and Mandarin duck. Petit point galore, too—compacts, perfume bottles, the works. Mrs. Gertrude Michel is the charming proprietor; Miss Margaret, Miss Pepi and Mr. Tony, her trusted assistants, speak perfect English and take splendid care of their American clients. The perfect place for gifts, especially those terrific \$5 to \$10 billfolds. Highest recommendation. Bruder Frisch (opposite the Goldener Hirsch Hotel) has good suitcases, handbags, and alligator items, too—but we don't think they measure up to Slezak in most things, which is again a matter of opinion.

Last but far from least, wonderful Lanz is in Salzburg at the end of the main bridge (see *Vienna* shopping). Miss Lanz or Miss Hilde will take care of you in this one.

Is hunting your hobby? Sport & Waffen-Dschulnigg (Griesgasse 8) is Austria's most celebrated gunsmith; considerably under U.S. or British prices, and marvelous workmanship. Antiques? L. Schubert (Bürgerspitalgasse 2) came up with a student's drinking glass for which we'd been searching for days; very pleasant. Jewelry? Eligius Scheibl (Griesgasse 3). Candles of all varieties? Ferdinand Weber (Getreidegasse 3).

In *Innsbruck*, we found far slimmer pickings than in other centers; perhaps you'll disagree, but we feel that the shopping is comparatively poor here.

Tiroler Heimatwerk (Meranerstrasse 2) seems to be the only truly outstanding target. It's a handicrafts center, similar to the one in Salzburg. Recommended. In leather, Stocker Eck is the leader; Franz Frechinger (opposite the Maria Theresia) has some appealing all-silk umbrellas in leather cases for about \$15; Sporthaus Witting, with a slick front and rustic atmosphere, has improved.

Austrian items for men? Most males like the sport shirts (striking cotton jobs in checks and plaids at \$5—but get them a couple of sizes too large because they shrink!), hand-knit sweaters, native meerschaum pipes, pocketknives, leather

cigar and cigarette cases, and the wide variety of handmade hunting knives, rifles, and shotguns. Both sexes like cameras (new Rolleiflexes at \$185, or slightly more than in Germany), ski equipment, beer steins, and pewter mugs. The last 2 items range from \$4 to \$30 per set, and some can be bought that are several hundred years old.

► **TIP:** Petit point comes in 3 main grades. The best commercial grade has approximately 3000 stitches per square inch; the next best has approximately 1500; the poorest has approximately 750. Be sure to find out which one you're being offered before closing the deal—and buy it *only* in reputable establishments like Jolles in Vienna.

What Not to Buy Stay away from most locally produced shoes (Kitzbühel sports shoes excepted) and most locally produced wool fabrics. Both might be tempting to the tourist, but the styling just isn't there.

Men's suits and wool furnishings of Austrian-made materials aren't particularly good. Ski outfits are satisfactory, but street clothing is not.

All American mass-produced items (fountain pens and the like) have such monstrous import taxes slapped on them that their cost is far out of proportion to their value. Unless it's an emergency, you'll probably prefer to do without until you come home.

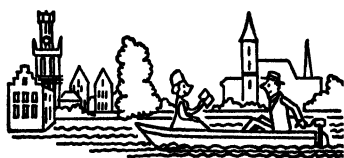
Most of the gimcracks marked "Souvenir of Hochland, High in the Edelweiss"—those little horrors for Uncle Charlie's mantel—are a miserable waste of money.

Local Rackets As far as I can discover, there are only 2 things to worry about. One is money: according to the Austrian National Bank, a flock of "good quality" counterfeit U.S. \$20 bills first popped up en masse in '56—and it wouldn't be surprising if some were still around. The second is the lower-grade night clubs, where you are practically asking for padded checks and other rudities too gloomy to mention. While on this subject, there's a rumor that the Soviet Intelligence has bought 5 night clubs in Vienna (as well as

others in Paris, Rome, and key cities) for use as Listening Posts. You'd be perfectly safe in visiting them, because the after-dark circuits are carefully policed—but, if you're the gent who designed the pocket-sized H-Bomb, don't tell that pretty hostess or those smoothies at the next table!

Petty rackets are growing up in places where there are enough U.S. tourists to make it worth while, but none of them have been particularly costly or particularly serious up to now.

In general, the Austrians are a simple, forthright, and honest people, to whom the trickery of some of their Latin neighbors is completely incomprehensible.



Belgium

Belgium is a tiny land—but a whale of a big nation. The size of the State of Maryland, it's the most densely populated country in Europe. Houses and railroads are as thick as a Lionel model village. From border to border, it's always as busy as Westchester County—but 2 years ago, as host to millions of World's Fair visitors, it *really* rocked.

France covers the west side; Luxembourg snuggles against the southern tip; Germany and the Netherlands split the east. England is only a hop, skip, and jump across the Channel (remember Dunkirk, just across the border?); that's one reason it's normally such a favorite of British tourists.

The Flemings are the Nawth'n Yankees; the Walloons are the Southern Cuhn'ls; Brussels, like Washington, is just about the only place they'll speak to each other. Although schooling in Flemish and French is compulsory everywhere, both groups use their own language, except in the capital—and there it's a case of who can talk loudest. You'll be interested in the striking contrast between these two peoples.

The 1958 Exhibition left one permanent mark on the nation—a network of high-speed roads which has revolutionized automotive travel in key areas. In the 2-year period preceding The Fair, reconstruction was so frantic that entire sections of landscape looked as if they'd been devastated by a tornado. As a result, Brussels blossomed into the most efficient *cit  automobiliste* in Europe, a city of speedways, cloverleaves, elevated bypasses, and concrete tunnels—designed by a Belgian who studied traffic engineering at Yale. A super-wide, divided expressway, reminiscent of the fastest turnpikes in America, was flung from the capital straight as a shot to Ostend and the coast. Splitting the western half of the country like a melon, it brought Bruges, Ghent, and other popular centers within ridiculously easy reach of the tourist. Don't expect a motorist's paradise everywhere, of course, because most main arteries are still unchanged (the Brussels-Antwerp-Dutch-border route is a prime example). But thanks to this one mighty spurt of effort, they're now far ahead of Switzerland, England, Austria, Italy, and various other lands.

Odd facts: Belgium is a constitutional, hereditary monarchy—but it is more democratic than most “democracies.” The Belgian colonial empire (Congo, Ruanda-Urundi) is 83 times the size of its motherland. Most Belgian roads have a parallel concrete band, exclusively for the 3-million bicyclists. Great Belgian painters include Rubens, Van Dyck, Memling, Van Eyck, Brueghel, and Jordaens; obscure Belgian musicians include Adolphe Sax, who spurred the design of the 6-inch earmuff by inventing the saxophone in 1844. One-fourth of the Belgian people have radios, one-sixth are studying in schools, and four-fifths are registered Roman Catholics. Shut your eyes, hold out your hand, and you'll think you're in western Oregon; the Belgian climate is an exact duplicate. And Belgium has more human beings per square mile than Rhode Island or any other state in our Union.

Cities Brussels is the place where you'll probably start. It's the center of government, industry, business, and culture. It's a city of tomorrow and a city of the past—1-million people, a fascinating hodgepodge of New York, Middletown, and a farmer's market of A.D. 900. Sparked by poets Pierre Louis Flouquet and Arthur Haulot, it is fast becoming the poetry center of our Western civilization; in September, it will again be the site of the World Poetry Biennial. A good airport, 3 railroad stations, plenty of excellent hotels, restaurants, movies, and shops. The place is practically crawling with history.

Antwerp (Anvers) is one of the greatest ports on the European continent—yet it's 54 miles from the smell of salt water. The Scheldt River is the answer: 50-thousand barges and 12-thousand ocean ships tie up to the 30 miles of docks every year. Flemish is the regional language; excellent accommodations; rather dull, commercial atmosphere in contrast to the life and gaiety of Brussels.

Liège, close to the German border, is 3rd in rank. Here's the pivot of Belgium's heavy industry; the legendary Herstal shotgun plant (contact the local Tourist Office to visit it) is also in this city. The panorama from the Cointe is particularly worth seeing. Liège folk have been known for generations for their special brand of friendly hospitality.

Bruges, medieval city now about 1 hour from the capital, is the favorite of most Americans. If you're in Belgium on the first Monday following the 2nd of May, here is the place to be: the world-famous Procession of the Holy Blood is something which should not be missed. The ancient architecture is intact; no one can build a new chicken coop unless it adheres to the Flemish style. Handmade lace, and the wonderful little local pastries are the industries of greatest interest to the tourist. A pleasant thing to do is to hire a little boat and laze along the canals at random. It's a delightful town; a visit is highly recommended.

Ghent is almost as charming and almost as beautiful—but not quite. This is a favorite with Americans, too.

Ostend, very Flemish in architecture and in feeling, is one of

Belgium's most famous seacoast resorts. On the new super-highway from Brussels, you can stop at Bruges and Ghent, and then breeze up here in practically nothing flat. The Kursaal, completed in '53, is among the world's handsomest gambling casinos (more about this on page 205).

Bastogne, way down in the Ardennes Forest, is now officially known—believe it or not—as “The Nuts City.” General McAuliffe's classic utterance (it was actually a ruder and more pungent word!) is something that the nation can't forget. Site of the magnificent Mardasson Monument, dedicated to American troops lost in the Battle of the Bulge. Dull town but fine memorial.

Namur (prettiest girls!), Dinant, and the pastoral Meuse Valley offer an especially pleasant answer to the traveler in search of peace.

Money and Prices The Belgian franc is the medium of exchange. Officially it's worth about 2¢. The smaller unit is the centime; figure 100 of these to 1 franc.

Exact price levels this year are unpredictable—but you can count on the fact that they'll be high. During the '58 Exposition, they rose so scandalously that they gave Belgian tourism a black eye all over the world. As one sample, the New York Chapter of the mighty American Society of Travel Agents registered a blanket protest to the Belgian Government about “the excessive hotel rates” and “the over-all overcharging” then experienced by travelers. In answer, the authorities clamped down in an all-out campaign to reduce rates—but like most campaigns of this nature, so much damage had already been done that the benefits were only semieffective.

Undoubtedly '60 will be cheaper than the peak “Expo” year—although by how much, no one knows. We'd suggest that you be prepared to spend about as much as you do in France.

Languages Don't worry. British tourists have these people trained to a fare-thee-well. Practically all the hotel, restaurant, shop, taxi, and railway people have a good working knowl-

edge of English. If your French is fair, practice it; Flemish (a Dutch dialect which sounds like Dutch, alas!) and French are the official tongues.

Attitude toward Tourists The Commissariat Général au Tourisme, Central Station, Brussels, is the official tourist office. Under the aegis of Arthur Haulot, General Commissioner, this organization does a splendid job for the American visitor. M. Haulot has had years of fruitful experience in this field, and he is personally responsible for the universal tourist-mindedness among the people of his friendly nation. Jean Gyory, his Public Relations Officer, is an ex-newspaperman and ex-editor who also has outstanding charm and abilities. Both of these likable gentlemen speak perfect English. If you have any special (not routine) problems, drop in for a chat with either—and you'll get instant and sympathetic attention. Before leaving New York, it might also be wise to check your itinerary with M. Haulot's metropolitan branch, the Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue. Director DeMaerel and Tourist Adviser Mrs. Nadine de Bary are both walking encyclopedias of travel lore on the lanes and by-lanes of their nation.

People Friendly, kindly, industrious, volatile; sometimes too eager to separate you and your francs (but who isn't?); unlike the French, the overwhelming majority is intensely pro-American; great travelers; highest wage-earners in Europe; warmly hospitable after friendships are definite, but inclined to stand off and look over the stranger first; good businessmen, good cooks, unreliable automobile drivers; they gesture more lavishly, scream at each other louder, and are generally more excitable—but more dependable—than their French neighbors.

Customs and Immigration Excellent. Courteous, friendly, and highly efficient. They are most interested in cigarettes (400 maximum), spirits (1 bottle will get by), wine, and perfume. Champagne is death; an American friend had to force down 2 quarts in 2 hours on the Paris-Brussels ex-

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press, just to avoid the high duty—and he doesn't recommend this type of thrift, now that he has tried it. They won't bother your personal supply of 1 or 2 bottles of perfume, provided that they have been opened. But they *can* slap a \$4 fee on your U.S.-bound gifts, if they wish to be technical—which seldom happens, thank goodness.

Visas None necessary up to 2 months, but if your visit exceeds 60 days, *you must go out of the country to a foreign Belgian Consulate for renewal*. Should you be caught one minute after expiration, the Government might be persuaded to issue you a "Feuille de Route"—a temporary extension and a jail term if you're not out by then. Check the nearest Consulate for details.

Hotels The standard hotels are clean, impersonal, and efficient. Prices? Still comparatively high. A double room (no meals or extras) at a good metropolitan address will run between \$10 and \$20 this year.

In Brussels, here are our personal ratings of the best, in descending order: (1) Palace, (2) Plaza, (3) Amigo, (4) Métropole, (5) Atlanta, (6) Grand, and (7) Astoria. We haven't inspected the Mayfair Residential Hotel (see comment below). The Siru has impressed us not at all since former-Director Seydel and his American wife left some time ago; it is no longer recommended. Neither do we like the Albert I, its service, or the attitude of its staff.

The Palace is the headquarters of the famous chain called Les Grands Hôtels Européens and the permanent base of M. Georges Marquet, the celebrated Director-General of this corporate empire. Redecorated and refurbished from cellar to roof; every room with private bath; excellent food and service; best bar in the capital, with Jackie its elfin panjandrum; new beauty parlor and barbershop facilities. Try to get a room on the Park, not on the Square; Suite #365, at about \$30 per day, is tops for Bradco Oil coupon clippers who want their bourbon chilled in a private refrigerator. Manager A. Delière's knowing touch is apparent everywhere. Pacesetter of the nation.

The Plaza, also face-lifted throughout, is older-style, tranquil, and attractive; all private baths, central location; very sound, but not up to the Palace. The new Amigo, just behind the City Hall, is the latest entry to the De luxe ranks. Austere flagstone lobby and Seville-style bar in contrived Belgian-Spanish mélange; all 200 rooms (10 of 'em suites) with bath *or* shower, plus radio; accommodations pleasant but cramped, with some singles almost shoe-boxy at \$11 per day; radiant-heated bathrooms, automatic awakening alarms, other innovations; when this house outgrows its early teething pains, it should be an agreeable and attractive operation—but somewhat overpriced for its value? The Métropole, on our most recent visit, left us with the feeling that it has gone off to a noticeable degree; we found it more commercial and more Don't Care than ever before. Adequate cuisine, 550 rooms with 500 baths, the most interesting sidewalk café in the city, and a Concierge's desk which still viciously insists on peddling the fiction that the Maria Loix shop (Belgium's number one lace dealer—see page 208) is "out of business." High for what you pay for, in our opinion—but could rival the Palace, if its management were more alert.

The Atlánta offers more friendliness, informality, and good cheer than most—especially for travelers with children. Smoothly operated by the renowned Swiss hotelier, M. Max Gmur, it offers 190 rooms with 190 baths or showers, a good mezzanine bar, an air-conditioned restaurant, practical rather than fancy furnishings, and slightly easier-to-take prices (though still substantial). Should there seem a discrepancy between the quoted room-rate and your bill, remember that all guests are automatically charged for breakfast here. Superior food which has won several gold medals. The Grand and the Astoria are adequate, but not much more.

The Mayfair Residential Hotel (avenue Louise 381) brings cheers from 2 Philadelphia friends of the *Guide*; it's so new to us that we haven't yet seen it. About 15 minutes from the center; apparently operated by the same people who run the San Regis and Bellman in Paris; quiet ambiance, reminiscent of a private mansion; small garden; rooms with private bath

between \$6 and \$9; claimed to be the only Brussels hostelry which *Michelin* red-stars as "agreeable and comfortable."

In Antwerp, the Century walks off with everybody's blue ribbon. Among its 220 rooms, 165 have bath or shower, and the same number have been completely redecorated since '57. Handsome new modern-style lobby; superior gourmet-class restaurant, now air-conditioned, with dancing Saturday and Sunday nights; in the front suites, bathtubs rise in lonely majesty from the center of bathroom floors; taste in bedroom furnishings a bit heavy-handed but bearable. By far the finest in the city, and improving every year. Next down the scale comes the Excelsior; same management; First class rather than De luxe. The Londres is also First class (not up to the Excelsior, though); the Tourist is exactly what the name implies—tourist, and quite all right, too.

In Bruges, the Duc de Bourgogne has a charming exterior—but, once inside, it's almost painfully simple to a comfortable traveler. Fourteen rooms and 9 baths; furnishings tolerable but that's all. Splendid cuisine, but not recommended as an overnight stop for the too-particular visitor. We haven't seen the tiny Princess, opened in '56 by the Baroness Coenen van s'Gravesloot; several readers tell us that it rates raves. Neither have we visited the Portinari, launched last year; bath or shower with every accommodation, garden, restaurant, bar, 300-seat banquet room, double rates \$5 to \$7. Also sounds good.

In Ghent, the Cour St. George is the oldest hotel in the Lowlands. Since its founding in A.D. 1228, it has received dozens of kings, emperors, and historical figures—even a nineteenth-century tourist named Napoléon Bonaparte. In December 1952, it was ravaged by a major fire; now it is completely restored. Sixty rooms, 10 baths, not luxurious but pleasant; its Waterzooi' de Poulet, the traditional Flemish ragout, is known all over Belgium for special savor.

For detailed information, consult the Belgian Tourist Bureau's excellent booklet, "Belgian Hotels." You'll find the addresses, facilities, and prices of every registered hotel or pension in the nation.

Restaurants If you can pay the price, you'll get fat fast in Belgium—and how you'll love the process!

In Brussels, Chantraine's tiny, classic L'Epaule de Mouton (rue des Harengs 16) offers what to us is the most exquisite cuisine in the world—France and all other lands considered. Most celebrated chefs dream up perhaps a half-dozen successful specialties during their lifetimes—but this artist's menu lists *90 separate original creations!* Don't expect an M.G.M. production, because you'll find exactly 7 tables and a staff of 4. Most of the food will be prepared before your eyes by the Maestro himself or by his cheerful, rotund Assistant Genius, Monsieur René. Your dinner will cost between \$5 and \$10, and we'll flatly guarantee that you can't duplicate it for 3 times the price elsewhere. Advance reservations always urged. All-out recommendation for an unforgettable gustatory experience.

For extra-fine dining combined with elegance along Stork Club lines, the Carlton (boulevard de Waterloo 28) also gets our especially enthusiastic vote. Tasteful décor and richly subdued atmosphere; bright summer garden for dining; dancing nightly, plus unique "Candlelight Suppers" starting at 11 P.M. (leave it to Owner and Mme. Daniel Lescot, young and in love themselves, to create such a stunningly romantic setting!); discreet wine list; \$4 to \$8 for a typical dinner. Manager Constant or Maître Albert will take good care of you; the Sommelier is sometimes so pushy that he isn't our favorite. Don't miss this one, either, because it's one of the top 2 restaurants of the nation.

To get around the stringent Belgian liquor laws, the Carlton operates a delightful little private annex called the Manhattan Bar. If you want a cocktail before dinner in this latter-day speakeasy, ask for Mr. Billy Oliver at the door (he's British and very nice)—and tell him without delay that we sent you; this will give you the necessary sponsorship. Chief Barman Pierre's manhattans in the Manhattan, incidentally, could be from the heart of another Manhattan; they're the best I've found abroad.

Next in line is La Couronne (Grand' Place 28)—chichi,

intimate, urbane, and expensive. Better each year. On a par is the Savoy (boulevard de Waterloo 47), where the typically Latin owners board up the joint at all sorts of unpredictable times, possibly to go fishing. Outstanding kitchen, the usual music, and occasional fashion shows, if open.

Rôtisserie de l'Ancienne Barrière (Chaussée de Charleroi 172) is solid and venerable, with the vague feeling of a London or New York chophouse about it. Paneled walls, copper utensils, deft attention, *haute cuisine*, substantial cellar. Not cheap.

Restaurant Caroline (rue Marché-aux-Peaux 3) has just been reopened at this new location. Exactly 16 chairs; gourmet cooking by Caroline; try her Chicken à la Mwambe (Congo-style) or her lobster (\$4 to \$6); reserve in advance. Cheers for this one!

Canterbury (boulevard Emile Jacqmain 129-135) seems to run hot-and-cold. Some time ago, on several successive tries, we concluded that its atmosphere was too tourist-y and its cuisine too poor to appeal to us. Then, on further incognito visits, its cooking was so excellent and its service so commendable that we recommended it as a good dining bet to our *Guide* friends. Now, on our last inspection, the quality of our meal disappointed us very much. That's why, until we can get back again for still further investigation, we're going to rate this establishment as chancy—sometimes fine, sometimes mediocre, depending on which time you happen to hit it.

In the medium-price bracket, Petit Louvain, at the Fish Market (Ancien Marché-aux-Poissons) is the oldest restaurant in the capital. In this family enterprise, the 84-year-old matriarch still reports for work daily, rain or shine. Seafood specialties; immaculately clean; décor pleasant but barny; wholesome, well-cooked fare, without any pretensions of fanciness. Four-course meal for \$2.50 plus tip.

Les Deux Clefs (avenue Marnix 5), Rôtisserie Ardennaise (boulevard Adolphe Max 146), and Arché de Noé ("Noah's Ark," rue du Beau Site 27) will all give you a whopping Belgian repast in the whopping Belgian manner. The first 2

are mellow old-timers with big, no-nonsense dining rooms; the latter is small and plain, with a downstairs kitchen and a staggering free-choice menu at \$3.

The Rôtisserie du Vieux Strasbourg (boulevard du Jardin Botanique 2) is a gem. For \$3 you'll savor a superb 5-course meal, including the juiciest chicken-on-the-spit we've tried in many a day—and, before you may nibble a bite, Patron Seegmuller's cart of *apéritif* bottles and *Pâté Maison* will magically appear for a surprise welcome on the house. Grill atmosphere. Exceptionally worthy.

Even less expensive is engaging little Astrid (rue de la Presse 21), a favorite of diplomats, artists, and Belgian politicians. There's a friendly, relaxed air here which reminds us of a Greenwich Village restaurant in the good old days. Owner-Chef Pierrot Bracke personally cooks each order, then comes out front to chat proudly about his trip to his brother's eating place in Laguna Beach, California. Quality food, good wines, good prices. We liked this one a lot. Closed 3 weeks in August.

The typical and delightful *bistros* along Petite rue des Bouchers are also kind to budgets. Our favorite here is Richard (pronounced "Ree-shar") at number 37. You'll pay about \$1.50 in this modest scrubbed-wood-and-tile hide-away; specialties include *filet mignon*, shrimp, braised beef, lamb chops, and, in season, casserole of pheasant. Emphasize the word *Petite* when giving the address to the taxi driver, to avoid confusion. No great shakes as an epicurean palace, but a nice value for the money.

Viennese and Jewish food? Try Bolero (boulevard Adolphe Max 98) for a complete dinner from \$1 to \$1.50.

In Chez Marius en Provence (place du Petit Sablon 1), the proprietor seemingly couldn't care less about what we ate, and the prices seemed all out of proportion to our investigative eye; this one impressed us not a bit. Finally, Les Six-Jeunes-Hommes (rue 6 Jeunes Hommes 14) gave us the personal reaction of a slick, dollarwise enterprise with an irritatingly "cute" atmosphere. You might disagree, of course—but we don't recommend this one even passively.

Hand-holding? If you can't make notable progress after 15 minutes of pitching at Au Bon Vieux Temps (rue Marché-aux-Herbes 12), brother, you might as well turn it in for a new model. Tavern-style; charming; we've only cocktailed here, so we don't know anything about the food.

Game for a small expedition? Five good choices:

First is the famous Atomium Restaurant of the World's Fair—if they stick to their present decision to keep it open; better check in advance. Zoom up by high-speed elevator to the top ball of this fabulous Tinker Toy; get your table on the lower of the 2 levels (service on the top one is atrocious); be prepared to pay plenty for a meal which might be either succulent or tasteless. The view alone, however, makes up for any possible deficiencies. An experience not to be missed, *if* it's still operative.

Second is the colorful Auberge de Chevalier, at Beersel (20 minutes from the heart of Brussels), an enchanting little hunting-lodge-style inn, adjoining a moated castle. Smoky timbered ceilings, medieval furniture, huge fireplace, pewter, silver, and copper utensils; wine and beer only; fairly steep prices. Sit under the big willow on the terrace for your apéritifs, then move inside for vittles. Lovely in sunshine, dull in rain.

Third is the sophisticated Le Fond'Roy, 8 miles in the suburbs, at place de la Sainte Alliance 4 in Uccle. This will remind nostalgic New Englanders of their White Turkeys, Red Barns, Spinning Wheels, and other Class AA watering points for the station-wagon set. Urbane and expensive, with superior food and service.

Fourth is the Villa Lorraine (avenue du Vivier-d'Oie 75), which is 20 minutes out—about \$1 each way by cab. Built along the lines of New York's Tavern-on-the-Green, this mammoth enterprise covers 2 city blocks. Outside tables; pick your day and weather. For a fifth choice, Château de Groenendaël, at Groenendaël, is also in the woods; extremely attractive.

In Antwerp, the previously mentioned restaurant of the Century Hotel serves the most distinguished fare of the city.

If you dine here, please do me the favor of trying just one little taste of the Anguilles au Vert (fresh eel)—just one eensy bite! They come cold or hot, prepared with a Florentine (chopped spinach) sauce—which accounts for their being called “green.” A parade of other dishes available in this luxurious, cosmopolitan, air-conditioned spot, of course; dancing on Saturday and Sunday nights.

Both the Rade and the Criterion are also recommended, in case hotel dining doesn't appeal to you. The Rade has the edge over the Criterion—small, Flemish décor, Belgian cooking, and medium-bracket. Finally, for lovers of fish so fresh that they still practically wiggle, La Perouse is good fun. It's an upper-category restaurant aboard an excursion boat which is permanently moored at the Flandria Co. dock on the Scheldt River. Inaugurated in '59; à la carte only, at higher prices than the Century charges; glassed-in enclosure, with lots of windows; closed in winter; for sunlight or starlight, not fog or storms.

In Bruges, there's the Duc de Bourgogne for heavy fodder, and a swell pâtisserie called P. Lippens (on Grand' Place, the market square) for cold buffet, sandwiches, and light refreshments when the dogs start barking from too much sightseeing. But if I happen to be in this neighborhood around lunchtime, there's only one place for me.

That's the By Lamme Goedzak Damme, 3 miles from Bruges and 5 miles from Knokke, deep in the countryside. Médard Tytgat, the famous Flemish painter (who, incidentally, might be persuaded to show you his lovely apartment upstairs), has applied all of his decorative talents and fine color sense in the restoration of these fourteenth-century cellars and this ancient building. The result is a stunning rural tavern. Piano music by our good Dutch friend of Mallorca memories, Billy Claussen, when he's not playing other engagements. Urbane, highly priced, highly pleasing, and highly recommended.

For other restaurants in Belgium, consult any branch of the official tourist office.

Night Clubs Most of the big ones are out-and-out clip joints—bare-bosom floor shows, large orchestras, predatory young ladies at the bar, and champagne at \$20 to \$26 per bottle for nonvintage sorts. Brussels swarms with the genus known to the American butter-and-egg man as the “B-girl”—the type to whom the management serves cold tea when the sucker thinks he is paying for whisky. Some of them are high-class prostitutes; a few are simply come-ons, after a cut on the drinks. In the smaller bars around the Gare du Nord, you’ll find the professionals. The average Belgian “hostess” is hard, shrill, has a couple of gold teeth, dresses like Sadie Thompson, slaps on cosmetics with a bricklayer’s trowel, and has a faster eye for a franc than a Strasbourg banker—a real dog, and a greedy one at that. Never have I seen such a contrast between the “good” girls (who are charming, chic, and pretty) and the “bad” girls of any city.

In short, Brussels is a honky-tonk town with mechanical fun designed for the outlander. Leave the bulk of your traveler’s checks in the hotel, but take along at least \$50 if you plan to have a whirl—because it will cost you plenty.

Some spots require that you become a “member” before you’re permitted beyond the front door. This “membership” can be had for perhaps \$1, and your card is valid for 12 months. Names mean nothing. To test the regulations, I said “Jones” in one place, “Smith” in the next, and “Cornhusker” in the next—and I still have the cards, scrawled “Jons,” “Smid,” and “Karnhoser”!

After limping through the major candidates, here’s how I’d rate them this year: (1) Chez Paul au Gaity, (2) Le Bœuf sur le Toit, (3) Parisiana, and (4) Moulin Rouge. Le Lido du Palace, closed at this writing, is a question mark. Smaller drop-in spots are separately listed below.

Chez Paul au Gaity (rue Fosses aux Loups 18) is the 1958 marriage of Northern Europe’s best-known and best-liked cabaret host, and the finest night-club site in Belgium. After 25 continuous years of square-shooting administration of the Parisiana, the famous Monsieur Paul reached out on his own to buy the then-failing Nouveau Gaity. It was a perfect wed-

ding, because M. Paul's honesty, know-how, and charm were needed to breathe life into a setting which cried for experienced direction. Totally fresh décor since the reopening, tasteful, immaculate, and eye-appealing; top-grade floor show featuring fast-paced "singles" rather than chorus girls, and plenty of nudity; a big drink of uncut Scotch served at any table, including choicest ringside locations, for \$2; never a cover charge, admission charge, minimum charge; no pressure to buy champagne, no chiseling, and none of those tiresome tourist-trap gimmicks so common to this capital. Ask for M. Paul himself, whose English is perfect and who is especially fond of Americans. Already this has become the liveliest and most successful cabaret in the country, drawing a select international clientele from ambassadorial level down. Tops.

Le Boeuf sur le Toit (rue du Bastion 3), a few minutes from the center, is Times Square à la Brussels—big, flashy, vulgar, and costly, with bug-eyed American Express and Cook's Night Tours in the center-field bleacher seats. All bar drinks \$2; at ringside, champagne-only at \$20 to \$26, or whisky-by-the-bottle-only at about \$30 plus service; if you're loaded for big game, they'll also let you buy 2 Rehoboam of Irroy Brut for \$120. Perhaps 40 to 60 entertainers in 3 lavish, pleasantly nude shows nightly; outstanding costumes (and/or lack of costumes); singularly dead, except for the guided-tour customers, on the most recent night I saw it—but perhaps I hit an especially empty evening. Discounting the cabaret, not my cup of tea—but maybe it'll be yours.

Parisiana (rue du Pont-Neuf 66), oldest night club in the city, just isn't the same without M. Paul's sunny personality and skilled managerial hand (see above). Three shows nightly; free admission; dimly lit cellar ambiance, with good-sized dance floor. It was also sadly lifeless on my latest look. Still worth dropping into, if you're in the mood, but no longer recommended as outstanding.

Moulin Rouge used to be Maxim's—but, except for its renewed décor and trimmings, to at least this observer it looks and smells exactly the same as it used to. Shows from 12 to

1 A.M. and 2 A.M. to 3 A.M.; routine-priced drinks; no cover or admission charge; bad ventilation; music fair. I'd still call it second-string.

Dimusa-La Nouvelle Équipe (rue du Pépin 16) would probably like to be known as the El Morocco of Brussels—but the comparison wouldn't quite come off, in spite of the amiable atmosphere offered by this tiny place. Tropical décor, intimate dimensions, danceable band, socialite clientele; no pickups. Stand-up bar, with Scotch \$1.90; when I asked for inside seating, they stiffly informed me that available tables were for 4 persons only, and referred me to a dinky 2-seat spot deep behind the bulrushes that had obviously been built for Knokke midgets. Closed 3 weeks in August and all Sundays in summer; Saturdays are best, just before midnight, *if* you'll tote your own Morris chairs. Worth a glance and at least a quickie.

Country surroundings? From June through August, I'm told, there's tea dancing (4 P.M. to 7 P.M.) and evening dancing (9 P.M. to midnight) at La Laiterie, in the woods a short drive from the center. The address is Bois de la Cambre; drinks are 80¢ (teatime) and \$1.50 (night). I've never seen it.

If you're rattling around town with nothing much to do, Le Moulin (head of Grand' Place) is a favorite gathering place of diplomats, industrialists, blue bloods, and Belgian café society; free guest cards for Americans. Splendid view of the famous Market Place illumination; tiny dance band, candle-lit tables, relaxed informality; no floor show, no food, no coffee. Ask for the charming owner-hostess, Mme. Lisette. Amiable.

Jambe de Bois (Impasse de la Barbe 5) is a colorful, frenetic students' "cave" (cellar), with peeling paint, zany murals, scarred tables, and gents who whistle at incoming beauties. Over the bar hangs what is perhaps the world's most extensive collection of toilet chain handles, all stolen by zealous aficionados. No whisky or spirits officially served; beer 14¢, wine 14¢ to 30¢, spaghetti 50¢. Go after 11 P.M. On a busy evening, it really jumps.

La Cave à Soutra is now closed—and a good thing, too.

Antwerp's night life isn't Brussels', Montmartre's or Copenhagen's, and let's face it—but there are a few amusing places in which to while away the time. Best of all, from the visitor's standpoint, is the Vliegende Hollander ("Flying Dutchman"), Lange Brilstraat 4. It's unique—a night club, if it can be called that, on the second and third floors of an ancient, dilapidated castle. The staircases aren't staircases—they're ladders, instead, and a mighty mental hazard to any client who happens to be allergic to aqua pura that evening. No show, no action; just drinking and gossiping in an atmosphere so thick with age that you're tempted to examine your glass for spider webs and bat guano. Different.

In the cellar of the same castle, there's dancing at De Nieuwe Moriaen, an establishment which has no connection whatsoever with the Flying Dutchman. Hideous rose-purple ceilings; affable proprietor; popular with students and artists. Might be worth a look.

Nostradamus, about 30 yards from the Cathedral, has about 25 seats, a bar, a pianist, and casual entertainment from time to time. Pleasant around 10:30 P.M., as soon as the movies are out.

The Pimpernel Club is the best place for bar companions, if you can force yourself to stomach the Belgian variety. "41" and "Le Zinc" also have possibilities in this direction. The Quartier Latin and the Harbor Area have many small cafés which cater to sailors—who, poor fellows, are victims of the machine age. With fantastic recent improvements in cargo-handling machinery, their shore leaves have been cut to the point where they must run through their social activities exactly like rabbits.

Taxis From 1946 to 1953, I had an almost continuous streak of bad luck with various taxi drivers in Brussels. They were the most exasperating group of service personnel that I'd ever met, bar none. Recently, however, a big change is apparent. Somebody in the Customer Relations Department must have talked himself purple, because only occasionally these days does the traveler run into unpleasantness. The

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chauffeurs could hardly be called Lord Chesterfields, but at least (1) their manners are now civilized, and (2) they don't cheat as often as they used to.

For best results, I'd suggest that you stick to the small independent pool of 1-or-2-car operators which is based at Porte de Schaerbeek. Phone 17 33 33, and they'll pick you up within a matter of minutes. No guarantees of nonclipping here, either—but, in general, I think that it's the most dependable in the capital.

If a taxi driver tries to take advantage of you, don't be a sucker. Demand *all* of your change *always* (you can tell by the meter); if he tries to take his own tip, or if he protests that you're not giving him enough, pocket *all* of the money and walk off. The proper tip is 20%, and don't give him a centime more.

►TIPS: In all taxis you pay extra for baggage. If you have a big load, it will cost more than you do.

The new baby Renault cabs cost less than the standard ones.

Car Rental On a previous visit to Belgium (not the latest ones), we had exceptionally good luck with Alphonse Gastens, owner and top driver of the agency called Les Autocars Alphonse Gastens, rue François Delcoigne 62, Koekelberg-Brussels (phones: 26 10 78 and 25 07 37). He has served 3 Prime Ministers and many distinguished personages during their Belgian tours; try to get his personal ministrations behind the wheel, if you can. Rates: roughly \$14 per day for city driving, or 15¢ per kilometer in the country. On this scale, you can cover Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and the best parts of the coast for an all-inclusive approximation of \$35—not bad if your party is 3 or four. Recommended by both the Belgian Tourist Bureau and by us.

Trains At long last, improving rapidly. There's even a car-train now, that will take your auto from Brussels to Munich for less than \$25 one way.

Tram-line service has been good since the late '40s, but branch operations have continued to be a disgrace to this

mechanically brilliant nation. When the World's Fair started breathing down the necks of officialdom, however, they finally woke up. Since then, much (not all) of the older equipment has been replaced, and the major long-line traffic in all directions has been 100% electrified. They're still not the best railways in the world—but they're pretty good.

Fares were increased about 5% in '59—nothing serious, since distances are so short.

Airline Sabena Belgian World Airlines, the national carrier, has come a long way since the pioneer days of 1923, when it bravely inaugurated a mail and freight service on the Brussels-London run, in a lone biplane stuck together with Scotch Tape. Now, with a sleek fleet of over 80 aircraft and over 130-thousand miles of far-flung routes, it's one of the more important and most respected carriers in the aviation industry.

Pilots are Belgian, ex-RAF, or ex-U.S. Air Transport Command; they're excellent. Equipment consists of Boeing "Intercontinental" jets, DC-7C's, DC-6B's, DC-6A's, DC-4's, Convair Metropolitans, and DC-3's—plus the famous Sabena helicopter fleet of Sikorsky S-58 "eggbeaters."

From Brussels, Sabena planes fan out to 106 cities on 4 continents—at least 51 of them in Europe and the United Kingdom. The Empire Route through Africa is the company's bread-and-butter; more than 21-thousand miles are flown in the Belgian Congo alone. Brussels National Airport, at the capital, is the base airport and headquarters.

The glittering new fleet of "Intercontinental" jets (Boeing's longest-striding model in use today) is employed on the Brussels-New York and Brussels-Congo links. To operate and maintain these expensive aircraft with maximum efficiency and economy, Sabena joined hands last year with Air France, Alitalia, and Lufthansa, in forming the previously mentioned Air-Union organization.

Sabena's helicopter operations are having fantastic success. Their pioneer network, the first international commercial schedule in the world, has linked Belgium, Holland, Ger-

many, and France since '53; the company intends to extend the chain to London and other centers. There are 5 whirly-bird flights daily in both directions between Brussels and Paris, supplementing their ordinary fixed-wing flights. Aéro Verte, home heliport in the capital, is a mere 5-minute walk from the main shopping district and various hotels—a blessing for the hurried or weary traveler. Up to this writing, more than 250-thousand passengers have experienced the thrill of this novel and fascinating mode of air transport—with a 100% record of safety. It's great fun; why not skim the sky from Brussels to Paris for yourself?

Recommendation: When we rerode Sabena just before we went to press, we were again delighted with what we saw. The aircraft was comfortable and beautifully flown; the food was superb; the service was exceptionally suave and pleasant. Sabena is an efficient, well-established carrier with an excellent record and a progressive attitude. We recommend it heartily.

►**TIP:** The first of the new tax-free shops has just opened at the Brussels National Airport, offering tobaccos, liquors, and liqueurs at savings up to 60%. When construction has been completed, all outgoing passengers leaving the Benelux countries (Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg) will also be able to purchase cameras, watches, perfumes, and selected manufactured goods at equivalent bargains.

Cigarettes Practically all well-known U.S. brands, starting at 30¢, pausing at 35¢, and sometimes going higher. Belgian types aren't generally for American tastes, but a kind called Belga is refreshing as a change, if you like 'em strong.

Laundry One-day service at the better hotels, but horribly expensive. Wash the little things yourself, or you'll be cabling Uncle Charlie for your ticket back home. Dry cleaners (top hotels excepted) are as slow as molasses—but the better ones actually *clean* (not wash) your favorite wool suit, if you can afford the \$2.80 for coat and trousers (vest extra). Pick carefully, though.

Drinks Trappist beer is unique and cheap. It's different from anything brewed anywhere—vague Coca-Cola overtones, believe it or not, which 50% of the first-timers loathe and 50% are wild about; an interesting curiosity. Restaurant Richard carries it. Other Belgian beers (Goud-Ster, Gueuze-Lambic, Duke, and the like) aren't quite up to Danish or Dutch standards, but they're infinitely superior to that bottled froggy water sold to the unwary in France.

All kinds of spirits are available in profusion, from fine Scotches, ryes, and cognacs at about \$5.50, vintage champagnes at roughly \$5, and assorted liqueurs at an average \$3.50—even genuine absinthe at \$5 per liter! The most fascinating display I found, including such exotic items as Eau de Vie de Dantzic and a thing called Vat Virginal, was at A. Wiser, rue de Montagne 2.

But don't forget to try that Trappist beer, because those monks are handier than Mr. Schlitz.

►TIPS: "Gin Martini" on a menu isn't that dry, succulent, before-dinner solace that warms the marrow in the United States. It is the product usually *added* to gin which is manufactured by the Italian company of Martini and Rossi—plain vermouth, sad to say. For the real cocktail (Jackie at the Palace Hotel bar makes a beauty), simply let your tongue hang out about 9 inches and mumble one word: "Dry."

No restaurant in Belgium without a "club" license can serve spirits. Since these permits are limited to certain hotels and to certain membership organizations, you'll drink beer or wine in most public places, including the top establishments.

Things to See In a 1-day walk around any Belgian city, it's possible to see the history of Belgian civilization. Unlike London, Paris, and Rome, things are relatively close together—a happy bonus for the sightseer.

In Brussels, every American tourist seems to head for the Manneken-Pis—probably because he wants to be shocked. It's the famous statue of the boy doing you-know-what; one story goes that a king wanted to immortalize his son in the

last position he saw him just before the youngster was accidentally killed. Another is that he was lost—and the searchers found him in that particular pose. He has been stolen twice; a Tokyo newspaper and an Indian prince are among the 80 bemused parties who have donated complete costumes to cover his nakedness—all of which may be viewed at the Maison du Roi. Although he may disappoint you, see the “Oldest Citizen of Brussels” anyway, just for the record.

Plenty of cathedrals (Belgium is almost entirely Catholic), the King's Palace, the Courts of Justice (largest mass of stone in modern architecture, if certain buildings in the United States are not counted), Opéra de la Monnaie (mediocre ballet but wonderful winter concerts with artists such as Eleanor Steber and Marion Anderson), all the museums and art galleries any classicist could wish for.

The permanent center of Belgian entertainment life is the Palais des Beaux-Arts, an underground labyrinth which contains a huge concert hall (3000 seats), several small theaters, a movie house, a king-sized exhibition hall for paintings, a restaurant, and the headquarters of most of the nation's artistic associations.

For some of the most thrilling Flemish art ever exhibited, go to the Musée de l'Art Ancien, rue de la Régence, near the Beaux-Arts building.

Waterloo Battlefield is not recommended. It is one of the sorriest, poorest tourist sights of Europe. You'll ride a bus or car for a wearisome stretch, and when you get there, ordinary cow pastures and a heap of dirt will greet you. Don't waste your money on this one.

Ghent and Bruges, now less than 1 hour from Brussels on the wonderful new super-highway, are the cities most Americans love best. They are about the most rewarding places in the country—providing the weather is bonny. If you want to see a lot of territory fast, here's a once-over-lightly itinerary which can now be comfortably done in 1 highly active day: by private car, start from Brussels at the uncivilized hour of 8:30 A.M. Take the expressway straight to the Bruges turnoff and Bruges (ignoring Ghent, which you'll be seeing later).

Head for P. Lippen's attractive pâtisserie on the market square for your coffee break. Have a little boat ride on a canal, sightsee where you will, and then amble down either the expressway or Route #N-10 (distances about even) to Ostend.

Your main target here should be the Kursaal—one of the most modern, efficient, and beautiful gambling casinos in the world. Baccarat, roulette, swimming, 2500-seat concert hall, restaurant, night club—the works; 20¢ minimum play in the Grand Salle, 40¢ minimum play in the Sporting Room, and a \$600 single play limit in both. Foreigners who bring their passports are admitted to both *salles* on a special 3-day arrangement; admission to all else is public.

If there's time, you might then wish to run out to Knokke, Belgium's most chichi seaside resort, a few miles along the coast to the north. If not, perhaps you'd be happier to head straight for lunch. The By Lamme Goedzak Damme, 3 miles from Bruges (see page 195) is suggested; make advance reservations, for sure. Then climb back on the expressway to the Ghent turnoff and Ghent, for a view of Van Eyck's immortal "Holy Lamb" at the Cathedral; follow this with tea at the Cour St. George, oldest hotel in the north. The expressway will have you back in the capital by dinnertime—dog-tired but (I hope) reasonably well pleased with your comprehensive excursion.

If you should go to Antwerp, there's one sight about halfway between the cities (12 miles from Brussels, on the main road) which most visitors miss. This is Fort Breendonk, one of the most infamous Nazi concentration camps in Europe. It has been preserved intact as a national museum; even the torture chambers are still there, in all their horror. Some travelers might wish to make a thorough inspection of this grim but interesting relic of a dark period of history; personally, it's too heart-tearing for me.

Another outstanding attraction is the Grottos of Han, about 3 hours from the capital. The underground streams are interesting, the colors are exquisite, and the rooms are

no huge that opera used to be presented in them. Admission is not more than \$1, and the train fare is peanuts.

New magnets for tourists, expected to be very popular this year, are the Sound-and-Light (*Son et Lumière*) spectacles planned from May 1 through September 30 in the courtyards of medieval castles at Bouillon, La Roche, Tournai, and other locations.

The Carnival de Binche is worth a 500-mile detour from any set itinerary, providing that you happen to be in Europe in early March. Started by Maximilian in the sixteenth century, the pseudo-Peruvian costumes are fantastically colorful—with hats which, by actual measurement, are $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall. On the climax day, 5000 participants “dance” the grand parade. *Wear your oldest clothes if you go to this*—blue jeans, if possible—because the crowd will kiss you, hit you painlessly with air-filled skin bags, and throw oranges at you, all simultaneously. About 1-hour’s drive from Brussels; unreservedly recommended; ask the Belgian Tourist Bureau for the exact date.

For further information on sightseeing, folklore, and other data of interest to the overseas visitor, the official Tourist Office has issued a gem of a booklet called *Belgium*. Written succinctly by ex-newspaperman Jean Gyory, it’s of enormous value to every stranger. Free of charge.

Traffic All visitors—DANGER! First, there is no such thing as a driver’s license or a speed limit in Belgium. Second, as in Portugal, the man behind the wheel is instantly transformed from a genial Dr. Jekyll to a paranoiac and malevolent Mr. Hyde. This unhappy combination makes the simple matter of crossing a street as hazardous as climbing the Jungfrau, except in the few spots where they’ve installed traffic lights.

Cross your fingers and look both ways before you step off that curb in Brussels and the larger cities. You’re hospital bait if you don’t.

Sports Wonderful swimming (some of the best in Northern Europe) on the beach near Ostend. The sand is golden,

but the water is about the temperature of Baffin's Bay. Brrrr!

Try Knokke-Le-Zoute near the Dutch border—a grand stop-off if you're bound for Holland. Especially notable is a hotel here called La Réserve. It's snooty and very expensive—but attractive in spite of it, and excellent for swimming.

Fairly good fishing in the forests. No skiing, tobogganing, or mountain climbing of consequence (Meuse River cliffs excepted)—too flat. Absolutely no foldboating, either—I went on a 2-day wild-geese chase in search of good rapids; the streams are like mill ponds. Excellent skating; plenty of European-style football, soccer games, and other attractions.

Pigeon racing is a national mania. Turn on your radio any Sunday morning, and instead of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" you'll hear voices chanting release times of 43 birds from Zamboanga.

Things to Buy Lace, foundation garments, gold craftsmanship, charms, and crystal are the top buys, with shotguns, pipes, infants' wear, copper, ceramics, diamonds, whisky, and fancy foodstuffs also of interest.

Lace is the biggest bargain—and it's a racketeer's jungle. *Go alone and unheralded*, because it's common practice to kick back a percentage of what you spend to the man who sent you—including not only hotel concierges but guides of 2 of the world's most famous travel agencies. As an illustration of what goes on, we have received incontrovertible legal evidence that a woman (whose name we know) in a shop called Louise Verschueren, at rue Watteau 16, Brussels, has publicly announced to American Express city-sightseeing tours a statement to the effect that Mr. Fielding came in there and demanded of her personally \$800, plus a commission on all sales to his readers, for a mention of the shop in his book. She has gone on to slander the Maria Loix shop (see below) for "paying a percentage" to us, and she has righteously stated that "of course" she would have nothing to do with such a man!

It so happens that I've never set foot in these premises, and to my knowledge have never laid eyes on any of its em-

ployees. My wife Nancy has checked the stocks and prices of this establishment several times, always on an incognito basis. We have them dead-to-rights for a whopping slander suit, and if so much as a whisper against us reaches our ears again we will crack down instantly. Your help in reporting any further character-defamations would earn out most profound gratitude.

Far and away the finest lace specialist in Europe is Maria Loix (place Ste.-Gudule 18, opposite right side of Ste.-Gudule church). *Insist* on going here in spite of what chiseling concierges, taxi drivers, and envy-ridden competitors might tell you about its being "out of business" or "closed," because in this bunco industry, the Loix firm has always been the lighthouse of quality, variety, square prices, and impeccable reliability. That's why some of the competition have tried so long and so nastily to drive sweet, spry Mme. Loix out of business.

You'll find a parade of treasures, from Princess-pattern placemats at \$2 for 2 to exquisite tablecloths as low as \$25. There are bridge cloths, wedding veils, handkerchiefs, doilies, mantillas, everything imaginable—and everything beautiful. My favorite is the \$15 to \$45 handworked lace blouse, stunning enough to turn any ugly duckling into a queen. Over the years, more *Guide* readers have expressed their warm cordiality toward Maria Loix than toward any other store mentioned in this book—and when you meet this Great Lady, you'll see why. All-out recommendation in every way. Don't miss it.

The ladies tell me that the Belgian bra not only does as many tricks as Rin Tin Tin, Jr., but that it feels as comfortable as last year's loafers. J. Roussel is the leader, whether you're skinny, chesty, or even extra-chesty, God bless you. For \$8 or so you can pick up a tailor-made job which makes anyone into a sweater gal. Fine girdles, garter belts, and similar contraptions, too. See the vivacious Owner-Director, Mme. Rouquine, or her special assistant, Mlle. Josette, at rue Neuve 148. (Other branches: 2 in Brussels, 1 in Antwerp, Charleroi, Ghent, Liège, Mons, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and

The Hague.) Both of these ladies speak flawless English, and both can make you even more beautiful than you are.

Wolfers Frères, at rue d'Arenberg 11, offers the damndest, most intriguing charms (\$10 up) and gold workmanship in super-stunning accessories and jewelry that we've seen in a blue moon. They're especially created by this famous old house to open the eyes and to activate the salivary glands of any chic female—or clothes-conscious male. Wonderful for gifts, if you can afford them. Ask for the charming, handsome Freddy Wolfers, whose command of our language is better than mine.

Val St. Lambert crystal and glassware is gorgeous, and it costs a mint. Factory near Liège; hard-to-find showrooms off end of place St. Catherine. Small extra charge for U.S. shipments; safe delivery guaranteed. Lovely, lovely stuff, grossly unappreciated by some of their listless, lunkheaded, couldn't-care-less salesgirls.

Other specialties, some of them excellent: La Maison Bulgare, rue de l'Évêque 23, has Bulgarian and Balkan knickknacks—peasant blouses, painted trays, and so on—a hodgepodge of good things and junk. Cerabel has fine faïence (decorative earthenware); Du Jardin is tops for infants' clothes hand-embroidered in lace; Maison Vinche (Marché-aux-Herbes 4) is the place for Belgian briar pipes; Ad. Jansen (Mont de la Cour) has superb Belgian shotguns at prices which are a U.S. sportsman's dream.

Cutlery? Wonderful Henckels of Germany ("The Twins") now has a branch at boulevard Adolphe Max 40-42; surprisingly inexpensive; English-speaking Manager Geschke is there to show you the world's best quality.

Delplace, rue de la Régence 11, internationally known and respected, is the largest antique dealer; rue Lebeau, rue Watteau, and rue Ernest Allard are the favorite streets for the antique hound.

Smith and Son, with its large stock of hardcover titles and more than 2000 paperbacks, is the only British or American bookshop in the capital. Fine tearoom upstairs, with bacon and eggs, scones, and even U.S. coffee.

Brussels department stores, rated in order, are (1) Bon Marché, (2) L'Innovation, and (3) Galeries Anspach. They're pretty much routine. Sarma, Prixbas, and Uniprix, the local 5 & 10's, are disappointing.

The Flea Market ("Marché-aux-Puces") can be great fun. Saturday and Sunday mornings are best, from 9 A.M. to noon. You'll find clothing, watches, statues, books, junk galore—and you must *always* haggle until your face is purple, because prices can come down as much as 50%. During the winter, huge edible snails are sold from pushcarts here (3 for 20¢!), thus fortifying the habitués with sufficient vitamins to scream and wave their arms until the final whistle blows. Plenty of laughs, if you're a bargain hunter.

Shopping hours are generally 9 A.M. to noon and 2 P.M. to 6 P.M.

Things Not to Buy Ready-made clothing (cheap and shoddy), shoes (the lasts are wrong for us), perfume and wine (buy these in France), stockings, nylon underwear (poorer quality than U.S. products). Get all garments made if you are a lady, none if you are a man (Belgian tailoring is completely different from British or American).

Hairdressers Sanitary, well equipped, expert (so they tell me). If time is of the essence, appointments can be made on a few minutes' notice. A "set" costs about \$3 (shampoo included). Antoine, rue de Namur 68, and the new beauty parlor in the Palace Hotel seem to draw the loudest cheers from chic visitors.

Local Rackets Leave the clip joints alone. They're expensive—and often dangerous. The B-girls will drink colored water for "cognac"—and when you've spent all your money, they'll move along to the next customer. Your American clothes are an engraved invitation to the bartender, too; in this type of place, his smoothest cocktail is the Mickey Finn.

For automotive repairs, go to the dealer who represents Ford, Buick, Chevrolet, Cadillac, or whatever you are driving. *Be careful about patronizing the small garages in Bel-*

gium, because often a chiseler will charge you the price of the car to get it out. If you're stuck, make your deal *first*, before allowing them to move one finger on the job.

A few of the taxi drivers might drive you one small inch from mayhem. The "Taxis" section discusses these particular hazards in detail.

Finally, to repeat, don't let anyone feed you the phony-baloney (see "Things to Buy") that Maria Loix is "closed," "on vacation," or "at a different address." She's there, she's *always* open except Sundays and national holidays, and she'll welcome you!

Bulgaria

The "Fatherland Front" will gladly give you a Bulgarian visa—if you can prove (1) that you're morally honest, (2) that you're politically unbiased, and (3) that your brother-in-law is Nikita S. Khrushchev.

Otherwise, your chances are still slim—in spite of recent, highly touted "relaxations" in travel formalities.

Czechoslovakia

Prague is one of the queens of the world. The Carpathian forests, the Moravian caves, the Decin Walls are of incomparable beauty. It's a wonderful country, this Czechoslovakia, with some of Europe's most gracious citizens. You can get in there now, and as soon as this year's *Guide* is in the hands of the publisher, I'm going to try and get there myself.

Denmark



Don't miss it! Of all the 100-odd foreign lands I've ever visited, Denmark is closest to a 3-ring circus—and closest, too, to my travel heart.

This mighty midget has something which no other nation can quite duplicate. Nothing is bigger, deeper, taller, wider, more spectacular, more rugged, or more awe-inspiring here than anywhere else. Yet for delight and enchantment to the U.S. traveler on holiday, I think that it stands alone, head-and-shoulders above the rest of the handsome pack.

There are 3 secrets to this extraordinary charm. First is the serene beauty of its rural countryside—cool green forests, tranquil sunny fields, crazy thatched cottages in brilliant whites or soft pastels, endless miles of tidy, eye-soothing scenery, straight from a calendar picture. Bisected by running brooks, carpeted with flowers, and dotted with ancient castles on its hilltops, the rolling terrain has a sweet and happy quality of its own.

Second is its gaiety and its polish. Unlike more serious-minded Sweden and more isolated Norway, Denmark is so cosmopolitan that it takes its pleasures in a carefree, sophisticated, and urbane way. Paris is traditionally the amusement and dining capital of Europe; in miniature—and at far lower prices—Copenhagen offers her guests as much (or possibly more!) brightness and fun.

Third—most important of all—is its people. Because they laugh at our jokes, look at life with our eyes, share the same robust love for food, drink, sex, speed, gadgets, music, painting, and the other lively arts, the Danes are temperamentally closer to Americans than anyone else on the Continent. They are more fond of us than of any other visitors, and their welcome always proves it.

This kinship of humor is particularly important. Don't take your *Hamlet* too seriously—because if there's a single Melancholy Dane left, I haven't met him. The practical joke is their special delight—as long as it's harmless. Nothing gives them (or the visitor) more pleasure than a good belly-laugh. They're the Pucks of Scandinavia, the Bob Hopes of Europe.

Cleanliness is a national fetish. Even the United States looks soiled and grimy in comparison. Cockroaches? Bedbugs? Silverfish? Lice? I'll buy you a snaps for every one you find in your hotel or restaurant in Denmark.

Traveling with kids? Park your whole brood in Copenhagen, called the "Children's Capital of the World," and enjoy the rest of your European ramblings without those darling little millstones constantly lousing up your freedom. Here's the fairy tale land of Hans Christian Andersen, and it's a paradise for young fry. Among its special facilities for the Junior Set are the Pernilles Children's Hotel at Rungsted (\$2.50 daily by the day, week, or month), the Hone Gardelius in the city (sleep-in or daily pick-up service from your hotel, ages up to 12, \$4 per crew-cut), Camp Viking at Fredriksværk (boys or girls 8 to 15, American director, fine sports program, \$32 per week), and the 800-student, baby-sitting co-operative of Copenhagen. Arrangements for excursions to fabulous Tivoli Gardens amusement park, splendid Copenhagen Zoo, enchanting Deer Park with its miniature electric-train transport system, exciting Sherman Circus, and other highspots couldn't be simpler. Solid, nutritious Danish food; healthy exercise and spotless quarters; loving care by a people who were born to handle youngsters. What's more, your offspring would probably be 165 times happier here than they would being dragged around and force-fed on those deadly churches and museums by Ol' Mom and Ol' Pop. See your travel agent for further information.

In social welfare, the Danes are about 20 years ahead of the Americans. There's no such spectre as starvation in old age, mortgaging a house to pay for sickness, or, as indicated above, tending a child when the mother needs to work. The state

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has built a magnificent individual apartment for every needy old person in the nation; meals cost 30¢, rent costs \$8 a month, and it all comes out of the automatic pension to every citizen. All doctors, hospitalization, surgery, drugs, and other medical expenses are received from sick benefit insurance groups for a pittance a year—the balance paid by the state. National nursery schools abound; every city has “green belts”—strips of parks and playgrounds which run for miles on end. The government is by election; King Frederick IX, the handsome, beloved ruler, is aloof from politics. By 1978, America might reach this splendid level of democratic achievement.

To make certain that my enthusiasm for this little country was fully warranted, I spent the whole of a recent summer in my own house at Hornbæk, on the so-called “Danish Riviera.” Not only did it become my favorite foreign land—my favorite candidate for overseas adoption—but I shall never be happy until I can tarry there again.

Cities Copenhagen, the city of 7 mayors, is urban Denmark. Pronounce it to rhyme with “The HAGUE,” not “jog” or “hog”; the latter is strictly the German way, an accent which doesn’t exactly endear itself to a brave people who still bitterly remember their wartime Occupation. A fourth of the population—1¼-million souls—live and work here. The government, the industries, the international airport, the best hotels, restaurants, shops, and amusements are all here. So is one of the finest zoos in Europe. You simply *can’t* go to Denmark without seeing this charming, gracious capital.

Aarhus, next in importance, is a tenth of its size. It is a vacation city, a university city, and it boasts one of the most unique open-air museums in the Baedeker circuit—a complete medieval town reconstructed with original bricks and timber. Odense, third on the list, is the home town of Hans Christian Andersen; his top hat and his trunk, lovingly preserved, rate as high with local burghers as the Holy Grail. Ålborg makes the akvavit (the national hard drink). These are the only cities larger than Stamford, Conn. Hamlets

like Århus, Ebeltoft, Rudbøl, and Ribe are also interesting; more about them in "Things to See."

Money and Prices Two kinds of money here: øre and kroner. The øre is the chicken feed—100 units to the krone. A krone (Danish for crown) is worth about 14¢ at this writing. Øre comes in coins of 1, 2, 5, 10, and 25; there are coins for 1 Kr. and 2 Kr., but the larger amounts are in bills.

$$\begin{aligned} 5 \text{ øre} &= \frac{1}{10} \text{¢} \\ 100 \text{ øre} &= 1 \text{ krone} = 14 \text{¢} \\ 7 \text{ kroner} &= \$1 \end{aligned}$$

The ordinary living prices are low—a great deal lower than in the average city in the United States—but for certain items of imported merchandise, they are rather high. It all depends on what you want; if you go as an average tourist, you may be sure that they'll treat you fairly.

Language A remarkable fact: Practically every man, woman, and child in Copenhagen, the capital, speaks at least a little English. It's the number one foreign language of the schools. When you get out into the rural areas, however, your tongue will often be misunderstood—but never the appreciative gleam in your eye!

Attitude Toward Tourists Denmark gives tourists the biggest, heartiest welcome on the Continent.

The National Travel Association (Turistforeningen for Danmark), considered by many to be the finest and most efficient official bureau in tourism today, has a novel method of beating the current hotel shortage. From thousands of private homes it has inspected in each city, it has selected and registered the cream of the crop. Requirements are rigid: cleanliness, comfort, a telephone, and a separate entrance. If you can't get a hotel reservation, try the Association headquarters (Central Railway Station) *after* you arrive. Quite fairly, to avoid competition with your own travel agent, it will not handle reservations by mail—but it guarantees absolutely that you won't be propping up your tired toes

on a bench in Mutual Park when you climb off that plane or train in Copenhagen. On a single day recently, for example, emergency lodgings were found for 1862 separate parties—which makes some sort of a record. These simple but excellent accommodations will set you back the outrageous sum of \$1 to \$2 per person.

Sven Acker is the National Tourist Chief. With the experienced help of Assistant General Manager Robert Thorsbro, this complex network of several foreign branches and 150 domestic offices continues to tick along as smoothly as a 21-jewel watch. See either of these goodhearted, good-natured executives if special problems should arise, because they're both there to help you in their very best ways.

The Danish National Travel Office branch in New York is at 588 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36; its Director, Axel Dessau, is another witty and charming Dane. Your inquiries about his beloved country, whether by letter or in person, are welcomed.

► **TIP:** For reservations at your next stop or for transportation arrangements anywhere on your tour, you'll get the fastest, friendliest, and most reliable attention at Dantourist (tel: Byen 9901), newly located in stunning offices at Amagertorv 11—the heart of the main shopping street, opposite Royal Copenhagen Porcelains and Illums Bolighus. Dantourist is not only the biggest independent travel agency in Scandinavia, but it's also the best—and that includes American Express. There is a branch in Stockholm and an excellent correspondent in Oslo. The owner-director, Knud Tønsberg, handsome enough to be a Viking, is young, energetic, and completely on the level. He speaks perfect English, and he's a walking illustration of that wonderful, natural, bright Danish kindness so pleasing to bewildered visitors.

People Healthy, gregarious, industrious; strikingly handsome men, but women who are more wholesome and spirited than beautiful; fond of parties, gaiety, dancing to the point where less rugged visitors drop from exhaustion; realistic and sensible sexual views, much less soiled than those in other lands; tremendously rich in wit and humor, with em-

phasis on practical jokes and bawdy boy-girl jokes; personal independence and freedom of speech so jealously guarded that they do backward somersaults to make the Danish press one of the most honest, hard-hitting, and outspoken of the world; love of color in everything from food display to ornaments to interiors of houses; national passion for flowers, sunlight, beer, good food, cigars, hard work, and physical exercise; coldly shrewd but honest businessmen; patriotic to the point where nearly every home flies the Danish flag every Sunday and ordinary holiday from its front-yard flagpole; trustworthy, self-reliant, meticulously clean, stubborn as pure-bred Missouri mules; because of temperamental similarities, the most warmly hospitable—and best fun—to most Americans in Europe.

Customs and Immigration The American entering Denmark gets a 3-inch smile, a token poke at a bag or two, and the all-important salute which means we-trust-you-sir and welcome-to-a-really-honest-country.

Cigarettes and liquor are their main worry—but don't be too concerned about the exact legal limits. Present regulations allow "a sufficient amount for your stay"—at least 400 cigarettes and 2 bottles.

► **TIPS:** One bureaucratic aberration—about the only example of official stupidity I've ever run across in this sensible little democracy—is the Customs rulings on household pets. *Don't attempt to bring your dog or cat to Denmark*, because they'll take it away from you and place it in special quarantine for 6 months. No exceptions, even for that well-behaved little dachshund so obviously free of rabies or distemper.

Motorists from most other countries (the U.S. included) may now enter Denmark without producing a *triptique* or *carnet* for their car (see page 129).

An Airport Fee of 7 kroner (\$1) for all outbound international passengers is now collected—and we're sad to see this ethical land fall in with England, France, and various neighbors in stinging friendly guests with this racket. Transit

travelers and children under 2 are not assessed, and a special 3 kroner (43¢) rate is applied on traffic between Copenhagen and Malmö (Sweden).

Hotels Space is still critical during the travel season, in spite of this year's additions to the roster. Make your reservations *long* in advance; see page 215 for details on private accommodations.

In general, the hotels are admirable—spotless, comfortable, with delicious food and fine service. Private baths are still on the short side, however. Without meals, a single runs from about \$2 to \$9 and a double from about \$4 to \$14. And don't worry if you can't get into the always-crowded d'Angleterre, because there are now plenty of others which can make you happy, too.

After trudging through all listed below, here's our private rating of *Copenhagen's* Top Twelve for the various price brackets in '60—and the background noises you hear are the groans of anguished Danish friends who disagree with our placements: (1) d'Angleterre, (2) Palace, (3) Richmond, (4) Terminus, (5) Europa, (6) Codan, (7) Imperial-KDAK, (8) Tre Falke ("Three Falcons"), (9) Mercur, (10) Astoria, (11) Grand, and (12) Østerport. Not included in this roundup is the still-unfinished 475-bed, 22-story SAS Royal (largest in Scandinavia), which will make its debut sometime this year.

The fine old d'Angleterre, which celebrated its 200th birthday in '55, has the greatest name and fame. It is large, comfortable, solid as a rock, and with so much wonderful waste space in its sweeping staircases and its public rooms that the Hilton-Statler people would shudder. Only drawback: still too few private bathrooms for its top category clientele. The hall porters, Mr. Polano and Mr. Haslew, are, in my judgment, absolutely the best in Europe.

The Palace is very chic and very good—smack on the fascinating (and central) Town Hall Square; here are the Ambassador and New Look (the most distinguished after-dark spots in the nation), the Viking Restaurant, and one of

the city's most satisfactory bars for a snack and a drink. Also highly respected.

The Richmond, rated sixth in the *Guide* until recently, now moves to third place—and here's why: while most European hoteliers are busily building "down" for the lower-spending "mass" tourist trade, Owner Wibrand Kesby (pronounced "Kess-boo") is shrewdly spending a fortune to build "up" for the De luxe or High-First-class client who isn't satisfied with ultramodern, ultrafunctional, shoebox-size accommodations. At this writing, 5 intimate, elegant suites have been installed; by the time you read this, more will have been readied. At a price tag of only about \$25 per day, each will offer quietly plush décor, a fine big bath, an individual refrigerator loaded with Danish beer, cold soda, and other beverages (the guest merely helps himself and the maid keeps a running record when she restocks it daily), and many other graceful touches. With a third of the hotel eventually in these suites, with the lobby soon to be beautifully refurbished, and with its present, thoroughly deserved reputation for serving the very finest hotel food in all Denmark, we have the feeling that it won't be long before the Richmond will be pushing both the d'Angleterre and the Palace hard. Cheers and skåls to the forward-looking Mr. Kesby!

The Terminus, opposite the railway station, has now added 35 redesigned rooms to its already satisfactory selection—each with private bath featuring a telephone. Considering these, the renovated bar (one of Copenhagen's most popular meeting places), and other recent improvements, Director Jensen's landmark should continue to make any visitor purr with satisfaction.

The Europa is now very good. Spectacular 18th-floor restaurant, with sound food and the most glorious vista within miles; street-level Bistro, with a colossal cold-table assortment at noon offering all you can eat for \$1.25; all rooms with bath or shower and Danish-modern furnishings; insufficient elevators for peak traffic periods; rates now equal with those of other leading houses.

The Codan, operated by the United Steamship Company,

features attractive U.S.-style rooms and another magnificent harbor view from its extra-attractive roof restaurant. This is rightfully the preference of many Americans; we stay here often, regard Director Rønnebeck highly, and are ever fond of this cheerful, bright little house.

The Imperial-KDAK opened in May '58, under the sponsorship of the Royal Danish Automobile Club. Bustling, commercial feel to its rather severe lobby; pleasant dining room; small all-year restaurant adjoining, convertible to "open air" when its sliding roof is retracted; exceptionally interesting cafeteria, featuring appetizingly prepared selections from 25¢ to 55¢; nice little bar. The bedrooms are the weakness here, in our opinion: its 10 so-called "De luxe" doubles, while large enough, couldn't be more impersonal or planned more for utility vs. intimacy; its regular doubles, all with bath, toilet, and radio, are small and starkly furnished; its singles are uncomfortably tiny; every bathroom we inspected, all over the house, was very poor indeed. They plan to offer 10 "luxury" suites this year—but we're frankly skeptical until we've seen them. Not bad in sum, but not what we had hoped it would be.

The Tre Falke ("Three Falcons"), which also opened in '58, is warmer and cozier in tone than the Imperial-KDAK, but it suffers from the same limitations in bedroom design. Big, big windows; appealing use of color throughout; baths just barely adequate; Danish-style "Murphy" beds tolerable for one, but far, far too small for 2 (unless you're *really* in love!); average rooms almost claustrophobic to us; a few spectacular suites up to \$50, High-Season doubles at \$11 to \$13, and singles at \$6.50—worth these rates? Location only 5 minutes from the center, but somehow it seems a lot longer. Frankly, this house disappointed us, too.

The Mercur has an attractive dining room and lounge, up one flight off the lobby, but again its rooms are tiny, and again many of its doubles are "combinations" (day bed and couch, instead of 2 full-sized beds). Monseigneur Snack Bar for quick lunch. We'd say so-so.

The Astorja is satisfactory but routine. The Grand, oppo-

site English House and close to the Central Station, is old-fashioned, quiet, and spotlessly clean; 85 rooms, all with shower or tub; cuisine newly supervised by famous Restaurant Director Basse; a favorite of travelers with families who prefer vintage serenity for their surroundings. The Østerport, near the Langelinie Promenade, is a fair haul from Town Hall Square—but it's worth it, if you're watching those pennies and if you can get into the new section rather than the old; good people, good welcome, plain facilities, good value.

Students and extra-careful budgeteers? Two residence buildings at the University offer low-cost summer accommodations: the Egmont (with its 500 singles newly built), and the Solbakken ("Sunny Hill," with 200 beds). The Minerva (307 beds) has now opened in connection with the Solbakken. Private shower and toilet to each 2 rooms; end of June to early September only, while the students are out of these dormitories. Write to Danmarks Internationale Studenterkomite, Set Pederstrade 19, Copenhagen V, for further information, or ask your travel agent.

Peace, quiet, and fishing-village charm? Our favorite hideaway in the north of Europe—the one to which we always run when the world gets too much for us—is Rødvig Kro in delightful little *Rødvig*, on the sea about 2 hours south of Copenhagen. It's an enchanting country tavern operated by Mr. & Mrs. Werner Christiansen of Au Coq d'Or fame (see page 225); it has been in Mr. Christiansen's family continuously since its founding nearly a century ago. Presiding over its old-fashioned wood ranges, as she has done for 49 years, is a gentle, roly-poly country woman named Mrs. Soely—to all of her thousands of fans (including us), the best individual cook in Denmark. Everything possible on the menu is homemade or home-cured—sausage, bacon, even the smoked herring. The restaurant and summer pavilion have for ages drawn travelers from all over the world—but now that the 8 or 10 bedrooms have been reconstructed from the floorboards up in stunning, Danish-style beauty and comfort, it is the perfect retreat for lovers of

idleness like us. Prices are almost nothing by American standards. Grand country people; colossal food; we love this place, and we recommend it unreservedly. But don't go if you're looking for excitement, because there's none.

Other popular choices near the capital include the renowned Marienlyst (elegant, expensive; gambling casino, Bon Soir night club, longest dining room in Europe), the new Prince Hamlet (fair rather than outstanding), and the much-improved, ultramodern Kystens Perle ("Pearl of the Coast")—all 3 at *Elsinore*; the Trouville and Hornbaekhus at *Hornbaek*, past *Elsinore* (both routine); the Bellevue Strand at *Klampenborg Beach*, 25 minutes out; the beguiling little Slotshotellet Dronningemølle, halfway between *Elsinore* and *Hornbaek* (newly rebuilt Danish manor house, 12 double bedrooms, beautifully decorated, owned by the blind Mr. Kavsman of Restaurant Glyptoteket fame); and the Store Kro near *Fredensborg*, which attracts tourists like swarms of bees.

In the provinces, here's our personal rating of the best stops:

Island of Falster: In *Nykøbing Falster*, the Baltic (Director Rasmussen is particularly kind to Americans).

Island of Fyn: In *Odense*, don't miss the Grand; with its new wing, fine restaurant, popular bar, and cabaret-dancing nightly in summer, it's now the biggest (and best) Danish hotel outside Copenhagen. The Winsor is second. The Motel Odense (see below) is a prize (for European construction, at least). In *Svendborg*, it's the new, very good Svendborg.

Jutland Peninsula: In *Aalborg*, (1) Phønix, (2) Central. In *Aarhus*, (1) Royal, (2) Regina, and (3) Ritz. In *Esbjerg*, port for steamers for England, (1) Bang's, (2) Esbjerg. In *Herning*, the Eyde. In *Kolding*, the Saxildhus. In *Randers*, the Randers. In *Ribe*, the Dagmar (no relation!). In *Silkeborg*, the Dania. In *Veje*, the extra-nice Australia. On Highway #10, at the turn-off to *Rebild Bakker*, the new, thin-walled Rold Store Kro, which did not live up to our last year's expectations.

Danish-German border on Flensburg-Jutland route: the

Søgaardhus (this so-called "Stork's Nest House," 7 minutes from the Krusaa frontier, is a godsend to the motorist).

Some of these aren't particularly elaborate, but they're all comfortable, clean, and full of friendly Danish smiles.

Motels? They're springing up like poppies these days. Here's a separate list for the road traveler—some of which we've seen, and some of which we've merely heard about:

Island of Zealand, Copenhagen area: There are 3, *not* rated in order of attractiveness. The first is the Oscar Wittrup Motel, 20 minutes from the capital on Highway #1 (toward Roskilde, at Taastrup). Forty-eight double rooms, all with shower and toilet, at \$4.34 including service; Sallie's Snack Bar, featuring U.S.-type dishes; operated by an American schoolteacher who retired to build her dream into reality; utilitarian rather than fancy. The next is the BP Motel also on Highway #1 near Roskilde, 19 miles west of Copenhagen. Recommended if you don't mind the distance from the doin's. The last is the new and modern KDAK Motel at the Halsskov car-ferry station; we aren't yet familiar with it.

Island of Fyn: The Motel Odense is a honey, by continental standards. Reconstructed Danish farm with comparatively big rooms in modern and pleasant Danish décor; so popular that it's now serious competition to the Grand Hotel in town.

Jutland Peninsula: Vejle area: (1) Motel Bøgekroen, 2 miles south of Vejle on Highway # 18, and (2) Lindved Motel, 6 miles north of Vejle on Highway #13 to Viborg. We only know one of these, so why not look at both? *Christiansfeld area:* Motel Li-Ni, 1 mile north of Christiansfeld on Highway # 10 to Taps-Kolding. *Silkeborg area:* Old Kaersgaard, 2 miles west of Silkeborg on Highway #15. *Aarhus area:* Hørning Inn, a converted hotel, 8½ miles south of Aarhus on Highway #10 to Hørning. La Tour, just north of Aarhus, is a new entry we haven't seen. *Randers area:* Møllen-Kristrup, another converted hotel, 2 miles southeast of Randers on Highway #16 to Grenaa.

Food In France and Belgium the food is extraordinary; in Denmark it's incomparable. The finest restaurants of New York, Paris, or Rome can't touch the variety and price values of the Copenhagen establishments. The only second-rate dish here is its national type of coffee; to get the good stuff, you must order it specially and pay a small extra charge.

One Danish quirk is their dislike of piquant or sour comestibles. Pickles, garlic, and pungent spices are almost entirely ignored by their cooks. Yet their culinary magic is so great that you'll never miss them.

If you're trying to reduce, buy yourself size-72 blinders before you go to Denmark.

Restaurants All good, even the hot-dog stands.

The Hotel d'Angleterre has perked up notably during recent months; we used to recommend it for lunch only, because of its then-somnolent atmosphere, but now, for hotel cocktailing and dining, it is both animated and worthy; more and more popular with upper-circle Copenhageners. The Palace, with very elaborate facilities, offers its Palace Bar for potables and a quick lunch, the Viking Room for dinner (note the Hans Christian Andersen magic clock, which comes up with a new fairy-tale painting every hour), the strikingly attractive and cosmopolitan cold-weather Ambassadeur for dancing and winter-only floor show, the stunning Ambassadeur Flower Garden for summer evening merry-making, and the small, chic New Look for supper and drinking the year around. The last 3 are the smartest after-dinner spots in Copenhagen. The Richmond Hotel (along with Au Coq d'Or Restaurant) offers the top international cuisine of the country; Owner-Director Wibrand Kesby, himself a gastronome, demands perfection from his kitchens, and the epicurean results are dazzling. Especially recommended. The previously mentioned Sky dining room of the Europa is not only a sightseeing and gastronomic treat for regular meals, but its home-baked Danish pastry, *fresh orange* juice, and American-style coffee make it the nicest breakfast spot in town; the \$1.25 all-you-can-eat lunch of this

establishment's downstairs Bistro has already been covered. Other hotel dining rooms kind to your inner man are the Codan Roof, with its wonderful view of the harbor—the Grand, now rejuvenated through the expert talents and know-how of Christian Basse, former Director of Frascati—and the Terminus, with its attractive new Fountain Room in summer, where the service is among the most deft. We've not yet sampled the fare at either the Imperial or the Tre Falke.

By far the most distinguished straight restaurant of the land is Au Coq d'Or (H. C. Andersen's boulevard 13). Small, intimate, charming; Danish rustic décor, with sophisticated overtones; not plush, not chichi, deceptively simple. The service is suave, and the cuisine is simply out-of-this-world. Werner Christiansen, the personable, hard-working owner, also operates the historic Kro (country tavern) at Rødvig (see page 221); his partner, white-capped Chef Aage Nilsson, also keeps his eye on client satisfaction. For a dining experience which this *Guide* guarantees you'll never forget, follow this simple procedure: phone in advance for a table, present yourself at 12:30 P.M. or 1 P.M., and ask Maître Orla or Mr. Larsen to serve your party the "Coq d'Or Special Danish Lunch." That's all. If those magnificent hors d'oeuvres, the finest in Denmark, don't delight your epicurean soul, I'll even stick my neck out with the sporting offer of personally standing back of your bill! Take your snaps with Riga balsam bitters, one of Maestro Christiansen's favorite touches. Price? All-this-and-Tuborg-heaven-too for perhaps \$3.50, depending on what you choose from the displays. Big à la carte menu also on hand, of course, at both midday and evening meals. But that "Special Danish Lunch"—yum, yum! Five stars.

For seafood alone, the leader is Krogs Fiskerestaurant (Gammelstrand 38), facing the docks and across the street from Denmark's colorful fisherwomen peddlers. Try the stupendous lobster salad (\$1.93) or filet of sole steamed in white wine (\$1.21)—and, if you have a minute to spare, ask that wonderful sport, Proprietress Esther Jeppesen, to tell you the story of the most successful practical joke of our

lives. Be sure to specify this "Krogs" to your driver, because others with the same name aren't quite as good.

The 7 Nationer ("7 Nations"), on Rådhuspladsen, is Entrepreneur Oskar Petersen's newest, most elaborate, and most ambitious dining venture. More than \$300,000 was spent to create 7 different rooms in the styles of 7 different countries; while each room has its national specialties, you may order any dish or drink in all (IF you can make sense out of the handsome Chinese-puzzle menu!). We happen to prefer the Greenland Room—but since one of the others might appeal to you more, why not take a stroll first? Heavy tourist traffic; food excellent but still not in Au Coq d'Or or Richmond class; worth a visit.

Oskar Davidsen's, known from Sacramento to Singapore to Santiago, is the birthplace of the Danish Sandwich. We've been deeply fond of both this world-famous institution and its warmhearted owner, Axel Svennson, for more than a decade. That's why we personally find it so distressing to report that a substantial number of *Guide* readers have complained strongly about the recent cuisine and service in this old favorite of ours. Let's hope that the restaurant can find the comeback path in '60, and regain some of its temporarily lost glories.

Frascati, conveniently located on the Central Square, has come up admirably. Here's one of the few spots in Denmark where salad hounds can munch on fresh greens the year around. Elegant atmosphere, elegant cookery, elegant prices; sidewalk café adjoins. Among the very best. Wivex combines space with luxury; main section huge, high-ceilinged, and plushy, with dinner music and medium-to-high prices; new "Pop" restaurant (nonself-service), for a quick, well-presented, ready-made meal at less than \$1. Not great for gastronomy, but internationally regarded. Glyptoteket (Stormgade 35), with its courageous blind owner and its proximity to the celebrated sculpture museum of the same name, is a perennial favorite of visitors.

The new Langelinie Pavilion, in a park-and-seaside setting overlooking Copenhagen's famous "Little Mermaid," is a

few minutes from the center of town. Large, starkly modern, glass-concrete-and-wood dining room seating several hundred guests, which will gain in beauty as the walls mellow to an older, warmer tone; impressive entrance, lush banquet rooms; because of its mass capacity and big turnover, food sometimes a bit on the institutional side. Skilled management by veteran Kaj Jørgensen, former Director of the Palace Hotel; medium-expensive for Denmark; pleasant as a little excursion on a sunny day.

Tivoli Gardens (May to mid-Sept.) has 8 first-class restaurants. Among them Divan I is now so definitely the number one, that in our opinion there's no competition; the thick, juicy, tender slab of rare roast beef I again ordered here on my most recent visit was the most succulent I've ever had in many years of sampling Danish fare. Divan II takes second honors, and Belle Terrasse, with its old-fashioned and charming porch, is in 3rd place. Nimb is improving again; Wivex also has an entrance from this park. Students and strict budgeteers like Grøften, next to the Pantomime Theatre, where lunch is perhaps 50¢. If you want glorious flowers, open terraces, and truly relaxed dining when the weather is fair, wonderful Tivoli is the place to go. Finally, the Copenhagen Zoo offers everything from picnic tables to snack bars to garden dining—a vast enterprise which is ably co-ordinated by Stanley Møller. All prices, all tastes, all good.

Bargain dining? Stadil (Vesterbrogade 1) is small, solid, unglamorous, with praiseworthy cooking and medium tabs—not rock-bottom in price. The best restaurant buy in Copenhagen for lacerated budgets can be found at any of the 4 branches of the K.A.R. chain: Vesterbrogade 35, Triangel 4, Gammel Kongevej 151, and Dronningens Tværgade 30. K.A.R. is the local abbreviation for "Woman's Alcohol-Free Restaurants"—but for goodness' sake don't let this awful name discourage you from trying these excellent establishments; they're clean, simple, surprisingly attractive, and serve genuine Danish dishes unobtainable in fancy places. Probably the best quick-meal buy is offered by the A.B.C. Smørrebrød chain (several in the city; ask your concierge for the

handiest). Cafeteria or counter style; Erik Werner, the young wizard who developed this network in only 11 years, now sells 140-thousand national-style, open-faced sandwiches per day!

As for the famous tourist beehive, the 7 Små Hjem ("7 Small Homes"), we're bucking the majority when we report that we're not fond of it at all. It's a charming architectural jumble of pint-sized rooms; the décor is loaded with character and aesthetic appeal. But our latest lunch there further confirmed the impression we've held for years. Few travelers seem to agree with us, but we sincerely feel that this place overreaches itself for the tourist trade, and that the quality of the food, however slick to the eye, simply doesn't measure up to the relatively high prices. One asset: drinks are very cheap.

Here's a suggestion for a bright spring or summer day: why not drive down to our favorite country inn by the sea, Rødvig Kro (see "Hotels"), for lunch? Call Au Coq d'Or in Copenhagen for reservations.

If you're making the North Zealand "castle" excursion, there are several popular stops for your noon meal. Store Kro, near Fredensborg, is slick-rustic, on the expensive side, and loaded with excursionists; your food can be marvelous or sixteenth-rate, depending on how you hit it. The Marienlyst at Elsinore is chichi, large hotel-ish, and international; personally, I prefer dinner in this rather special atmosphere. Kystens Perle ("Pearl of the Coast") at Elsinore has such advanced architecture and striking colors that some travelers are enraptured and some are dismayed. The cuisine has improved wonderfully since the former second Chef of the famed Hotel Richmond took over the kitchen; our latest lunch here was so delicious that we now recommend this spot without qualification. Slotspavillon, near Frederiksborg Castle, is a sound value; prices for every budget; not fancy. A Boston reader enthusiastically endorses a small, simple, ratskeller-type restaurant called Raadhuskaldere, in the Frederiksborg Town Hall Square; he says that it's clean,

attractive, and inexpensive, with "the best food I found in Denmark"; sounds very much worth a try!

In *Aalborg*, the *Kilden* is the best bet for dining, music, and floor show, with the *Ambassadeur* a close second; for straight food, we'd rate'em (1) *Ristorante Italiano*, (2) *Papegøje*haven, (3) *Hotel Phønix*. In summer, the terrific view from the *Skydepavillon* also makes it a favorite with visitors. Finally, one friendly traveler reports that he found the most delicious lobster of his lifetime in an insignificant little *bistro* at the foot of the main bridge called *Fjordkroen*; we look forward to cracking a claw here next time.

Between *Aalborg* and *Aarhus*, on the *Mariager* road above *Randers* (not #10, the main road), try not to miss the superbly colorful and charming *Hvidsteen Tavern*. A 5-course standard banquet, "Gudrun's Recipe," has been served in this King's Grant country inn for dog's years; the price is about \$1.50, and we'll guarantee that it'll be one of the most unique dining experiences of your trip. Terrific!

Aarhus offers the *Hotel Royal*, *Aarhushallen* (floor show, evening only), *Klostergaarden* (fine kitchen), *VI Frederiks Kro* (simple décor, 1 mile out), and *Varna* (summer only)—in that order. We haven't tried the new *Ansgar Hotel*, but we hear that it's good.

Odense's top choices are (1) *Grand Hotel*, (2) *The Old Inn*—interesting atmosphere and excellent fare, and (3) *Hos Bang*. As a switch, *Den Fynske Landsby* ("The Funen Village"), a very-junior Danish Williamsburg 5 miles out, has a country-style *koldt bord* ("cold table") for \$1 certified to bust every button and strain every zipper. Simple, typical, and oh so solid!

Svendborg's new *Hotel Svendborg* and *Faaborg's* venerable *Rasmussen's Hotel* are classics for Danish country fare.

You can eat anything anywhere in Denmark; the milk is pure, the sanitary standards higher than in most places at home. It's cheap, too; not counting drinks, the best dinner in town would be high at \$4. Students and economy-minded tourists can eat well in some of the small places for 35¢ a

meal; bed and full board at First-class pensions cost \$60 per month.

►TIPS: When you're hungry in Denmark, just follow your nose into the nearest little restaurant. Nine times out of 10 it'll be superb.

Ask for a booklet called the *Gastronomic Dictionary* in any of the larger restaurants or hotels of Denmark. Issued by the National Travel Association, it is a 3-language guide to the Danish menu which will save you from being served 6 varieties of soup at 1 sitting. Free of charge, of course.

Night Clubs The Danes have a droll sense of humor. They sanction public drinking around the clock, year in, year out—but if a citizen is reckless enough to take advantage of their broad-mindedness, he is forced by law to get fresh air at intervals. The government figures this way: If the customer sits and sits, he might get drunk—but if he is forced by a staggered system of closing times to change places, at some point he's bound to go home.

In 1959, the entire system was revised to make merriment even easier for residents and tourists alike. All the so-called "Membership Clubs" (a thin administrative disguise to circumvent previous regulations) were abolished; they are now classed as legitimate night clubs. A total of 35 restaurants or gin mills in Copenhagen (plus a few in Odense, Aarhus, and Aalborg) were granted special permission to remain open until 5 A.M.—the precise moment, incidentally, when workmen's bars are pulling up their shutters for prebreakfast sopers. Most (not all) of the establishments listed below belong to this extra-late group.

Outstanding meccas à la New York's Stork Club are the Ambassadeur and New Look at the Palace Hotel. The former is the supper club which changes its décor from sophisticated mulberry, violet, and yellow in winter to the greenery of a Japanese-lanterned interior garden in summer; floor show in winter; formal dress required for dancing (not sitting) on Saturday nights from October to May; revolving dance plat-

form and excellent music. The adjoining New Look, the Cub Room of the nation, is the most elegant hand-holding spot north of Rome's La Cabala; tiny circular dance floor; if She is with you, ideal for making that pitch. Both subdued, chichi, and fun; both tops in their leagues. There's a 28¢ admission charge to Ambassadeur during the cabaret months only.

The Latin Quarter cult will find their home-away-from-home in a titanic establishment called Atlantic Palace. Main floor Rio de Janeiro Room has a stage, a non-nude cabaret which is the largest floor show in town, 125 tables, and terrible ventilation; La Carrousel Bar features strip tease late in the evening, dancing, and a huge revolving floor cunningly designed to make the patrons so dizzy that they'll forget about checking the additions on the tab. Fixed \$2 dinner downstairs plus small admission charge. Broadwayese; best of its class. Take your wife? Certainly, if Times Square appeals to her.

Valencia is almost as large as its competitors—but I have heard it referred to in local circles as a "naughty place." The only naughty thing I could find in it were the girls who sip their Singapore Slings in the upstairs (not downstairs) bar, and some of them looked as demure as Tess Trueheart Tracy, wife of the dead-eye detective. There's food, music, dancing, drinks, a floor show—but last time I had the impression that its quality was slipping. Take your wife? I don't think so.

Lorry is the Latin Quarter for the Danish butter-and-egg man and his ever-loving family. Here you may dine at 6 P.M. in one spot, move to the big cabaret between 8 P.M. and 12, and move again to its Seven-Nine Club to wind up at 5 A.M.; you've really got Character if you can stand the din for that long. There's a sign over the door which reads "The One Who Can Say No Is The Strongest"—and the management isn't kidding. Extremely cheap clientele; not my mug of beer at any time, but perhaps you'll disagree.

Nimb is coming up fast, especially with the Junior Set. Italian and Latin-American music; crowded dance floor; for pristine, mobile-style romance, uncomplicated by the dis-

tractions of acrobats, comedians, or snake dancers with 46" bosoms.

In Tivoli Gardens, Dansetten is also loaded with the Younger Generation; lots of action and lots of laughs. Hours 8 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. only; jitterbug competitions on Wednesdays; don't expect to climb on the floor if you're over 21, because sure as tomorrow you'll feel like you're wearing a long gray beard.

For the businessman on the loose, Trocadero and Wonder Bar are well known for unattached girls in search of companionship. Both are intimate and cheerful, with pleasant furnishings and almost prudishly decorous atmosphere; both are open until 5 A.M. Ask for Mr. Gaston in the former and Mr. Arno in the latter.

After midnight, much of the social action is again swinging to Adlon. This former Membership Club, when operated in the old days by Mr. & Mrs. Svend Muckardt, used to be *the* place where the Danish elite wound up their evenings with a nightcap and sandwich. Now the progressive Muckardts have taken it over again, rehired many of their original personnel, and given it the lift which it lost during their absence. We haven't been back since their return, but reports are once more excellent. Two good bands are taking care of the music, and you can still have a nice plate of scrambled eggs and bacon for 75¢—with a drink, a glass of beer, or a coffee at a decent price. If the Muckardts are again running Adlon in the way we think they are, it is now to be highly recommended. Closed Sundays.

Other night-owl specialists are the previously mentioned Seven-Nine at Lorry (not distinguished), the Flamingo (even less distinguished), and, at the very very bottom, a number called Pariserklubben.

One joint which scares the pants off me is Kakadu ("Cockatoo"). Not only have we been served unbelievably foul "whisky" here, but twice we've missed gang fights with beligerent drunks by an uncomfortable margin. If you're a bushy-tailed Visiting Fireman who must have action in the

raw, may heaven protect both your wallet and your profile in this den; never again for me.

With all this action, there are actually very few professional prostitutes in Denmark, as a result of a healthy, sensible, natural attitude toward sex. Most of the pickups are for foreigners or out-of-towners, and these women are the exception.

You have a barrel of fun in Copenhagen. It's known far and wide as the "Paris of the North"—but that's wrong. For my money, that's as unfair as calling Paris the "Copenhagen of the South."

Out of the capital, *Elsinore's* Marienlyst, which faces the Danish-Swedish straits and Hamlet's Castle, boasts Helge Svendsen's elegant new Bon Soir, which draws the cream of Danish and Swedish "Riviera" society for its entertainment and dancing—plus gambling in Denmark's sole licensed casino. Worth the 1-hour (each way) excursion on a warm August evening. *Aalborg* offers the Kilden and the Ambassadeur, both with cabaret and music, plus the new Algiers Bar in the Ambassadeur, with dancing; *Aarhus* is rightfully proud of the Tarantella, the liveliest night attraction of Denmark's second city; the Cozy Corner, also evening only, is closed in winter.

►TIPS: Most of the larger night clubs charge either 14¢ or 28¢ for admission, and you must buy your ticket from the cashier at the entrance. Once inside, you have no cover charge, no minimum charge, and no extras 99% of the time.

It is customary for both ladies and gentlemen to check their coats in restaurants and night clubs. The usual fee is 7¢ per garment.

Whisky by the drink is mighty expensive—from 70¢ to \$1.25 per eyedropperful. Switch to akvavit with your smørrebrød, wine with your entree, and Cloc whisky (the best domestic brand) for the rest of the evening—or, if you can take it, the best beer in the world (with which you'll be expected to order a snack, instead of drinking it solo).

The only full-blown clip joints in Denmark are in the dock

area of Copenhagen. (We're also leery about the previously mentioned Kakadu.) Leave some of your money (enough to get home on) at your hotel if you want to go slumming here, which you probably won't. Some of the little bars give you Danish whisky for Scotch, or Scotch cut with Danish whisky, when you order the nectar of the Highlands, but I suppose this is to be expected. If it's Cloc brand, it's still potable—but if it's anything else, you might as well save time by ordering straight Kreml.

Taxis Better than they were, but still not plentiful when it rains or at theater time. Usually you must get them by telephone; your hotel porter, or anyone in the store or restaurant you are in will do it for you.

A taxi ride is very cheap. Drivers expect a flat 10% to 15% tip, and they're the most gracious hackies in the world.

Trains Pride of the Danes are the "Lyntog," crack trains which fan out from Copenhagen to the major cities. The *Englaenderen* ("Englishman") Boat Special, fastest and best of all, runs from the capital to Esbjerg (port for England) and back. The service and facilities are excellent—but trains are as crowded as Macy's basement, so make your reservations through your concierge or Dantourist.

Most of your local excursions, however, will be made by boat, car, or bus; these are the short-hop conveyances in Denmark. The Route Boats (Rute-baade), which carry up to 1700 passengers, ply between Jutland and Copenhagen, and carry more travelers than do the trains. They are modern, fast, cheap, and extremely comfortable; naturally, they'll take your car. At night you can sleep in an immaculate little stateroom, and by day you can lazily watch the islands go by. Exceptionally happy way to travel.

Airline For general information, see "Scandinavian Airlines System."

The SAS reins for Denmark are in the hands of a fireball named Erik Østbirk, one of the warmest, friendliest, most competent executives in the aviation industry today; if this

exceptionally fine Director of Sales is out of town, take your problems to the SAS City Terminal chief, Bent Stenaar, or to Manager Kring, at the Dagmarhus ticket office on Town Hall Square. Or if you're stuck at the airport, the solid-gold Assistant Public Relations Manager, Miss Lise Christensen, will unravel your tangles with a typical Danish smile.

Cigarettes *Bring your own supply, because American-made supplies are rare.* If you're flying SAS or KLM to Copenhagen, you can usually restock aboard the plane.

Danish and English types sell for about 50¢ per package. The best brand is Kings; make a blindfold test with 2 or 3 popular U.S. brands, and I'll bet that you can't tell them apart. Next best is Eiffel—king-sized, and quite like Pall Malls—or the new filter-tip, king-sized Long Islands, which resemble Viceroy's. Then come Queens, Broadway, and others less expensive and more prone to alfalfa. Players is the top "Virginia" (English-style) offering.

Late word has reached us that Viceroy's are now on general sale. What we weren't told, unfortunately, is whether they're British-made or U.S.-made—which makes a considerable difference, of course.

Danish cigars are plentiful. The women smoke them, too, wherever you go. Their flavor is different from American or pure Havana types; fine Sumatra tobacco is often used for the filler. Because they are mild, I find the Indios and the Ducados, at about 28¢ each, better than most \$1 stogies of other lands. Try also the Petit Nobel cigarillos, the Between-the-Acts size which for delicacy and aroma put New York's best to shame. American ladies love 'em, believe it or not!

Incidentally, the Old Guard will be happy to know that a cigar called Churchill is infinitely smoother than one called Truman.

Laundry Two-day service in most large hotels, longer in other places, and inexpensive everywhere. Pressing of suits, all by hand, runs up to \$1, and dry cleaning averages \$1.75. The 10-to-12-day routine dry cleaning is dependable; *don't risk the rush service, because your clothes might be ruined.*

Drinks Beer, beer, beer—wonderful, rich, foaming beer, everywhere you turn.

The Danes are the greatest beer drinkers on earth—more so than the Germans—with a per capita consumption (counting unborn babies, too!) of 125 bottles per year. Order the Tuborg Gold Cap and you'll see why; I consider this the most soothing and delicious brew ever made. Carlsberg, equally famous, is rated superior by other samplers; even though it's purely personal taste, most travelers who try them seem to agree that they, along with the mouth-delighting products of the smaller Wiibroe brewery up in Elsinore, are the world's finest beers. If you don't like the stronger "Export" (Gold Cap) grade, there are at least 7 or 8 types to choose from; the dry, pale "Green" Tuborg or "Hof" Carlsberg (never exported) and the Carlsberg bock-style are perennial favorites. Incidentally, you have an open invitation to visit either of these celebrated Copenhagen landmarks; each is twice as big as Radio City, and each offers copious free samples.

Akvavit (snaps) is the "hard" national drink. King of akvavits is the "Aalborg" brand, which is head-and-shoulders above all Swedish and Norwegian types. It looks like water, smells like cough medicine, tastes like anisette, and kicks like a broadside of 16-inch naval guns. It's terrific. Chase it with beer, as the Danes do—but treat it with proper respect.

Imported Scotch, rye, bourbon, and gin are all available—with rum, rye and bourbon only in the more popular tourist places, because Danes seldom drink them. If you want to save money and hangovers, stick to Cloc whisky, distilled by the progressive De Danske Spritfabriker (makers of Aalborg akvavit and vodka). It has been aged for more than 5 years; it follows the Scotch formula in painstaking detail, but the hard Danish water gives it a slightly different flavor. Pleasant, cheap, and completely drinkable, unlike other domestic "whisky" horrors.

Cocktails are available at most bars. With imported gins or other imported spirits, they're expensive; stay with Danish ingredients on everything you can. Typical prices with local



products: Martini, 60¢; manhattan, whisky sour, 80¢. Portions are small. Except in a few hotels like the Richmond and a few restaurants like Au Coq d'Or, they taste as if they've been mixed by a chicken rancher.

One thing is marvelous, though—Cherry Heering. Of all the fine liqueurs made today—Bénédictine, Cointreau, Chartreuse, Drambuie, Grand Marnier, Curaçao, Strega, Kirsch, and the like—this ruby elixir happens to be my personal favorite-of-favorites. It has been a Danish national institution since the first Peter Heering mixed the magic formula in 1818. On only one of the country's 500 islands—Zealand—can the dark, rich cherries with their special flavor be found. Peter Heering IV, the present entrepreneur, ably and skillfully carries on the strict traditions of the family business. It is not a cherry brandy, not a cherry cordial, not a cherry drink—it is Cherry Heering, unique and delightful. Be sure that it's served ice-cold from the refrigerator—then try it and see.

Another Danish specialty is black-currant rum, also a liqueur and also delicious. The brand served exclusively at Oskar Davidsen's restaurant is the best.

Genuine absinthe is sold over the counter or by the drink in Denmark—one of the few countries in the world which still permits it. Try one for size, because you'll have a hard time sampling it elsewhere.

Skål This is one of the friendliest, most gracious national customs in the world. In Denmark and in all of Scandinavia it is faithfully followed; good manners dictate that you become familiar with the ceremony.

It's a toast, of course—and the rules are rigid. Here's what you do: wait until somebody gives the signal (it's as obvious as the NBC chimes), then raise your glass, look the recipient in the eye, nod, and say loudly "Skål" (pronounced "skawl"). Drink bottoms-up, never permitting your eyes to waver from the eyes of the recipient. When you finish, raise your glass again and bow slightly; only then can your fixed gaze be lowered.

DENMARK

If you are host, you must "Skål" each of your guests individually at some point during the meal; a guest may "Skål" anyone at any time at any part of the table, with 2 exceptions—the hostess (throughout Scandinavia) and the host (Norway and Sweden). In Denmark you may salute the host with this gesture, because the Danes are less formal than their Nordic brothers, but it is horribly bad manners everywhere to salute the lady. If the party were a large one, she'd be drunk in 10 minutes.

No custom is more heartwarming to the visiting stranger.

Sports Bicycling, first and foremost. Almost every home in Denmark has a bicycle. You can rent them for about 85¢ per day. Try Andersen, Aaboulevard 78, or Nielsen, Gothersgade 105, both in Copenhagen.

Horse races every Saturday or Sunday except in winter at Klampenborg; trotting races, bicycle races, golf—see your hotel clerk or the National Travel Association.

Marvelous beaches—white sand, 500 yards wide—on the west coast of Jutland. The International Auto Races used to be held there, but so many racers were killed that they have been banned.

Less spectacular but mighty good swimming can be had at Klampenborg Beach (also called Bellevue), about 25 minutes north of Copenhagen by train, bus, or car. On the north, you can rent a cabin for donning your trunks; on the south, tents are available—or you can bring your own. It's great fun to have an evening dip here, where it's still clear twilight at 10 P.M. The Bellevue Strand Hotel is the haven of socialites; no bathing facilities for non-guests, but cocktails, dining, or dancing.

Good fishing throughout the straits and sounds. In nearly every coastal village you can hire small boats at ridiculously low daily rates. To the dismay of devoted Danish anglers, the tuna have taken a mysterious holiday recently from the waters of the Øresund (straits to Sweden, with Elsinore the key base). They've dwindled to the point where the famous Summer Tournament has now been temporarily suspended.

But they'll be back when their wanderings are over, just as the sardines returned to Portugal several years ago, after an absence that nearly ruined the local economy.

Lots of European football (the national favorite), soccer, and golf everywhere. You can play at most links by calling the club secretary and arranging for a guest card. Consult the National Travel Association for details.

Ice skating in the winter; some skiing, but the hills are too small for much excitement.

Sun Clubs (nudism) in the summer; they're serious about it, and curiosity seekers are discouraged.

Things to See A Danish family should be first—and it's easy. Leave it to this remarkable National Travel Association to do something practical about international friendships. Here's how the plan works: the American visitor drops in at the Turistforeningen offices and tells the Personal Information Department both his business category and personal hobbies. If you're a fuse manufacturer, a Venetian-blind expert, a taxidermist, or a specialist on the Baltimore oriole—no matter what!—and if your hobbies are raising petunias or collecting bottle caps or whatever, they'll find your opposite number on their lists, and you'll be immediately invited to his home. Don't worry about language difficulties; all of this group speak adequate English. The invitation is without fees and without strings, offered from the hearts of a people whose affection for America is unmatched on the Continent. If good talk, warm hospitality and rich memories of Denmark are your goals, you can have what might easily be the most delightful experience of your European tour.

Of the sightseeing attractions in Copenhagen, Tivoli should be your first stop. It's incomparable: Central Park, the Botanical Gardens, the Atlantic City boardwalk, the Flower Show, and a tiny European-style Disneyland rolled into one. The setting and décor are magnificent; the location is smack in the center of Copenhagen. Admission is 14¢; for ridiculously small change, you can hear a 54-piece symphony orchestra and Europe's greatest soloists in the stung

ning new \$1,500,000 Concert Hall. At midnight on certain evenings there are marvelous fireworks; you'll be bowled over by their originality and beauty. Closed from the 2nd Sunday in September to 1st Saturday in May.

Behind Tivoli is the renowned Glyptotek, outstanding art galleries built, believe it or not, on millions of mugs of beer. Many years ago, the public-spirited Carlsberg brewery endowed a National Foundation for development and furtherance of Danish painting, sculpture, literature, and fine art. Glyptotek is one of the results, and it is well worth a visit.

Then, if your taste runs to it, there's Rosenborg Castle, with crown jewels and private collections of art, clothing, furniture, and paraphernalia used by Danish kings through many centuries.

And don't forget one of the world's best zoos, with more than 700 species of wild animals on 30 well-planned acres of choice ground. This is the highest point in Copenhagen; from the big platform, you can see Sweden on a clear day. Visited by nearly 1½-million people per year; good restaurant; lots of fun.

Another *must* is a Danish bath. I don't care where you've been or who has scrubbed you—you've never had anything like it. The Copenhagen Baths (Badeanstalten Köbenhavn, Studiestraede 63) is a grand example. One floor of the huge building is for women; 2 floors are for men. You'll be escorted by your own attendant through wet steam (temp. 130° F.), dry heat (temp. 170° F.), a half-hour massage, a cold pool, a 3-way shower (up, down, and sideways), an ultraviolet bath, a hogshead of beer, and a nap in a private room—all for \$2.50, plus 15% tip! Weigh yourself before and after. I lost 3¼ lbs. in 3¼ hours—and put it right back again with several gallons of ice-cold draft Tuborg!

Two metropolitan sightseeing tours, sponsored by official sources, are especially popular. Time for each, 2½ hours; cost of each, approximately \$2. The first, called World of Tomorrow, takes a swing through Denmark's fabulous social institutions—a nursery, a kindergarten, a school, and an old-age home, all run by the State and all 15 to 20 years

ahead of the best in America. The second, covering arts and crafts, starts in the Jensen silver workrooms, wanders through a porcelain workshop and other handwork industries, and ends at Den Permanente, the "Permanent Exposition" where you can buy what you have just seen made (more about this later). Tickets for these tours can be purchased at local hotels and travel bureaus. They'll tell you when and where. Don't forget your most comfortable shoes.

For covering Copenhagen by boat, Copenhagen at night, the Carlsberg or Tuborg breweries, North or South Zealand (Zealand is also known as Seeland or Sjælland), the heart of 3 Scandinavian countries in 10 days, or a half-dozen other local options, go to Dantourist (Amagertorv 11) for the best-planned and most rewarding excursions.

In the suburbs of Copenhagen, their North Zealand circuit is particularly recommended. *Pièce de résistance* here, of course, is Hamlet's Castle at Elsinore, known to the Danes as Kronborg Castle. You'll also see Frederiksborg Castle, lovely little lakes and forests, stork-nests, fairy-tale cottages in warm pastels, and all sorts of intriguing things—with a pause for refreshment at either the impressive Marienlyst hotel-restaurant-casino or the ultra-futuristic "Pearl of the Coast," or both.

For the young in heart, Dantourist's "Copenhagen by Night" is exactly what these enterprising operators advertise—A Special Invitation For Fun. After your private car has picked you up at 9:15 P.M., you're shown a complete cross section of the after-dark life of the capital—everything from sailors' joints on the waterfront to family-style beer gardens to Broadway-style amusement factories to artists' hangouts, all of them completely genuine. You wind up with snacks, akvavit, and beer at a top night club—and you may stay until 4 A.M. or 5 A.M. if your moxie holds out, or slip back to the hotel earlier if it doesn't. The price of \$9.50 per person includes transportation, amiable guide, admission charges, cover charges, occasional refreshments, and a nonphony, nontouristy look at a side of this gay city which few travel

can match. Highly recommended to all fun-lovers from 16 to 60.

For a quick, concentrated look at Denmark's provinces, SAS offers several interesting all-inclusive packages. Examples include an \$18, 2-person-minimum, 1-day round of Bornholm (the nation's most easterly island, known as the "Pearl of the Baltic"), a \$14, 1-day tour to Ebeltoft and other Jutland points, and an \$18.50, 1-day run to Aalborg. Departures are made early in the morning, with returns to Copenhagen in the late afternoon or evening. Quotations include lunch, and sightseeing in a private car with an English-speaking chauffeur. All daily; summer only. Fine bets for the traveler-in-a-hurry.

If you can afford a bit more time, the famous "Fairyland Tour of Denmark" is an institution; highly recommended. So is Dantourist's "Fairy Islands Tour" (2 days; private car with English-speaking chauffeur; hotel, meals, and boat tickets; available all year; \$69 each, from 1 to 5 persons). Highlight to us is the enchanting little town of Aærøskøbing, capital of the tiny island of Aærø, where the houses look like frosting on a wedding cake, where the key to the jail hangs by the door so that everyone may use it, and where the fabulous Ships-In-Bottles Museum (now also displaying pipes and a complete collection of every Danish stamp ever printed) would make even the Sphinx break into a grin. Both of these junkets are enormously popular—with excellent reason!

Other off-beat attractions not listed in most guidebooks are (1) the 700 fantastic sixteenth-century skeletons at the Cistercian Abbey of Øm, near Rye (Aarhus is the closest terminal), and (2) Bundgaard's startling statuary in the depths of a chalk mine (ask directions in Rebild for the Thingback Kalkvaerk & Mine, just off main highway #10 about 5 minutes north, toward Aalborg). Doctors find Øm particularly interesting.

For motorists to Copenhagen: The fastest, shortest, and most pleasant route is via the Grossenbrode-Gedser ferry (Kiel Peninsula, north of Hamburg, to southern tip of

Falster, directly below Zealand, Denmark). Less than a half-day journey; several daily sailings; fares so reasonable that the gasoline alone on the Jutland alternate would probably cost you more. Four fine ships; cream-of-the-crop are the new Danish *Kong Frederik IX*, with food which outdazzles many Atlantic luxury vessels, and the German *Bundespräsident Theodor Heuss*, which made her maiden voyage in '57.

Car Rental Tiljeauto (SAS Terminal, Copenhagen), the national Hertz System outlet, is the new giant of the Danish car-hire field. Cadillacs, Lincolns, American Fords, Chevrolets, English Fords (Anglias and Consuls), Opels, and Volkswagens make up its fleet of more than 200 cars. Sample rates on a 1-to-6 day self-drive rental: Cadillac, \$15 per day plus 11¢ per kilometer; Chevrolet, \$7.75 per day plus 8¢ per kilometer; Opel Kapitän, \$6 per day plus 7¢ per kilometer; Ford Anglia, \$3.50 per day plus 4¢ per kilometer. Off-Season tariffs are slightly less. Insurance and documentation are free, but you buy all gasoline. Minimum age of 21 for drivers. Chauffeur service, too.

U-Drive Volkswagens, popular with younger people or family groups, are the specialty of Autourist, whose headquarters are at Halmtorvet 11 in Copenhagen. They have a New York office at 16 East 58th St., secondary U.S. branches in Chicago and San Francisco, and 5 European branches. High-Season rates are \$3.50 plus 4¢ per kilometer for the first 7 days, and they go down gradually to \$2 after 21 days. Biggest advantage here is their free delivery and collection plan, through which you can pick up or drop off your car in any of 6 cities (Copenhagen, Paris, Stockholm, Oslo, Frankfurt am Main, or Hamburg) without extra fee. No minimum mileage, but prepayment plan like Tiljeauto's; gasoline not included; insurance free. Other cars (Mercedès 180's, Opels, Dauphines, Chevrolets) also available.

Danatrip, in the Hotel Europa, also has about 200 cars, and its reputation is also excellent.

The most pleasant chauffeur-guide we've found in Denmark is Ronald Haworth, a soft-spoken, kindly Englishman.

who came back to Copenhagen after World War II military service there to marry a Danish girl. Most local chauffeurs are fine, but Haworth impressed us especially. He may be reached through Dantourist; comfortable car, standard rates.

Tipping The best-organized system in Europe. In restaurants, the tip is automatically extracted (an extra penny, for example, is often added to the price of a single glass of beer). In many situations, however, you are expected to do the honors. Make it a flat 15% always—but inquire first, or you may be tipping twice.

All Copenhagen hotels have recently adopted the practice of adding 12¢ per guest per night to the bill, in order to cover shoe shines, baggage transport to and from the rooms, and similar services. Tip the concierge, the room waiter, and the maid according to what they do for you, if you like—but the porter is now paid through this additional charge at the desk.

One happy thing: you won't find a Dane with his hand out. Whether you tip him or not, you'll get the same warm smile and the same expert help.

Things to Buy Scores of Americans consider the shopping in Denmark the finest on the Continent. Most of the merchandise is outstandingly tasteful, in the special Danish way—and the prices are soothing nearly everywhere.

Two extraordinary establishments should be the first targets of any visitor: Den Permanente (Vesterport Building) and Illums Bolighus, Center of Modern Design (Amager-torv 10). Den Permanente is the so-called "Permanent Exhibition"—display, sample, and sales rooms for practically every established firm or individual in the nation's industrial arts and crafts. Every piece on display in this model tourist's gift shop has been approved by the Permanente jury, headed by the new Director, famous architect Esbjørn Hiort. Souvenir Pavilion in Tivoli Gardens, too. Please don't miss the droll ceramics of Bjørn Wiinblad, who is the rage of Scandinavia. Be sure to visit the redesigned 2nd floor, with \$40,000 in improvements—and be sure, also, to ask for the talented

Mr. Hior in person, or for the ever-helpful Permanente hostess, Mrs. Edith Wanscher. Unique.

Illums Bolighus is the closest we've found in Europe to being the dream shop of any American hostess or host. "Bolighus" means "Home House," and everything from furniture to glass, ceramics, tableware, curtains, gay candles, and party items is here. Few counters exist; the cavalcade of merchandise throughout its 4 color-blended, style-blended floors is so striking that we couldn't spot one single ugly item. And the prices!! The identical Danish furnishings tagged at \$3000 in the U.S. cost only \$1000 here—and, after paying all shipment and Customs costs for guaranteed safe delivery to your American home, you've *still* got enough left over to pay your airplane fare and to give you a free vacation trip in Scandinavia! Enormous mail-order business with the States; mouth-watering 250-page catalogue available for \$1. This stunning establishment is one man's baby—Svend Knudsen, the brilliant Director, whose taste and judgment are responsible for everything you'll see. Say "hello" if you can, because he's one of the nicest men in Denmark.

Danish silver is fabulous, of course—but while world-famous Georg Jensen has exquisite displays and the biggest name, we are *not* enthusiastic about his charges. Recently we compared the prices of 4 duplicate-weight items at 4 different silversmiths—and the Jensen entries ran 18% to 30% higher than any of the others. It's quite possible that they might be *technically* superior—but I challenge anyone who isn't an expert to discover the difference. Their merchandise is marvelous in every way—"superb" might be a better word for it—but speaking strictly personally, as only 2 individual U.S. shoppers abroad, my wife Nancy and I just don't feel that it's worth that much more money. Perhaps you'll disagree.

Our favorite artisan, where we found the best prices and got the best value, is C. C. Hermann (Købmagergade 9). This is a friendly, small-ish, 3-generation family enterprise with a sound reputation and a lovely selection. Arrestingly attractive handmade original designs in hollow ware (coffee

services, bowls, much more), in flatware (any woman's Air Castle!), and in jewelry; new department behind Silver Store featuring outstanding modern Danish craftsmanship in steelware, silver plate, wood, and ceramics—all with Hermann's special touch, of course. Both the sunny Mr. Hermann and his assistant, Mr. Munksgaard, speak English. To us, to a large percentage of U.S. Embassy and other official Yankees in Copenhagen, and to those who like to stretch their traveler's checks, Hermann seems the best bet in Denmark. Among other well-known and dependable Copenhagen silversmiths are Just-Andersen, A. Michelsen, Dragsted, Paul Bang, Hans Hansen, Peter Hertz, and Aage Weimar. *Not* recommended by this *Guide* are either Kobenhavns Sølvkunst (Frederiksberggade 28) or Danehof Sølvmedie (Frederiksberggade 21).

More high-grade mink is raised in Denmark than in any other foreign land—and both the quality and savings are tops for Europe. By far the most eye-gleaming assortment, in our opinion, can be found at 91-year-old Birger Christensen (Ostergade 38). The specialty here is Danish ranch mink in up to 20 mutations—Royal Pastel, Sapphire, Aleutian, Silver-blu, Breath of Spring, Palomino, Topaz, White, and others. Prices vary, naturally, with seasons and world markets—but it's safe to predict that you'll pay from 20% to 30% less for these stoles, jackets, or coats than you would for identical furs in America. No luxury taxes, either! A. C. Bang, nearly across the street, is also highly regarded and highly reputable, but we prefer young, energetic Birger Christensen, Jr.'s fashion sense and sharp grasp of styling. He travels through the U.S. and the Continent annually, to keep up with the latest designs—and in '57 he imported an American Master Furrier to install New York workroom techniques. Ask for this charming young owner in person. A. Leidersdorff (Vimmelskaftet 49) no longer impresses us as being in the same class with either Christensen or Bang.

Fabrics, believe it or not, are also a terrific buy in this nation. Per Reumert (Hyskenstræde 10) is the undisputed king, with 14-thousand different dress materials on hand—

no less than 800 choices of blacks or whites, alone! Danish, French, Swiss, Italian, Egyptian, British, the works—all at prices which should make any fashion-minded or home-decorating gal sigh with satisfaction. For \$1.75, they'll make and cut your pattern on the spot. Anyone who loves cloth should be in heaven here. Ask for Mr. Reumert in person. Five stars; the most versatile store of its kind we've seen abroad.

Now—here's a real break for men, for a change. English House (Vesterbrogade 6, opposite the Central Railway Station square), the top tailor and clothier of Northern Europe, will make *to your measure* a stunning American-style sport jacket or American-style suit in your choice of finest imported materials—for the unbelievable price of \$30 to \$35 for the former and \$55 to \$75 for the latter. Pick your English woolens, Harris tweeds, British covert cloth, whatever you like—and they'll cut it individually for you just as you want it, adding any gimmicks you desire without extra charge. Delivery takes 3 days, not including Saturdays, when they close at 2 P.M. Smart, well-tailored ready-mades on their racks, too—cheaper still! Handsome and vital Preben Holten, the owner-director, makes the U.S. his second home. Dissatisfied with Danish styling, he brought over American experts at fantastic fees to reorganize his workshops along U.S. lines. The results are so spectacular that here for any man is one of the greatest travel bargains on the other side of the Atlantic. Ask personally for Store Manager Erik Petersen. Don't miss it!

Royal Copenhagen and Bing & Grøndahl figurines, dishes, and porcelains are unbeatable—and, for heaven's sake, buy all you need while you're on Danish soil, because the American prices for identical merchandise show a staggering markup. Boysen's toys are also known from Singapore to Seattle.

"Exceptional Gifts"? This is the name of Dr. and Mrs. Holger Winther's new shop (Hyskenstraede 5, opposite Per Reumert)—and it describes their merchandise perfectly. Earrings, bracelets, brooches, amulets, and other articles

dramatic, authentic Viking motifs, all cast in solid silver or gold by this world's leading maker of life masks; replicas of museum pieces; colorful, bold Viking tablemat sets, 100% hand-blocked, with explanatory data in English; designers of coats-of-arms and trademarks. Prices start at \$3, with bigger pieces running up to perhaps \$15. Silversmith Regnar Leth is in partnership with the Winthers. For The Person Who Has Everything, this little center might be IT.

Denmark is one of the handiest countries in which to restock your supplies of stateside books and magazines. Both the English Bookshop (adjoining the Palace Hotel) and Boghallen (up 1 block) carry new titles, thousands of paperback reprints, lithographs, fine art impressions, and souvenirs of various kinds. Both are topflight.

►**TIP:** The Gateway Store in the Free Zone Waiting Room of Copenhagen's Kastrup Airport stocks 121 brands of choice liquors and liqueurs, U.S. cigarettes, and other goodies—all at those wonderfully low tax-free prices. Anyone bound out of Denmark for *any* other country may purchase at will, merely by producing his Aircraft Boarding Card as identification.

Local Rackets The only one I'd watch is the substitution of Cloc whisky for Scotch whisky—at Scotch prices—in one or two cheap spots. Otherwise, like Switzerland and the rest of Scandinavia, Denmark is a land of honorable, honest people.

Believe It or Not You should raise your hat to any Danish friend you see on the street. Men doff their hats to men in this country—a national custom.

When you meet a Danish friend after he has entertained you or been kind to you, your first words should not be "Hello!" or "How are you?" Rigid good manners dictate that your greeting be "Tak for sidst!"—"Thanks for the last time we were together!" As the thankin'est people in the world, they also have variations of "Tak" ("Thanks!") for meals, tea, coffee, drinks, the day, the fun, the ride, and just about every human act.

It's unheard of to refuse a "skål." Even if you don't drink, go through the ceremony. Be sure to touch the glass to your lips.

Don't be surprised if that gorgeous redhead at the adjoining table pulls out a big, black stogy, delicately bites off its end, and suddenly gives forth a cloud of dark blue smoke. Danish women have a taste for cigars and they handle them with finesse. One oddity: they'll burn up a White Owl in any restaurant with relish, but damned if they'll light a Melachrino on the street.

Denmark is the only land in Europe which celebrates the Fourth of July on a gigantic scale. Since 1912, a special area at Rebild has been set aside for this purpose; 40- to 50-thousand people gather annually on the heather to see the King, the U.S. Diplomatic Corps, and other V.I.P.'s, and later to watch the huge fireworks at Aalborg. It's worth seeing.

If you'll stand outside the Au Coq d'Or restaurant on H. C. Andersen's boulevard and gaze upward to a famous statue atop a nearby building, you'll share a naughty sight, from this corner, which has been a source of merriment to Copenhageners for many years.

You'll hear more good jokes in Denmark than anywhere else in Europe. Most Danes will tell you a funny story 2 minutes after you meet them.

No people on the Continent are more happily civilized than the Danes—more simple, more direct and more fun.

EIRE (see Northern Ireland)



England

All the British aren't English. The United Kingdom has 4 distinct peoples, about as dissimilar as a horse, a bull, a mule, and a deer. A Scotsman (say "Scotch" only when

you're thirsty!) is a genius with his hands, a stickler for thrift, a conscientious workman who thinks like a Frenchman. An Irishman is mercurial, whimsical, stubborn, mystical. A Welshman is shrewd, deep, intense, hewn from his native granite. We're concerned here with the Englishman, the fourth member of the quadrumvirate. He's the one who runs his Kingdom and his Empire. He's also the one you must know longest, probe deepest, understand best before you can catch glimmerings of his unique greatness.

There's a childlike quality to his spirit—a charming, puckish, stubborn refusal to grow up. When you dig under his shell, you'll find passion, gaiety, richness, all the warm, human values of your next-door neighbor in your own home town.

The musical comedy portraits are a pure travesty. Reggie, with his long nose, monocle, plus fours, and stammering; Agatha, with her buck teeth, ironing-board chest, lisle stockings, and feet like canoes—it's about as fair as to call Red Skelton and Cass Daley universal U.S. types.

Don't let a trace of these absurd stereotypes linger in your mind. When you get there, you'll find a healthy, handsome, sturdy people—clean-limbed, clear-skinned, with the muscular co-ordination of a land of athletes. Go to Oxford or Cambridge, pick out the first 20 students you see, dress them in sport jackets, odd slacks, and moccasins—and, as long as they don't speak, you'll take them for the flower of American youth.

Haughtiness? Snootiness? That deadly sneering superiority? On the streets or in public places it might seem so, at first—but this is a formalized, hollow, false front. Never evaluate any of these people, male or female, by their surface characteristics; always look to their hearts, instead.

And remember this: More than 25 American presidents had (or have) British blood running in their veins. While dozens of nationalities have contributed heroic shares to America's greatness, here's a fact, and let's face it: the foun-

dation of American culture—language, law, customs, behavior—is basically and essentially British.

Many of us still think that all Britain needs to do is to press a button and the Empire jumps through the hoop. Not so. Each member of the British Commonwealth of Nations is self-governing and equal in status. Canada, Australia, South Africa, Pakistan, Ceylon, and New Zealand are bound to their mother country only by (1) allegiance to the Queen, (2) blood, (3) political tradition, including law, and (4) trade agreements. They can't be forced into anything they dislike; they vote their own way, abide by their own leaders, collect and disburse their own taxes, appoint their own foreign diplomats—separate entities, each as touchy of its independence as Huckleberry Finn.

The Queen isn't just the nice, pleasant figurehead many Americans take her for. On the contrary, she is the symbolic expression of national unity. The man on the street regards Her Majesty with a curious combination of awe, reverence, and simple affection. She can splice rope in a Girl Guide's camp, sample a pudding in a farmer's kitchen, chat with miners, clerks, plumbers, truck drivers—all without lowering her exalted station or her immense personal dignity. She is "family" to her people, just the way a few lucky screen stars are "family" to Middletown, U.S.A. The Queen is a great human being and a great symbol; she is the knot that ties together the Commonwealth of Nations.

Wyoming is larger than Utah; somewhere between them is the area of the United Kingdom. These chameleon islands are a fascinating hodgepodge of heaths and moors, hills and valleys, factories and wheatfields, crazy little cowpaths and 8-lane parkways, sprawling drab cities and tidy country hamlets. It's a beautiful land, on the whole; there's history, antiquity, tradition, dignity wherever you go. The 51-million people—New York, California, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Wisconsin combined—find things pretty crowded; on their 94-thousand square miles, they have less living space than do the citizens of highly

concentrated Connecticut. Few of the forests remain. There is good farm and grazing land in the south and in parts of Scotland; this is where that renowned fat, tender beef is grown. Rivers and streams abound. The coast line is so tortuous, so full of inlets into which big ships can travel, that no point in Scotland, for example, is more than 60 miles from the sea. If the natural contours weren't that way, we might be living in a far less pleasant world; we can thank this lucky geographic freak for the creation and existence of the British Navy.

Climate: Don't believe the travel posters; on the average, it's pretty awful. New York has heavier rainfall and far more uncomfortable extremes; here the Gulf Stream plugs up both ends of the thermometer. It's seldom unbearably hot or unbearably cold, despite common latitude with Labrador and the Baltic States, but its dampness is enough to give chronic rhinitis to a cigar-store Indian. In the west, it rains more copiously than in Los Angeles—and you know what *that* means! April is sometimes a pleasant period; this is what Browning must have meant when he wrote: "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there." For my money, however, June is usually tops. May, September, and October are its next best months; go then if you can possibly arrange it. One asset is the duration of daylight on spring and summer evenings; in Scotland you can often play golf at 10 P.M. Fogs are frequent visitors, especially in November and March; the legendary "pea-soupers" descend only about 6 times per winter and last only a few hours—*usually*, that is. An appalling pall of smoke (sometimes smog) hangs heavily over hundreds of square miles of industrial areas most of the year; this miserable cloud sometimes spoils even the loveliest days as far north as Yorkshire and beyond. Take warm clothing with you whenever you go to these changeable islands—particularly in summer, when you think that you need it least!

You won't freeze in England, despite the scarcity of that twentieth-century device, the central-heating unit; neither will you roast, despite the paucity of air conditioning. But

you may barely escape both: on a good fall day, it's windy at 9, raining at 11, sunny at 3, foggy at 5, and snowing at seven.

The British take their Emily Post far more seriously than do most Americans. For national good manners, they are perhaps the most courteous society in the world. Their philosophy is a simple and gracious one: since most human beings are already insecure, why make things worse by treading on their toes? Courtesy starts at the cradle; British children are so much better disciplined than U.S. youngsters that there's no comparison. The story goes that an aristocratic mother once went to the nursery and found it empty. She peered out the window, and there was her 4-year-old son, sliding down the drainpipe. "Richard!" she said severely, not raising her voice—and the little boy promptly slid up again.

Cities Greater London is a Tale of Two Cities: King's City and Merchants' City. They were merged in antiquity; historians know that they were invaded by the Romans in A.D. 41, but the story prior to that is still a mystery. She is the grandmother of capitals, 8,220,340 strong and 691 miles square, vying with Tokyo as the largest metropolis in the world; New York, with about half the area, has 7,795,470 people. The present London County consists of the city of London, Westminster, the Royal Borough of Kensington, and 26 metropolitan boroughs. In central sections, her skyline is fast being changed by the biggest building boom in 20 years; hardly a week will pass this year without plans being announced for another new skyscraper. The streets might have been planned by the Mad Hatter or by wandering cows; they wind helter-skelter in 10-thousand directions. But there's beauty about this eccentric old dowager, a sweep to her 5 central parks (St. James's, Green, Hyde, Kensington, and Regent's), a dignity about her Portland-stone buildings, white with weathering or black with soot, and a charm about her pageantry, her pomp, her leisurely Victorian pace.

Scores of fine hotels (crowded), big restaurants (food improving but still generally indifferent), gay night clubs

(pretty girls); wonderful subways ("undergrounds"); most transportation crowded; magnificent new London Airport, handling 90-thousand flights per year, plus Gatwick to alleviate its congestion; every possible tourist facility. The Thames, their Hudson River, makes its friendly way through the Port, 3000 acres of wharves and docks; the "City" (Wall Street), Westminster (Capitol Hill), the West End (Times Square and Fifth Avenue), Soho and Chelsea (Greenwich Village), Mayfair (Park Avenue), and many other districts split the metropolis into its components. You'll be enchanted by London. Buy a local guidebook, put on your most comfortable shoes—and ramble. If you're pressed for time, the new Bristol Helicopter Taxi Service will give you a 20-minute sight-seeing flight over the principal points of interest for \$15; departures on Saturday afternoons (summer only) before 4:15 P.M., from the Westland Heliport on the Thames. If you're economy-minded, there's a wonderful 2-hour circular tour atop a regular metropolitan bus, with a guide thrown in, for 49¢; it is now operated several times daily after Whitsun (early June this year), and thrice on Saturdays and Sundays during colder months, from Buckingham Palace Road between Eccleston Bridge and Elizabeth Bridge. Or buy either a 70¢ "Red Rover" ticket (unlimited week-end travel on all central or trolley buses), a \$1.19 "Twin Rover" ticket (same with subways added), or a \$3.50 "Go As You Please" ticket (7 days of unlimited bus or subway use, with Green Line coaches excepted). If you're a Zoo fan, take the water bus *Water Bus* along the Regent's Canal between "Little Venice," Paddington, to this famous institution which is currently undergoing a \$6,000,000 remodeling (mid-May to Oct. only). The Royal Palaces, Westminster Abbey, Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, Bank of England, Whitehall, Houses of Parliament, British Museum, Royal Festival Hall, ~~Marine~~ Theatre, Madame Tussaud's—these are but a few of London's fascinating attractions. But what you'll like most is the color and atmosphere of everyday life along these crooked, crazy, charming little streets.

Birmingham, with 80 square miles and 1,200,000 people,

is the second city of England. The irascible Dr. Johnson found a wife here—no trick for any man, I can assure you, so long as he throws in the promise to take her away from this iron and steel center. It's a grimy, drab, depressing sort of place, as factory cities usually are; from the tourist's standpoint, it's about as interesting as the industrial districts of Detroit, Michigan.

Liverpool, the size of St. Louis, is third. Substitute docks, freighters, and railway tunnels for steel mills, foundries, and lofts, and you'll have a smaller Birmingham.

Manchester, the textile center and fourth city, is connected with the sea by a 35-mile ship canal. Despite the fact that it's one of the principal centers of political, literary, scientific, and musical advancement, most Yankee sightseers find it commercial and unrewarding.

Sheffield (cutlery, steel) and Leeds (woolens), next in line, also are humdrum to the vacationing American. Incidentally, natives of the latter are called "Leeds Loiners." Like all good Yorkshiremen, they're rough, tough, and gruff on the surface but, like pure-bred bull terriers, they're as gentle as lambs under their bristling exteriors.

The charm of the United Kingdom is not in her cities. Go to the moors, the heaths, the dales, the lakes, the hamlets. Run out to Oxford or Cambridge for an excursion. Try the Shakespeare country in Warwickshire; try Canterbury in Kent, one of the ecclesiastical capitals of civilization; try the 35-mile-square Lake District, a miniature Switzerland in Cumberland; try the cathedrals, castles, and serene stone villages of Gloucestershire; try rugged Cornwall, the Hardy country, Raleigh's Devon, the rustic Dorset coast, the poetic Cotswolds, the Derbyshire peaks, the Yorkshire moors, the Scottish Highlands, the hot springs of Harrogate, the unbelievably broad beaches of Southport, the renowned antiquities in the valleys of the Usk and the Wye. Around every bend in the road you'll find an ever-changing landscape, with customs, dialects, ways of life new to you, but as old to the culture as Chaucer and Malory. London is unique, but skip

Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds. Look for the real England at the roots of her grass.

Money and Prices British currency is just about as simple as American currency, once you figure it out. It is pence (written "d"), shillings (written "s" and called "bob"), and pounds (written "£" and called "quid").

The king-sized £5 note, a currency curiosity for over 100 years, was withdrawn in '56. A smaller, less romantic, more practical "fiver" has replaced this crackly white banking landmark, sad to say.

The only curves they throw are the florin and the half-crown. The former is 2 shillings (28¢), the latter 2 shillings sixpence (35¢). Read all coins carefully. If you don't, you're liable to give away half-crowns for florins and sixpence for threepence.

Here's a rough table of current exchange values:

| <i>Unit</i> | <i>Common Usage</i> | <i>Abbreviation</i> | <i>U.S. Equivalent</i> |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| Halfpenny | HAYpny | ½d. | ½¢ |
| One penny | A penny | 1d. | 1¢ |
| Threepence | THRUPPence | 3d. | 3½¢ |
| Sixpence | A tanner | 6d. | 7¢ |
| One Shilling | A bob | 1s. | 14¢ |
| Two Shillings | A florin | 2s. | 28¢ |
| Two Shillings and Sixpence | Half-crown | 2s.6d. | 35¢ |
| Five Shillings | A dollar (rare) | 5s. | 70¢ |
| Ten Shillings | Ten bob | 10s. | \$1.40 |
| One Pound | A quid | £1 | \$2.80 |
| One Guinea (no such coin) | — | 21s. | \$2.94 |

Luxury items, doctor's fees, dentist's fees, school tuitions, and most items with a flavor of snobbism, are quoted in guineas, despite the fact that no currency of this denomination has existed since times of old.

An added complication is the custom of quoting prices in excess of £1 in shillings—for example, 40 shillings, 55 shil-

lings, 70 shillings, and so on. When you run across this, remember, first, that there are 20 shillings to £1, and second, that £1 equals \$2.80. Then cross your fingers—or try it for size on the *Fielding Currency Guide*!

In metropolitan centers, prices are almost—but not quite—on a level with U.S. living. As with the dollar, the purchasing price of the pound sterling has declined seriously in the face of postwar inflation; a \$2.80 investment in 1951 now buys only \$2.15 (if the dollar is assumed to have been constant, which it hasn't). De luxe hotels charge as much as \$10 to \$20 per night for a single room, \$12 to \$25 for a double, and \$25 to \$75 for a suite. Accommodations average \$3 to \$5 per person in suburban or rural areas, including breakfast. Staple foods aren't too expensive, particularly out of London, but luxuries like fresh fruit, game, and passably thick steaks will run up your bill and your temperature. Whisky is murder all over the country, even in the Scottish heather where the dew is gathered—50¢ up for a half-portion which wouldn't give a buzz to a teetotalling elf. But not since before World War II has the currency been as sound, and the economy as gratifyingly stable.

Language Although some of the words, subjects, predicates, conjunctions, verbs, participles, nouns, and other little items have admitted similarities, English is as different from American as Alaskan is from Bantu. The written form is fairly universal; the spoken form, especially between such rugged individualists as a Mississippi farmer and a Welsh coal miner, is often a matter of ludicrous misunderstanding.

Both countries have their own taboos. If there's a quick way to hang a feminine American visitor on her ear, it's for her English host to bid good night to her and then to add, in a casual tone, "I'll pop up to your room and knock you up at seven-thirty tomorrow morning"—meaning, of course, only that he'll chastely knock at the door to awaken her. And when he says, "I have a *very* homely wifel!" he means "hard-working hausfrau," not "hag."

Stateside newcomers can innocently cause plenty of em-

barrassment or merriment, too. Use "tramp" instead of "bum," because "bum" in the U.K. is what you place gently against the cushion when you sit down. "Closet" means water closet, not storage place; "khaki" is local slang for horse manure. Be careful, also, with proper nouns, because dozens are pronounced by contraction: Worcestershire is "Woostersheer," Cholmondeley is "Chumley," Harwarden is "Harden," Cirencester is "Sisister," and so on.

There are hundreds of acceptable words, too, fiendishly designed to trip up the stranger. Here is a short vocabulary to which you can refer before calling for help.

| <i>American</i> | <i>English</i> | <i>American</i> | <i>English</i> |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| Apartment | Flat | Second floor | First floor |
| Baby carriage | Pram | Ice cream | Ice |
| Bathroom | Closet, water closet, W.C. | Keep up your courage | Keep your pecker up |
| Bill (money) | Note | Peanuts | Monkey nuts |
| Call up | Ring up | Soda Fountain | Milk Bar |
| Candy | Sweets | Streetcar | Tram |
| Check (restaurant) | Bill | Suspenders | Braces |
| Convertible top (car) | Hood | Swim | Bathe |
| Cookie | Biscuit | Telephone booth | Telephone box or kiosk |
| Corn | Maize | Ticket office | Booking hall |
| Dessert | Sweet | Two weeks | Fortnight |
| Extension cord | Flex | Undershirt | Vest |
| First name | Christian name | Vacation | Holiday |
| Gasoline | Petrol | Vest | Waistcoat |
| | | Wash cloth | Flannel or face cloth |
| | | Water heater | Geyser |

Attitude Toward Tourists The American offices of the British Travel and Holidays Association do outstandingly good work, thanks to U.S. General Manager James T. Turbayne, O.B.E. For his solid achievements, this unusually able and attractive tourism executive received the decoration

of Officer of the Order of the British Empire from Queen Elizabeth in 1959—and well merited it was! If the pleasant ladies at his Information Counter at 680 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19, or the branch personnel in his Chicago or Los Angeles outlets can't solve your problem, write or call either Mr. Turbayne in person, or his charming, razor-quick assistant, Mrs. Helen Newman. When this star pair are presented with a problem it's as good as settled.

The Canadian office is at 90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There are also European branches in Paris, Amsterdam, Stockholm, and Frankfurt am Main.

As for the London headquarters, we still find them over-stuffed with bureaucratic civil servants and understuffed with vision or efficiency. The Information Centre is at 64/65 St. James's St., S.W.1—and we hope that your luck will be better than ours, during our last 4 or 5 visits.

Customs and Immigration As in France, everything is forbidden but nearly everything is allowed. The answer to this paradox is the "tolerance" system; the law says no, but the kindly Customs authorities say yes.

Legally, you may claim nothing—but if your luggage accompanies you, the inspectors will pass without levy a *reasonable* amount of dutiable effects, as long as they're for your personal use. Basically, you'll not be troubled about 400 cigarettes or 50 cigars or 1 lb. of pipe tobacco, 2 bottles of spirits (seals broken), ½ pint of cologne and perfume, a portable typewriter, a small radio, a camera, professional tools, reading matter (nonobscene, naturally), and other items of this nature. Charges are usually waived, also, on food or gifts for British friends, so long as the value is small. But if in their eyes you should exceed this flexible "tolerance" level, or if their courtesy to you should be returned with rudeness or insolence, they can get you 16 ways from Sunday.

Here's how they can give you the old one-two punch: they can slap *Customs duties* on new clothing (purchased in the U.S. or continental Europe) of 10% to 33% on

cigarettes of \$4.20 per carton, on spirits of \$4 to \$6 per fifth (ouch!), on jewelry of 25%, and so on. Should they wish to get tough, they can wreck anyone's 4-figure bank account in 4 minutes flat.

But, luckily for all, these officials are among Britain's best ambassadors of good will. They are intelligent, polite, and efficient. If you are frank and well-mannered in replying to their frank and well-mannered questions (you'll be asked, for example, the purpose of your visit and your proposed length of stay in the country), chances are high that they'll never even peep into your bags. On only 1 of our last 12 straight visits did they ask us to open a piece of luggage—and this seems to be the normal approach toward the average American visitor.

Prohibited articles include dogs, muskrats (got one in your suitcase?), weapons, narcotics, egret feathers, and French post cards.

Don't declare your gifts as gifts, until they ask you.

Follow the hints under "Customs Officials" on page 111. They'll come in handy.

The special Airport Tax, inaugurated in '57, of 70¢ per departure on international flights, has now been bumped up to 98¢. No collection is made from incoming passengers.

Export licenses are mandatory for some items. These include stamp collections (value more than \$14), shotguns, rifles, ancient manuscripts, and anything more than 75 years old with a total value of more than \$562 or an individual value of more than \$280. You can pick up this document at the Board of Trade, Export Licensing Branch, Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

You'll probably like your reception in England—and, in the same sense, your departure, too. Almost without exception, the Customs officials are a fine body of men with whom to do business.

►Here's an important tip:

As of '60, you may *bring in* unlimited amounts of sterling, dollars, francs, and other currencies (declare them all!)—but

you may *take out a maximum of only £20 in British bank notes*. They're hard as nails about this; plead all you like, but they'll confiscate every penny of your surplus.

Hotels Excellent service, facilities improving by leaps and bounds; terribly crowded from May through August, and expensive.

My personal rating of London hotels, in order of desirability, is as follows:

1. Claridge's, Brook St., W.1: There is still tremendous snob appeal in this last stronghold of nearly vanished British wealth, particularly if Burke's *Landed Gentry* carries your name or if you sport an old-school tie. If you can't qualify on either count, you may find it like a large private club to which you don't happen to belong. Crown jewel of the fabulous Savoy Hotels empire; no bar, no dancing; the ultimate in luxury, urbanity, and prices, but aura so autocratic that it's not the place for the average visitor who is looking for a home away from home.

2. Savoy, Strand, W.C. 2: Here, to our minds, is the greatest large hotel of the world, bar none—tailor-made exactly to the best taste of the American abroad. In spite of the fact that nearly every top-drawer celebrity who knows his England automatically makes his headquarters the Savoy, there is nothing Hollywood or Waldorf-Astoria about it; 500 rooms with bath, all instantly convertible into suites; 50 to 100 new apartments now being added; staff of 1500, at least 3 to every "client" (for you're always a "client," not a "guest"). Superb cuisine that bears the hallmark of former employees Ritz, Escoffier, Latry, and Virlogeux; celebrated Savoy Grill, Savoy Restaurant, American Bar; wine cellar boasts 150-thousand bottles, offering one of the widest selection of wines anywhere on earth today; breath-taking panorama from Thames-side accommodations; friendly Peter Combe's Public Relations office to solve your personal headaches; television in many accommodations; telephones in all bedrooms, sitting rooms, and bathrooms, too. If money is no object, the Presidential Suite at about \$75 per day (christened by Mr.

Truman in '56) is probably the most discreetly opulent accommodation on the other side of the Atlantic; several similarly palatial apartments have also since been inaugurated. For your average basic rate for a single room, figure at least \$18.50. General Manager Willi A. Hofflin, a legend among hoteliers, still runs his 7-ring show in his own inimitable fashion. If you're an American in search of the grace of old England combined with charm in décor and facilities that work in the American way, the Savoy is the place for you. Highest recommendation of any hotel we know for the discriminating U.S. voyager.

3. Berkeley, 77 Piccadilly, W. 1: Pronounced "Barkley," this venerable, fashionable landmark is the London "pub" (bar and meeting place) of the hunting, fishing, and racing set of rural Britain. Long a Savoy Hotels Ltd. property, it combines their know-how with the energetic personal touch of General Manager Charles Fornara; extension plans now underway on newly acquired adjoining freehold. Serene atmosphere, almost Victorian in its charm; capacity so small that each visitor is an honored individual, not a room number. Fully air-conditioned, with ingenious double windows which obliterate all traffic noises; large rooms, luxurious baths. Home of the original Buttery, the renowned tartan-lined oasis which has been copied all over the globe; topflight Grill, topflight restaurant, and intimate lounge-bar. The Berkeley never advertises, because few travelers need urging to return to its relaxed, friendly, happy-family atmosphere. Particularly suitable for children.

4. Connaught, Carlos Place, W. 1: This veteran couldn't be a more felicitous choice for the traveler in search of comfort and serenity in the old-fashioned way. If you seek a spacious room, flawless service, a superior restaurant and grill, a faintly English-Manor-House atmosphere, no orchestras, no dancing, no radios, no television, and quiet British gentility which is almost Victorian in tone, here is surely the place for you. Kindly, mannerly, attentive staff, from House Manager Mr. Gustave to Head Hall Porter John to Head Barman Tony to the youngest employee; Savoy Hotels Ltd.

ownership, but independent administration under sympathetic and gifted Resident Managing-Director Rudolph Richard. Respectable U.S.-style Martinis; film stars like William Holden, Ingrid Bergman, and Tom Ewell retreat to anonymity within these mellowed walls. Year after year, *Guide* readers continue to write us that "Given the choice, I'd never go anywhere else but the Connaught"—a testimonial to the appeal it bears for Quiet Americans abroad. Book long in advance.

5. Dorchester, Park Lane, W. 1: It's sad to report that the Dorchester and Maxim's of Paris were, completely unexpectedly, our 2 most shattering travel disappointments of 1959. Regretfully, we believe that both world-famous institutions have recently been hit by the same infirmity—that enervating virus of coasting on great names and great reputations. The Oliver Messel and Roof Garden suites, the American Bar, the air-conditioned Grill, and the alfresco summer dining-terrace are still delightful; the service from top to bottom is still superb in every regard; all of these we still cheer. But the indifferent quality of the cuisine at those painful Dorchester prices, and the furnishings of our accommodations and of the numerous other rooms and suites we inspected, almost froze us in our tracks. In general, the current décor impressed us as flat and tasteless, with carelessly made slip covers, untied strings dangling from under chairs and couches, tired curtains (some looked as if they hadn't been washed for months), measly little low-budget coffee tables, cramped wardrobe space, extension cords spilled in messy array along the baseboards, and other *déclassé* signposts—all of which indicated to us, in neon-light clarity, a discreditable cutting of financial corners in a supposedly top-luxury house which charges top-luxury tariffs. When we checked out, we asked ourselves one question: where, except in its glamor sections, is the *true* luxuriousness which is implied in its advertising slogan, "London's Finest Hotel"? Here's a splendid establishment by Cologne or Genoa or Brussels standards—but, according to our most serious personal evaluation, it

seems overrated and overpriced when stacked up against its local Savoy-chain competition. Perhaps you'll disagree.

6. Ritz, Piccadilly, W. 1: Except for a slight air of mustiness and mothballs, like the Plaza in New York used to be—lots of mahogany, rich hangings, commodious rooms, immense bathrooms, and tradition. Pleasant bar, fair food, Old-Line service.

7. Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. 1: Improving every year. New multipurpose lounge in '57, pseudo-Country-House style; new, functional First-class wing in '58, with 2 suites and 92 small so-called bedroom-suites; other new touches in '59. Caters heavily to the affluent businessman, with banquets and conventions a specialty; many tourists like it as their London headquarters, too. Encouraging progress.

8. May Fair, Berkeley St., W. 1: Its building-wide refurbishing program has now been completed, and the results are mixed. Assets: (a) the elegant Chateaubriand Restaurant, which counts royalty and mile-high nobility among its steady clients, (b) the new Candlelight Room for dining and dancing, which is a knockout, (c) the new foyer and Dickensian Bar, and (d) some of its better bedrooms. Liabilities: (a) the quality and taste in its smaller accommodations, (b) the disinterested attitude of some of its desk people toward the guests, and (c) the overcommercial clientele which sometimes outnumber the pleasure travelers. Not in the same ball park with the Savoy chain, but good at its best.

9. Westbury, New Bond St., W. 1: This Knott Corp. house, inaugurated in '55 and billed as the "first American hotel in London," still leaves us unenthusiastic—in spite of the \$1,000,000 wing completed in '57. Its 255 production-line rooms, all with private bath, shower, and radio, offer such cramped living space for a luxury-category establishment that we're surprised at the architect and amazed that these knowledgeable U.S. hosts would go forward with his plans. In an effort to overcome this over-all blight of smallness, the agreeable Polo Bar has been extended and enlarged, the colorful air-conditioned lounge and Westbury Grill have been added, and 7 suites now supplement the roster. Pride

of the management is the spectacular Norman Hartnell Penthouse Suite, decorated by Queen Elizabeth's dress designer; peach-and-turquoise master bedroom, smaller bedroom, sitting room with TV, ingenious bar, and all comforts, lovely flower-and-greenery open terrace, kitchenette, small but tasteful bathroom, all yours for a mere \$98 per day; Blue Suite, Eastern Suite, Red Suite, and others with individual furnishings go for less. Convenient location for shopping and theater-going. In spite of able administration by Messrs. J. C. Maxwell and A. M. Delarue, the architectural limitations are so hobbling that we feel that the leading English houses are infinitely better. Very expensive.

10. St. Ermin's, Caxton St., S.W. 1: This sprawling, turreted matron, quietly situated near St. James's Park, somehow has the homey family air of a good British seaside resort hotel which read the wrong signpost and ended up in town. Big lobby and public rooms; 180 man-sized bedrooms and 120 baths; period décor modestly updated; spick-and-span restaurant and bar. Doubles with private bath and breakfast run from \$10.50 to \$16.50, plus 10% service. For the not-so-young.

11. Washington, Curzon St., W. 1: Another importation of American hotel technique which has been 60% enlarged by a streamlined new wing, but which to me still doesn't quite come off. The expanded portion, pride of the management, offers 53 small, Hilton-type-functional bedrooms with day beds, extra-wide windows, radios, optional television, and radiant heating—each with its own bath and shower; the penthouse floor is suites-only. But the glass-mosaic-aluminum-and-tubular-chair motif strikes us, at least, as being more at home in Pittsburgh or Palm Springs than in Old Lady London. Not for us in this flavorful capital, but perhaps you'll disagree. Doubles from \$11.25 up, including breakfast.

12. Brown's, Dover St., W. 1: For decades this old-timer has been one of the most famous hostelries in the British Empire. Ancient; comfortable in a Victorian way; new top floor, on which every room has a private bath and partially

built-in dressing unit; the reliable standby of the elderly and the dignified with long sweet memories.

13. Park Lane, Piccadilly, W. 1: This one deteriorated rather sadly in the immediate postwar period, but now, at last, most of its historic urbanity has been recaptured. Edwardian tone, with red plush hangings, stiff mahogany furniture including "wardrobes," and old-fashioned, garage-sized bathrooms with heated towel racks and enormous tubs; for 75¢ extra, a perfect Jeeves will wheel your breakfast of hot breads, jam, and tea or coffee into your quarters. Graceful, sedate, and durable; for the unhurried and mellow, not the youngsters.

14. Hyde Park, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1: So prewar British in its austere stiff-upper-lip ambiance that its lobby sitters probably wouldn't turn a hair if General the Earl Douglas Haig were to charge up to the entrance, turn his horse over to the doorman, and give the room clerk a 5-minute lecture on the campaign in Flanders. Superb service; unusually fine cuisine; stark, impersonal bedrooms; handsomely situated restaurant; the modern Buttery and the charming Grill, however, have just about the only *easy* atmosphere in its labyrinth of public rooms. So much the antonym of the word "intimacy" that it's for traditionalists only.

15. Cumberland, Marble Arch, W. 1: This is a one-price, glacially commercial house for the tourist on a budget. American-style service; new "Danish" restaurant, The Little Mermaid, tops its 4 dining rooms; \$7.20 gives you a depressingly impersonal single room with bath.

16. Kensington Palace, De Vere Gardens, W. 8: Associated Hotels has taken over the reins of this second-stringer, and various improvements have been made, including the addition of a new 44-bedroom wing. For about \$9 single or \$14.50 double, you'll get what they call a Dual Purpose accommodation (studio couch by day, bed by night), a private bath of sorts, and surroundings which impress us as clean, modern, and somewhat gimcrack-y. Faces Kensington Gardens, 10 minutes from Piccadilly.

17. De Vere, De Vere Gardens, W. 8: Our main objection

to this one is that we think it a bit overpriced. Period building in rococo gingerbread has been totally reworked, and satisfactorily; some rooms very pleasant indeed. But does a double here merit a \$16.10 price tag in value received?

18-19. Strand Palace (Strand, W.C. 2), Regent Palace (Piccadilly, W. 1): Chrome steel, imitation leather, typically modern-American in motif. If you like the new, sterile, brash surroundings of the Edison in New York, the Baker in Dallas, or the Skirvin in Oklahoma City, these 2 are for you.

20. Piccadilly, Piccadilly, W. 1: So many readers have complained about this establishment's demands for advance payments, its indifferent service, and its various discourtesies, that we've got to have another long look, in person, before we'll again recommend it in any way.

The Mount Royal (commercial atmosphere, 44 new rooms and bath), the Mandeville (new wing, 85 rooms with bath), the Stratford Court (additional 150 rooms with bath), and the Parkway (new hotel, 100 rooms) were not inspected by us on our latest go-around. Neither was the site of the partially constructed Coach & Horses Inn, the circular project 1 mile from London Airport, which might be open by the time you read this. The 600-room Hilton hostelry, to be built on Park Lane, should be ready by mid-'62. Plans for several other large enterprises are in the hands of local authorities—and let's hope, for visitors' sakes, that they'll be promptly approved.

As has been previously mentioned, the best hotels charge as much as \$10 to \$20 per night for a single room; average rates are \$6 to \$9, sometimes including breakfast. Most establishments list a flat 10% service charge on the bill; extra gratuities (see "Tipping") are expected.

Inexpensive accommodations? There's an enormous cleavage between the so-called "good" and "modest" categories abroad—and London and Paris are the most frustrating examples. The counterpart of our U.S. "middle" group simply doesn't exist; with almost no exceptions, British hotels (not

inns) are either excellent or terrible. To find "modest" lodgings without muddy woodwork, naked light bulbs, and Charles Addams furnishings is practically impossible. (We know, after tramping through several dozen grim candidates.)

The only one we've found which stands out this year is the Ambassador Hotel, Lancaster Gate, W. 2. This small, cheerful stop, inaugurated in '58, offers 13 single rooms, 36 double-bedded rooms, and 12 twin-bedded rooms—all with private bath, radio, heat, breakfast, and service included in the fixed rate of \$4.20 per person per night. Fresh, agreeable décor with gay wallpapers and attractive entrance; pleasant cellar dining room; naturally, the accommodations are rather tiny, but for this money who cares? If Manager Liam O'Riordan can continue to maintain its current level of housekeeping, here's a real buy for the budget-minded traveler.

For information about other small hotels in the capital, the British Travel and Holidays Association can give you a better steer than we can. Except for the Ambassador, we won't vouch for the quality of any we've inspected, from the American point of view.

If you're ever stuck for a place to stay, the nonprofit London Hotels Information Service at 88 Brook St., W. 1 (phone: Mayfair 5414), the HOTAC Accommodation Service (phone: Welbeck 2555), or the above-mentioned Association (phone: Mayfair 9191) will fly to your rescue.

For the provinces, you'll find a combined list of suggested country hotels and eating places in "Dining Outside London," at the end of the "Restaurants" section to follow. Otherwise, consult the official bureau or your travel agent, or refer to the fat "Hotels in the British Isles" directory, published by the same Travel and Holidays Association and issued free of charge through its American offices.

► **TIPS:** The so-called "Trust House" is often your best bet for country lodging. This is a federation of 230 rural hostels scattered all over the U.K.; not luxury class—private baths are a rarity—but scrupulous cleanliness, comfortable

beds, low tariffs, and the best available local food are guaranteed. Company-wide, credit-card plan introduced in '59. Write Trust Houses Ltd., 53 Short's Gardens, London, W.C. 2 for the official listings and ratings.

A breather for the children? Try the Hare & Hounds, Westonbirt, in the heart of the Cotswolds. It's about 98 miles from London, near a famous girls' school. The management caters to kids—and it's also even kind to parents!

Check-out time in Great Britain is usually 11 A.M. or noon.

Most hotels take a rake-off when they cash your traveler's checks—sometimes a stiff one, too. Ask about this difference first, because a trip to the nearest bank may be worth the energy.

Watch out for a stupid, irritating custom called "corkage." This is the flapper-era practice, outmoded 30 years ago, of charging the guest perhaps £1 for drinking out of his own bottle in his own room. To get around this silly business, don't deposit any empties in the wastebasket—and keep the liquor out of sight whenever the waiter or maid is present.

Information and reservations for the Continent? Without a penny of charge, Hotels Abroad (39 Jermyn St., S.W. 1) will handle your arrangements in any of the topflight European houses it represents for the U.K. on an annual fixed-fee basis—headliners like Geneva's Richemond, Berne's Schweizerhof, Zürich's Dolder Grand, Positano's Le Sirenuse, Beaulieu's La Réserve, and others in this De luxe category. Cannes and Lausanne are their particular pets; in either of these resorts, they will even rent a villa or charter a yacht for you! See Managing-Director Alec Hermelin personally, and your puzzles will vanish with his cheerful smile.

Within the United Kingdom, be sure to have confirmed reservations *in advance* wherever you wander. Space is so tight most of the year that you may be sorry if you don't.

Food Notably improved since the demise of rationing—but still the lowest culinary level, in general, of any land you'll visit. Fine restaurants offer delectable food; where you'll continue to need your Turns by the gross is in the

smaller, cheaper places run by gentle ladies or gentry with palates of Portland stone.

Certain items have always been good: roasts, grills, Scotch salmon, Yorkshire ham, Stilton cheese, bacon, and 2 or 3 others. Routine British cookery, however, has been scandalously poor since World War I—a shocking national indifference to the kitchen which nothing but sheer boredom with the subject can explain.

But with buying controls lifted, with young housewives of the new generation forced to bend over the hot stoves themselves, and with an ever-growing circle of British gourmets who know and appreciate food at its finest, the standards are definitely on the rise. Don't expect miracles, however, because it'll probably be roughly 5000 years before the *average* fare in England can hold its own with the *average* fare of France, Denmark, or other neighbors.

Meal hours are fixed. Breakfast used to be heavy, but now it is comparatively light; lunch, seldom taken before 1 o'clock, is substantial; tea, at 4:30 P.M., is a sacred ritual in every walk of life; dinner, between 7 P.M. and 8:30 P.M., is the biggest repast of all. Like the Norwegian, the local schedule calls for 4 meals per day; the majority may not cook well, but the English eat as heartily as most Americans.

►**TIP:** English oysters are expensive but superb. Imperials (available all of the "R" months) are considered the finest; the larger Colchesters (Oct. to Jan.) are also exquisite. Don't miss them, if you're a bivalve fan.

Restaurants and Night Clubs Pick your spot in the United Kingdom, and you'll be fed beautifully; wander into an untried establishment, no matter how picturesque it appears, and you'd probably give your shirt to be back in Horn & Hardart's Automat in New York.

In London, the Mayfair and the Soho districts have the best and most interesting places. Mayfair is chichi and costly, like New York's gilded East Side; Soho is closer to Greenwich Village in flavor, although the tab can run plenty high here, too. Remember that *most restaurants are closed Sun-*

days; hotel grillrooms are not. And remember especially, please, that it's *always* wise to make advance reservations in London, regardless of the place or the hour.

Official sources list roughly 200 establishments in the capital. Here are about 80 I have tried personally, unless otherwise indicated—representing practically every type, style, and price bracket in the field. Let's first report by category the ones we recommend, then follow with a roundup of those which we found indifferent or disappointing:

For *fashionable dining without dancing* (average meal \$2.50 to \$6), here are our choices. *Advance reservations (same day) must be made in the first 3*; otherwise you'll wait up to 1 hour for a table.

Caprice (Arlington St.) is the suave, cosmopolitan rendezvous of film and theatrical personalities, and other celebrities of the arts; Director Mario Gallati not only looks like celebrated New York restaurateur Gene Leone, he is equally a Master of superb cuisine. Always animated, always crowded, always pleasant—and always such high-quality food that we consider it one of the 3 finest independent restaurants in the nation. If you stick with the impressive 73-item menu, you may select any 3 courses which appeal to you—forward, backward, or upside down—for an astounding \$3.15; beverages and tips are extra. Ask for the dedicated, warmhearted Mr. Gallati in person, or for Maîtres Edward or Lyons; friendly Charles operates the bar. Tops.

Mirabelle (65 Curzon St.), dressy and chichi, is possibly the most sophisticated straight restaurant in Great Britain—but a disturbing number of our last year's readers weren't too happy here. There were reports about the indifference of reception personnel—but the main kick concerned the prices (generally higher, by the way, than those of the famed Savoy Grill); one irate traveler told us that he paid 63¢ for a portion of strawberries and \$2.24 for the cream to go with it! In spite of these comments, here's still one of the most attractive atmospheres to be found anywhere. The air-conditioned, semi-garden patio, banked with flowers, is delightful in both rain

or sunny weather. Superior kitchen; fine buffet in summer; clientele of international socialites. But remember that it will cost you plenty, and that your welcome may not be as gracious as it could. Still recommended despite these reservations.

A l'Écu de France (111 Jermyn St.) served the most delicious meal of our latest English visit—a triumph of gastronomy. We booked our table cold, under another name—and after a perfect cocktail, 3 wonderfully appetizing courses, and service worthy of the original Ritz, our party was unanimous in its agreement that here is the number one French restaurant on British soil today. Since the great Mario Gallati of Caprice (see above) bought it in '57 and installed Manager G. Negri of Martinez fame, this once-skidding landmark has undergone a complete rebirth. Tasteful, quiet ambiance, not spectacular or chichi; large handwritten menus in the Gallic tradition; outstanding vintage wines, served by sommeliers in cellarmen's smocks; bar chairs uncomfortably tiny, but dining-room facilities excellent. Your bill should run about \$5 per person, and if it isn't worth more than this, we'll eat our hats. Ask for Mr. Negri in person. Cheers, *santés*, and high recommendations.

Le Coq d'Or (Stratton St.) specializes in succulent *rôtisserie*-grilled chicken, duckling, and game in season; de luxe tavern-type atmosphere; busy and bustling; personal attention by gastronome G. Henry Sartori. Our only criticism here is the pushy, coarse, let's-get-on-with-it haste which the waiters continue to display at lunch—a flaw which we hope Mr. Sartori will study and eradicate.

These 4 are closed Sundays and various holidays.

For *medium-priced dining without dancing* (average meal \$2 to \$4), we're mildly fond of Overton's (5 St. James's St.) and Vendôme (20 Dover St.). Both are fairly new; both specialize in seafood but offer a complete line of grills and meats; both have fine separate oyster bars and service on 2 floors; the former is modern *décor* and the latter is eighteenth-century French; the food in both is good. In Overton's

(closed Sun.), ask for Manager Ian Firman; in Vendôme (closed Sat.), Manager Henry Durham is your hard-working host. Café Royal (68 Regent St.) has come back with a bang, thanks to new management; this famous Bohemian hangout, with the flavor of Delmonico's at the turn-of-the-century, again offers the discriminating diner everything it should. Be sure to sit in the Grill Room (closed Sun.). Trocadero (Piccadilly Circus) has also regained most of the élan it had when "Meet me at the Long Bar at the Troc!" was the fashionable expression; in this Lyons-owned, 300-seat giant, our large and well-prepared lunch for 2 came to an astonishingly low \$12.22, which included a \$5.50 bottle of Château Latour '47; dancing in the Grill at night. A sound bet, with praiseworthy cuisine and service for its size. Maison Basque (11 Dover St.) is reported to have improved; we haven't tried it lately. Matedlot (49 Elizabeth St.), a handkerchief-sized *bistro* with simple furnishings and reasonable prices, draws a goodly share of the Smart Set; operated by a psychiatrist; dinner any day, but lunch Monday through Friday only; down-to-earth and amusing. L'Étoile (30 Charlotte St.) features Marseille specialties, snails, Italian dishes, and game; savory spaghetti prepared at your table for perhaps \$1.50; ask for Frank or Toni; also closed Sundays; unpretentious and satisfactory. Élysée (13 Percy St.) has a delightful open terrace upstairs, a fixed \$1.75 lunch and \$2.50 dinner, and a friendly owner named George Varnavas; closed Sunday lunch; a solid bet without special elegance. Isola Bella (15 Frith St.) has been an Italian-French institution in Soho for more than 30 years; go early, because the late cooking is sometimes casual; also closed Sundays. White Tower (1 Percy St.) is another Soho standby, with the Greek hospitality of John Stais to welcome you; continued improvement yearly. Monseigneur (16 Jermy St.) has the aura of Cavanagh's or Keen's Chop House in New York, although chops are not the feature; pleasant, substantial man's place for lunch, with extra-long wine list and fare that is deservedly recommendable. Atop Derry & Toms, the department store (Kensington High St.), the "Restaurant on the Roof," garnished with trees, gardens

and waterfalls, is lovely on a summer's day—with a grand vista of London as you dine; pick your weather. Martinez (25 Swallow St.) has Spanish tiles, Iberian specialties, and smiling attention; don't expect Escoffier to prepare your dinner, but for what you pay, it's one of the best budget choices in the capital.

For *English traditional* dining, nothing in the nation matches famous and colorful Simpson's-in-the-Strand (100 Strand). Men's Bar in cellar (ladies admitted only on Saturday noons); venerable, paneled, ground-floor restaurant (ladies forbidden at lunch); rich, decorous, comfortable main restaurant up 1 flight (ladies always welcomed). Wonderful roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and horse-radish sauce (85¢), served from entire saddle of steer at table; steak, kidney, mushroom, and oyster pudding (85¢); other classics at the same level. Operated by the Savoy Hotels chain; F. W. Heck or R. R. Smythe, the Joint General Managers, will see that you get cuts which positively melt in your mouth. Closed Sundays; mandatory to reserve in advance for lunch. Rule's (35 Maiden Lane), enchantingly Edwardian in atmosphere, also shouldn't be missed. Grills, game pies, the hearty fare (and feed!) of Old England; a 2-minute walk from the Savoy; Sunday closings; this 151-year-old landmark is also balm to the soul and palate. Pimm's now has 4 branches (42 Threadneedle, 94 Bishopsgate, Mason's Ave., 57 Old Bailey); the original "City" luncheon house is the home of Pimm's Cups; not half up to Simpson's or Rule's, but known the world over (closed Sat. afternoon to Mon.). Massey's Chop House (38 Beauchamp Place) is said to offer some of the finest grills in London; on our schedule for next time. The George and Vulture (George Yard, in the "City"), which we've also not tried, is reported to be An Experience. Rough-and-ready chophouse ambiance, with ancient waiters in near-medieval setting; claims title as the oldest tavern in existence, founded in A.D. 1175; open for Lunch Only, Monday through Friday; go before 1 P.M. or after 1:45 P.M., because its regular school-leaver clientele keeps it jammed. Sounds fascinating!

For *seafood*, the capital of this salty island has a splendid choice. Scott's (18-20 Coventry St.) is time-tested; the Lobster à la Scott's at \$1.75 is famous, and the smoked salmon is paradise; dine in the cellar, if there's room; closed December 25 only. Wilton's (34 King St.), small and traditional, is highly recommended; closed Sundays. Wheeler's (19 Old Compton St.), original link in the worthy chain that includes Vendôme and 3 others, features Dover sole in 20 ways, lobster in 12 ways, scallops in 5 ways—from \$1.19 to \$1.96; closed Sundays. Carafe (15 Lowndes St.), now part of the Wheeler's group, offers 14-table intimacy, a clientele of theatrical or business V.I.P.s, the experienced Mr. Butler, and exactly the same menu as its bigger brother we've just mentioned; closed Saturdays; our personal favorite. Bentley's (11 Swallow St.) also has an enviable reputation, but we've never happened to try it. Cunningham's (51 Curzon St.) we can't judge fairly, because of an unforgettably bad service experience some time ago; elegant décor and high prices; good wine cellar; open every day.

For *hotel dining*, the Savoy Grill is an international legend; not only is it the acme of chichi and sophistication, but scores of serious gourmets maintain that it serves the best food in the United Kingdom. Highest recommendation; be sure to reserve well in advance. The new Connaught Grill comes the closest to it, qualitywise; also superb. The air-conditioned Dorchester Grill is smart for lunch; very social; very urbane; cuisine only so-so, in our opinion. The original Buttery at the Berkeley, grandmother of dozens of imitators all over the world, is perfect for light dishes, sandwiches, gossip, and showing off that new hat, if you're female—but overwhelming if you're a stray lone male. Inexpensive; crowded with the chic-est of the chic, all chattering like squirrels. The Berkeley Grill, in the same building, is also superior in every department. The Chateaubriand in the May Fair is patrician and elegant, under the smooth direction of Guide; so is the lovely new Candlelight Room in the same hotel. The Hyde Park Grill and the Ritz are also well known for their

kitchens. The Causerie at Claridge's doesn't make me burn with enthusiasm; despite the eye-popping hors d'oeuvres table featured at luncheon, I don't find its cuisine very special—but perhaps you'll disagree.

For *dining and/or dancing* (please check "Membership Clubs" before deciding on one of these), the new Talk of the Town qualifies for an abused adjective we seldom employ—sensational. Tycoon Charles Forte and former SAS bigwig Colonel Colin Gray preside over this \$425,000 conversion of the old Hippodrome on Leicester Square, which is now one of the most stunning theater-restaurants we've ever visited. Immense stage and music pit, sectionalized into mobile units; 2 huge, fast, beautifully presented shows nightly at 9:15 P.M. and 11 P.M.; 2 oversized, flawlessly integrated orchestras; tables seating a total of 625 have replaced all theater-style chairs. Fixed-price, 3-course dinner at a modest \$5.95 is mandatory for all customers; surprisingly good cuisine for production-line fare. Open from 7:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M.; book in advance for either the balcony or the rear of the main floor, to have a better view of the spectacles. The Lido in Paris is larger and more elaborate, but for London this Colossal Evening at such a reasonable cost is almost an unbelievable phenomenon. If you're a Times Square fan, don't miss it.

For more intimate charm and finer fodder, the Colony (Berkeley Square) is hard to top. Two orchestras; small, polished cabaret; fixed lunch \$2.20 and fixed dinner \$5, plus à la carte menu; be sure to add your bill when it comes; closed Sundays; very pleasant. Pigalle (190 Piccadilly) has an attractive Bar of Music on the ground floor; in the cellar you'll find a large, Broadway-gaudy room with a well-paced, well-costumed show of 30 to 40 performers—excellent for its league. There's a \$4 food minimum per person, and the cooking we sampled was wretched; drinks are about \$1 each. Closed at midnight on Saturday and all of Sunday; open until 2:30 A.M. during the week. Sound choice for mass-entertainment enthusiasts, except for the cuisine. Tolaini's expanded Latin Quarter draws our identical reaction. Hun-

garia (16 Lower Regent St.) also offers food, dancing, and cabaret, with a first-class Hungarian orchestra as an extra attraction. We've never cared for it at all, but now that Mazzullo is in control, there has been noticeable improvement; we *still* don't like the price or the value of its widely advertised "Theatre-goers' Dinner," however, and we don't recommend it. Hélène Cordet's Cercle de la Maison de France (6 Hamilton Place), is a French-style supper club with low candlepower, hand-holding atmosphere, a good little orchestra, a small dance floor, a passable but not inspiring menu at high prices, no cabaret, and a song by the provocative proprietress whenever she feels in the mood; sometimes difficult to enter, because of quasi-membership policy. Friday nights are usually liveliest; also table d'hôte lunch at \$2.94. The Stork Room (99 Regent St.), under the same guiding eye as Pigalle, Studio, and Society, is the tranquillizer for lonesome or amorous gents; dim, dim lights; hostesses by the platoon; tiny dance floor, cabaret from 1 A.M. to 2 A.M.; £1 cover charge and Scotch 98¢; "specialized" might be the word for this one. The New Bagatelle, formerly The Cascade, impressed us not a bit. Hatchett's (67a Piccadilly) is popular on Friday and Saturday nights among debutantes and the younger set; animated and gay. Among the hotels, the Savoy, the Dorchester, the Berkeley, Grosvenor House, and Quaglino's all offer the Light Fantastic in their restaurants (separate from their Grills); Claridge's, as previously stated, doesn't believe in jazz.

Many so-called *Membership Clubs* offer such attractive facilities that they're by far the best bet for the visitor in search of dining, wining, and excitement. They are organized on a "private" basis to skirt the liquor laws. Local residents must pay nominal annual "dues" of perhaps £2, but overseas travelers with valid foreign passports are usually issued a special card and admitted free of charge.

The Four Hundred Club (28 Leicester Square) is the mecca of the oh-so-social set; the evening-dress-only rule was rescinded in '57, but all guests must still be sponsored by 2

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members, willy-nilly; 2 bands, with dancing until 4 A.M.; exclusive, expensive, and worth it—if you like super-elegance, and if you can get in. Les Ambassadeurs (5 Hamilton Place) is equally fashionable but far more lively; this ancient House of Rothschild, beautifully preserved, is now a topflight restaurant and night club, with a lovely patio for meals in summertime. But Owner John Mills' tiresomely quixotic entrance policy, which perhaps impresses his ego but not us, has alienated so many recent *Guide* travelers that if any non-members were to ask our personal advice for '60, we'd suggest that they avoid the place as they'd avoid the plague.

The 21 Club (8 Chesterfield Gardens) had long been one of our top cocktail-and-dinner recommendations to the average American in search of vivacity, until its furnishings became seedy and threadbare. Now our old friend, Proprietor Bertie Meadows, is fast restoring the glories of this magnificent former mansion of Lord Chesterfield, and it is once again becoming excellent. Paddy O'Brien will welcome you at the door with his elfin Irish charm; friendly, clublike bar; intimate, dimly lit dining room with delicious double steaks; summer garden-terrace restaurant where you can pick your own trout from a small running stream; dancing and occasional entertainment; satisfactory fixed dinner at \$6 per cover. We regard "21" with great nostalgic affection, and we're happy that it's now on the road back.

For wee hours fun and games, à la international gin mill, our number one favorite continues to stand fast: frisky, hyperthyroid Churchill's of Bond Street (160 New Bond St.). Jam-packed with celebrities; film stars, maharajahs, high politicians, and playboys head here like homing pigeons. Atmosphere just raffish enough to be intriguing; illumination tailor-made for Passive Pitches; sizable floor show (for London); £1 cover charge, and drinks at less than Paris prices (but above average U.S. prices). If you're a man and alone, you should have no trouble finding a beautiful and amusing companion, to whom it is gracious always to offer a gift (£2 to £5, depending on her time at your table) for her conversational company. Go about midnight, and be sure to ask for

that dapper banty-rooster with twinkling eyes and a gigantic "gardee" (handle-bar) mustache, Host Harry Meadows, because he always gives friends of this book a very special red-carpet welcome. Don't miss this ace of aces, if you're looking for after-dark stimulation with a cheerful, nicely naughty aura.

Empress Club (15 Berkeley St.) and Mayfair Club (Berkeley Square) are both pleasant for dinner; Director Alan Carr of the former and Owner Leslie Romaine of the latter have pledged especially cordial receptions for readers of the *Guide*. Eddie's Albemarle Club (25 Albemarle St., Piccadilly), the dine-and-dance-until-midnight Wellington Club (116 Knightsbridge Road), and Montrose Club (4-5 Montrose Place) are other sound bets where you'll have no trouble becoming a Temporary Member. We haven't yet seen Dickie Leggott's New Yorker Club (36 Park Lane), but we hear good things about this recent addition to "Mayfair's Square Mile." Roof garden overlooking Hyde Park; Austrian food; Viennese trio at dinner; sounds as if it might be charming. We also haven't visited Bruce Brace's Winston's Club (10 Clifford St.), but others rate it as a sort of second-line Churchill's; dancing from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M., and lavish floor show at 1 A.M. The Bag O'Nails (Kingley St.) has reverted to its former name, after a stint as the Aristocrat Club; they may call it whatever they like, but it's still not for us.

For *dining oddities*, the zaniest, most fascinating meal in London can be found at the Elizabethan Room of the Gore Hotel (189 Queen's Gate)—a *must* for every visitor (just once). Owner Robin Howard, a scholar and gourmet, has duplicated every detail of a banquet served in the time of Queen Bess—and Peter Herbert, his imaginative co-worker, has reproduced the renowned Seven Star Chamber in the basement, where other Olde Worlde flights of fancy take place. Among the dishes you'll be served are Sturgeon or Lobster Pie, Peacock Paté, Boar's Head Salad, Salmagundi, Good King Henry (wild spinach), Syllabub—all sorts of as-

thentic but odd things, and they're washed down with mead and mulled claret. Wooden plates; 2 old-style table utensils only; clay pipes; straw on the floor; waitresses in Elizabethan costumes, who may be pinched at will. Foodwise, you won't dance with enjoyment when you've finished; funwise, however, it's a great experience. A second giddy flight into fantasy is the Roman Room (171 Brompton Road), about which our late friend, Gourmet James J. Hall reported "You are greeted by a magnificent reincarnation of Othello himself and served by Roman Slave Girls; my silver goblet was filled with wine by a young man in a toga actually worn in Rome. The 2-foot-long menu is on parchment in a sort of 'gimmick Latin.' The specialties, including some favorite dishes of Julius Caesar, are excellent. As for the Wine List, you could use it for a scarf. The 'path to Rome' is fairly expensive, but well worth the journey." *Fortuna fortes juvat!* For a change of pace in an entirely different category, the nonprofit Mermaid Theatre (Puddle Dock and Upper Thames St). offers 500 seats, many of them priced so that 2 people may have food and entertainment for less than \$3. Riverside restaurant; curtainless stage, without proscenium arch, on which Founder Bernard Miles presents everything from Shakespeare to Maxwell Anderson to opera to music hall to lunchtime concerts to film shows to one-act plays. The City of London encouraged lease of the site by a token rent, and contributions from both sides of the Atlantic have added more than \$168,000 to its operating capital. Evening performances at 6:10 P.M. and 8:40 P.M.; an interesting and courageous venture which merits support. East Indian curries and specialties? Try Jamshiv (6 Glendower Place, S. Kensington); here's the top Oriental fare we've ever found in the British Isles. Our choices are the Chicken Curry or the Chicken Dhansak served with Papadams (sun-dried lentil flour bread), and those wonderful Jelibies for dessert. Or try Vengawamy's (Swallow St., Regent St.), which combines Pakistani, Indian, and Ceylonese cookery. Chinese food? It has suddenly become a rage in this capital, with dozens of new places opening their doors within recent months. Com-

pared with Hong Kong or American variety, however, we think it discouragingly second-rate—mainly because they don't bother to grow the essential special greens and vegetables. If you must, Fu Tong (29 Kensington High St.) is probably the best bet in the metropolis.

For *snacks*, the 4 new-ish comers in Lyons Corner House (Coventry St.) get the medals. On the ground floor, The Wimpy has good hamburgers for 17¢, excruciatingly repulsive "Freddies" (cold hot dogs) for 14¢, other light offerings, and the most wonderful American coffee within miles. Upstairs, the Bacon and Egg on one side and the Grill and Cheese on the other feature what you'd expect from their names. Down in the basement, the Chicken Fayre is an impressive grillroom with revolving spits which broil up to 24 chickens at a time. The best of a chain scattered all over town. Low prices, quick service, fine values. Recommended. Continental-style espresso bars are a nickel a dozen in today's London; you'll find them all over the city, as a reaction against rising food prices. Among the better ones are Cul de Sac (43 Brompton Road), Le Macabre (23 Meard St.), Les Enfants Terribles (93 Dean St.), Thieves' Kitchen (40 Earl's Court Road), and Troubadour (265 Old Brompton Road). El Cubana (Knightsbridge) is no longer recommended. Not up to U.S. snack-bar standards by a long shot—and relatively expensive against the cost of an average full meal in a restaurant—but satisfactory all the same.

To wind up the London area, I *do not currently recommend* the following establishments: Prunier's, Marcel, Five Hundred, Hungarian Csarda, and Three Vikings. In one way or another, all these proved to be disappointing on my last try—but perhaps you'll disagree.

For *country dining near London*—all easy excursions on a sunny day—more than a dozen charming candidates present themselves. Best known, perhaps, is The Compleat Angler, at Marlow, Buckinghamshire (33 miles). This opulent and expensive inn sits beside a weir, on the Thames. Beautiful

position; 40 bedrooms; 10 private baths; slick-rustic restaurant with pinewood banquettes in the Swiss style; cuisine fancy on the menu but merely good on the plate; excellent wine cellar; our waiter was a rude lout, and his immediate superior not much friendlier, but the staff was so limited that no management should expect it to cope with mob scenes like the one we met on that particular Sunday noon; tennis courts and motor launches; dancing Saturday nights. Definitely worth a visit on a weekday in summer—if you seek pastoral beauty but don't expect the moon in cookery or service. Ye Olde Bell, Hurley, Berkshire (31 miles) dates from A.D. 1135, and it's also very popular and comparatively costly; for overnighters, 12 rooms and 11 baths; Brian Muir operates it for Denis Brock, who is the *patron* of London's famous Mirabelle; fashionable clientele, relaxing ambiance, sound but not top-London-class fare. Also happily recommended. Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, Sussex (30 miles) draws ringing cheers, unanimously, from everybody we know who has sampled its very special attractions. Here's a magnificent Elizabethan mansion, crowning 30 acres of gardens, woodland, and lake, which has recently been refurbished and reopened as a hotel-country club by those inspired impresarios, Robin Howard and Peter Herbert of London's Gore Hotel. Rooms are named for English trees rather than numbered; the cuisine is said to be superlatively imaginative; the Wine List, impressive in its range, represents over 650 different bins. To get there, take A-22 (the Eastbourne Road); about 7 miles past Godstone, at crossroads, turn right on B-2028 to Turner's Hill. This one sounds so good that it's the number one on our agenda for our next British visit; when it's a Howard and Herbert enterprise, a traveler can hardly go wrong! *Telephone for advance reservations in these three.*

Others of above-average stature are as follows: In Berkshire, (a) Hind's Head and Monkey Island Hotels, both in Bray (27 miles); the former, operated by Miss Williams, has a terrace and features unabashed English catering competently done; the latter is an eighteenth-century fishing lodge

on a tiny island in the Thames, with enthusiastic management and cookery by Patrick and Diana Gibbings. (b) White Hart and French Horn, both in Sonning-on-Thames (36 miles), a captivating rural village; in the former you may enjoy country roast beef while watching the boats skim past, and in the latter, across the bridge, you'll find an even better river view, but the specialties are more continental and not as appetizing. (c) East Arms, Hurley (31 miles), closest rival to Ye Olde Bell; the stagecoach-fronted building is modest, the décor is rather stiffly classic, and Mr. & Mrs. Trapani's preparations are rich and satisfying. In *Buckinghamshire*, (a) the Bell Hotel, Aston Clinton (37 miles), looks like a routine pub until you try Gerry Harris' culinary skills and extra-fine wines; always call for advance reservations on week ends. (b) The Jolly Farmer, Chalfont Saint Peter (22 miles), is a renowned pub which makes-to-order 400 varieties of sandwiches. In *Essex*, the Mill at Harlow (16 miles) offers French and English dishes prepared personally by Owner Bronson; not spectacular but good. In *Middlesex*, The Orchard, Ruislip (16 miles), is a large, pukka establishment where the dancing is better than the food; formal dress required on Saturday nights; fashionable and expensive, but not colorful. In *Surrey*, (a) Mayflower Hotel, Cobham (29 miles), is a plush-y oasis for the Hungry Man run by Charles, ex-Savoy and Berkeley major-domo. (b) Whyte Harte, Bletchingley (22 miles), a fourteenth-century inn with old beams, open fireplaces, and better-than-routine vittles supervised by C. H. Mathews. (c) The Old Bell, Oxted (22 miles), another inn of the same vintage without quite the flavor of the Whyte Harte, but very pleasant all the same. (d) Onslow Arms, West Clandon near Guildford (about 30 miles), an A.D. 1623 roadside hostelry thick with atmosphere, and mellow with its Free House varieties of beer, ale, and porter. In *Sussex*, The Maltravers, Arundel (38 miles), which leads the county with its gastronomic delights, its furnishings of rare antiques and fine paintings, and its unusual policy, for rural establishments, of staying open until midnight or after; closed Mondays in winter.

For *other dining spots in England*, we persuaded the nation's greatest gastronome, James J. Hall, before his untimely death last October, to make up a special list of his personal favorites. Our good friend knew no par as an expert on British fare. He was "Bickerstaff" in *The Tatler*, a Chevalier du Tastevin, the top British correspondent for *Gourmet* magazine, a leading member in various epicurean societies, and the author of the classic *Gourmet's Guide to Britain* and one of the compilers of Victor Britain's motorists' aid, *Dine and Drive Through Britain* (free copies of both available through any British Travel and Holidays Association branch in U.S.—see "Attitude Toward Tourists"). Here are his pets, combined with a few of ours. Some of these places I've visited, and some I haven't. Nonresidential establishments are marked with an asterisk (*); reserve rooms in advance in others, because capacities are limited:

Cheshire: Prestbury: Bridge Hotel

Cornwall: Budock Vean: Budock Vean Hotel

Devonshire: Exmouth: Seagull Hotel

Fairy Cross (near Bideford): Portledge Hotel

Hatherleigh, North Devon: The George

Torquay: Imperial Hotel

Dorset: Ferndown (6 miles from Bournemouth): Dormy Hotel

Gloucestershire: Gloucester: Bell Hotel

Old Sodbury: Cross Hands Hotel

Hampshire: Bournemouth: The Harbor Heights

Portsmouth: The Keppel's Head

Isle of Wight: Yarmouth: The George

Kent: Boughton Aluph (11 miles from Canterbury): Flying Horse Inn

* Dover: Coach Hotel

Folkestone: Burlington Hotel

Lancashire: Conder Green (4 miles south of Lancaster):
The Stork

Manchester: Midland Hotel

Lincolnshire: Lincoln: White Hart Hotel

Northumberland: Newcastle-on-Tyne: Royal Station Hotel
or *Phillip's Seafood Restaurant, Neville St.

Nottinghamshire: Nottingham: *L'Aperitif

Somerset: Bath: Lansdown Grove Hotel

Suffolk: Aldeburgh: * The Wentworth

Sussex: Brighton: * English's Oyster Bar

Cooden: Cooden Beach Hotel

Eastbourne: * Chez Maurice

Lewes: White Hart Hotel

Warwickshire: Birmingham: The Plough and Harrow

Coventry: Leofric Hotel

Stratford-upon-Avon: The Falcon or *The Swans Nest

Wiltshire: Colerne: * The Vineyard

Salisbury: *The Haunch of Venison

Worcestershire: Broadway: Lygon Arms

Yorkshire: Scarborough: Pavilion Hotel

South Stainley: * Red Lion Inn

Walshford: * Bridge Inn

► **TIPS**: Some railway-station restaurants in the U.K. are still so drab, with such repulsive food, that they're strictly for the birds. But others—notably The Shires at St. Pancras Station, the Royal Scot Bar at Euston Station, the Cafeteria and Bar at Crewe Station, the Red Dragon Bar at Cardiff, and various railway-owned hotels such as the Charing Cross—have blossomed out in such bright, tasteful, attractive dress that imaginative E. K. Portman-Dixon and his transport-catering colleagues merit salutes for their campaign to lift the standards.

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By dialing CHICKEN (which is, of course, CHI 2536), you may have a whole hot or cold chicken, spaghetti, hot dogs and sauerkraut, lobster salad, ice cream, sandwiches, or any of perhaps 30 other items delivered to your lodgings between 10 A.M. and 10:30 P.M., including Sundays. Minimum order is \$3.50. Because we've never tried this new organization, which is master-minded by Leslie Romain of the Mayfair Club, we cannot yet vouch for the savoriness of what you'll get—but it's a wonderful idea for the traveler with access to kitchen facilities.

Three new motels are under construction—2 in Scotland, and 1 in England near the Scottish border. From the scanty information at hand, we learn that the latter will cost \$365,000, will accommodate 200, and will open sometime this summer.

Taxis British love of privacy is illustrated in these quaint, dignified horseless carriages. The passenger is hidden from the pedestrian's view. Some of the vehicles seem a charming holdover from London of the gaslights, but the newer ones—alas!—are less colorful.

The minimum fare is roughly 25¢. An average trip in the center of the city runs from 40¢ to 70¢. For each additional rider above one person, there's an extra charge of about 7¢. All of them have meters.

Look for the flag on the meter or the light on the roof; if you can see them at a fair distance, the taxi is for hire. No trouble to find them now in normal hours or under normal conditions.

If you're traveling between the capital and its various airports, be sure to make your bargain in advance. If the driver will let the meter determine the price, fine—but if he won't you might wake up to find that you owe between \$6 and \$9.

There are exceptions, of course, but most often these sturdy, dependable British cabbies will reach for the standard tip, take you by the fastest route, and not cheat you in any way.

Trains Four main lines serve London, and all of them are improving these days. But until the effects of the dramatic new rebuilding operations can be felt, the average service will continue to limp along in a tired way. The luxury trains, however, are wonderful—as plush as the *Queen Elizabeth*. In this group are the *Golden Arrow* (the boat train to Paris), the newer flash called *The Caledonian* (which made a record-smashing 387-minute run in '58 on the 401-mile Glasgow-London route), the *Bournemouth Belle*, the *Cornish Riviera Express*, the famous *Royal Scot*, and the *Morning Talisman*. An 11-car closed-circuit television train for special excursions (mostly sporting events) was introduced in '57.

If you plan to do a lot of moving around in the U.K., you can save a pile of money by buying *before your departure from home* either a special "9-Day Guest Ticket" (unlimited travel for 9 consecutive days anywhere in England, Scotland, or Wales, at \$36 First class or \$24 Second class) or a "Thrift Tour Ticket" (1000 miles within 6 months anywhere in Britain, Ireland, or on MacBrayne's steamer services in Scotland, at \$31.50 First class or \$21 Second class). Go to the British Railways offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or Toronto for this booking. Remember, please, that they are only for sale in North America.

If you should land there without these money-savers, you will get your passage from the local "booking clerk" at the "booking office" in the "booking hall." Your baggage ("luggage" to the English) travels separately in the "luggage van"—unless it consists of 1 or 2 small suitcases, in which case you'll carry it in your compartment. Get a porter wherever you go; everybody does.

Compartments are of 4 types: First class and Second class, Smoking and Nonsmoking. Seats are often reserved in advance; if you see a slip of paper on the back cushion, you're out of luck—unless it's your reservation!

British trains used to be clean, neat, and fast. With nationalization, they became dirty and ill-managed. Then, in '55, a multibillion-dollar improvement was announced—but it is too early for much of its impact to be visible.

►TIPS: If I were offered the choice of (1) donning a frogman's suit and swimming to Ireland or (2) riding a British Railways vessel, I'd reach for my flippers like a flash. All they need on this run, to make things as they should be, is just a brand-new fleet.

The new "Car-Sleeper Limited" between London and Perth, Scotland, will whisk both you and your automobile over this distance in 10 hours, saving a 2-day road trip. There are also Send-Your-Car-Ahead services from London to both Newton Abbot (Devon) and St. Austell (Cornwall), for lazy motorists bound for the far west. All are less expensive than one might think.

Airlines The British Government owns and controls all the important scheduled air services of local origin in the United Kingdom. The entire industry has been absorbed into 2 huge national corporations—BOAC (British Overseas Airways Corporation) and BEA (British European Airways). Both lines are now showing hard profits for their enormous investments in money, talent, and hard work.

BEA operates domestic service throughout the British Isles and frequent schedules to nearly every important point on the European mainland; Moscow and Klagenfurt (Austria) are its newest terminals. With the exception of the Salzburg run, where the landing field is too small, all international schedules are now operated with pure-jet Comet 4B's or turbine Viscounts; 117-125 passenger Vickers Vanguard prop-jets will be added this year. Domestically, Viscounts ply the Channel Islands route, and Islanders, Herons, and Pionairs continue to cover the Scottish and northern island points. This important carrier toted more than 3-million passengers last year; it operates more than 140 flights per week *within the British Isles alone*.

But, in spite of its impressive technical performance, we wince when we must climb aboard a BEA aircraft today, because of the cheapskate, penny-pinching attitudes which blighted all the fun during our 4 most recent flights. With the exception of Iberia, on no other European airline have

we ever encountered less regard for the small comforts of the traveling public. The savorless, limp, cold food served us, particularly out of London and Palma airports, might make a Skid Row counterman bury his head in embarrassment. Twice each passenger was limited to exactly 1 cup of coffee ("We've run short."); 3 times the galleys had no ice ("It's all melted by now."); on all 4 of our journeys, the entire cabinload shared 1 miserable miniature cake of soap, in community fashion. And this was supposed to be Tourist class, not Economy class! It has even gone so far as to eliminate the hard candy which used to be passed before take-offs and landings—and how much more niggardly can any operator get? The cabin attendants, being British, couldn't have been kinder, more courteous, or more helpful—but even these nice youngsters seemed to reflect dismay at the skimpy, steerage-style, so-called amenities at their disposal. Until BEA loosens its purse strings and once again gives the same decent attentions which other airlines currently offer at the same fares on the same routes, the Fielding family's business will go to any carrier except this one.

BOAC is an entirely different nest of eagles, with in-flight comforts so pleasant that we'd be happy to ride it any day of the week. This muscular, hard-driving enterprise was the first with jet propulsion in commercial service (1952), the first with jet-prop aircraft on transatlantic schedules (1957), and the first, in a dramatic race with Pan American, to fly the paying passenger over the ocean on pure-jet equipment. Round-the-world services were inaugurated last July; in less than 80 hours, the globe is now circled by BOAC on interlinking Comet 4's and Britannia "Whispering Giants."

Current pride of the fleet, the 500-mile-per-hour Comet 4, is a magnificent airplane; our recent Atlantic crossing left us with unbounded admiration for its flight characteristics, interior planning, and feeling of cloudborne luxury. When supplementary Rolls-Royce-engined Boeing 707's are introduced early this year, the Corporation will offer 2 pure-jet types, 1 prop-jet type (Britannia), and only 1 piston-driven type (DC-7C).

Among BOAC's routine stops these days are Montreal, Tokyo, Rome, Istanbul, Johannesburg, Toronto, Colombo, San Francisco, Bogota, and Caracas. At this writing, there are 12 Comet 4 transatlantic flights in each direction per week, offering 20 De luxe sleeper seats and 32 reclinable First-class seats. Slower services offer thoughtful extra touches at no extra charge. A series of schedules now connect London, Manchester, and Glasgow with Montreal, Toronto, New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco, as well. And wherever you go, BOAC service will be in the British tradition—superb!

If you have any questions before leaving New York about this fabulous BOAC empire, take them at once to the merry, witty, and urbane G. A. W. Wynne, Public Relations Officer, Americas, at 530 Fifth Ave. Or if you're in trouble in London, the able BOAC Chief Press and Information Officer is F. C. Gillman. Both of these experts have a special flair for helping the most helpless passenger.

Recommendation: Technically, both couldn't be safer or finer. But if you're after comfort in flight, take BOAC without question, and skip penny-pinching BEA.

Car Tips Car-ferrying across the English and Irish Channels has become Big Business—and it's mushrooming yearly. With the new *Maid of Kent* (180 cars, 1000 passengers) now added to the Dover-Boulogne line, the new *Compiègne* now in service between Dover-Calais, and the already-sizable existing fleets, more than 150-thousand automobiles will be sailed between British and French ports in '60. By air, Silver City Airways' 12 Bristol Super Freighters—capacity of 2 large U.S. models or 3 14-foot cars, plus 28 passengers—ply between Lydd Airport and Le Touquet, Calais, and Ostend, saving at least 4 hours of travel time at rates which compare favorably with sea-crossing tariffs; by the time you read this, its operations might be extended to between Ferryfield or Manston and Cologne, Paris, or Auxerre. Air Charter Ltd. runs a similar facility from Southend Airport to Calais, Ostend, and Rotterdam, with as many as 100 daily flights in

peak season; it has now applied for DC-4 routes to Paris, Lyon, Tours, Dijon, Strasbourg, Bremen, and Düsseldorf, which, if government-approved, will commence sometime this year. Across the Irish Channel, car services are operative between Larne (Northern Ireland) and Preston (Lancashire). *Make advance reservations or get to the embarkation point very early*—or there's a distinct likelihood that you won't get aboard either plane or ferry. Cross-Channel tunnel next?

► Conversion to the left-side driving and traffic of the British Isles is a lot trickier than you might think—especially in 90° turns, traffic circles, and passing (oops, “overtaking” is the proper word there!). For the first few hundred miles, most American drivers don't dare to relax for an instant.

► The Automobile Association and Royal Automobile Club are our candidates for the world's most alert organizations of their type. Official motorcyclists patrol all main roads, to lend an experienced hand, without charge, to any member stalled or in distress. Caches of gasoline (petrol) dot the countryside, deposited for emergency use whenever a member's tank runs dry. (As a salute to British morality, while more than 95% of the motoring public hold keys to all these isolated and unguarded deposit boxes, a total of perhaps 7 gallons were pilfered in '59!) Don't move an inch in Britain without subscribing to this priceless aid.

► The British gallon is $1\frac{1}{8}$ ths larger than the U.S. gallon. The price, at this writing, is 65¢—which would be 55¢ if the American measure were used. Incidentally, this is the only area north of the African Continent (except for Gibraltar) where miles are employed instead of kilometers.

► Here's a shock to most overseas visitors: the British road system is so far behind the times that it's appalling. A 4-year program, with completion date hopefully scheduled for '62, is in progress on segments of the Great North Road, the

London-Birmingham-Northwest Road, the Birmingham-South Wales route, the South Wales Radial Road, and the Channel Ports Road—but these 22-mile, 71-mile, 11½-mile, and similar bits-and-pieces will only scratch the surface of one of the nation's most complex problems. To ramble through England's colorful country bylanes is a joy to the eye and heart—but to get to them via the truck-choked, winding, skinny, 1925-style main arteries is an exasperation which few strangers expect to find in this bulwark of Western civilization. In '58, hold-ups in traffic cost Britain an estimated \$476,000,000—and now it's worse.

Car Rentals In many travelers' opinions, Maxwell Williams European Car Hire (formerly Speedy Service Private Cars, Ltd.), at 26 North End Road, London, N.W. 11 (telephone Speedwell 1141) cannot be matched by any similar agency in Europe for its solidity, reliability, and outstanding brand of attention to the U.S. traveler. Mr. Williams, the dynamic President for whom it was renamed, has done an extraordinary job. I've never run across another company in the same class, and apparently dozens of readers who have tried it share this conviction.

The Maxwell Williams fleet of more than 200 cars includes Austin "Princess" and Humber "Pullman" limousines, Ford "Consuls," and "Prefects," the ages of which average, on a continuous turnover basis, between 4 to 10 months. Each one looks as if it had just rolled off the production line; no hired-vehicle markings are visible. In the chauffeur-driven category, the star is the big, sumptuous, and exclusively modeled "Princess"—not the baby Austin we know in the States, but a job that looks like—a kissing cousin of the Rolls-Royce. This can be had at \$33.60 for the first 80 miles, plus 23¢ per mile for further roving. The luxurious Humber "Pullman" limousine is \$28.70 plus 21¢ per additional mile, and the Ford "Consul" is \$23.80, plus 19¢ thereafter. The only extra is \$4.20 per diem for your chauffeur's meals and lodging, if you stay out of London; otherwise you're covered for gas, oil, insurance, positively everything.

Self-drive? From June to September, sturdy 4-seat Ford "Prefects" are \$6.50 per day plus 5¢ per mile from scratch; 6-seat "Consuls" are \$7 and 6¢, on the same basis. Off-Season tariffs are cheaper, and unlimited mileage plans from \$35 per week are an interesting alternate. Gas and garaging are not included here, but oil, greasing, all other maintenance, free insurance, free AAA participation, free out-of-town piloting, free itineraries, and free delivery or collection in London are all automatic.

These specialists run a total of 15 private tours, ranging from half a day (London, 4 to 5 hours, major sights, \$11.90 to \$16.80, depending on choice of car) to 36 days (the whole of Britain, a big slice of the Continent as far as Rome, and back to Paris, London, or port of embarkation, from \$1750.70 to \$2310, again depending on choice of car). Tours are expertly tailored to individual requirements.

My favorite Maxwell Williams chauffeur is James Platt, whose courtesy, alertness, and unruffled good nature has made him my right arm through many lands over many years. But the others are topflight professionals too, including Paul Hebert, the most seasoned continental (vs. British Isles) specialist.

If you want to travel by road to any point in the United Kingdom or abroad, or if you merely wish to shop and to go to the theater in London, they're the ones to do it. Should your travel agent be making your car-rental arrangements for you, insist that he give you Maxwell Williams and no other. After trying their facilities, and after receiving so many delighted reports from others, I'll almost guarantee that you'll share my enthusiasm for these good people and their excellent company.

Tobacco U.S. brands are so very scarce and expensive (the import duty alone is more than 30¢!) that you won't find them in more than a handful of shops; it's a lot easier to give in, and settle for the English Philip Morris, which is tolerably close to American types. Other popular British brands are Players, Gold Flakes, and Craven A, 55¢ per

package; Woodbine 50¢; Piccadilly and State Express, 65¢. Because British law states that no English cigarette can be adulterated with "sauces"—molasses, sugar, glycerin, or other additives—they're milder, less pungent, and have less "character" than ours. Cigar lovers run into problems; the British like their beer warm, their whisky iceless, and their cigars dry as the Mojave Desert. Prices range from 15¢ to \$1 each.

Pipe smokers will find the popular St. Bruno, St. Julien, Churchmans, Wills Cut Golden Bar, and Players No Name tobaccos at slightly less than 60¢ per ounce, and Balkan Sobranie at about 65¢ per ounce.

Laundry In the de luxe hotels, service is adequate (2 days throughout). In the smaller hostelrys, you'll probably have plenty of trouble.

Drinks The celebrated Public House—"pub," for short—is the heartbeat of England. There are no jukeboxes, no bustling bartenders, no feelings of haste in your average pub. It's a social center, a place to relax and talk over the latest heavy-weight contender, to play a game of darts for a brace of pints. It's wonderful.

Like the amoeba, most pubs are self-divided. On one side, you'll find the Public Bar—plain, utilitarian, for drinkers who want no nonsense. On the other side, with a separate entrance, is the Saloon Bar—better decorated, more comfortable, the one you'll probably head for. Prices are usually a trifle higher in the latter.

Then, of course, there are 3 styles of pubs: City Tavern (spirits and wine featured above draught beers), Gin Palace (typically Victorian if authentic), and Alehouse (plain, ancient, historic traditionals).—

Hours vary. Strong rumors are afloat, as we go to press, that the archaic and inconvenient licensing laws throughout the nation are soon to be revised, so that local authorities may have discretion in fixing them within an 8-hour limit. In the meantime, most pubs in London's West End are open from 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. and from 5:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. on weekdays, and from 12:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M. and 7 P.M. to 10 P.M. on Sun-

days. In other parts of the capital, they open or close 30 minutes earlier or later.

As for what to order, there are 3 major brews: mild ale ("mild"), a medium-sweet, medium-brown, inexpensive choice; bitter beer ("bitter"), a pale brown, heavier variety; and Burton ("old"), which is deep brown, quite sweet, and richest of all. English drinkers like to mix these basic types to suit their individual preferences. But remember Burton is available September to June only. If you want straight mild ale, step right up and ask for a "wallop."

Here are some characteristic pubs:

The Red Lion, 48 Parliament St., is opposite Scotland Yard—and it's a favorite with detectives and crime reporters. The Public Bar is on Parliament St.; the Saloon Bar is on Derby Gate. Downstairs is best; no darts; ladies welcomed.

The Bag O'Nails, 6 Buckingham Road, is the rendezvous of servants from nearby Buckingham Palace, distinguished citizens homeward bound from royal investitures, and all manner of interesting folk. Quiet, relaxed, delightful; fine Snack Bar.

Antelope, Eaton Terrace, is a gem—not too moldy, not too chichi, a gentle introduction to the science of pubbery. Prices higher-than-average, but *still* low; excellent for a plain, cheerful dinner; our personal favorite.

The Prospect of Whitby (57 Wapping Wall), like the Cheshire Cheese and the previously mentioned George and Vulture (see "Restaurants"), is a tavern rather than a true pub—but it might be just the place for a mild-and-bitter in curious surroundings. Hangout of students who are sometimes rowdy. Dock area; rambling, helter-skelter building raised in 1520; Pepys Room for dining; stuffed alligator, human skull, and other oddities suspended over bar. Closed Sundays.

The new Sherlock Holmes Tavern (Northumberland St.), latest in the Whitbread Brewery's series of so-called "museum taverns." A montage of the famous fictional sitting room shared by the great detective and Dr. Watson at "221-B

Baker Street" has been set up here, complete with "memorabilia" from their most famous cases. We missed this on our latest round, but we're told that it fascinates Holmes' fans—and who isn't one?

The Samuel Whitbread (Leicester Square), opened in '58 as an imposing example of the trend of tomorrow in pub design. Zodiac Bar, where astrological symbols run riot; the menu states the port, county, or town where each item of food originated.

Nag's Head (Covent Garden), World's End (King's Road)—the list of typical examples is nearly endless. You'll find them scattered everywhere.

Beer, gin, rum, and liqueurs are plentiful and good; Scotch is costly. You'll pay from 35¢ for a "small" (Understatement of the Year) and from 75¢ for a "large" (junior-sized) portion in today's London. Remember, too, that British Scotch is considerably weaker than ours.

To the average Englishman, ice used to be that strange, transparent, cold-to-the-touch substance upon which the fishmonger chilled his halibut. Now that so many visiting Americans have insisted that whisky requires the stuff, he'll often go along by dropping one small cube—or two, at the most—into his drink. British lager is served at room temperature, but, as the ever-delightful C. V. R. Thompson wrote before his death, the room is usually so cold that the beer is delicious.

Sports Most characteristic of the Englishman is his love of freedom. Next is his magnificent sporting spirit which goes beyond games, contests, and athletics. It's a fixed code of manners, ingrained in the culture.

Outdoor games are an Englishman's first love. Pocket billiards, bridge, bowling, roller-skating, and other indoor entertainments have their places; but association football (soccer), rugby (a rougher pastime than American football), and cricket are the Big Three. In wealthier circles, there is also an addiction to tennis, golf, big-game hunting, polo, and shooting. Prize-fighting, horse racing, and dog

racine are national manias. You'll find every activity from pigeon flying to skittles (a fifth cousin of bowling) in the Kingdom. The football pools, bafflingly complex but honest schemes, are played by just about everybody. If it's a physical contest on which a friendly wager can be made, ask your hotel clerk, who probably has a few bob on it himself.

For details on what's where at the time of your visit, ask your Hall Porter or the official Information Office.

Things to See Impossible to cover in this limited space. There's as much to see in the United Kingdom as in other countries 5 times as big. For broad, generalized hints only, turn to the sections on "Cities" and "Miscellaneous."

Possibly the greatest provincial attractions to U.S. travelers are the 450 castles, homes, and gardens which have been opened to the public, on payment of a modest fee. The National Trust, a government body, now owns about 100. Of the grand total, 40 are "Great Houses"; the balance consists of stately mansions, country manors, abbeys, and sentimental shrines such as Rudyard Kipling's former residence. Most popular and most outstanding is the enterprising Duke of Bedford's Woburn Abbey and Zoo Park (44 miles from London, 54 miles from Stratford-upon-Avon); 450-thousand guests per year "oh" and "ah" at the 2000 deer, \$5,000,000 art collection, 3000 acres of rare trees, Children's Zoo, and splendid antique furnishings of his "Most English of the Palaces." Second in popularity comes Chatsworth, on the River Derwent 33 miles southeast of Manchester, which is renowned for its magnificent gardens with water effects. Then come the Duke of Norfolk's Arundel (near Brighton), the Duke of Marlborough's Blenheim Palace (13 miles from Oxford), and the Marquess of Bath's Longleat (24 miles from Bristol). For hours, prices, descriptions, and background data on 300 of these sites, the annually revised *Historic Houses and Castles* (Index Publishers, London, 35¢) is available at all 3 U.S. branches of the British Travel and Holidays Association.

Canal-and-river-cruising has undergone a renaissance among U.S. visitors since Emily Kimbrough's highly amus-

ing pair of books and *Life* article rekindled interest in this delightful form of transport. Probably as a result, British Waterways is now adding new boats to its fleet and expanding both its pleasure excursions and "Holidays Afloat" facilities. As one example, its "Heart of England" cruise plies in both directions between Birmingham and Oxford; Sunday nights through Friday afternoons, with stops at Sulgrave Manor, Stratford-upon-Avon (performance at Shakespeare Memorial Theatre), Leamington Spa, Warwick Castle, and other points; departures from May to end-September; all-inclusive rate of \$77. See your travel agent for bookings—and nail down your arrangements well in advance.

Sound and Light spectacles (*Son et Lumière*) have at last crossed the English Channel from France. Already they're catching on fast. Last year they were presented at Greenwich Palace, Cardiff Castle, Gloucester Cathedral, Ragley Hall in Warwickshire, and Greys Court in Henley-on-Thames; the odds have it that not only will these be repeated in '60, but new ones will blossom forth, as well. (As a droll aside, the Associated Press reported that when the searchlights were turned on for the opening night's show at Ragley Hall, the Marquess was, by accident, vividly silhouetted in his bath-room.) Consult your nearest British Travel Centre for last-minute information on the whens and wheres.

For other specific suggestions, we give up—except for one.

This is the classic motor trip from London to Edinburgh, followed each year by thousands of Americans. There's nothing new about the idea, of course—but it never grows stale, in spite of the ever-increasing traffic on this run. Start, as most people do, reasonably early in the morning; point your radiator cap north and head out across the tidy countryside of Cambridge and Huntingdon; stop for a mild-and-bitter at delightfully medieval Stamford; laze through Robin Hood's barony in Nottingham; take high tea opposite the massive cathedral in York; and hole up for the night either in the simple, pleasant Black Swan Inn at Helmsley, or at Scarborough, the Royal (Easter to Oct. only) or the Pavilion. (The hotels in this area leave little choice.) When you feel

like hitting the road again the next morning (no hurry about anything), lunch in the unspectacular but adequate Phillip's Seafood Restaurant, 12-18 Neville St. in Newcastle (the Morritt Arms Hotel in Barnard Castle is better, but it's a little off the track; the White Swan in Alnwick we've never tried and cannot vouch for). Then, even though you might be as unenthusiastic as we are about most historic dwelling places, a visit to Alnwick Castle, home of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, simply shouldn't be missed. Alnwick (pronounced "Ann-nick") is open on weekday afternoons from early May to early October; the guide will enthrall you with the stunning collection of medieval arms and treasures in this landmark. Then roll up the lovely Northumberland coast to Berwick-upon-Tweed—and arrive in Edinburgh before dark, refreshed and at peace with yourself.

Scotland is covered in a separate section.

For other regional excursions, see your travel agent or the British Travel and Holidays Association offices.

Tipping Railway porters get 15¢ per bag; when there are 3 pieces or more, cut this to 10¢ each. Taxi drivers get 15%, or a minimum of 10¢. The hotel service charge has been discussed previously; bellboys, doorkeepers, bartenders, and others who give you special attention receive separate consideration, with 10% or a minimum of 1 shilling. If your visit in a small hotel is a lengthy one, leave from 5 shillings to £1 (70¢—\$2.80) for the kitchen staff.

Things to Buy Cashmeres, tartans, Burberrys, smoking supplies, food delicacies, silver, sporting equipment, men's shirts, leather goods, rare books, Liberty silks, and antique bric-a-brac are the best bets today.

Cashmeres and tartans? Our number one candidate is W. Bill, Ltd.—the finest specialist we've ever found anywhere. This 113-year-old firm has 3 branches (12 S. Molton St., 93 New Bond St., and 112 Jermyn St.) plus a cloth-only sales warehouse (31 Great Portland St.). Purest, softest cashmere sweaters, slippers, cardigans, and twin sets at pleasing prices;

cashmere suitings and coatings by the yard at \$13 up; hand-woven Shetland, Harris, and Angora tweeds; mohair throws and wraps; a galaxy of wearables. And the tartans—dozens upon dozens at roughly \$6.30 per yard (extra-wide); the knee rugs are any voyager's dream. For many years, we've been so fond of Mrs. Sheppard, the Manageress, at 12 S. Molton St., that we generally head here first—but all of the branches are equally solid and reliable.

"Burberry" is a familiar word to literally millions of shoppers—because it is the name of the genius who invented gabardine and revolutionized weatherproof wearing apparel. His monument, Burberrys Ltd. (18 Haymarket), attracts U.S. pilgrims by the droves—and it should, because here is the finest rainwear ever created. Scads of raincoats, topcoats, overcoats, reversibles, fishing-and-shooting jackets, all-purpose jackets, and others—plus, of course, the famous "Walking Burberrys" and patented trench coats with detachable linings; many colors, many styles for both men and women; prices start around \$18 and average about \$40. Fine new Gift Department now functioning full blast. Ask for Mr. Campbell, the manager, or Mr. Duncan. Cream of the cream.

Pipes and smoking supplies? Even if you're addicted to cubebs or corn silk, Dunhill (30 Duke St.) should need no introduction. Its mellow headquarters were beautifully modernized in '56, but the same Edwardian charm and leisureliness—a delight to the shopper—prevail. Inimitable Dunhill pipes, in a multitude of shapes and finishes, from \$8.75 to \$11.75; straight grains, meerschaums, presentation cases; the renowned Dunhill lighter, now the Hollywood or Madison Avenue gauge of success; Havana's finest cigars; tobaccos specially blended for each client; London-made leather goods and a bonanza of tempting gift specialties for both smokers and nonsmokers. Branch in Paris (15 rue de la Paix). The gentlemanly, dignified Messrs. Aberly or White will bring sweet memories of happier eras to you. So richly British that it shouldn't be missed.

Fortnum & Mason, on Piccadilly, is the only store we know where the clerk who fetches your can of celery soup wears

a cutaway coat and striped pants. It's the greatest center for gourmet foods on the globe; New York's Charles & Co. and Vendôme, to us, look like country stores in comparison. Besides an international display of comestibles—everything from caviar to haggis to quail eggs to pawpaws—you'll find floor after floor of topflight wearables and accessories, including (as only one example) the handsomest children's clothing we ran across in Britain. If you want to send a basket of goodies or liquid cheer to any friend in the United Kingdom, look no further. Expensive, but wonderful.

Silver? A bit tricky. We're not happy at all with the much-touted Caledonian Market or the much-talked-about Pall Mall Silver Vaults, for both of these operations impress us as keeping too slick an eye peeled for traveling innocents who don't know silversmiths' markings and don't know *what* is being sold them. For certified, no-nonsense, no-chiseling values, we'd recommend that you start at the top—and then drift down to the smaller houses and antique dealers later, if you can't find what you want. The top, of course, is Garrard & Co. (112 Regent St.), who are Crown Jewellers to the Queen—but don't let this scare you. Their splendid stocks of old silver are no more expensive than you'll find in any first-class establishment—and here you are always certain of what you're getting. Obviously, if you're also interested in the most exquisite stones, clips, bracelets, and other precious commodities in the Empire, many designed and fashioned by the same craftsmen who take care of the Crown Jewels of England, they'll show you these, too. Armchair travelers may write for their free catalogues on "Silver," "Diamond Watches," "Gifts" (selection from entire range), and others. Ask for the Showroom Manager—you'll be welcomed to browse to your heart's content! One thousand per cent reliable, whether you buy a £1 baby's pusher or a £10,000 coronet. If Garrard hasn't got it, try Christie's or Sotheby's Auction Rooms (get a sale catalogue in advance), or the antique shops along Fulham Road or King's Road, Chelsea.

Sporting equipment, sportswear, and quality miscellany?

If you're an Abercrombie & Fitch fan, you'll revel in its overseas counterpart, Lillywhites, the best-known and most exciting center of its type abroad. This is one field in which the British really know how to do it—and somewhere in the 6 floors of this glittering athletic jungle on Piccadilly Circus, you'll find the last word in paraphernalia for every sport except fishing, umpire-baiting and love. Americans especially like the golf bags from \$9.25 to \$73.60, and the matched clubs (10 irons, 4 woods) for \$129.75. Superior "Eros Room," too, for rugs, sweaters, scarves, tartans, camel's hair, and other yumptious materials like its special wool-and-angora "Dream-touch"; the nice Export Shop Directress, Mrs. Cox, and her assistant, Miss Smith, run this bright and tempting center. Branch opposite the Castle in Edinburgh. Unparalleled.

Men's furnishings? Our favorite for many years has been F. J. Merryweather Ltd. (19 Ryder St.)—a tiny, exclusive, fashionable haberdasher where the prices are comparatively inexpensive. Messrs. Merryweather and Boulden, kindly English gentlemen of the Old School, and Chief Shirt Designer T. R. Gilroy, are proudest of their made-to-measure shirts at \$12.50 up—and well they should be, because nobody, in our opinion, can touch them in this specialty. Custom-made or ready-made pajamas and silk ties are next in their affections, but they also have a full line of dressing gowns, gloves, handkerchiefs, and other accessories (no jackets or trousers). Everything cut on the premises; warm personal interest, meticulous workmanship, absolute reliability. Perfect for gifts for the boss.

Shoes and leather goods? Peal & Co. Ltd. (48 Wigmore St.) is to British leather what Dunhill is to pipes and Rolls-Royce to limousines—in many expert opinions, the finest craftsman in the world. During George Washington's first term as President, Samuel Peal founded this institution—and today you'll meet one of his great-great-grandsons on its venerable floors. Every type of footwear for both sexes and all occasions is fashioned by these masters—most of it custom-built, although a wide range of stock sizes and fittings in standard men's models is also available at lower prices to those with

"normal" feet. Made-to-order jobs, created specifically for you, start at \$50; riding boots with trees are \$115 up, casuals are \$42 up, and slippers or pumps are \$30 up. All of the ladies' bags, brief cases, wallets, suitcases, and other superb accessories are handmade, too. No branches, but Brooks Bros. in New York carries the standard line, and the company's indefatigable Mr. Pigott makes an annual visit to nearly every state in the Union each year. Ask for Mr. Peal; for People of Distinction who want (and can pay for) the tip-of-the-top.

Books? Foyle's (119-125 Charing Cross Rd.) is A Treat—the largest bookstore on earth, with stocks which make it almost a private Library of Congress. In its sprawling jumble of buildings, counters, stacks, staircases, and swarming bibliophiles, you can pick up a 28¢ copy of *Tarzan of the Apes* or (I suppose) a First Folio Shakespeare—surely a large proportion of everything printed in the English language. If you're a booklover, large or small, modern or rare, here's Paradise.

Men's hats? Lock & Co. (6 St. James's St.) has been turning out the 3 classic types of bowlers (derbies) and other masterpieces in felt since the eighteenth century—and it's more than ever THE center for all types of headgear. Surprisingly inexpensive.

Shotguns? Purdey (S. Audley St.)—but only if your banker calls you "Mr. Getty" or "Mr. Gulbenkian," because that storied "pair of Purdeys" will set you back a mint.

Silks? Liberty (Regent St.) is outstanding for misses' linen dresses, beachwear, and party things—but the Liberty silks are still the best buy (providing you're not bound for Italy).

Cutlery? Mappin & Webb (Regent St., Oxford St., and other locations) gets our vote.

Flowers? Either Moyses Stevens (Berkeley Square) or Constance Spry (S. Audley St.) will make the biggest impression on Her. Beautiful, chic, and costly.

English flower perfumes and toiletries? Floris (89 Jernyn St.) has dominated this uniquely British field for 225 years.

and their scents (violet, lilac, honeysuckle, rose, etc.) are lovely for country wear. Try their Verbena Bath Essence; even I like to dive into a bathtub steaming with this one, and, as Moll Flanders said, I yain't no lady.

Department stores? Selfridges, Harrods, Peter Jones, Goringe, John Barker & Co., Peter Robinson, D. H. Evans & Co., Bourne & Hollingsworth, Dickens & Jones, Harvey Nichols & Co., Thos. Wallis & Co., Wm. Whitely, Pontings. Your taxi driver can find them. The first 3 are the finest.

Antiques, china, glass, and gift generalia? The General Trading Company (Mayfair) Limited (1, 3, & 5 Grantham Place, Park Lane) is a joy, really a joy—the largest retail shop of its kind in the world, occupying the historic former coach house and stables of the Duke of Cambridge. As in Illums Bolighus of Copenhagen, every single item in its vast premises is selected with more care than 2 orphans would use in splitting a candy bar; junky or trashy merchandise “fillers” are scorned by Director David Part and his associates. In antiques, English period pieces (Sheraton, Regency, Hepplewhite, and the like), table china (no figurines!), and *objets d'art* of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century are the specialties. Comprehensive selection of modern bone china and pottery (Royal Worcester, Spode, Crown Staffordshire, and other British leaders); fine table glass by the roomful; big and versatile gift department of handicrafts, leather work, china vases, dining mats, bar accessories, and goodness knows what. Every price in the place is marked in plain figures by this family-managed concern; items from \$1 up to whatever you can afford to pay. Patronized by many members of the Royal Family; ask for Mr. Part, father or son, and either will give you the same royal and friendly welcome.

If they shouldn't have the classic china pattern you're after, the reliable house of Thomas Goode & Co. (19 S. Audley St.) might. Excellent in their special field. In modern (vs. traditional) china and glass, Peter Jones (Sloane Square),

John Lewis (Oxford St.), or Heal's (Tottenham Court Road) are also well known.

For antiques, after the above General Trading Company, we'd rate the shops along Fulham Road and King's Road, Chelsea, as next in interest; they're in the more expensive brackets. Bauchon Place, just off Knightsbridge, is for zillionaires. Kensington Church St. and Camden Town remain popular hunting grounds; the Notting Hill Gate section is less chichi and less trammeled. Petticoat Lane is the Flea Market of London.

Tax-free liquor? Name practically any brand of fine Scotch, and it's yours for only \$2.40 per fifth at Saccone & Speed Ltd. (32 Sackville St., Piccadilly)—provided that (a) it is forwarded, free of charge, to your departing steamer, and (b) the minimum order, in conformity with British Customs regulations, is 3 packs of 5 bottles each. If interested, phone this solid old firm, at REG 2061, for details on similar bargains in wines and spirits.

Men's made-to-measure? There are so many superb tailors in London that it's hard to make a choice. Personally, we happen to prefer Kilgour, French & Stanbury (33A Dover St.), because their understanding of American tastes is such a special asset. Among other select houses are Anderson & Sheppard, 30 Savile Row; Hawes & Curtis, 43 Dover St.; Henry Poole, 37 Savile Row; Huntsman, 11 Savile Row; James & James, 20 Sackville St.; Wyser & Bryant, 11 Princes St.; G. L. & C. Oaker, 31 Savile Row. Not all of the leaders are on this list, due to lack of space—but here's a good cross section of the standard-bearers. You'll pay anywhere from \$140 to \$175 for a suit, and the delivery time can be 10 days to 2 weeks, if you tell them that you've got an urgent appointment with Queen Elizabeth, the Prime Minister, and Admiral Mountbatten. In more of a hurry? We're told that Errington and Whyte, 7 Vigo St., Savile Row, will give 2 fittings in 4 days, and then mail the finished product to the client's home address in the States. Reportedly not too expensive. We've never tried them. Less money? An enthusiastic traveler has written that the well-known tailor for English

music-hall stars, Sidney Fisher, does an excellent job for prices as low as \$98. His shop is located on the corner of Shaftesbury Ave. and Dean St.; all work is done on the premises. We've had no experience here, either, but he sounds good.

Clothing, fur, uniform, or costume rentals? Don't snicker, please, because the advertising slogan that "Practically Every Well-Known Man In The Country Has Used The Moss Bros. Hire Service At One Time Or Another" is the flat truth. This remarkable British institution, with headquarters at Covent Garden and 14 branches throughout London, stocks wearables for gentlemen or ladies which range from dinner jackets, evening dresses, tiaras, tail coats, wedding outfits, and morning coats, to riding clothes, lounge suits and fur capes, to fancy uniforms and Coronation Day robes through the title of Duke—probably the most copious assortment of specialized clothing on earth. If an unexpected invitation to Ascot, Lords, a fashionable marriage ceremony, a formal garden party, or an extra-dressy evening should come your way while in England, have not the slightest hesitancy in letting Moss Bros. outfit you from head to toe. You'll merely be joining the roster of some of the most notable names in the Empire. See Chief of Reception Gorsuch at the Covent Garden main store, and he'll doll you up in a jiffy, in well-fitting, absolutely correct garments for the required occasion.

►TIPS: Every tailor has his own cutting style. Don't ask for zoot trousers or knee-length pleats, because he won't stand for major alterations of his special hallmark. And display every tooth you own in a gigantic smile, the moment that you meet the cutter; if he doesn't like your personality, it might be 47¼ years before delivery.

Lazy? Tired? Miss Grace Slater, former Shopping Consultant to *Shopping Magazine* and *The Londoner*, has a service that will line up all of your needs, ready for your inspection, in a matter of hours. Ask her for anything from a Georgian silver toothmug to an Irish potato ring to Scottish

bagpipes, and it'll be there. No markups; her commissions are from merchants only. Phone Maida Vale 6215 for an appointment, or write your requirements in advance to her at 29 Abercorn Place, London N.W. 8.

Insist that any purchase lot over £5 in total value be sent direct to your ship or aircraft—even straight to America. Otherwise, you'll pay a whopping purchase tax, a percentage which is really brutal.

An interesting selection of approximately 1000 British products is displayed as a public service at The Design Centre, 28 Haymarket. Nothing is for sale, but you'll find furniture, textiles, timepieces, cutlery, glass, hardware, flatware, travel goods, pottery, practically everything for the home or office which is made in the U.K. today. Free admission; sponsored by the Council of Industrial Design; information on where to buy whatever strikes your fancy; exhibits frequently changed. Good first stop for the bewildered neophyte.

Shopping hours: London, 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. on Saturdays; some department stores open until 7 P.M. on Thursdays. Suburban shops: open Saturday afternoons in general, but closed for a half-day during the week to make up for it.

Beauty Parlors On Nancy's latest visit, André Bernard (20 Grafton St., plus new branch a few doors away) once again did a true glamor job on her hair; it looked lovely. But she cautions that gals who go here shouldn't let themselves be rushed into taking the full treatment, as these people seem inclined to try. At No. 20, ask for Mr. Lawrence or Mr. Warren—and be sure to make an appointment, because they're as busy as beavers. Rene (66 S. Audley St.) is also fashionable and fine; appointments required here, too. Luzic of Paris, in the Savoy Hotel, is another excellent bet; a shampoo, wave, and manicure run about \$6; Shirley Galpin is the pleasant Manageress. If you can't get in there, try Rubinstein, Antoine, Bouchard, or any good shop along Bond, Albemarle, or Dover Streets.

Tip about 15%. On a \$5 job, for example, 3 shillings for the maestro and 2 shillings for the assistants are ample.

Miscellaneous Bus travel? Two cents a mile, and often pretty rugged. Try your hotel porter for schedules.

Sightseeing information and tourists' Events of the Day? Dial ASK 9211, and an official service will give you, free of charge, full details on hours and locations of important London sightseeing events, art exhibitions, theatrical performances, and What's Going On. This "Teletourist" assistance is also being made available in French (ASK 9311) or German (ASK 9411).

Changing of The Guard? Two ceremonies. One is with The Queen's Guards (usually on alternate days at 10:30 A.M., at either Buckingham or St. James's Palace, depending upon where Her Majesty is in residence). The other is with The Queen's Life Guard (mounted troops, daily at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, at 11 A.M. on weekdays and 10 A.M. on Sundays). Call the above-mentioned ASK English-language number for further directions.

Windsor Castle? Before any Sunday excursion here, check *first* as to whether it's open.

A man's portrait study by a master photographer? Try Adolf Morath, a genius with the lens; American business moguls, financiers, and public figures who go to England are making a beeline to him these days. He doesn't like to make studies of women. He charges \$147 a sitting and even so is a very busy man, so you'll save time by making advance arrangements through his studios at 14 Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W. 7.

Local Rackets Cockney guides can sometimes lie with the artistry of a Munchausen. Any old house is a "castle"; any old street is "where Dickens played as a child." Result: The tourist pays money, but sees and learns nothing. Book your tours only through a reliable agency—or get registered guides through the British Travel and Holidays Association.

Taxi drivers will offer to "show London to the American gentleman"—and charge the fee on the meter, which will be

astronomical. Don't fall for it; make your arrangements through Maxwell Williams European Car Hire or some other reputable company.

Whenever you cash a traveler's check in a hotel, make it a point to inquire *first* about the hotel's percentage on the transaction. If it's too big a bite (which it frequently is!), you'll then save a chunk by going to the nearest bank.

The so-called "key swindle" is back again. This is the war-time-vintage con game in which a Soho "B-girl" or a "hostess" in a fourth-rate booze joint will slip the sucker the alleged key to her apartment, on deposit of perhaps £5 "for good faith." When he takes a taxi to the rendezvous, either it's a phony address or she never shows up.

If your ignorance of British currency is apparent, there are sharpers who will deliberately underchange you. Watch railway ticket clerks on this, who'll mumble about "new fare tables" when you catch them. Learn the system, as described under "Money"; you'll find it quite easy.



France

For thirteen centuries the French have offered the world a puzzling, provocative personality, as multiple and unpredictable as a psychiatric patient. You'll be baffled by the combination of emotion and logic. There's a conflict between generosity and niggardliness, idealism and cynicism, fieriness and apathy, gaiety and shrewdness which can be found in no other civilized people. Many foreign travelers like the French people on first sight and hate them on second sight. Some finally fall in love with them, never to waver—while others never graduate from dislike and disappointment. It's a black-or-white picture, in which halfway attitudes are rare. If you are able to understand the age-old, mercurial Gallic temperament, you'll find that this national group can be highly stimulating companions and loyal, faithful, durable friends,

with warmth and hospitality which will overwhelm you. But even if you can't take the time to study them deeply, this year you'll have the best chance since the Liberation to end your visit to France with warmth for its citizens in your heart.

The de Gaulle renaissance is so dramatic and so sweeping that it must be seen to be believed. When the people's mandate gave the reins of French destiny to de Gaulle in 1958, the country was tottering on the brink of civil war. For 12 straight years, her revolving-door governments had been a grotesque travesty of republican rule by free men. Her once-glorious arts, philosophy, and literature reflected the confusion. Her economy was geared to U.S. handouts—for which she returned contempt to the giver. Spiritually, culturally, politically, and economically, she was in a morass—the sick-est, shakiest nation in the Western Alliance.

Then, with the impact of a Kosciuszko or Garibaldi, General de Gaulle stepped out of the shadows to stun his countrymen into a unity and sense of purpose which are historic in their magnitude. When the electorate gave him 7 years of powers more vast than those awarded any Frenchman since Napoléon, he surrounded himself with experts and commenced a housecleaning which is still raising dust from every cranny of the nation. After drafting and setting up a new Constitution of the Republic, he launched a top-to-bottom austerity program which resulted in higher prices, higher taxes, and lower living standards, not only immediately but for years to come. He forced a currency devaluation which halted inflation, wiped out the Black Market (up to this writing, at least), and permitted France to join the European Common Market with a hard—not phony—franc. In a tidal wave of decrees, he up-dated the legal code (unchanged since the First Empire), put bear-trap teeth into the collection of income taxes, drove prostitution more deeply underground, liberalized the marital rights of women, and reformed housing codes, health benefits, and other basic functions of government.

Most spectacular to the visitor, however, is the de Gaulle

sparked restoration of French patriotism and pride. This stubborn, ascetic, imperious figure has succeeded in reminding a disillusioned and directionless country of 44-million people that they are *French*. For the first time since 1939, strains of the *Marseillaise* can be heard everywhere; flag-makers are flooded with orders; the façades of all public buildings have been sandblasted or scrubbed; Republican Guards on horseback, in full-dress plumes and shiny breastplates, stand guard outside the Foreign Ministry and Élysée during State visits; soldiers, airmen, police, and immigration officials are blossoming out in trim new uniforms which fit. Bedlam no longer rules the again orderly and majestic National Senate and National Assembly. Even the clattering ash cans of Paris—for centuries a sleep-shattering institution—will be muffled by 1963. Individually, these small changes may not seem important, but collectively, when merged with so many other similar reforms, they point unerringly to a new climate in French dignity and self-respect.

This doesn't mean, naturally, that de Gaulle's New France has suddenly emerged as a glittering Garden of the Hesperides. On the physical side, there is an Augean task in restoring, rebuilding, and renovating still to be conquered before she can again become the queenly La Belle France of old. On the administrative side, the General-President must triumph on 3 life-or-death tests: (1) Algeria, (2) how long the workers will forego wage increases and resist Communist agitation for strikes, and (3) whether the industrialists, squeezed by new cost increases and tariff liberalizations, can save their bacon by rapid expansion into foreign markets. On the spiritual side, a long climb remains before the psychological scars of the Nazi occupation, her postwar "poor relation" status, and the political vacuum created by more than a score of governments in 12 years can be erased.

Touristwise, a remarkable improvement is already evident. During 1958, in the twilight of the Fourth Republic, foreign visitors to Paris were so disenchanted that they dropped off nearly 13%—while tourism skyrocketed in every other European land. But there's a new zip, a new feel, a new ambiance

in this capital; visitors in the first 7 months of 1959 (latest totals available) show the exciting jump of 35%.

This year? As long as the American traveler avoids the traditional Communist bastions of Ivry, Boulogne, Gennevilliers, Aubervilliers, the area around the Renault plant, and other tenderloins of larger cities, he will be given a friendly, mannerly, tolerant welcome from border to border. It won't be the beaming smile and mighty handclasp of the Dane, the Spaniard, the Hollander, or the Norwegian, because the French are traditionally harder to know. But (1) it will be pleasant, and (2) it will be correct.

Back in 1953, this *Guide* was the first publication in the travel industry to come out with the truth about France's bitter deterioration as a hostess to U.S. tourists. Until other observers saw for themselves the basis for these comments, we were vilified and harassed. Now, 7 years later, it gives us special gratification to make a very different report. We believe now that this reborn nation and her invigorated people deserve all the patience, all the support, and all the encouragement they can be given by the Free World. Our recommendation to travelers in 1960 can thus be summed up in 5 simple words: Don't Miss the New France.

While the welcome is infinitely more sympathetic, and while the devaluated franc gives the U.S. guest considerably more for his dollar, prices are still sky-high by average European standards. Official apologists point out that Paris living costs are roughly on a par with those of Washington, D.C., so why should they disturb Americans? But what they neglect to compare, among other broad factors, is the staggering difference in the cost of labor and in living standards between these 2 divergent economies. By U.S. standards, the French worker is paid so little and housed so poorly that, at least to us, existence of the same lofty consumer index doesn't make sense. In hotels, an ordinary double room in the top establishments starts at \$20—and takes off from there. At the down-the-line places, it's \$12.50 up, and at the miserable third-rate antiques, it's usually \$10 up. A passable lunch in

any 3-star restaurant is \$6 or more, and the minimum tab at any side-street *bistro* is perhaps \$3. Night clubs of any consequence charge from \$3 to \$5.50 for each small drink—provided that \$12.50-to-\$20 champagne isn't compulsory. At this near-American level, the vacationer must be cautioned in advance that a Big-League holiday will call for Big-League money. For an absolute rock-bottom minimum of possibly \$10 per day, he can still eat in the "little" Class-B relics, cavort in the "little" unknown cafés, and have himself a free round of the nightly illuminations, certain art galleries, museums, and other landmarks—but he'll miss so many of the famous attractions that too much of the fun is gone. Travel in the provinces, conversely, is still fairly inexpensive—although it's rising there, too. Strike out for the villages off the trodden path, and you're reasonably safe; stick to the routine tourist hubs, and you'll pass out your cash like popcorn.

Lush palaces of love, naked women on postcards, champagne orgies, smoky *bistros*, absinthe, apaches—that's often the preconceived impression of national sex morality. Not so. There are still plenty of streetwalkers, despite the current "ban" on prostitution; there are still plenty of "exhibitions," orgies, gigolos, feelthy pictures, if those are what you're looking for. But that's no more the real Paris than the tarts and honky-tonks on Broadway are the real New York. The rigid morality of the girls you *don't* meet would shame a Bryn Mawr or Mount Holyoke freshman. There's an inflexible double standard, as holy as the Bible: if you're a "good" French girl (upper or middle class), you're a candidate for a size-23 halo; but if you're a "bad" French girl, you're in your own special category.

April in Paris, as immortalized by songwriter Vernon Duke, can be lovely—but August in Paris is dead as a doornail. This is the time of the *congé payé*, when approximately 1¼-million Parisians pack their bags, suntan oil, and mosquito lotion, and swarm from the capital like lemmings to the sea. After a decade of battle, French labor unions legalized this paid vacation 4 years ago. It has caught on so suc-

cessfully that the capital is now a semighost town (similar to Madrid from Aug. 1 to Sept. 15) for 31 days. More than 2800 of the existing 4200 bakeries are boarded up; so are hundreds of restaurants, cafés, grocers, pharmacies, laundries, plumbers, doctors' offices, shops, and other service institutions. As a result, nearly everything unwinds to a state of suspended animation. Don't visit this beautiful old city while she's packed in mothballs; for proper travel satisfaction, plan your stay for any other month.

In spite of de Gaulle's major, laudable, and continuing reforms and streamlining, French bureaucracy and red tape will drive you out of your mind. It's even worse than Darkest Washington. Roughly 6-million people—about 1/7th of the total population—still yawn away their days in government employ. Don't ever be foolish enough to set out bravely but alone to redeem a railway ticket, pick up a postage-due package, or fight through any official transaction; before being waved away at 23 windows on 16 different floors, exhaustion and frustration will utterly consume you. Noble advances have been made in Customs, Immigration, and several similar agencies—but if you can't persuade your hotel concierge or some innocent dupe to play patsy for you on other administrative chores, it's a lot easier and more sensible to forget them.

Cities Paris still has her old-time institutions like the Eiffel Tower, Opéra Comique, fabulous perfumes, Cartier jewels, Lindbergh's Le Bourget, Sorbonne, Folies Bergère, Arc de Triomphe, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Mona Lisa, and to-dozen others—plus some shiny new ones, such as the ultra-modern UNESCO Building and the imposing Palais de la Défense. She boasts 3-million people, hundreds of hotels (crowded), 6 railway stations, 3 airports, 2 heliports, magnificent cuisine (expensive), night clubs galore, art unsurpassed, charm and local color in many corners. Clusters of skyscrapers are raising their heads in apartment developments on her fringes; comparatively few tall buildings in the central zones (6 stories is the norm). In spite of more fresh

paint, bright woodwork, scrubbed stone, and polished brass than she has sported since prewar days, one side of her face still remains ancient and grimy, while the other offers sweeping boulevards, broad parks, splendid statuary, and architectural dignity. This year you'll want plenty of time in this metropolis—so save for it, both days and dollars.

Marseille, the size of Milwaukee and the oldest city of France, is second in importance. It's the chief port; heavy Italian influence, routine to poor hotels, superb restaurants, Chateau d'If (Monte Cristo's famous island prison, an interesting 30-minute boat ride), practically no important monuments except l'Abbaye de St. Victor, plenty of color, dirt, and smells. Strictly transient from the tourist's point of view; if you stop here, be sure to stay out of the Algerian Quarter (rue Ste. Barbe, rue des Chaneiers, etc.) after dark, because it's one of the most rugged, dangerous slums in the world.

Lyon, with nearly the same population as Kansas City, is the junction of 2 rivers (Rhône and Saône) and 2 worlds (central and northern Europe). This apex between the Alps and Burgundy is called "the Scotland of France," due to the fogs generated by the confluence of the streams, and to the reputedly dour nature of its residents. Renowned for its silks and its stupendous dining establishments; mediocre hotels, by metropolitan standards; heavily industrial; some Roman antiquities, chateaux, cultural attractions, but a way station rather than a primary target for most U.S. travelers. Bordeaux, with ¼-million, is fourth; it's an inland port on the estuary of the Garonne, and, except for its wine, there's also little of interest to the visitor.

Nice is fifth. More about this city and its environs in "The Riviera." Lille, way up north by Belgium, Strasbourg, chief French port on the Rhine, and Nantes, near the mouth of the Loire, are next in size. Of the 3 I would choose Strasbourg; the others are pocket-sized replicas of Marseille, and not much fun for the tourist.

Biarritz, Cap d'Antibes and St. Jean-de-Luz are favorites with Americans—justly so; winter sports in Megève, Cha-

monix, Val d'Isère (Savoie), and Courchevel are booming.

France offers an enormous choice, from bar-hopping in Paris to mountain climbing in the Alps to toasting your toes on the Riviera, to rustivating in 2000 specially listed villages off the beaten track. The National Office for Tourist Information at 127 avenue Champs-Élysées, Paris (or the French Government Tourist Office, 3 W. 49th St., N.Y. 20) will give you further details.

Money In December '58, the French franc was devaluated by 17.6%. It was pried loose from the U.S. dollar and based directly on gold, 1 franc equaling 1 milligram of precious metal.

In July '59, the so-called "New Franc"—abbreviated as "NF" or "FN" (*Franc Nouveau*)—was put into limited circulation.

On first sight, the change seems confusing—but it's actually very simple. All it means is the 2 final zeros have been dropped from the "old" denomination. In other words, 100 "old" francs is equal to 1 "new" franc. The waiter will now give you a tab for 55 new francs instead of 5500 old francs, and the hotel cashier will charge you 80 francs for your room, instead of 8000.

To accustom the French and foreign public to the switch, the initial step consisted of overprinting the "old" banknotes with their new denominations. As one illustration, the regular 10,000-franc bill, which still pictures Napoléon Bonaparte, now carries the red-inked surcharge "Counter-value of 100 New Francs." It is important to emphasize that *this is a convenient redesignation, not a devaluation of any sort.*

The next move was to mint new coins and bills which conform to the changeover. At this writing, this is still in progress. The period of co-existence between the 2 systems will last until the Government is satisfied that the people are sufficiently familiar with the innovation—which may take many months.

One effect was the return of the centime, a coin which hasn't been issued since World War II. There are 100 cen-

times to the franc. One U.S. dollar now equals 4.93 NF, or 4 francs plus 93 centimes.

Coins will come in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, 25, and 50 centimes, and 1 and 5 francs. Banknotes will carry figures of 5, 10, 50, and 100 NF. Some are in circulation at press time; the rest may be in circulation by the time you read this.

One nightmare facing authorities is the temptation this conversion offers shopkeepers in rounding out their price labels. An item sold for 378 old francs, for example, might now be upped to 4 NF. To counter this gouging, stickers or tags which list *both* denominations are mandatory on French merchandise. Police enforcement is currently so tough that it is raising eyebrows all over the country. One Paris drug-maker was slugged with a \$4000 fine, and a suburban butcher landed both a \$1010 fine and 8 months in jail. President de Gaulle isn't fooling.

For the first time in a blue moon, any French citizen or registered resident may legally exchange foreign money for francs without penalty. Here is another reflection of the gratifying firmness accompanying conversion.

Black Market advantages? At this moment, literally less than zero. As we compile this section, \$1 equals officially 4.9375 NF, against the open market quotation of only 4.9000 NF. But it wouldn't hurt to check for a possible gap just before you cross the Atlantic—even though little-or-no change is forecast for this year.

►**TIP:** If our explanation shouldn't clarify your questions, perhaps the 6-language folder which they'll hand you at incoming Customs might help straighten out any difficulty.

Language Hundreds of dialects; if you speak your high-school French slowly, distinctly, and carefully, you'll be understood in nearly every region of the country (even though you won't understand *them*!). A good trick: accent most words on each syllable (not *míss-syuh*, but *míss-syŭh*; not *MÉR-ci* but *MÉR-cí*). Grunt slightly and clip your words: your tone will be less flat and less Anglo-Saxon.

English is spoken in all the big hotels, shops, night clubs,

and restaurants. If you stay on the beaten track, you'll have astonishingly little trouble.

A few taxi drivers are linguists, but most speak only their native Gallic. If you don't happen to "parley-voo," have the hotel porter write your destination on a slip of paper. It'll save a lot of hand-tossing, head-bobbing, and screaming.

Attitude Toward Tourists The de Gaulle broom has swept bright new sunlight into French official tourism—and its effect upon all foreign visitors may be both beneficial and far-reaching.

The former French tourist organization, so addled, impotent, and bureaucrat-ridden during the Fourth Republic that we regarded it as a sardonic joke, has been reorganized into a new Commissariat Général au Tourisme (General Tourist Commission). Its first Commissioner is a man of energy and vision—Jean Sainteny, leading diplomat, statesman, and sportsman, who was one of France's most successful negotiators in both Indochina and Africa. The Commission's powers over hotel, transportation, and associated industries have been radically broadened. A National Tourism Fund to underwrite new large-scale facilities is contemplated; resorts will be given more attention and assistance; the "dead" Paris of July and August will be enlivened for its summer guests; for a welcome and long-overdue change, the fur seems to be flying in all directions. M. Sainteny has stimulating ideas and great courage and—as our respected friend and colleague, Travel Editor Bob Sage of the Paris *Herald Tribune* prophesies—with the full weight of a strong government behind him, and all the country's tourist interests beside him, he has an unusually good chance of succeeding in what he undertakes.

For the baffled traveler, M. Sainteny's new-named National Office for Tourist Information can be found at 127 avenue Champs-Élysées.

The City of Paris has also set up its own Information Bureau at 7 rue Balzac. It is linked by Telex to similar new centers in other French cities. Exchange office (gas coupons

here), accredited representatives of touring agencies, hotel reservations. See page 323 for more on this.

In North America (New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Montreal), the French Government Tourist Offices continue their fruitful assistance to the state-side or Canadian visitor. André Alphand is in charge of operations for our hemisphere. Myron Clement, young, handsome, and trigger-quick Public Relations Director whose talents we hold in high esteem, is the man to help you with special difficulties or problems. The expert to consult about planning your trip is Mme. Angèl Lévêque ("Lay-veck"), who is a gem. The first 2 officials may be reached at 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20; Mme. Lévêque's Information Office is in the same building, but around the corner at 3 West 49th St.

Good hunting!

People Volatile, emotional, sentimental, shrewd; cynical and indulgent realists, with freedom from adolescent inhibitions of thought or action; brave warriors, even in the face of overwhelming odds; proud, sensitive, mystical, intuitive; thrifty to the point of miserliness, mercenary to the point of selfishness; women who make themselves beautiful, no matter how poorly they are endowed; religious, God-fearing, sticklers for traditions of social behavior; stubborn as their mountain donkeys when their personal independence is threatened; rigidly moral by the double standard, a lady being a lady and a prostitute a prostitute; clever, patient perfectionists in handicrafts; quick to take advantage of the neighbor, the foreigner, and all the world beyond their tiny microcosm; heavy smokers, epicurean eaters, heavy wine drinkers; deep appreciation of art, music, literature, the cultural bounties; quick to anger, slow to forgive; loyal friends, pleasant acquaintances, bitter enemies.

Customs and Immigration The French Customs regulations specifically forbid the traveler to import anything but his naked epidermis; but the mechanics of enforcement do

present certain practical difficulties, so they let down the bars on a "tolerance" basis.

Technically, there are specific limitations on things like liquor (1 opened bottle), still cameras (2 of differing styles), movie cameras (1 small one), black-and-white film (10 rolls), color film (20 rolls), tobacco (5 cartons of cigarettes for the intercontinental visitor, but 1 carton only for travelers from European points, or 250 cigars, or 4½ lbs. of pipe tobacco—the last 2 allowed men only). In actual practice, however, today's *average* American visitor gets a "Vous n'avez rien à déclarer?", a grunt, a scribbling of chalk—and he's through without opening a single piece of luggage.

The de Gaulle administration has started a major house-cleaning here, too. The Immigration official—formerly a rumpled figure in a civilian suit and tricolor armband—is now being issued a trim uniform in Air Force Blue. The Customs official—once a slovenly bureaucrat who greeted visitors with an indifferent stare and a Gauloise cigarette hanging limply from his lips—now performs his job alertly and with precision. If you're genial and courteous to the latter, he'll usually treat you well. Should you cross him, on the other hand, not even the might of France's new regime can prevent him from becoming one of the world's worst stinkers.

No limits on your currency imports, either. You may *bring in* all the dollars, francs or whatever you like, and nobody will bother you—but, technically speaking, the maximum in French money you're supposed to *take out* at any one time is 200 NF.

No export restrictions on gifts or personal purchases except works of art—and here they're tough. Any painting or artistic treasure valued at over 500 NF (approximately \$101) requires an export license. The license may be obtained from Douane Centrale, 18 rue Yves Toudie, Paris—or, better still, let your dealer get it for you. Actually, it's wise to have this document for even a 49¢ lithograph of *The Vanishing Indian*, because some of the intellectual giants at the counters don't know the difference between Renoir, Renault, and

Raincoat—thus setting things up for a possible delay. For modern paintings, get the necessary certificate from Galerie de France, 3 rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré. *Allow a minimum of 48 hours for this.* Except for objets d'art, you can load up on everything you want; your only concern is the U.S. entry.

Visas For visitors who plan to stay more than 3 months, French Consulates in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, or St. Louis provide visas for about \$10 apiece (fee subject to change). Take your passport and photos.

Hotels Generally speaking, French hotels are either very fine or very poor. There are surprisingly few establishments in what we Americans term the "good" category. In Paris and the big cities, you'll find plenty of both extremes. In the provinces, improvements are now healthy and continuous. But don't be one bit surprised if your regional hostelry turns out to be vintage 1893, with hot-and-cold running proprietor complete with seedy vest and toothpick.

Toilet facilities here and there are so chummy, cozy, and nonchalant that you'll either turn pale in horror or burst out laughing. The Marseillais, for example, are super-casual and gregarious folk; as standard practice, the average hotel of this city separates the "private" bathroom cubicle from the bedroom (1) by a solid panel of frosted glass, positively guaranteed to throw all silhouettes into 24-point relief, (2) by saloon-style swinging doors with 2-way hinges, hung from knee-height to head-height only, or (3) by a rose-and-tulip cretonne curtain, adjusted so thoughtfully that when bored, you can always follow the slippers, feet, and shins of the lady or gent inside. It's so appalling that it's ludicrous, even to the most hardened mixed travelers.

The Government rates all establishments it considers worthy of receiving outlanders as *Hotels de Tourisme*, and it breaks them down into 13 official classes. Tariffs for each group (*except De luxe*) are standardized—unless your bill is padded, which is far too frequent when the client is a big American "millionaire" like you. These regulations apply to

lodging charges only; in "pension" (meal) arrangements, legally the sky is the limit.

Don't forget the legal requirement of 10% to 30% extra for service charge (*majoration*) and taxes—no matter where you go. The exact amount depends upon the location and category—*so be certain this total has been included in the quotation before you sign the register*. It can give you a nasty surprise if you're caught.

On April Fool's Day in '57, some operators launched the custom of incorporating the room, service charge, taxes, and continental breakfast into a single American-style quotation for the guest. Since then, most of the popular hotels in Paris, Brittany, Alsace, Savoie, and other trammelled regions have followed suit. This simplification is a wonderful convenience to the bewildered stranger—but please continue to check the rest of the bill, because sometimes that April 1 date is taken advantage of.

In '59, paradoxically, U.S. visitors were charged more, but paid less, for their hotel rooms. There was an average 15% boost in rates—but this was offset by a 17% gain in francs, due to devaluation. This year might bring still further rises. Everyone is trying bravely to hold the line, but in an economy where the medial cost of accommodations has tripled within a decade, it's difficult.

In Paris, tariffs are close to those of the larger U.S. cities. The De luxe class establishments set their own charges—which are always as high, naturally, as Old Dobbin Customer will stand without busting his traces and bolting. At one extreme, the leaders run perhaps \$12 minimum for a single, \$18 minimum for a double, and \$30 minimum for a suite. At the other, budget vacationers can find scores of tattered-malion slow-water antiquities around the Étoile, the Opéra, and on the Left Bank for as little as \$3 per day—and mighty, mighty basic, at that. Between these limits, houses of the "popular" tourist category, such as the Grand, Scribe, Comodore, and the like, offer minimum doubles with bath, service, taxes, and breakfast for as little as \$12.50.

One caution to keep in mind is that when you eat your

breakfast in your room (most visitors follow this continental tradition), items like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, or sausages are not included in the house quotation for the standard coffee or tea *complet*. They cost like the devil, and add up fast.

All French Government Tourist Offices have definitive lists of Gallic stopping places everywhere, free of charge. A splendid bet for the less well-heeled vacationer is the *Logis de France Guide*—a roundup of perhaps 1000 clean, modest country and resort hotels, hand-picked by the Fédération Nationale des Logis de France; available at this organization's Paris headquarters, 26 rue d'Artois, for less than \$1. King of the field, however, remains the indispensable *Guide Michelin*, which no serious traveler in France should ever be without.

The previously mentioned City of Paris Tourist Information Bureau, at 7 rue Balzac, will spring to your rescue in emergencies by finding you a room within a 60-mile radius of Lyon, Rouen, Lourdes, Tours, Vichy, Dijon, or (of course) the capital itself. Reservations guaranteed for 1 night only (this avoids competition with travel agencies); direct connection with Paris Welcome Information Offices at the main railway stations, with their lovely Hostesses of Paris on tap; Telex network; currency exchange, gasoline coupons, and similar services; open from 9 A.M. to midnight including Sundays; phone numbers are ELY 52-78 or 72-78. No fees of any kind.

Here is our personal rating of the major establishments, with Texas-size elbowroom open for disagreement:

In Paris, our Big 5 are the Ritz, Plaza-Athénée, George V, Bristol, and Lancaster.

The Ritz (15 place Vendôme) is still the rallying point of the Old Guard—but we're sorry to report that its service and maintenance factors drew more complaints from last year's *Guide* travelers than we've ever had from any single edition. It has a central situation, lots of marble and woodwork, famous George, and the ghosts of countless patrician guests in its mellowed corridors. There are 200 rooms with bath and shower, some splendid and others which impress us as down-

at-the-heel considering this hotel's great reputation. The Espadon ("Sailfish") Grill features seafood, and the garden restaurants are lovely to the eye; starting last year, both bars on the rue Cambon side were reserved for overnight registrants only, which dampens much of their fun. Still a monument to French hotelkeeping—but we have an unhappy suspicion it might be sliding off faster than we'd realized.

The Plaza-Athénée (25 avenue Montaigne) normally caters to unobtrusively wealthy travelers, people who want the best in reasonably quiet surroundings. Under the polished management of suave Georges Marin, no effort is spared. The lush modern décor is pleasing, the service deft, the food magnificent, the Concierge's Desk outstanding, and the atmosphere De luxe. A few rooms are still small and depressing for its station. However, highly recommended.

The George V (31 avenue George V) is the French home-away-from-home for the less self-conscious members of Broadway, Hollywood, Miami Beach, and Main Street café society, most of them seeking lights, action, and music in giddy determination. Excellent bar, usually jammed to the scuppers; mouth-watering food; tastefully ornate facilities. On the other hand, the connecting doors between some of the bedrooms are so thin that even private personal activities carry through them like paper; some of the staff, too, couldn't seem to care less about answering that buzzer. Speaking only for myself (an opinion with which tens of thousands of satisfied travelers will disagree), I think that the George V is a very poor value for the money—but if you like the limelight and if you're happy in a frenzied, F-sharp atmosphere, you'll probably enjoy every minute of your stay in this hub of the restless American abroad.

The Bristol (112 rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré) has made such spectacular progress over the past year or so that we now consider it the number one hotel of Paris, topping even the great Plaza-Athénée and the fading Ritz for alertness of personnel and for the fine touches of living comfort. Downstairs hall and lounge filled with Gobelins and rare paint-

ings; stunning oval dining room; no bar for policy reasons, but if you drink in the lobby, you're served by eighteenth-century-clad butlers. More than 50% suites or apartments; beautiful bathrooms throughout, down to the smallest single in the house; special duplex penthouse for V.I.P.s and/or Houstonites, with private elevator, 5 rooms, 3 baths, 2 flower-bedecked terraces, and art treasures, for a trifling \$85 per day. Delicious cuisine; beauty parlor; masseur; many other services and attractions. As an illustration of Bristol thoroughness, every toilet seat is individually removed, rescraped, and revarnished before use by any client. The Messrs. Jammet, *père* and *fils*, operate this luxury travelers' haven with the precision of a Patek Philippe watch. Unsurpassed in France.

The Lancaster (7 rue de Berri) is small, discreet, retiring—and a joy for anyone who seeks tranquillity. Don't let the convenient but unglamorous entrance (just off Champs-Élysées) fool you a bit; don't be deceived, either, by the tiny lobby and unpretentious ground floor. For upstairs, the apartments and bedrooms are balm to the tired traveler's body, eyes, and soul; the service is the last word in warmth and urbanity, from the friendly concierge to the cheerful maids to the kindly floor waiters; Émile-Jean Wolf, the gentle General Manager who created this landmark so many years ago, continues to cater to his intimate circle of some of the world's most distinguished names. As for the cuisine, it's substantial but not outstanding. At no time during our recent 8-day rest in its serene atmosphere could my Nancy and I have been happier, more snug, or more thoughtfully taken care of. A perfect choice for those who seek a quiet, old-fashioned, charming oasis in the heart of the French capital.

Below our Big 5, the degree varying slightly, is a cluster with uniformly excellent standards. The Prince de Galles (Prince of Wales), adjoining the George V, is so cordial, attractive, and comfortable (except on the antiquated 8th floor) that it is especially recommended; M. Capdevielle is an extraordinarily sympathetic and gifted host to the American traveler. The Meurice, with its fine old name and cen-

tral situation, offers elegance in the time-honored manner; many suites, high-ceilinged architecture, noted kitchen, smooth service, expert direction by renowned Robert Vernay; our only fly-in-the-honey here was the poor caliber of the front desk (reception) personnel. The Crillon, next to the U.S. Embassy, has been fully reconditioned; many handsome rooms, some less-desirable rooms, fine restaurant, popular bar, pleasant atmosphere; very good, too. The Royal Monceau continues to be worthy. The Raphaël, 2 blocks beyond the Arc de Triomphe, is the favorite Parisian retreat of such harassed celebrities as Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer, Gary Cooper, and the like, because it's a spacious, *largo*-paced shelter from the world geared to longer-than-average stays; not up to the Lancaster, in our opinion, but very desirable indeed if you're an old-styler and not a Hilton-Statler modern. The Lotti, ably guided by Louis Gavagnin, couldn't be more French in many of its attributes; Gallic political and Landed Gentry clientele like this one. At Versailles, the beautiful, venerable Trianon Palace, with its classic décor and renowned kitchen, remains as august as always.

Down the scale in attractiveness (not in order, and not necessarily in price) come these: Grand (central, enormous, recent redecorations, careful direction by veteran B. Sibert, an out-of-towners' beehive on a mass-production basis), San Regis (small, quiet, and pleasant, with balconied suites at less cost than elsewhere), Continental (adequate but far from outstanding), Claridge (same comment), Commodore (above average), California (American commercial-style and only so-so), Westminster (central, noisy, fair), Scribe (owned by Major Frank Goldsmith's chain, which also controls the Carlton in Cannes, etc., this traditional newspaperman's hangout is conveniently located but second-rate in appointments and quality), Astor (average), Windsor Étoile (good treatment for your youngsters), Lutetia (French senators from the provinces and North Africa favor this Left-Bank landmark), and Métropolitain (central, plainly furnished, worth the price). Lesser Left-Bank hotels, good values for their reasonable-for-Paris tariffs, are the Pont

Royal, Cayré, Saints Pères, and Paris-Dinard. The Pavillon Henri IV, at St.-Germain-en-Laye (closed Dec. through Feb.) is suburban and lovely for a rest. The Edward VII, Vendôme, Corona, and Régence-Étoile, all medium-or-lower range, are given good marks by helpful readers; I've not had a chance to inspect them.

Small, clean, attractive Parisian hostelries with eye-appeal, plenty of private bathrooms, and engaging atmosphere, at \$6 to \$8 for a double, all-included? If you find any, please let me know; I've trudged through dozens of "little" establishments, and all of them in the budget classification were pretty grim from the U.S. point of view.

Accommodations in Marseille run from adequate to miserable. Here's how we'd classify them: (1) Grand Hôtel et Noailles (2 adjoining hostelries now merged under Bory ownership; extensively up-dated and redecorated; greatly improved); (2) L'Arbois (modern, impersonal atmosphere, clean, every room with toilet and *bidet*); (3) Bristol (handsome little lobby, tête-à-tête toilet facilities). The Splendide, Terminus, and Rome et St.-Pierre are only passable. Most hoteliers in this city seem to spend their money on the ground floor, not in the bedrooms; upstairs you'll often find peeling paint, frayed carpets, screamingly lurid French wallpaper, and the fantastic bathroom arrangements previously mentioned.

Other selections are as follows:

Aix-les-Bains: (1) Splendide et Royal (unchallenged leader), (2) Astoria, (3) Albion. All summer season only.

Amiens: (1) Grand, (2) Univers (no restaurant), (3) Carlton-Belfort.

Antibes, Nice, Cannes, etc.: see section on "The Riviera."

Arles: All disappointing. Jules César best of inferior lot; cuisine good, however.

Avallon: (1) Poste (famous provincial inn with 30 rooms, magnificent and costly cuisine, attractive décor, reception which can be insolent on occasion, and compulsory charges

on facilities which are normally optional; closed mid-Jan. to mid-Feb.); (2) Chapeau Rouge (routine).

Avignon: Le Prieuré (a small rural gem, at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, a short ride from the center; closed Dec. to mid-Feb.); the Europe, in town, also comfortable.

Biarritz: (1) Palais (municipal ownership; \$1,000,000 reconstruction now finished, with Carrère interiors, stunning swimming pool, all luxuries; one wing probably kept open all year; sumptuous and expensive), (2) Miramar (this Bermond Group house still has a big name and is excellent), (3) Régina et Golf (between golf course and sea; closed Oct. through May; good), (4) Victoria (seasonal), (5) Plaza (all year). El Mirador and Marbella are small and reasonable. Generally summer only; many hotels Full Pension Plan Only. (The Carlton closed in '58.)

Bordeaux: (1) Royal Gascogne (better rooms), (2) Splendid (better food). (3) Bordeaux and (4) Terminus are down a peg. None special.

Brest: (1) Continental, (2) Moderne (no restaurant). Both strictly for the birds.

Calais: (1) Meurice (good kitchen, but rooms basic), (2) Sauvage (also basic). Skip the rest.

Cannes, Nice, etc.: See section on "The Riviera."

Carcassonne: (1) Cité is the only good bet; attractive atmosphere but service sometimes indifferent; April to September. (2) Terminus is next; open all year.

Cherbourg: Very bad; (1) Moderne et Terminus or (2) Louvre et Marine are best available. (3) Grand has no restaurant.

Deauville: (1) Normandy (outstanding), (2) Royal (also excellent), (3) Golf (fine food and view for golfers or oldsters), (4) Arcades, (5) La Fresnaye. Seasonal.

Digne: Ermitage Napoléon (completely renovated; superior food, service, know-how; smallest brother of Les Grands Hôtels Européens organization, finest chain on the Continent).

Dijon: Not so hot. Try (1) Cloche, (2) Central, (3) Jura.

Dunkerque: Victoria is *it*; not advised if avoidable.

Évian-les-Bains: (1) the wonderful Royal legend, should reopen this year after its disastrous '58 fire. Next best are (2) La Verniaz et ses chalets, (3) Splendide, and (4) Ermitage. Three-month season.

Grenoble: (1) Terminus (no restaurant), (2) Trois Dauphins, (3) Savoie. All uninvitingly commercial.

La Baule: (1) Hermitage, by all means. Then, (2) Castel Marie-Louise, (3) Royal, (4) Cecil, and (5) Majestic.

Le Havre: Passable but not more. (1) Normandie is the choice; second-line. (2) Celtic and (3) États Unis have no restaurants and are rugged.

Le Touquet-Paris-Plage: (1) Westminster (big, classic French resort style), (2) Mer, (3) Le Centre, (4) Bristol, (5) Alexandra. All seasonal only.

Les Baux: The great Baumanière Restaurant-Inn, with 10 rooms, terrace, swimming pool, and lofty prices for lofty food (closed Nov. to mid-Dec.).

Lille: Carlton, which barely makes the Junior Varsity.

Lourdes: All surprisingly commercial and unattractive (see separate section on this city). Best of the lot are (1) Béthanie (meals compulsory), (2) Moderne (seasonal), (3) Grande Hôtel de la Grotte (seasonal and meals compulsory), and Impérial (ditto).

Lyon: (1) Royal is now first. We'd then rate (2) Grand Hôtel et Nouvel and (3) Beaux-Arts (no restaurant). In the Carlton, supposedly second, I was ruthlessly cheated by 2 sharpies behind the bar, and later given a padded bill by the room clerk; a steaming report from a similarly bilked reader came in later.

Mont-St.-Michel: (1) Du Guesclin, (2) Mère Poulard, (3) Terrasses. All very simple; seasonal only. Auberge St.-Michel in Avranches (13 miles) is a good alternate.

Mulhouse: Try the Parc, if you must; Basle offers far better.

Nancy: (1) Grand, (2) Thiers, (3) Excelsior Angleterre. All commercial.

Nantes: (1) Duchesse Anne, (2) Central, (3) France et Voyageurs.

Narbonne: Skip it.

Nîmes: (1) Imperator is good, and (2) Cheval Blanc et Arènes is fair.

Orléans: After Arcades (small, unimpressive, and without restaurant), just spin the wheel. No winners here!

Perpignan: The aforementioned Bob Sage tells us that the Grand, recently modernized, is now good. We suspect, without being sure, that the rest remain poor.

Reims: Only fair. We'd advise the Lion d'Or.

Rennes: (1) Du Guesclin (good food, simple rooms), (2) Angelina (without restaurant).

Rouen: (1) Poste, (2) Angleterre, (3) Astrid, without restaurant, is modest and cheap.

St.-Étienne: (1) Grand, (2) France (no restaurant), (3) Cheval Noir. None inspiring.

St.-Jean-de-Luz: (1) Chantaco (adjoining the golf course; excellent), (2) Miramar (also pleasantly set), (3) Édouard VII, (4) Modern, (5) Madison. Seasonal.

St.-Malo: (1) France et Chateaubriand (Apr. through Oct. only), (2) Central (all year).

St.-Nazaire: Ouch.

Strasbourg: (1) Terminus-Gruber, (2) Grand (no restaurant), (3) Maison Rouge, (4) Monopole-Métropole.

Toulouse: (1) Grand, (2) France (no restaurant), (3) Cie Midi. Ours Blanc is small and unpretentious.

Tours: Not much choice. In Univers, the traditional leader, a responsible Rhode Island reader has just reported that his party found "jumbo-sized livestock" in 2 separate accommodations—and "they certainly weren't mosquitoes!" This leaves (1) Métropole (above-average cuisine), (2) Grand (closed Oct. to mid-Mar.), and the smaller (3) Bordeaux and (4) Central, none of which make us dance with joy.

Trouville: (1) Bellevue, (2) Les Roches Noires, and (3) La Résidence. All aging, and all seasonal.

Vichy: Dozens, all loaded with holidaying or spa-seeking French families. (1) Thermal Palace (biggest name and highest rates), (2) Carlton (largest), (3) Ambassadeurs (agreeable atmosphere), (4) Pavillon Sévigné (nice setting

and gardens), and (5) Bains are perhaps the pick of the crop. All seasonal, as well.

Vittel: The summer-only Grand is outstanding, with Pavillon Cérés and Continental (both also seasonal) as runners-up.

As the above comments may indicate, French provincial hotels are still substandard as a whole. Under the Fifth Republic, easing of construction regulations has resulted in vast improvement already, and more will undoubtedly follow. But there is a long way to go and meanwhile they'll continue to be (with many exceptions, of course) the dowdiest and least beguiling regional inns of any European land.

Don't forget *always* to check every item on every bill. The chiseling of many French hotels is disgraceful; big, fat "mistakes" in favor of the house are as common as dandelions.

Unlike Spain, there's no law (or if one exists, it isn't enforced) against inviting an unaccompanied lady to your hotel room. You won't be stopped by the elevator man; he'll probably beam his blessings.

Don't expect a private bath; don't count too strongly on a shower; don't be surprised if you shave in tepid water. De luxe hotels have excellent facilities, but the plumbing in the smaller ones is tattered, tired, odorous—and usually 5 city blocks from your room.

Motels? At this writing, we know of 3 in operation: the Côte d'Azur at *Antibes* (French Riviera), the Basques at *St.-Jean-de-Luz*, and the de Touquet at *Le Touquet*; tariffs vary between about \$7 and \$12 per double per day, in most cases. By the time you read this, any or all of 6 others may have been completed: 4 on the Paris-Riviera run, at *Auxerre*, *Avallon*, *Lyon*, and on the highway between *Montélimar* and *Valence*, plus another at *Nice* and another on *Corsica*.

Food Terrific. If you can pay the price (and it's usually high), you'll eat like a Roman emperor.

France is a nation of 42-million gourmets. Delicacy of palate is a tradition; even the peasants with patches on their pants pay more attention to their table than do most wealthy

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Americans. Every meal is a rite; every morsel must be savored for the last ounce of flavor. Sauces are the specialty; fruit is the national dessert. If you'll check the personnel roster of the finest hotel in your state, chances are that the master chef will be a Frenchman.

Gallic food specialties are inimitable. Truffles from Périgord, saffron from Langres, foie gras from Strasbourg, mustard from Dijon, mackerel from Nantes, hams from Bayonne, conserves from Normandy, more than 200 registered cheeses—all are unique. Even flowers are now eaten—Tulip Stem Salad in the Eiffel Tower Restaurant, Lime Blossom Poached Chicken in Lasserre's, Violets Soufflé in Tour d'Argent, plus acacia-filled fritters and other novelties elsewhere. (Delicious crystallized French violets, by the way, are now on sale at B. Altman & Co., New York.)

Each region of France has its own special dishes. Don't hesitate to venture, even in odd things like snails, frog's legs, squid, and "calf fries." They're such wonderful cooks that you won't know what you're eating!

If a dish is marked "à la Provençale" or "à la Niçoise," garlic and olive oil will raise their lovely, rugged heads.

Hors d'oeuvres are an excellent bet in almost every restaurant.

Try foie gras as a first course. Don't confuse it with pâté de foie gras, which is goose-liver leftovers mixed with pork. The real stuff, a Rolls-Royce among delicacies, is very expensive these days, but it shouldn't be missed.

Don't touch the milk or cream in unsavory places. Quite possibly, it might be unpasteurized—and untrustworthy.

You'll ask 6 times for a glass of water before you can sell the idea to the waiter. It upsets his stomach to watch you drink it. It's pure, incidentally, in every sizable town or city.

Many diners stick to the bottled variety, although there is no necessity of doing so in any metropolis. Order Évian if you want the noncarbonated type; Vichy and Perrier are the best-known bubbly kinds, and they're said to be helpful for everything from pink eye to club feet.

Because of the difference in the roasting process, most U.S. travelers feel that French coffee should be used for filling O-Cedar bottles. It's bitter, it's different, but the quality, per se, is as fine as Martinson or Maxwell House. If your Nescafé runs out (it now comes with all caffeine extracted, too), you can buy a fresh can at almost any French grocer's. But if you don't want to bother about instant coffee, refuse the local offering the moment your gullet will no longer contract, and drink tea, as I do.

The French apéritif often has the sweetness of a liqueur or a dessert wine. If you like your drinks dry, be sure to order carefully.

Restaurants More than 3000 in Paris alone, with a fantastic range of specialties and prices. As with hotels, last year's U.S. visitor was charged more—but paid less—to dine; the average 10% rise in restaurant meals was offset by his 17% gain in devaluated francs. The smaller places may charge \$2.50 to \$4 for a delicious full-course meal; the larger ones usually run from \$5 to \$9 per person; if you order à la carte in the Great Establishments, your dinner might go up to \$20 or more without pausing for breath.

One way to beat the system—sometimes, at least—is to take advantage of the little-publicized *Restaurants de Tourisme* plan. Government-sponsored and promoted through the National Hotel and Restaurant Associations, this setup offers a so-called "Tourist Menu" in every French establishment you're likely to visit; expansion to other Common Market countries is now planned. Thus, you may enter nearly any restaurant in the nation and be fed a full meal, including wine, service, and taxes, for \$1.36 to \$4.05, depending upon the official category of the institution. In theory, you won't be given pressed duck and Haut Brion '37 for this investment, but you will get a substantial and savory repast.

In practice, however, this scheme has one big pitfall: when the foreigner patronizes the high-bracket restaurant and innocently orders the \$4.05 dinner, he's all too likely to draw the table by the coal chute, the bus boy for his waiter, and the

Country Cousin treatment from his soup to his toothpicks. Personally, I'd no more stroll into Tour d'Argent, Lasserre, Pyramide, or a similar gastronomic shrine and ask for the "Tourist Menu" than I'd make amorous cries to a wild moose—and I hope that you wouldn't. The most popular dodge throughout the alliance is to present the *à la carte* menu to the client without comment, thus forcing him to ask for the special tourist menu. But when your appetite is on the lighter side, and when you exercise discretion in time and place, it *is* an excellent plan, and it *can* save you a hatful of money.

Here's another suggestion: if the restaurant is an elaborate and well-known one, always telephone in person for your own reservation. Somebody is bound to speak English there, these days—and you're in line to save the fat kickback which your concierge would normally pocket for making the call.

Now let's hand pick a representative list—the best we have found—and break it down into arbitrary clusters:

In the *expensive indoor* group, Tour d'Argent (15 quai de la Tournelle) takes our number one rating for the second year in a row. Penthouse setting over the Seine; brilliant spotlighted vista of Notre Dame at 9:30 P.M. on Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and fête nights; recently installed Gastronomic Museum which no visitor should miss; greater elbow-room, less hustle and bustle, and far more gracious reception for American clientele than in any big-league restaurant we've found in the capital except Lasserre. No longer satirically labeled the "duck joint," for although you may still watch your Caneton Tour d'Argent being pressed on a new elevated sideboard, the variety of other specialties is now broad enough to stagger a Lucullus. Wear your best duds, reserve in advance, and ask for friendly Roland or Jacques. Because the wine cellars are among the greatest in the world (you're invited to inspect them!), it is correct dining form here to disregard water and to order a vintage wine from Sommelier Marcel. Handsome, razor-keen Owner Claude Terrail and the entire staff are to be congratulated for re-establishing their Silver Tower as one of the best-run, most

satisfactory epicurean centers in business today. Closed Monday.

Maxim's? This year's report on it brings us the deepest personal sadness and sense of loss of any coverage in this edition of the *Guide*—but the time has come when we must reluctantly look through the sugar coating of 3 rue Royale at what we consider a dismaying evolution. For decades, this once most glamorous restaurant in the world successfully traded in 3 commodities: names, food, and drink. But so many changes have taken place that today it is simply not the same as it was, and we can no longer recommend it as the leader of yore. Owner Louis Vaudable has now plunged so extensively into the frozen-food business, the airline catering business, the Maxim's Grillrooms abroad (Gstaad, Jamaica, etc.), and the operation of private galas on an international scale that it seems as if his attentions have been divided and diverted. Mme. Maggy Vaudable, long his administrative right hand, may also be distracted by another tangent—the newly organized Académie Maxim's, a hostess school which imparts to young ladies the appreciation of dining, entertaining, and preparation of *haute cuisine* at \$750 for 3 weeks, \$1050 for 5 weeks per pupil. The celebrated Albert, king of headwaiters for 24 years, died in '59, and he has now been replaced by a 39-year-old protégé named Roger Viard. The great Maurice Carrère, the associate who contributed so importantly to Maxim's postwar ambiance, has now gone elsewhere. With all these changes and diversions, we believe—and so do a number of our recently disappointed readers—that Maxim's once-fabulous standards of cuisine and service have declined to the point where we are reluctant to go back. Considering its category and its tariffs, in fact, our latest 3 meals here were so poorly cooked, sloppily presented, and carelessly served that we could scarcely believe our eyes. M. Vaudable's brilliant flair for press agency continues to glamorize Maxim's name to the public at large—but it is obvious that every institution needs more than a barrage of publicity, commercialized snob appeal, and a past reputation to sustain a top-ranking position. Perhaps you'll disagree completely with our

estimate. As for our own patronage, however, we're not going to be spending \$15 to \$25 apiece for lunch or dinner at Maxim's in 1960, because to us it is no longer worth it.

Lasserre (17 avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt) is operated, according to ever-delightful Columnist Naomi Barry of the *Paris Herald Tribune*, "by a man in love with a sliding roof." There have been many changes here, too—all of them happy ones for the traveler. Once again we walked in cold, this time to find a reception which couldn't have been warmer, service which couldn't have been smoother, and a meal so delicious that it still makes our mouths water to relive it. Sumptuous décor, brightened by flowers, greens, and the Maestro's proudest toy which slides open at the touch of a button to admit the sun or stars; gold-rimmed service plates, silver-necked carafes, antique silver vases, the finest of appointments; chic, sleek international clientele; outstanding original specialties, including Steak Poêlé Dumas and a dessert (which shouldn't be missed) called Pannequet Soufflé Flambé; occasional raffles in which live doves carry the lucky numbers. Membership in the Lasserre "Club de la Casserole," which you may join on recommendation of another member, entitles you to a free round of drinks, a card, and a miniature souvenir dish. Closed Sunday and the last 3 weeks of August; reserve in advance. Now one of the very top bets for any discriminating American in France.

The Café de Paris closed down in '55, of course—and it was joined by grand old La Crémaillère in '58. They are missed.

Escargot-Montorgueil (38 rue Montorgueil), co-owned by Tour d'Argent's Claude Terrail, has been a gourmet's favorite for more than 150 years. Serene but not plush atmosphere; excellent chef; good attention, as long as you aren't placed in the inadequately staffed upstairs section. Closed Monday and all of August. Traditionally fine.

Grand Vefour (17 rue de Beaujolais) overlooks the gardens of the Palais Royal. Its décor is in the nineteenth-century rustic tradition. We like neither the arrogant, snippy staff attitudes we found, nor the prices.

Lafrouse (51 quai des Grands-Augustins—Left Bank)

seems to lean heavily on customer-recognition. If you're an old client, out come the toasted peacock tongues and cries of "Allah!", but if you're a stranger—particularly an American stranger—don't be surprised if you get that irritatingly indifferent Farmer Joe treatment. Famous for its duck and its soufflés. Décor ancient and slightly depressing. I can't help but believe that this place isn't what it used to be. Closed Sundays in summer.

Fouquet's (99 avenue Champs-Élysées, 1 block from the George V) has been a French institution since Pepin the Short sired Charlemagne by the lady named Bertha of the Big Foot. It has been entirely refurbished—unsuccessfully, we're sorry to report, because in trying to modernize without destroying its old-fashioned air, the decorator ended up with a Hydra. But the Lobster Thermidor is still marvelous, the chef still knows his business, and the prices are still under much of the competition's. Go upstairs. Not glamorous, but dependably solid.

Berkeley (7 avenue Matignon) is serenely luxurious and smart, with cuisine to match. It draws newspaper people (near *Figaro*), fashion people (near Dior, Balmain, etc.), and stage and screen stars (Charles Boyer seems to make it his Paris headquarters for dining). If you're interested in beautiful gals—or if you want to show off your own dazzling dish—this is one suggestion for lunch. Very expensive.

Le Cabaret (4 avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt) is another topflight lunching spot, at a convenient central location. It is not a cabaret at all—just a magnificent restaurant which few Americans know and most French gourmets hold in reverence. It is richly decorated, costly, and nearly always crowded. Ask for Louis Barberet. Here's one of our special pets—which, actually, we prefer to the Berkeley.

Dinarzade (16 rue de la Tour) is a combined restaurant-night club, operated by 3 ex-Czarist officers. In its lovely summer garden you may see the Windsors, taste the best sturgeon ever netted, and pick up a dinner tab which can easily run to \$15 per person. Sophisticated for drinks and dancing; superior gypsy-type entertainment; evening dress

or dark clothes only; no lunch. Tailor-made for big spenders.

Taillevent (15 rue Lamennais) is a honey for a nonsense, substantial Gallic meal in fine Gallic tradition. Fantastic *cave*; the wine list carries a staggering 502 choices. Excellent kitchen, friendly reception; convenient location near Champs-Élysées; medium-high tariffs; closed Sundays.

Four top hotels are especially famous for their fare. The Plaza Athénée, among other delights, offers a special lobster soufflé which can't be duplicated for deliciousness anywhere in France; the Ritz has its lovely garden restaurants in season and its Espadon Grill for seafood all year; the chefs at the Bristol and the George V are among the greatest in Europe. You can't go wrong in any of these.

The original Prunier and Rôtisserie de la Table du Roy are *not* particularly recommended this year. The former (not to be confused with Prunier Traktir, which I've never seen) has never been the same, in one opinion, since the death of its great maestro. And on my last 2 visits, Table du Roy crawled with so many Americans that I could shut my eyes and swear that I was back in Howard Johnson's.

In the *outdoor* group, one of the most attractive places for a warm summer evening is Pré Catalan, in the Bois de Boulogne. It's a longish taxi ride, but worth it. You'll find a lovely dining room under the trees with music and an exceptionally smart crowd. If you dine, you may order any wine you choose; without dinner, only champagne is served. Same management as Fouquet's. Go late; open until 2 in the morning; take your bankroll along.

Pavillon d'Armenonville, also in the Bois, is just as chichi, and with its lake terrace, Chinese lanterns, gypsy orchestra, tea dancing Saturdays and Sundays, and dancing after 10 P.M., it is charming. Dine late-ish here, too. Some reports last year about indifferent reception personnel. Pretty expensive, as well.

Laurent (41 avenue Gabriel) is conveniently situated in a park, just off Champs-Élysées. Rambling building with a tiered garden terrace for summer dining, gay shocking-pink

tablecloths and yellow chairs—a pleasant, cool oasis on a sunny day. Inside there are 2 attractive, classically furnished dining rooms. The food seems uneven, with Italian dishes more tempting than some French ones. Closed Sunday for sure; check possible August closing; dinner dancing. Our light lunch, including a bottle of wine and service, was \$14.65 for two.

Rumors have it that Claude Terrail has reopened his L'Orangerie (45 rue Pierre-Charron) for public dining, instead of maintaining it exclusively for private parties and banquets. If so, don't miss it if you can afford its lofty tariffs, because its little garden is enchanting, and its atmosphere is unique.

Auberge du Vert-Galant (42 quai des Orfèvres, Île de la Cité) sits on the bank of the ancient island in the Seine, and it offers a memorable panorama of the river and the Left Bank. Adequate but not spectacular cookery; high but not exorbitant prices; when the weather is right, it's nice.

La Mère Catherine, another well-known alfresco establishment, is *not* recommended for either its food or its attitudes—at least as I sampled them. My party, all Americans, were treated like a prize collection of boobs by the French staff, and we're not going back.

In the *medium-to-moderately-expensive* group, Chataigner (75 rue du Cherche-Midi) continues to be one of our favorites. Two floors with about 5 tables each; everything individually prepared by white-capped Maestro Gustave Chataigner; food terrific, but terrific, especially the house lobster and the poached turbot in white butter; dinner about \$5; poor selection of wines. Closed Sundays, Mondays, also July 1 to August 15; *reserve in advance by calling* LIT. 82-74. A gem.

Les Petits Pavés (4 rue Bernard-Palissy) is the new Left Bank rage which is drawing more and more diners from the Maxim's crowd. Brightly lit Ancient Beer House ambiance, with simple but superb cuisine and the finest chocolate cream we've ever savored; modern bar with tempting snacks; own-

ership by the charming, socially prominent widow of a famous French artist, Mme. Georges Gruber, who speaks perfect English. Closed for lunch, with service from 6 P.M. to 3 A.M.; so popular that your table *must* be booked ahead. Worth all the kudos—if you can get in!

The Copenhagen (142 avenue Champs-Élysées), part of Denmark House, is also a joy—this time for a change of pace to scrumptious, authentic Danish fare, which most travelers love on sight. Bar downstairs; garden-dining in summer; urbane atmosphere; good Danish cold buffet in the Copenhagen tradition for \$2.90 with other courses or \$3.48 solo; licensed and supervised by the Danish Government; open every day. The only questionable feature is its menu layout of Danish-made photos of platters which, on inquiry, cannot possibly be served. Otherwise recommended.

Marc Annibal de Coconnas (2 bis place des Vosges) is agreeably situated in an ancient flower market which Louis XII later converted into his personal pavilion. Long, narrow room with 20 wooden tables; simple décor; immaculately clean; average check perhaps \$5. Guy is the host. Closed Tuesdays.

Chez L'Ami Louis (32 rue du Vertbois) has less atmosphere but is almost as good. Art Buchwald is especially fond of the frogs' legs here; I tried the Panaché Maison instead, and liked it tremendously. Slightly more expensive; décor crude; closed Tuesdays and in August; recommended for just plain eating, not looking.

Le Petit Colombier (42 rue des Acacias) is a bit off the beaten track—a few minutes by taxi beyond the Arc de Triomphe. But if you're wandering in this neighborhood, you'll find this small house both worthy and charming. Go upstairs for a window table, if available; especially good ~~carafe~~ wines here. Average check is \$3.50 to \$5.50; not worth a special pilgrimage, but satisfactory for the price.

Joseph (56 rue Pierre-Charron) is handy for travelers who stay in either the George V or Prince de Galles Hotels. Specialties are Omelette Maison, kidneys, and Chicken Joseph;

friendly, unelaborate atmosphere; routine prices; closed Sunday. They work very hard here.

Berlioz (135 avenue Malakoff) has been warmly recommended by a Pittsburgh reader who knows his vittles. We're told that the *patron* takes the orders, the staff are cordial, the wine steward has been there for 45 years, and the meal our friend ordered—part of which was ham on veal with rice and special cheese sauce—was one of the best of his life. Closed Saturdays; about \$5 per head. Sounds intriguing.

Café de la Paix (12 boulevard Capucines)? This Paris landmark suits us happily for a coffee or a quick drink—but we're sorry that we can no longer recommend it for dining.

In the *inexpensive* group, Dominique (19 rue Bréa) is just as satisfactory today as it was when I first stumbled across it in 1946. If you dine at the counters near the entrance, you can eat nobly for perhaps \$2 to \$3; if you take a table in the intimate room to the rear, you'll pay somewhat more, but it won't break you. Good Russian or pure-French cuisine for the price; pleasant surroundings; recommended for its friendly spirit.

Chez Josephine (117 rue de Cherche-Midi) couldn't be more typical, as a middle-class *bistro*. Don't expect plush seats or fancy service; the rest-room facilities (unless they've been changed as a result of this text), while perfectly clean, must be seen to be believed. Not a word of English is spoken; the wine list is modest, the house cognac isn't bad, and the owner's wife, Mme. Duranton, will cook you a hearty, honest meal for about \$4. The heart of France.

Chez Maître Paul (corner of rue M.-le-Prince and rue Casimir Delavigne) is a honey of a little place for economy trippers. The Man Himself does all the cooking, and he features a wine called Bourgueil from his own vineyard in Touraine. About \$4, too, and *always* full—so reserve in advance. Closed Thursdays.

Vieux Paris (2 rue de l'Abbaye), also on the Left Bank, features Algerian and Middle Eastern fare. For about \$2.50, you may sample Greek Souvlaki (Shishkebab), Egyptian

rice, Arabian Couscous (Wednesdays only), and all sorts of exotic preparations. A popular low-cost choice.

Lucien (12 rue Surcouf) is straight Gallic. Simple ambience, 8 tables, a hard-working *patron* who knows food. Dinner about \$4; closed Mondays; sturdy and dependable.

Chez Georges (34 rue Mazarine) is small and arty; the clientele is often reminiscent of *La Bohème*. Very modest; food fair; about \$2.50; closed Mondays and the month of August. Routine but sometimes amusing.

Chope Danton (4 carrefour de l'Odéon) used to be so plain, so Gallic, and so unspoiled that it was close to our hearts—we wrote it up glowingly in previous editions—but the character of both the food and the staff seemed to have lost their pristine charm—at least, in our opinion. Sorry, but we're now afraid that we don't wish to return.

No book, not even *Michelin*, can begin to tackle the hundreds upon hundreds of good *bistros* in Paris, so please forgive the necessary omissions of countless worthy examples. The best fun of all is to put on your walking shoes and explore for yourself.

Among the *restaurant curiosities*, Au Mouton de Panurge (17 rue de Choiseul) is so startlingly pornographic that it could only be found in France. The take-off point for the bawdy décor and strange menu is the commemoration of humorist-and-satirist Rabelais; from here, some of the house developments are very funny, and some are just plain repulsive. The rolls are baked in the shape of a male organ; the snails are served in miniature chamber pots. Others, as well, are right out of the barnyard. Spicy murals; a live sheep which drinks wine; personnel in medieval costumes. An out-and-out tourist trap, with an indifferent meal for \$5 to \$8; not for the narrow-minded or sensitive, but at least one good laugh for the unshockable. Ask for Léo or Alfonse, and don't say that you weren't warned.

Another wacky stand-by is A la Grenouille (The Frog), at 26 rue des Grands-Augustins. The theme here is rudeness. Roger, the boss, a rotund, florid character, has a voice of a

cement mixer. He greets feminine customers with a big, fat kiss and a mighty bearhug. If they don't squirm too much, he'll then give them a brass frog (a cute little thing) as a souvenir. Simone does the same for the men. But it's supposed to be all in fun, and the food served at the plain wooden tables is inexpensive. No menu; ask for field glasses to read the blackboard. Wear your earmuffs, carry your longest hatpin, and you might like it.

Then, let's not forget about that famous institution part way up the Eiffel Tower by elevator. Glorious panorama of Paris; high cuisine; grill open for lunch the year around; main restaurant closed November 15 to Easter; expensive, but the setting is matchless. An experience.

Like cheese? The restaurant adjoining Androuët's Cheese Shop (41 rue d'Amsterdam, near St. Lazare Station) will make you pleasantly cheesy on the cheesiest assortment of dishes and samples in this cheese-loving nation. Happy munching, if you're as mice-like in tastes as we are.

Rôtisserie Reine Pédauque (6 rue de la Pépinière) is reported to feature a fixed price meal at \$3.44 which is a big value. We've not had a chance to try it.

Finally, Chez Louis (14 rue Lincoln) is the Lindy's of the capital. Czech and Viennese specialties; medium prices; a crossroads for the sporting and theatrical set. Closed Saturday evenings, Sunday, plus all July. Very good.

For *seafood*, Relais de Porquerolles (12 rue de l'Éperon) is the wealthy gourmet's choice—because plenty of money is needed to handle those comparatively astronomical tabs. Very small, extra fine; always reserve in advance; closed Sundays and through August. The best of everything from the ocean, but take your sonar set along to find the bottom of your check.

La Méditerranée (2 place de l'Odéon), down several pegs in cost, has gay paper tablecloths, Chef Parrimond's native Mediterranean secrets, a large menu, and great charm. Small terrace; real bouillabaisse and savory frogs' legs; typical, pop-

ular, and definitely recommended. Open every day; Jean or Lucien will steer you right.

Rech (62 avenue des Ternes) is closed during the summer, but if you're in Paris when oysters are in season, try it. Sidewalk market stands of salmon, shellfish, snails, and other wares; go upstairs, walk through the immaculate kitchen to your table, order a bottle of Tavel *vin rose*—and you're on your own from there. And how I envy you! Same price range as La Méditerranée; also highly recommended.

Relais Bisson (37 quai des Grands-Augustins) we haven't tried, but we hear that M. and Mme. Dupuis have no peer in their individual lobster soufflés, *loup de mer* served under a funeral-pyre of flaming fennel seed, and other house creations. Apparently this one is frequented mostly by French regulars who wish to avoid the tourist flood.

In the *nationalities group*, Bali (19 rue St. Roch) is such a standout that Nancy and I are crazy about it. This is the smaller sister of Max Elfring's fabulous Bali in Amsterdam (see "Netherlands," page 678)—and Mr. Elfring commutes every few days between the 2, to insure that top quality continues to reign. For \$5.06, you'll be served a delicious 22-dish *rijsttafel* ("rice table"), straight from Indonesia, that should knock your eyes out. On our latest visit, we invited one of Paris' 3 most famous restaurateurs and his wife to try this Far Eastern ceremonial feast with us—and their joy was a delight to behold. Closed Sundays and all of August; ask Mr. Elfring, Manager Sebo, or Miss Nini to serve you "the works"; reserve in advance. Don't dream of missing this experience, if you're a gustatory adventurer.

For others, here's how we'd pick them in order of desirability: *Spanish*: (1) Goyesca, 36 rue du Mont-Thabor, (2) Chez José, 32 avenue de Châtillon. *Italian*: (1) San Francisco, 1 rue Mirabeau, (2) Conti, 72 rue Lauriston. *Russian*: (1) Le Moscou, 7 rue Jean Giraudoux, (2) Yar, 4 rue Robert-Etienne. We've never seen La Maisonnette Russe de Paris, 6 rue d'Armaillé, but we hear that you can get a good Russian lunch or dinner with vodka included for about \$5, or with vodka, salmon, and caviar included for about \$7. *Jewish*:

(1) Le Sportif, 24 rue Vieille-du-Temple, (2) Eden, 36 boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and (3) Flambaum, 37 rue Faubourg-Montmartre (closed Jan. to Apr.). After exploring several *oriental* establishments, I could find none worth a dime except Bali (see above)—but MacKinlay Kantor, author of *Andersonville* and authority, among many other interests, on Far Eastern fare, tells us that Kin Long, 58 rue Monsieur-le-Prince on the Left Bank, does a fairly competent job with *Chinese* specialties.

Snacks and quick fare? Snack bars and light-lunch places are mushrooming so fast that, in most tourist districts, all the visitor has to do is to wander down the closest boulevard. Most opulent example is in the rear of Le Drug Store (133 avenue Champs-Élysées, near Arc de Triomphe) where the pink-marble floors, black-leather banquettes (so wide that they're back-breaking!), paneled cypress walls, and crested chinaware make any Schrafft's we've ever seen look like a truck drivers' joint. Weird mélange of sandwiches and dishes, none of them top-grade-American in execution; oyster bar open at mealtimes only; service sometimes so impersonal and hurried that it borders on rudeness; tariffs on the expensive side. In spite of these debits, however, this establishment is so eye-popping that it definitely should be seen.

More typical is Le Grill-Shop (67 avenue Champs-Élysées), which is small and bustling and has a clean U.S.-style décor in bright yellow with mirrors. Our order here was for one "Hot Dog sur Toast—30¢." But up came one "Super Hot Dog Garni," which consisted of 2 embarrassingly naked and hollow-chested weiners with a plate of potato chips (60¢), 2 rolls which any well-groomed American frankfurter would sneer at (8¢ extra), and 2 dabs of butter (10¢ extra)—a total of \$1.01, with the coffee, for an imitation so pale that it couldn't be peddled in a Little League ball park at home for 50¢. But some of the French-based items being served looked quite appetizing.

If you don't insist on Howard Johnson's—or even U.S.

lunch-cart—standards, you'll find these counter-type spots adequate and all over Paris these days.

As for self-service places, the Au Vatalle chain has been enthusiastically recommended by St. Louis' Cafeteria Mogul H. H. Pope. This expert should know—so we look forward to trying it next time.

Good restaurants in the French Provinces are as thick as Fido's fleas. To cover them all here is impossible, due to the space limitations; in any case, the wonderful *Guide Michelin* already lists and rates them by the thousands, in the world's most dependable mass survey. Below are some of the better (or best) tables of France; consult *M Michelin* for more modest selections. Most of these offer cookery at its highest, usually (not always) with prices to match:

Near Paris:

Bougival (11 miles): (1) Coq Hardi, (2) Les Tilleuls.

Chennevières-sur-Marne (11 miles): Écu de France.

Montfort-l'Amaury (30 miles): Auberge de la Moutière.

Pontchartrain (24 miles): (1) L'Aubergade, (2) Chez Sam.

Port-Royal-des-Champs (21 miles): Port-Royal.

St.-Germain-en-Laye (15 miles): Pavillon Henri IV.

Bordeaux Coast and environs:

Biarritz: (1) Café de Paris, (2) Rôtisserie Coq Hardi.

Bidart (Biarritz 4 miles): Relais Franco-Espagnol.

Bordeaux: (1) Dubern, (2) Chapon Fin, (3) Château Trompette.

L'Alouette (Bordeaux 5 miles): Réserve Etche Ona.

Meschers-sur-Gironde (Royan 8 miles): Chantecler.

St.-Jean-de-Luz: (1) Petit Grill Basque, (2) Bar Basque.

Burgundy and environs:

Avallon: (1) Poste, (2) Moulin des Ruats (1 mile out), (3) Relais Fleuri.

Dijon: (1) Pré aux Clercs et Trois Faisans, (2) Chapeau Rouge.

Saulieu (Avallon 25 miles): Côte d'Or.

Channel Coast and environs:

Brest: Voyageurs.

Deauville: (1) Grill Room Casino, (2) Chalet Normand.

Honfleur (Deauville 9 miles): Ferme St-Siméon.

Le Havre: (1) Le Grand Large, (2) Monaco.

Le Touquet: (1) Ambassadeurs et Grill Room, (2) L'Escale.

Les Ponts Neufs (St. Malo 21 miles): Lorand-Barre.

Pont-Audemer (Deauville 24 miles): Auberge Vieux Puits.

Pont-Aven (Quimperlé 10 miles): Moulin Rosmadec.

Rouen: (1) Relais Fleuri, (2) Couronne, (3) Michel.

Trouville: (1) A la Sole Normande, (2) Chatham.

Villerville (Deauville 3 miles): Chez Mahu.

Château Country and environs:

Amboise (Tours 16 miles): Le Choiseul.

Guecelard (Le Mans 10 miles): La Botte d'Asperges.

Loue (Le Mans 18 miles): Ricordeau.

Tours: (1) Lyonnais, (2) Le Nègre.

Languedoc (North of Provence):

Lamastre: Midi.

Roquefort: Grand Hotel.

Lyon and environs:

Condrieu (Vienne 8 miles): Beau Rivage.

Lyon: (1) Mère Brazier (atop Col de la Luère, 7 miles out), (2) La Sauvagie (2 miles out), (3) Mère Brazier (this one in city), (4) Mère Guy, (5) Vignard "Chez Juliette."

Valence (South of Vienne): Pic.

Vienne: Pyramide.

Provence and environs:

Avignon: (1) La Petite Auberge (at Noves, 7 miles out), (2) Hiély, (3) Lucullus.

Les Baux (Avignon 19 miles): Baumanière.

Marseille: (1) Guido, (2) Surcouf, (3) Campa, (4) Brasserie des Catalans, (5) La Réserve (on the Corniche).

Villeneuve (suburb of Avignon): Le Prieuré.

Riviera: See separate section.

Savoie (Swiss border):

Talloires: Auberge du Père Bise.

That winds it up—and please don't be surprised if that “darling little restaurant—the one everybody goes to!” isn't here. Of the 152 we've staggered through in Paris alone, more than 60 are listed here—and that leaves us with only about 3000 to go. So don't get an inferiority complex if you should miss that little gem your friends rave about, because how can they expect you to visit more than 10 or 20 of the enormous total?

Even though some fine ones in the capital have been ignored, here, in any case, are most of the cream-of-the-cream. With exceptions due to space, the bulk of the unlisted balance are neighborhood *bistros* and Gallic-style Coffee Pots rather than legitimate restaurants of note. For the provinces, get that *Michelin*.

Night Clubs Like the restaurants, practically on every corner. You have your choice of a \$75 dinner, a rumba, a sophisticated bar, a 50-count 'em—50-leg show, a prostitute, a gigolo, an “exhibition,” a glass of beer, a team of acrobats, or a Mickey Finn. Take your pick, because Paris has them all.

But let's never forget, for one minute here, that some of the most cold-blooded, ruthless poachers of the evening world have set you up as their top-priority target. You're nothing but a big, fat, ripe American chump who will drink any rotgut with a “champagne” label, applaud any tired old bag sans her usually necessary brassière, and pay a triple King's Ransom for the “privilege.” Most Parisian cabaret operators are downright vicious toward the suckers who keep them alive—and this includes innocents from Belgium, England, Holland, Egypt, Zululand, or anywhere. In spite of the fact that there are notable exceptions, I make no blanket guarantee whatsoever on the spots listed below. So please re-

member, when you tour these bright lights, that you're on your own.

The big brassy places are tourist favorites. Some of them charge \$1 to \$1.50 admission per person (a flat rate at the door), and most of them refuse to serve anything but champagne at \$9 to \$17 per bottle at the tables. Other beverages on a drink-by-drink basis can be had only if you stand at the bar. All of the big ones are out for the indiscriminate spender who won't bother to check the bill.

The Strip Tease à la Pierre Minsky, rage of Paris for quite a time, is still extremely popular—but there are signs that this craze is on the wane. The authorities have already started to discourage the full flowering of this fragile, delicate art; several postgraduate jernts were recently padlocked for excessive enthusiasm in Spreading the Word—and this, mind you, in naughty France!

The Lido (78 avenue Champs-Élysées) offers what is possibly the most elaborate Ziegfeld-type spectacle on earth—at least 50 dancers, show girls, seminudes, and headline international acts. Three orchestras; 2 terrific cabarets nightly; mammoth 250-table cellar, crawling with frowsy, chattering conducted-tour groups from Germany, Belgium, Holland, and many other lands, including ours; minimum charge about \$6.10 per person, with single drinks \$3 to \$3.50 each; go about 9 P.M. for a fair-to-indifferent \$11.04 dinner and a better chance at a ringside seat; mass-production entertainment at its most colossal, mechanical, and impersonal.

La Nouvelle Eve (25 rue Fontaine), before its recent closing and reopening, used to be the most unabashedly expensive night club on the circuit. Now Impresario Bardy has brought down prices to more tolerable levels: \$1.23 admission per guest, "menu suggestion" at \$4.18 (which might be merely a sandwich, because we've never eaten here), \$3.44 per minimum drink in the main room, and \$1.23 per minimum drink in the bar. Fast, gorgeously costumed shows at 9:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; sparkling with talent and mouth-watering dolls. But take your bankroll, just the same, because everybody from the maître to the hatcheck girl to the pro-

gram girl to rest-room attendants might have their hands out, as they did to us, in this mecca for American innocents who seek Parisian glitter.

Chez Eve (7 place Pigalle) is a smaller, less opulent, less costly version. Entry about \$1.25 each; at tables, \$4.05 for the first drink and \$2.84 for subsequent ones; champagne of a sort is \$13.10; bar-flies pay a minimum \$1.44 per slug. Three shows nightly, with about 20 mademoiselles who wouldn't know what to do with a brassière if they stumbled over one; cozy enough so that every prominent point on the raised semicircular stage can be properly appreciated by every spectator. Plenty of bar girls; none can leave before 5 A.M. closing. Direction of renowned entrepreneur Georges Jacquey; ask for Guy, for a pleasant welcome. Not absolute tops, but a good value for its type.

The old Moulin Rouge, now known as Bal du Moulin Rouge, is still packing in the wide-eyed spinsters and grand-mas for its can-can entertainment. Huge theater-like hall; some seminudes now added to the show; admission about \$1 and drinks about \$3.50. It's on place Blanche, at the head of Pigalle. Old-hat to most travelers except first-timers. The place next door, which until recently had a similar-sounding name, is now Robinson Dancing—and we felt it was a complete waste of effort, when we rechecked it.

La Boule Blanche (33 rue Vavin) boasts saucy and provocative performers, dismal-looking bar pickups who cannot leave until closing, and a sexy ambiance. Small, crowded, lively; maître who greets the customer with "You drink champagne wizz a nize girl, yes?"; clientele mostly male; heavy audience participation in shows; excellent cabaret, one of the very very best of its class. No door charge, BUT champagne \$16.50 and other drinks (*if they'll serve 'em at the table!*) about \$4.50 *each*. In spite of an atmosphere which impressed me as aggressively clip-jointy, here's one of the top bets for aficionados of the female torso. Ask for Georges.

Speaking of that fascinating study called s-x, the "Sexy-rama" at small, crowded, coral-pink Le Sexy (68 rue Pierre Charron) offers a parade of s-xy-looking dames on a tiny

stage between 11 P.M. and 2:30 A.M. nightly. On our introduction, years ago, we had a bizarre reminder of our boyhood when such familiar old friends as Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and Sleeping Beauty appeared in seminude cavalcade; the tone hasn't changed since then. Hardly a theological seminary, or the Ritz—but possibly the s-xiest “clean” show in town.

Les Naturistes (1 place Pigalle) isn't too unamusing, but the shabby tawdriness and tired B-girls of both Sphinx (66 rue Pigalle) and L'Indifférent (26 rue Fontaine) leave us as cold as Arctic herring. The last 2 are fairly typical samples of the dozens of strip joints in the Pigalle area. The streets teem with curiosity seekers and riff-raff. If you are determined to attend an “exhibition,” take another man along, don't pay more than 70 (new) francs, don't shell out any money in advance, and don't let them talk you into drinking anything. They are a vicious, depraved group; they'll try to cheat you at every turn, although actual violence or robbery is rare.

Palais Royal (avenue de l'Opéra) was outstanding 5 days after its opening, when we saw it—and we hope that its freshness and the eager-beaver interest of its staff in each customer's comfort hasn't worn off after its first flush of success. *Open all night*; \$71,000 redecoration of former Chez Gilles premises; shows of 20 to 25 “singles” at 11 P.M., 1 A.M., 2 A.M., 3 A.M., and sometimes 4 A.M., with Folies-Bergère and Casino de Paris artists participating after their theater performances; dim lights, pleasant ambiance, house girls for table companionship; light food served from 9 P.M. to 11 P.M.; drinks \$3.66 each, and champagne \$18.50. Inquire for Manager Doudou (“Do-Do”), who has promised to welcome you warmly. Excellent—at least at inauguration time.

Smartest spots in which to show off your new Dior are L'Éléphant Blanc (24 rue Vavin)—elegant, lively, ultrasophisticated; drinks close to \$4; go after midnight in dark clothes, and ask for famous Jean; closed Sundays; the new, very chic Club l'Étoile (1 avenue Victor-Hugo, near Arc de Triomphe), rich, colorfully decorated, air-conditioned 2-room

cellar, with ambassadors, noblewomen, mannequins, industrialists, and international playboys chatting at the crowded little tables or dancing on the tiny floor to recorded music; Scotch \$1.75, and no cover or entrance charge; wear dark clothes here, too; since it operates as a private club, be sure to tell the proprietor that you're a friend of this *Guide*; Jimmy's Club (4 rue Huyghens), fine orchestra, chic clientele; bar downstairs, dancing upstairs; Fridays best; go very very late and ask for Aldo; drinks roughly the same as L'Éléphant Blanc; closed Mondays and all of August; Les Grandes-Seigneurs (6 rue Daunou), called Ciro's by the cognoscenti; more lavish than a castle of the Tsars; Casanova, most sparkling around 2 A.M., and Shéhérazade (3 rue du Liège), setting for the Boyer-Bergman version of "Arch of Triumph"; super-romantic; overwhelming but tasteful rococo. Maxim's, the striking but expensive Dinarzade, and the summer outdoor favorite of the cosmopolite, Pré Catelan, have all been previously mentioned. Monseigneur (94 rue d'Amsterdam) has lost its old-time violin serenaders to Shéhérazade; now it doesn't seem quite the same. Le Boeuf sur le Toit ("The Steer on the Roof"), has now been turned into a dance spot with records, and it's no longer suggested. Visit a quarter of this list, and you'll need a new oil well to cover your checks.

For cocktails (6:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. are the normal French hours), the Ritz Bars on the rue Cambon side are now reserved for hotel guests only; the George V Bar is the most frenetic; the flower-lined Garden Bar of the Lancaster is often the most soothing; the tartan-seated Plaza Athénée Bar and the Meurice Bar are among the most discreet. Harry's Bar (5 rue Daunou) couldn't be more Main Street-U.S.A. if it imported Schlitz beer and TV wrestling matches for its nearly 100% tourist clientele; famous Harry died in '58, rest his soul. La Calavados (40 avenue Pierre 1^{er} de Serbie, around the corner from the George V) is sophisticated, crowded, and pleasant; this one is open until 6 A.M., and it's one of the most popular places in Paris for a late, late, L.A. DE supper, as well. Georges Carpentier, the prize-

fighter of the '20s, now has a bar-restaurant at 8 boulevard de la Madeleine; he's usually there before dinner. Sidewalk or terrace oases include the renowned Café de la Paix (which, in spite of improvements, we cannot recommend to the '60 visitor), Fouquet's (99 Champs-Élysées), Colisée (44 Champs-Élysées), Alexandre (53 avenue George V), Club de Paris (3 avenue Matignon), and scores of others.

For after dinner, there are also dozens of "drop-in" places—casual bars or *boîtes* for a quick look and one drink. La Calavados, mentioned directly above, is popular with Stork Club bar habitués. Grisbi-Club (22 rue Quentin-Bauchart) is a small cellar with dancing, \$4.75 whisky, and a strip-teaser or singer or dancer every 20 minutes. Lucienne Boyer opened an informal restaurant-night club (41 avenue Junot) in '59; we haven't tried it. For jazz hounds, the Club du Vieux Colombier (21 rue du Vieux Colombier) is a red-hot basement joint full of theatrical posters, Dixieland jive, and spastic young jitterbugs whose gyrations are as torrid as the atmosphere—with so-called "Intellectual Strip Tease" between riffs; not for Grandma. Canibal (8 rue de Lille) opened as a restaurant and soon found itself doubling as a gin mill; tom-toms are your Tums for digesting their African cuisine, and Dark Continent specialty dances are your amusement later; jungle-hut décor, Left-Bank Department; lunch is served here, too. Caviarteria (32 avenue George V) is a supper-club with a pseudo-Montmartre ambiance. Near La Boule Blanche, La Villa (27 rue Bréa) offers noise, strippers, the breaking of stage crockery, 3 barmaids, and a performer-customer conga line to brave souls who take triple doses of vitamin pills; La Canne à Sucre, 3 minutes away at 4 rue Ste.-Beuve, comes up with a West Indian ambiance, a Martinique-Parisian clientele, no color bar, fine Calypsos, nonwatered Scotch at \$3.50, an animated little show, and a friendly host named Jackie Bamboo. Le Shako (5 rue Vernet) is another cellar rendezvous, with walls in gold, attractive table girls, single-act entertainment every 10 minutes or so, and drinks at around \$4; not outstanding, but can be amusing. For stakers of more serene

local color, the perennial Au Lapin Agile ("Agile Rabbit") at 4 rue des Saules still serves brandied cherries (around \$2 for the first drink and less than \$1 thereafter), still offers the same 9 tables in the same smoky, low-ceilinged room, and still features spouting poets, venerable musicians, ancient instruments, and some of the best folk songs of the capital; tourist-y but interesting; closed Mondays. Caveau de la Bolée (rue de l'Hirondelle, off place St.-Michel) is Strictly Left Bank, and lots of fun (1) if you're in the mood and (2) if the crowd is right. Hard-to-find entrance on a tiny street; entrance so low you must duck; very small arched cellar, containing benches, tables, red-checked tablecloths, and a grand total of perhaps \$8.66 worth of furnishings; informal entertainment, with dirty jokes in French, an accordion player, and records; so much audience participation that they're liable to wisecrack about you as you come in; cognac \$1.85, and other prices comparable. So off-beat that it's slightly zany, but we liked this one. L'Abbaye (6 bis rue de l'Abbaye), with colored vocalist Gordon Heath and partner Lee Payant singing ancient French ballads, is too-too exciting to the self-dubbed intellectuals of the long-haired set; maybe I'm getting old, but its teen-age-fan-club brand of reverence toward these performers now bores me stiff. The Mars Club (4 rue Robert-Estienne) is noted for its hot-and-cool piano; smoky, jammed, no color bar, a mecca for celebrated visiting musicians, and employees who seemingly couldn't care less about finding your space or taking your beverage order; if you're full of good cheer and John Haig's Best, here's real rhythm, man. But if you're our kind of jazz cat, you might like Blue Note (27 rue d'Artois) even more; formerly the Ringside, it now offers top combos like the Bud Powell Trio, cheerful atmosphere, pleasant décor, a nice staff, and enough air; no cabaret, no B-girls, nothing but good drinks and extra-mellifluous music. Last, the Crazy Horse Saloon (3 minutes down the street, at 12 avenue George V) draws masses of U.S. tourists for its cellar strip tease, square dancing and forced Wild-West antics; Coke or beer about \$3, whisky about \$3.50; closed end of July to mid-September;

much too contrived, corny, and labored for my taste, but perhaps it might appeal to you more.

For the revue type of attraction, the Folies-Bergère is the most glamorous, though its quality is a far cry from what it used to be. It is booked for days or weeks in advance; make reservations through your home-town travel agent if you're determined to see it. If you land in Paris without tickets, here are 2 tricks which *might* work: either cross the palm of your hotel concierge with beaucoup silver immediately after arrival, or go to the Theatre Office at American Express at exactly 5 P.M. on performance day and hope for cancellations (which are frequent). The Casino de Paris, also for outlanders and also usually jammed, is the runner-up in this category.

Post-mortem tip: There's a good Turkish Bath at the Claridge Hotel.

Prostitution was driven further underground in '59 by the de Gaulle regime. Any hotelkeeper who now rents a room to a prostitute is guilty, by national ordinance, of procuring—and this carries a stiff fine, a possible prison term, and even loss of property for repeaters. As a result, there has been a rush for apartments in the areas where tourist swarms are thickest: Champs-Élysées, Madeleine, and the Opéra. Many of the B-girls in the better night clubs or strip joints are among the estimated 5-to-10-thousand professionals who still operate in Paris—but it's wise to remember that these particular pigeons are normally forbidden, by management edict, to leave the clubs before the closing time of 2 A.M. to 6 A.M. Also, if anyone's flesh should ever be weak, he should make certain that he's not steered to lodgings which would entangle him with this tough new law.

Taxis At night, when it rains, during meal hours, and at the peak of the rush, Paris taxis are as elusive as ever. From the discovery of the gasoline engine until '56, cabbies just plain quit as soon as the clock struck lunch or dinner—and all the pedestrian got was assorted gestures of men-stuffing-their-

months-with-food. But now, legally at least, they're supposed to take you where *you* want to go, instead of only in the direction of their garage or home. Unhappily, few additional vehicles seem to be available during these key periods.

With this legislation came a big bump in fares. You'll now pay 30¢ to start and 3¢ for each additional 300 yards (sic!). Still no complaints here, compared to prices at home!

The quality of the cars is improving, but many chauffeurs are frustrated Barney Oldfields—and worst of all are the *females* who, for the first time in history, are now appearing in force; the ones who carried us on our latest visit were such appallingly lousy drivers they scared us within a millimeter of our lives. The blowing of horns within the city limits was banned some years ago. This only serves to add to their frustration and to your peril. If you should draw one of these moonstruck dames, don't forget that your aromatic spirits of ammonia and shillelagh can do wonders for everybody's peace of mind.

After 11 P.M., all meters are automatically jacked up to the so-called "Tarif 2," nearly double the daytime rate—*so don't fall for the almost-inevitable whines for a big tip to top it off*, because they're already taking you for plenty. A 50-centimes gratification for a 3½ NF ride is more than ample during the wee hours; in daylight, anything from 50 centimes to 1 NF will do.

If you're stuck, and if there's a phone handy, call POR 89-89. The dispatcher of this 340-fleet, radio-taxi outfit will alert the nearest free car in your vicinity, and it will come to you with the meter at a maximum of 1 NF for the dead-heading.

► **TIPS:** Stay away from all large, luxurious taxis without meters which roam the gin-mill areas at night. They'll take the fillings right out of your teeth!

If the chauffeur who takes you home demands an exorbitant price (very frequent after midnight), here's how to handle him: (1) note and remember the sum on the meter, (2) give him your sweetest smile, (3) tell him that you've

got to break a 100 NF note with the hotel cashier, and (4) head straight for the concierge. Then explain the situation to this official and let *him* not only pay the legal amount but also spit in the bandit's eye with your compliments. (Your knowledge of the meter reading is important here, because if the concierge thinks that you haven't checked it, *he* might bilk you, too!)

Before climbing into any taxi in Paris, be sure that the meter is set on 1½ NF. Otherwise you'll be paying for the last customer's ride, in addition to your own. Especially widespread at night.

Cars and Motoring Any motorist's first investment should be the *Michelin* guides: the red yearbook called "France" (up-to-the-minute hotel- and restaurant-ratings throughout the nation), their sectional road maps for all the regions to be covered, and any of their other specialized publications applicable to the tour.

His next step might be a visit to the Esso Touring Service, 23 rue Quentin-Bauchart, Paris, where he can get, individually tailored for his journey, free point-to-point itineraries noting current road conditions, scenic preferences, time allowable, and other personal factors.

The A.A.A., 9 rue de la Paix, Paris, is another lifesaver on automotive problems of all kinds—friendly attention and quick-thinking personnel. If you're stranded, arrested, smashed up, tossed in the jug for improper documentation, or just plain snafued, these people should rush to your aid.

As mentioned on page 129, no *Triptyque* or *Carnet* is now necessary for entering or leaving France with your automobile, and the *Vignette* windshield sticker has been abolished. The only current requirements are your normal registration plus a minimum of \$100,000 in liability insurance. Any one of the 3 following types of coverage is acceptable: (1) an International Insurance Certificate (*Carte Verte* or "Green Card"), marked valid for France, which must be obtained *in advance* from a U.S. insurance company, (2) a policy written by a French insurance company, or (3) a

policy purchased on arrival at the port of entry. For heaven's sake don't get mixed up in the third of these options—the red tape and high cost would try the patience of a saint.

Several gimmicks have been added to the traditional travel patterns. To and from the *British Isles* (see page 290) you may (1) fly your car via Silver City Airways (4 avenue Bosquet, Paris) or Air Charter Ltd. (21 Wigmore Road, London); (2) take the Dover-Lyon Automobile Train, a double-decker that runs daily except Wednesday in summer only. To and from *Italy*, you can save time and rough driving by placing your Lizzie aboard the flatcars which shuttle between Modane and Bardonecchia, through the 8½-mile Mont Cenis tunnel; departures at 2-hour intervals; about \$5 for your car, and less than \$1 for you. Automobiles may now be shipped by rail from Nice, Cannes, any other Riviera point, or Lyon by flatcar direct to Paris; size immaterial; standard rate approximately \$20 including tax.

Gasoline? Foreign tourists may buy up to 50 *cheques-essence* for up to 135 gallons of gas, at a saving of approximately 21% on the normal per-gallon prices of 75¢ for regular grade and 79¢ for hi-test. Ask the A.A.A., the City of Paris Tourist Information Center (7 rue Balzac), or any bank. This ruling applies to hired as well as private cars.

Road services? Among the motorists' aids now being pioneered by the French are the so-called "Autograms" and "Restoroutes." The former is a telegram-relay network available on the largest trunk routes; the driver's name is chalked up on a big signboard, warning him to stop at the next gas station for the wire that awaits him. The latter is a combination restaurant-service station which offers itinerants food, showers, siestas, and a place to change clothing—nearly everything except lodgings for the night; you'll find them between Valence and Montélimar (Paris-Riviera run), at Chambray (near Tours in the Chateaux Country), and elsewhere. Finally, Esso stations throughout France sell a 1-day insurance policy for about 25¢, with \$28,500 face value for fatality or \$14,250 for permanent disability; with those Gallic

Stirling Mosses burning up the highways, it might be the best investment you ever made.

Rented cars? For self-drive, here are some typical rates on a 7-day basis (15-day and 30-day terms are cheaper): 2 CV Citroën, \$2.90 per day, plus 2½¢ per kilometer; Renault Dauphine or Simca Aronde, \$3.60 per day, plus 3½¢ per kilometer; Peugeot 403 station wagon, \$5.60 per day, plus 4¢ per kilometer; Simca Beaulieu, \$7.30 per day, plus 5¢ per kilometer; new Chevrolet convertible, \$12 per day, plus 7¢ per kilometer; many other choices, at comparable costs. The company pays the taxes, oil, lubrication, and minimum insurance; you pay the gasoline (with tourists' coupons, about 59¢ per gallon), plus a refundable \$100 deposit on French or \$200 on American makes. The C.S.N.C.R.A. (French Association of Self-Drive Agencies), 6 rue Léonard-de-Vinci, Paris 16, or your travel agent, will happily furnish further information.

Chauffeur-driven service? We had splendid luck on our latest visit to Paris with Jean Fauqueur, whose office is at 63 rue Louise Michel, Levallois-Perret, Seine (a close suburb), and whose telephone is PER 76-72. He's a gentlemanly, warmhearted older man who speaks perfect English, who knows Europe, and who drives like an angel. His car is beautiful, his rates are competitive, and he couldn't be a better companion. He has served royalty, top diplomats, and many distinguished figures. Highly recommended—but you must make your arrangements well in advance.

Finally, the French National Railroads will have a Simca, Dauphine, or Renault awaiting your arrival at any of the 200 of their stations across the land. Call TRI 38-32 in Paris first—and then just hop off the train, step on the starter, and France is yours.

►TIPS: Don't honk your horn in Paris—and don't (1) park in prohibited zones or (2) park for more than 90 minutes in the central area. They're very, very tough on these infractions now, because the capital's 210-thousand garage-and-

parking-lot capacity for its 1-million cars has brought near-paralysis in traffic tie-ups.

Certain municipal or local-speed cops are now empowered to collect fines, on the spot, from traffic violators in foreign-registered vehicles—and they aren't cheap, either. One angry U.S. traveler reports that he was stopped, bawled out vigorously, and clipped \$7 for going slightly too fast in a restricted zone. If this should happen unjustly, *get a receipt* and call the A.A.A. immediately.

Trains The French National Railroads were merged in 1938 into a single huge state-controlled network. They're among the best in Europe. As one example of their progress, 2 electric locomotives (each pulling 3 cars) broke the world's record in '55 with the astonishing speed of 205 miles per hour. East-west local lines are still miserable at times, but north-south trunk lines are amazingly good.

If you plan much train travel, take advantage of the savings offered by the Eurailpass (for details see page 125).

Routine fares, fast-train supplements, and baggage rates were all increased in '58, but by U.S. standards, they're still very low. Round trips or circular journeys up to 900 miles (1500 km.) are exactly double—but between 900 and 1200 miles they're 20% less, and over 1200 miles there's a 30% saving. Children between 4 and 10 go at half fare; babies ride free. Stopovers are permitted, and groups of 10 or more are given 30% to 40% reductions. For excursionists from Paris, 1-day Sunday tickets and 3-day week-end tickets for destinations within roughly 50 miles of the capital come at a 30% to 50% bargain. Dogs cost the same as Junior does. Dining cars serve fixed meals, unspectacular in quality but reasonable in price. Lavatories are sometimes old and smelly; on some provincial runs, drinking water is as rare as Châteauneuf La Tour-Blanche 1910.

All French trains run on the left, except in Alsace. When you see a large locomotive loom up on the "wrong" track from the "wrong" direction at 70 m.p.h., it'll probably scare hell out of you.

The old Second class was dropped some time ago; now there are only *Supérieure* and *Inférieure*, with fares about the same as the old Second and Third. The former has 6 seats per compartment, and the latter eight.

There are 3 ways to sleep: in the coach, in the couchette, and in the *wagon-lit*. The coach is for the birds. The couchette, a French development, offers 6 bunks per unit at a \$3.75 supplement; you may stretch out but not undress. The *wagon-lit* is the Pullman of Europe; you'll buy (1) your railroad ticket, (2) your berth, (3) your reservation fee, and (4) your service tax. It's worth the difference!

Crack expresses are now an important part of the system—De luxe specials like the *Golden Arrow* and the 6-hour *Rapide* (Paris-London), *Le Mistral* (Paris-Nice), or the *Simplon-Orient* (Italy)—not to mention the *Trans-Europe Express* runs. The international ones are excellent while you're in France—but when you cross the border (notably Spain), they're liable to become highly erratic. Autorail Rapides, motorcoaches on wheels, are the flashiest wrinkle. Usually they're extra fare.

"Snack Cars" (quick-bite dining in the \$1 range), "Express Trays" (airline-style meal served at the passenger's seat for around \$1.15), Club Car telephones, Public Address systems, bubble-topped scenic coaches, and other innovations are now appearing on more and more hauls. Unlike some North American lines, these operators are doing everything within their power to bring greater passenger comfort.

Six separate stations in Paris, spread all over the map. Double-check the one you want before you leave your hotel.

Redcaps are bluecaps, and are addressed as "porteur." There's a fee for each bag, and a 40-centime tip per unit is about the minimum.

Tickets are collected after you get off the train. Don't toss yours away, or you may pay double.

Reserve both your seat and your dining-car niche when you purchase your passage. This little precaution will cost you an extra 20¢ or so, but it's worth \$200 not to be forced to fight the mob.

A package deal called "Service Complet"—tickets, seats, dining-car space, sleeper, hired car, everything but love and beer—is also offered by the railroads. Your travel agent can fix this up for you, too.

Except for the Eurailpass, tickets are valid for varying periods from 10 to 30 days. If your trip is postponed, make sure of the expiration date for the return trip, to salvage your investment.

Once you buy a ticket, brother, you're stuck. They've never heard of immediate redemption; you'll wait 1 to 3 months for your money—and when you're back in America, you'll get it in francs. French bureaucracy again, of the most maddening sort.

First class (*Supérieure*) is recommended if the budget will stand it, because *Inférieure* often crawls with local color.

►TIP: Call LAB 92-00 in Paris for train information in English.

Airline Thousands of travelers like and trust Air France. That's their evaluation, and they're entitled to it.

Speaking only personally, however, I don't. In spite of the famous cuisine, charming hostesses, and other service fillips, and in spite of the vast improvements I noticed on my several most recent flights—all very pleasant ones, in every detail—I'm still not quite comfortable aboard it.

For instance, almost every time that I've taken this line, at least one tray of champagne or still wine or cognac has gone up to the cockpit, presumably for consumption there.

In '58 I had a friendly chat in Paris with Air France's top officer, President Max Hymans, who pointed out to me that the French attitude toward this matter is quite different from the American one. He assured me that because the French pilot has grown up with wine, "a little wine" won't hurt him. That's Mr. Hymans' honest conviction—and I respect both him and it, though I do not happen to agree.

All U.S. airline pilots—and those of most other European countries, I should guess—are forbidden to touch as much as a glass of beer not only in the sky, but within the 12-hour

period before take-off. And American road-safety campaigns have drummed into our heads that even a minimum of alcohol retards our reflexes. Personally, I wouldn't want a drop of champagne under my belt if I were gunning a car at 110 miles per hour—and today's commercial planes cruise as high as 575 miles per hour, or more than 5 times faster than this.

If Air France sincerely believes that the reflexes of their crews, after a glass or two of brandy or wine, are sufficiently razor-sharp to cope with instantaneous emergencies aloft, that's their affair. They are operating a huge airline successfully, and their safety record is excellent. Even so, I regret that it's not the line for me.

► **TIP:** *On departure only* from all French air terminals, international or domestic, you'll be socked an airport tax of approximately \$3 for New York, 60¢ for England, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, or other points in France, and \$1 for the rest of Western Europe. This last turn of the screw is a tiresome and tactless *bon voyage* to this nation's guests.

Laundry There is now 1-day service in most of the de luxe hotels; smaller ones take up to a week.

Make a complete list, have it initialed by the maid, and count every item the moment your bundle is returned. Socks, handkerchiefs, and shirts just vanish! Expensive.

Drinks France is the greatest wine producer in the world. Last year's estimated production (a banner vintage) was an estimated 1,473,331,860 gallons. Each region proudly offers its own distinctive variety. If you're not particular (or if you're a tried-and-true traveler), much of the time you'll stick to *vin ordinaire*, the routine 20¢-per-carafe table wine served by the glass or decanter in modest restaurants everywhere. It's eminently satisfactory, once you've acquired the taste.

Broadly speaking, it's *red* with meat or game, *white* with fish, fowl, oysters, or hors d'oeuvres. If the meat is heavy, gamy, or spicy, Burgundy is usually chosen over Bordeaux.

Never follow a sweet wine by a dry wine, nor a heavy wine by a light wine.

Champagne is the only type correctly served through all courses of a meal. It is the customary beverage to be ordered in all upper-bracket night clubs. Never horrify the good French by using a swizzle stick—a barbarity to them; if you don't like the bubbles, take a dry white wine instead. And if the cork pops too loud, the temperature is wrong; send it back, without delay, for further chilling.

Add water to your ordinary table wine, if you choose (many people do it)—but never, never, *never* dilute a vintage of character.

When in France, (1) don't fill a wine glass up to its brim, and (2) leave a few drops at the end, even if they seem too good to waste. On the first, the bouquet is hampered by a full glass, and on the second, you might be drinking the harmless but unpleasant dregs.

From preliminary reports, it looks as if 1959 might be the most important year since '29 for the Burgundies, '34 for the Bordeaux, and '21 for the Moselles (German origin)—but nobody can make much more than an educated guess this early. In the 40's, the "very great" or "great" vintages were '43, '45, '47, and '49; if you can remember the simple key of odd numbers—"3-5-7-9"—when scanning a wine list, it will add to your dining pleasure. High spots of the 50's were '52, '53, and '55—"2-3-5"—with '53 especially outstanding. The '54 pressing was miserable, and '56 was the worst disaster in more than a decade.

Here are my personal favorites among 7 different varieties. These are in the "fine" classification, and they're expensive examples of their types:

Red Burgundy: Romanée-Conti

White Burgundy (dry): Chevalier-Montrachet

Red Bordeaux: Château Haut-Brion

Sauterne (very sweet): Château d'Yquem

Côte du Rhône: Châteauneuf-du-Pape

Alsatian: Gewürztraminer

Rosé: Château Ste. Roseline

Among the lower-priced red wines between 75¢ and \$2.50 per bottle, Beaujolais is usually an excellent bet (although the last few bottles I've had have tasted to me—I can be wrong!—as if Algerian or other cheaper wines had been added to the original). It should be ordered young. Get either Brouilly, Moulin-à-Vent, Juliéna, Morgon, or Fleurie (the sub-names on the label) if you can. Other old stand-bys in this range are St.-Julien, St.-Emilion, Médoc, Pomerol, and St.-Estèphe. Unless you're gilded with gold sovereigns, these should be more than adequate for ordinary dining.

Among inexpensive white wines, Chablis is very tricky, due to minuscule supplies of sound types. If you like your whites dry, as most of us do, Pouilly Blanc Fumé, Pouilly-Fuissé, or Muscadet should do the trick without breaking the bank—and they are *delicious*. What passes for genuine Chavignol in many places today is scandalous. But Traminer, from Alsace, still has an affinity for a good filet of sole.

Other lasting favorites of both French and Americans are:

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Anjou | Chambertin (extra fine) |
| Beaune | Cheval-Blanc |
| Château Ausone | Corton |
| Château Lafite (extra fine) | Haut-Bailly |
| Château Latour (extra fine) | Hermitage |
| Château Margaux (extra fine) | Meursault |
| Clos d'Estournel | Pommard |
| Clos Fourtet | Richebourg |

Naturally, this is only skimming the surface. There are many more.

Order Vouvray or *vin mousseux* (sparkling wine) if you want to save money. Both are much cheaper than champagne, but they have attractive similarities. Reason: the champagne name is patented, and these varieties originate outside the legal district.

Whiskies from Scotland are now plentiful in all the tourist centers. Proprietary brands are available in the \$7 to \$12 range, which isn't low; Gordon's-type gin goes for somewhat less (the French varieties are awful); the legal import quota

on bourbons and ryes is so niggardly that in '59, the U.S. Distilled Spirits Institute registered another steaming protest to the government, saying it is "practically impossible for traveling Americans to obtain, in France, their favorite brands of American alcoholic beverages which they know and enjoy at home." It was the tenth time that this complaint had been made officially. With 6 different taxes accounting for four-fifths of the retail price of all imported hard liquors, bootlegging has reached the point where it supplies an estimated 15% to 20% share of the national consumption.

Your best buy is cognac, fine types of which sell for as little as \$3. This is the national "hard" drink, spoken of as *fine* (feen); French cognac and Armagnac are magnificent. The people of Normandy are weaned on Calvados, a pungent applejack. Grand Marnier is the standard cordial. Liqueurs like Bénédictine, Crème de Menthe, Cointreau, Pernod, Crème Yvette, Crème de Cassis, Triple Sec, and Pastis are exclusively French; they are the originals, and all others are imitations or branches of the distilleries (Spain).

Most of the beer is frightful—bitter, watery, with an after-taste of liver-fed pollywogs—but you'll see a lot of it, because it's cheap. Always ask for "bee-air," because "beer" to the French waiter means "Byrrh," a popular red vermouth-type apéritif. Cocktails are often mixed with thimbles instead of legitimate shot glasses. In most international establishments, they're expensive but excellent; in the average provincial hotel or restaurant, however, they're so little in demand that you mustn't be surprised if the *patron* reaches for the Flit instead of the gin.

Sports While the French aren't the rugged outdoors men that the Scandinavians and Swiss are, they still get plenty of exercise.

Major summer sports are swimming, sailing, canoeing, hiking, mountain climbing, golf, tennis, hunting, and fishing. There are ample facilities at all popular resorts for the physically active tourist.

Spectator sports have come back with a bang. Horse racing, auto trials (particularly at La Turbie), boxing, polo, football (continental-type), bicycle racing—something goes on every day of the year, in some part of France.

Skiing is the biggest winter attraction. There are 2 types of resorts: the international centers, with funiculars, lifts, movie blondes, professional teachers, and all the folderol of Sun Valley, and the simple centers with just inns and snow-fields. In the best hotels of the smartest centers (the Mont d'Arbois at Megève is an example), you'll pay perhaps \$18 per person per day, including room, meals, service, and taxes; smaller places come closer to a \$10 average.

Tuna may be fished in quantity without licenses; wild boar and chamois are scarce but still available.

Near Paris, the visitor will find golf courses at Chantilly, Ozoir-la-Ferrière (American country club), Port-Marly, Fontainebleau, Lys-Chantilly, Morfontaine, St.-Cloud, and St.-Germain-en-Laye. In some of them, you'll have to find a member who will arrange a round as his guest; others recognize "club courtesy"—flash your U.S. card, pay the greens fees, and you're in. Call the Fédération Française de Golf, 53 avenue Hoche, if you're a golfer.

There are 6 running tracks and 2 trotting tracks in or near the capital. Thursdays and Sundays in mild weather (closed in August) are the biggest days. The third Sunday in June generally brings the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, and the last Sunday the French Kentucky Derby—the Grand Prix at Longchamps. See your concierge for further briefing.

The Hotel Lutetia and the Hotel Claridge both have swimming pools; tennis enthusiasts might have luck with the Fédération Française de Lawn Tennis, 3 rue Volney, Opéra 44-91 (requirements vary); Enghein-les-Bains (see "Things to See"), 6 miles out, offers the nearest gambling casino, while Évian-les-Bains (on Lake Geneva) is a lovely mecca for the socially minded gamester.

For details on sports, the booklets issued by the French Government Tourist Office are elaborate and fairly complete.

Lourdes Exactly 102 years ago, in 1858, 14-year-old Bernadette Soubirous knelt by Massabielle Rock in Lourdes and received the first of her 18 visions.

Since then, what is probably the second most famous Catholic shrine in existence has sprung up around the site. More than 1-million pilgrims congregate annually at the grotto where the Virgin Mary started the waters flowing during Bernadette's 9th vision. The '58 Centennial brought the greatest influx in its history.

Transportation to Lourdes has never been easy, because of its off-trail setting near the Spanish border. You may make the 555-mile journey from Paris by rail, or you may fly in High Season via Aer Lingus or a limited number of other carriers.

Unfortunately, the atmosphere of Lourdes has become more and more commercial—and each year it seems to grow worse. As an ironic example, one small hostelry, spotted by a '59 traveler, carries the sign "GETHSEMANE—*Avec Tous Conforts Modernes*." This sort of thing is a shock to the devout, and well it might be. There are approximately 200 hotels in-and-around the city, and, even though some are startlingly expensive, their quality ranges from so-so to mediocre to miserable. Nearly all restaurants are second-line, too. If you don't mind a 92-mile haul, Biarritz would be by far your most civilized base; Luchon, 61 miles away, has the adequate Sacaron and Le Grand (both seasonal), while neighboring Pau and Tarbes offer nothing worth your time.

For sincerely religious travelers of any faith—Catholic, Protestant, Unitarian, Jewish, Christian Science, or whatever—Lourdes can be a deeply moving human experience, in spite of the commercial shoddiness of its fringes.

Things to See France is a 20-ring circus, with 239 animals performing simultaneously. Your travel agent or the French Government Tourist Office will have to block it out in detail for you, because there's too much to cover in this book.

But no visitor should miss Paris and its environs. Take a morning or afternoon sightseeing tour on a Cityrama double-

decker bus, if you haven't already done so; hourly departures, 3-hour duration, phone RIC 43-90 for details. For a couple of dollars you can be guided past all the major sights, the ones you've known since grade school: Notre Dame, Conciergerie, Ste.-Chapelle, Sorbonne, Panthéon, Latin Quarter, Montparnasse, Hôtel des Invalides, Eiffel Tower, Madeleine, the boulevards, Louvre, Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, Champs-Élysées, Arc de Triomphe, Sacré-Cœur, and Montmartre. Corny? Certainly—but you'll cover a lot of ground, and I'll wager you'll enjoy it.

Or (if they're operative again this summer), gaze down at the principal points from the bubble of a 4-passenger Alouette helicopter, from altitudes between 700 and 2000 feet. Flights last year began at 10 A.M. on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, from the Issy Heliport near boulevard Victor; the cost was about \$14 per person. Short hops, for \$6.10, were also run on Sunday afternoons. See Agence Continental Express, 9 rue de l'Échelle, for current information and advance reservations.

For budget trippers, Paris Transport Company (RATP) offers a special \$3.44 "Tourist Ticket," which is valid for unlimited rides during 7 consecutive days on any Métro train (subway), metropolitan bus, and certain of the suburban carriers. On flashing your U.S. passport, you may buy it at various RATP offices in the capital (53 bis Quai des Grands-Augustins is one bureau), or before your U.S. departure, at the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., New York.

Strong-legged wanderers, old or young, enjoy the "Rambles in Paris" walking tours—a series which covers the maximum of interesting places with the minimum of pedestrian effort. Sundays, it's the Île de la Cité and Île St.-Louis; Mondays, the Palais Royal, Louvre, and Tuileries; Tuesdays, Montmartre; Wednesdays, the Bastille and Marais; Thursdays, the Latin Quarter; Fridays, St.-Germain-des-Prés; and Saturdays the oddities of Les Halles. Starting time is 3 P.M., at the rendezvous point for the day; the cost is a trifling \$1.10 per person; telephone KEL 24-05 between 8 A.M. and 11 A.M.

for particulars. Here's the way the inquisitive stranger can *really* see the City of Light; highly recommended to all who like to stroll.

The Eiffel Tower has a new "hat"—a big television mast—and it's perennially the number one visitor's target in France. Open from 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily; \$1.01 admission to top platform, with lower prices for lower platforms; fine restaurant (closed Nov. 15 to Easter) and popular grill (operates all year). Don't miss this classic of classic French attractions.

American Express "Paris By Night" conducted tours, at about \$15 per person, are now a good value for the uninitiated. They're on the mechanical side, as they'd almost have to be, but you're as safe as if you were doing the town with J. Edgar Hoover in person. Worthy for first-timers—unless they'd prefer to shift for themselves.

Just-for-fun boat tours on the Seine have become Big Business since '53; Entrepreneur Jean Bruel's "Bateaux Mouches" fleet now includes *La Patache* (theater, television, 800 capacity), the *Galiote* (theater, dance floor, same general facilities), the *Jean-Sébastien Mouche* (flagship with De luxe 300-place restaurant), *Le Coche d'Eau* (self-service restaurant), and the *Parisian* (longer excursions). You have your choice of 2½-, 2-, or 1-hour rides; frequent departures from morning through evening; meals served on the 12:30 P.M. and 9 P.M. voyages; full of kids before noon, businessmen at lunchtime, tourist mobs in midafternoon, romantics at 5 P.M., and international celebrants after dark; tickets range from less than \$1 to about \$2. Departures now being made from Port de la Conférence (Right Bank), back of Grand Palais; ask your concierge for schedules, or phone BAL 96-10. Vedettes Paris-Tour Eiffel operate smaller craft half-hourly from the wharf near the Eiffel Tower; 1-hour duration, 81¢ fare, optional visit to historic wine cellars for 40¢ extra. Not as comfortable as the "Bateaux Mouches," but pleasant all the same. A delightful experience, if you happen to hit a sailing without too many Ladies' SPCA Societies from Ketchikan, Killarney, or Kokomo.

If you've got the nose of a bull rhinoceros and a stuffed-up head cold 7 yards wide, you might be at least halfway equipped to stomach the famous boat trip through the Paris sewers. It lasts only 15 minutes, but b-r-o-t-h-e-r, that's *basta*, but *basta*. Departures at 2, 3, 4, and 5 P.M. every Thursday or second Thursday from May to mid-October, plus special Saturdays; take-off point is the Lille Statue on Place de la Concorde. The only laugh on this fetid journey is when the boatman gravely points to the stream gushing from Opening #3, and states, with Gallic pride, "That's Maxim's!" For tourists who raise pole cats.

A semiprofessional guide service is now offered by the municipally operated Bureau Officiel de Placement des Guides, 83 rue Taitbout. Most of its personnel are university students. Daily rates are \$7.92 for a guide-interpreter, \$8.40 for a First-class Courier, and \$7.26 for a Second-class Courier—all, of course, plus tip. Specify an English-speaking guide, if you don't *parlay voo*.

For data on museums, concerts, paintings, social organizations, churches, and a mass of up-to-the-minute facts about the capital, buy Bob Sage's beautifully edited *Herald Tribune Travel Guide* at your nearest news counter or kiosk. It's all here!

In the suburbs, our favorite expedition is to Montfort-l'Amaury (60 minutes from L'Étoile), for a garden lunch under an acacia tree at the Auberge de la Moutière. The brilliant Maurice Carrère, who used to contribute so greatly to Maxim's, has transformed an eighteenth-century flour mill into one of the most charming country inns in France. Its 12 guest rooms are enchantingly furnished; the staff couldn't be nicer; the cuisine is excellent. Expensive but worth it; *reserve in advance for Saturday or Sunday dining*, or you might not get a table. The 6-lane "autoroute" express parkway will take you most of the way out to this colorful village and oasis; you'll leave Paris via the Bois de Boulogne, and a stop at Versailles is optional.

Alternate gastronomic targets are suggested near the end of the "Restaurants" section (page 346). Most celebrated

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among these are Coq Hardi at Bougival (11 miles), L'Aubergade at Pontchartrain (24 miles), and Écu de France at Chennevières-sur-Marne (11 miles). All are terrific—and all are costly, too. Make certain that they're open, before driving out, and remember that it's sensible to nail down your reservations ahead, too.

Enghien-les-Bains, 20 minutes out, features a spa and a baccarat casino (no roulette may be played within 60 miles of Paris). Parklike surroundings, with outdoor dining facilities; dancing and scheduled entertainments; thermal baths to soak up that travel fatigue and "ti many martoonis." We've *still* never run out here, but we'll be trying our luck one day soon. Season: April 1 to December 31. Not expensive.

Another delight is to take a carriage ride through St.-Germain-en-Laye. This forest is one of the most sloth-provoking in Europe, and there is a magnificent, mile-long terrace with a view of the capital when the weather is clear.

Bas-Bréau at Barbizon, 43 miles out, used to be the home of Robert Louis Stevenson; now it's a cheerful and expensive little hotel-restaurant, the favorite of many film and stage luminaries. Garden; open fireplace for winter; interesting village; happy for lunch or dinner on a sunny day.

There are many other attractions on the outskirts of, or reasonably near, Paris: Fontainebleau (François I's palace where Napoléon signed his abdication; magnificent forest), St. Cloud (park and especially good view of Paris), St.-Denis (abbey church, tombs of the kings of France), Chantilly (horse racing in June-July, château, museum, forest), Compiègne (Armistice signed in World War I), Reims (world-famous cathedral), and Château-Thierry (American battleground, museum). Versailles now presents a marvelous "Sound and Light" spectacle every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening during July and August. All can be easily reached by bus, train, or automobile; most of them offer conducted tours.

The Château Country? Regretfully, it has been much too long since we've had a thorough look at this famous region.

There have been so many interesting new developments that it has top priority on our next trip to France. In the meantime, we must apologize for reporting the bare bones at second hand.

Orléans, Blois, Tours, and Angers are the normal jump-off points; the train trip from Paris to these spots varies between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 hours. During the season, the French National Railroads and scores of travel agencies run low-cost train and/or motorcoach excursions from the capital. Daily bus excursions are also operated from the key cities in the region to the most important châteaux.

Plan a *minimum* of 3 days, even to scratch the surface; 2 days are *not* sufficient. In summer, be sure to reserve all accommodations in advance, because the hotels are generally small, second-rate, and crowded to the rafters.

Son et Lumière ("Sound and Light") spectacles, which have spread like wildfire, have now become a tremendous sightseeing attraction—of greater interest to most travelers, in fact, than the normal daytime visits. Usually held once or twice nightly, as early as 9 P.M. and as late as midnight, from the last 2 weeks of May to the first of October, they cost from 20¢ to 51¢ per person. Because of geographical factors, it is difficult to see more than 2 events on any given evening.

We are told that the Chambord and the Chenonceaux spectacles are the pick of the lot—and well they should be, with their setting. Others are held at Tours, Blois, Angers, Villandry, Sully-sur-Loire, Amboise, Azay-le-Rideau, Loches, Brissac, Clisson, and Beaugency. During the peak months, book ahead of time for any of these; Saturdays or Sundays are mobbed.

The Riviera is covered below. For detailed touring facts on Normandy, Brittany, Champagne, Alsace, Burgundy, Dauphiné, and the other provincial segments of France which cannot be squeezed into our limited space here, we urge that you don't move a step without Bob Sage's fine *Herald Tribune Travel Guide* and the newest *Michelin*. Both are loaded with trustworthy regional lore.

The Riviera The sun-bathed strip of French soil closest to Corsica and North Africa should have been named "The Gold Coast," because of its glittering sheen, its flawlessness, and its 24-carat prices in comparison to lesser Gallic resorts. Instead, from the color of the bordering Mediterranean, it is called Côte d'Azur, the Azure Coast. Brilliant whites, greens, reds, and yellows predominate; the only blues the visitor will find are the sea, the sky, and the figures at the bottom of many of his tabs.

In '60, the building boom is more frantic than ever—but not in hotels, restaurants, or tourism facilities, as you might expect. Co-operative apartment houses, tax-free for 20 years under a quirk in the law, are springing up like daisies; the buyers are French colonials who have flooded back from Morocco and Algeria. Some are unabashed rental speculations, whereby the owners hope to recoup their investments through free-spending monthly or seasonal tenants; considering the prices the bolder operators are asking, they could turn the new Aga Khan into a pauper in a matter of minutes.

Nice, the capital, is a lady of breeding and refinement. Her dress size would fit Syracuse or Dayton; her commerce (olive oil, flowers, port for Corsica) concerns her far less than entertaining the visitors in her parlor. To them she offers a race track, a casino (considerably less Victorian than Monte Carlo), an opera house, night clubs, tennis, speedboating, scores of hotels—every possible thing for the wealthy vacationer, to whom she caters the year around. Her Promenade des Anglais, extending for miles along the sparkling waterfront, beats Miami's Biscayne Boulevard 40 ways. Because the beaches are comparatively poor (this fact is not advertised by the local tourist office), winter is the best season. King Carnival is burned in January or February, in a spectacle rivaling the Mardi Gras. This is the best time to go, whereas November and early December are the worst.

Cannes, about an hour from Nice, is society's capital, so popular that these days it's often very much overcrowded. To the more commercial of its citizenry, their city is purely, simply, and exclusively a playground. Smack in its center is

one of the finest yacht basins of the Mediterranean, crowned by the newly constructed Maritime Station; big ships must be reached by lighter, however, due to the harbor's relatively narrow and shallow conformation. Last year, American Export Line inaugurated special express transportation to-and-from-Paris for its passengers (see page 82). The surrounding beaches (summer bathing only) are the best east of St.-Tropez. There are 2 casinos—one "winter" and one "summer," but both are open most of the year; there's fine but expensive shopping; 3 golf courses; an annual Film Festival, automobile *Rallye*, and other events; a funicular to Super-Cannes, with its spectacular vista; a spate of luxurious hotels; a collection of villas unequaled in France; a continuous parade of sun-tanned celebrities; and a gala almost every night. It's a lesson in self-denial to remain a stranger after an hour or 2 near some of those Venuses or Tarzans in an inch or 2 of bathing suit.

Juan-les-Pins and Cap d'Antibes are on the opposite sides of an oyster-shaped peninsula—geographically close, but socially so far apart that they barely nod to each other. The former, centered about the Grand Hotel, is a miniature Atlantic City with French overtones—a mass vacation center on the popular level. Favorable reports have come in on the First class (not De luxe) Hotel Juana, which we haven't yet inspected; the food is said to match anything on the coast. Cap d'Antibes is crowned, at the tip of the point, by the fabulous Hôtel du Cap and the Eden Roc restaurant, a baronial, English-style structure that counts among its guests the wealthiest and most ultra-chic travelers in the world. On the private beach here, nestled among the rocks, are to be seen the most photographed (and sometimes the most photogenic) torsos of Europe, Palm Beach, Palm Springs, and Hollywood. Next in line is Résidence du Cap, then Josse. A 5-star attraction is the Grimaldi Museum, the reconstructed medieval fortress filled with Picassos—a *must* for every sightseer, even if you loathe That Man.

Grasse, a skip and a jump from both Nice and Cannes, is worth visiting, because of its production of essential oils for

perfumes. If you hit it right, your nose will be soothed by the fragrance of jasmin, attar of roses, and orange blossoms which lingers in the fresh, clear air. Think twice before you load up on the local brands of scents here, however. More about this on page 386.

Cagnes-sur-Mer, halfway between Antibes and Nice, is proud of its impressive new pari-mutuel race track, which made more than \$4,000,000 on its inaugural season in '57. It's called Hippodrome de la Côte d'Azur, and it's open in winter from mid-December to mid-March, and in summer (night races only, because of the heat) during most of July and August. Fast nags from Italy are its mainstay; forget about trying to handicap them yourself, or you'll be ready for a personal saliva test after the 2nd race.

St.-Tropez, to the bafflement of its natives, has suddenly burst into funereal bloom as the shrine where the Beat Generation publicly Bleeds in the Sun. The finest beaches of the province; meals, restaurants, and tourism facilities still second-line; crawling with oddballs of 4 sexes and 400 descriptions.

Menton, Les Hautes Vallées, L'Arrière-Pays, Beaulieu, St.-Raphaël, Ste.-Maxime—dozens of fascinating tours can be taken along this coast and into the mountains of its hinterland. My favorite little village within easy reach of Nice or Cannes is St.-Paul-de-Vence; it is an ideal stop for lunch while en route for Grasse. The walled, feudal hamlet has streets like tunnels, coats-of-arms on its houses, a lovely fountain, and a profound feeling of serenity. There are 2 well-known restaurants across the road from each other, just outside the walls. The better one, in my opinion, is Colombe d'Or (Golden Dove), with a fixed menu in 3 categories (lowest about \$4, highest about \$5.50). Despite its professionally slick Country Tavern air, those who like calculated rusticity will go for this smaller species of the bird family, known to intimates as The Gilded Pigeon. La Résidence, fronting the entrance, offers a superb view of the valley, huge hand-painted menus, and the same price range for very good food. Les Oliviers and Toque Blanche (less ex-

pensive) are both also satisfactory, and the little Hostellerie du Lion d'Or in neighboring Vence, with its \$2.02 and \$2.64 menus, Mama wrestling the giant spit in the dining-room fireplace while Papa tells naughty French jokes, sounds great fun from an enthusiastic reader's report. Why not scout your own preference?

Outside Vence (a couple of miles farther along) there are 2 highlights: the Matisse Chapel (open Tues. and Thurs. only), and the ultra De luxe Château du Domaine St-Martin, on the Coursegoules Road, which is owned by M. Genève. We haven't yet visited the latter, but *Guide* friends have told us that it's infinitely superior to anything in St.-Paul-de-Vence. Fifteen suites, each individually named; capacity of 40 lunches or dinners daily, strictly on an advance reservation basis; converted Templar's Tower, with tiny drawbridge; the vacation choice of the Harry Trumans and Chancellor Adenauer; reportedly among the best tables in France. Sounds heavenly.

In spite of the fact that tourism is the main industry of the Riviera, the general standard of its hotels is disappointing. This isn't the fault of the proprietors, in most instances; as in Paris and everywhere else in this land, the blame can be placed squarely on the muddlings of over a score of post-war governments. Along this coast you'll find a sharp cleavage: a few fine houses that are tops, almost no houses in what we Americans consider the "good" range, and scads of houses that are second-rate to U.S. tastes.

In Nice, the palatial Negresco is still being modernized by the local building contractor who purchased it from the Marquet chain. Its rear section, which used to house the Hotel Mondial, has been converted into an apartment house. The new outdoor restaurant, private beach, swimming pool, and other projects should all be completed by the time you read this. Current reports about its cuisine, service, and facilities are not too enthusiastic—but perhaps these aspects will improve with seasoning.

The celebrated Ruhl is its traditional competitor; we'd rate it superior to the Negresco at the moment. Classic, old-fash-

ioned tone; 300 rooms of varying attractiveness; double room facing the sea for about \$18; very good for its age, city, and style. Next down the line comes the Plaza, which has just demolished its 5th floor to make way for 60 rooms, all with bath and terrace; a 6th floor, featuring a bar, snack bar, tearoom, and panoramic vista, is now being added. Reserve your space in the refurbished portion, because the rest of the accommodations are not nearly as desirable. Same price category as the first two. Next come the Atlantic (clean, well-maintained, more modern than the Splendid'), the Splendid' (this conducted-tour-group favorite is fair), and the Royal (except for its Promenade location, not to be compared with the above).

In *Cannes*, it's the Carlton, traditionally the most famous institution on the whole Riviera; able direction by that prince among hoteliers, Jean Méro; friendly, agreeable ambiance, attractive but not sumptuous, with great pride taken in the fact that the styles of its furniture and decoration haven't been altered since opening day in 1912; alfresco terrace *the* rendezvous of kings, cardinals, prime ministers, film stars, industrial moguls, every big name on the coast; closed October through December; as solid as Versailles, but 10-thousand times more lively. Next come the Martinez (primarily a convention hotel, although one American lady, a Mrs. Davies, has kept her penthouse here for 10 years), the Réserve Miramar (popular but run-of-the-mill), and the Majestic (Casino-owned, this one is being almost completely done over). The old Grand, purchased and torn down by the new owners of Nice's Negresco, is being replaced by a modern building of the same capacity which should be ready early this year. Five minutes inland from town, in a park on the mountainside, is the serene Mont-Fleury, also owned by the Casino company; beguiling view, lovely garden, old-fashioned air of grace and elegance; 150 rooms, all with bath; recommended for (1) tranquil travelers and (2) untranquil parents with squirmy offspring; not cheap.

Outstanding accommodations in Cannes at a budget price? A splendid little establishment called the Pavillon Madrid

(avenue du Parc Madrid) gets our brightest blue ribbon. In this private villa of Countess Lili Medem, a White Russian, you'll find crystal chandeliers, her own furniture, marvelous food (price-included breakfast of juice, fruit, eggs, bacon, cereal, toast, and all the coffee or tea you can drink, for example), and a butler straight out of Chekhov—all for about \$7 plus 25% in service and taxes, *breakfast and dinner counted in*. The rooms are newly refurbished, cheerful, and charming; most of them have private baths. Only a 5-minute walk to the beach; capacity of 14 to 16 guests, so *be sure to book early*. Winter rates for longer stays are even lower; absolutely ideal for young girls (good school in Cannes) or elderly ladies during the Off Season, because of such warm personal care. The Countess, now along in years, has an enchanting sweetness and glow about her; of all the small inns listed in previous editions of this *Guide*, Pavillon Madrid continues to draw the most universally enthusiastic response from readers—much of it due to her gentle spirit. Highest recommendation to anyone who seeks friendliness and serenity rather than glamor.

Along the same lines, but slightly more commercial in tone, is the charming little hostelry Fouquet's (2 rond-point-Dubois-d'Angers). New, clean, pleasantly furnished, attractive; 75 yards from the beach; supervised with loving care by the nice owners, M. & Mme. J. Deiss; tariffs roughly the same; Friday night dinner concerts of chamber music, and tempting menu specialties such as *Canard à l'Orange*. Also highly recommended.

In *Beaulieu*, La Réserve is one of the most exclusive, sophisticated, and *distingué* stopping places on European soil; small, beautifully polished, super-luxurious; celebrated restaurant; swimming pool; new floor added in '57; very expensive, with room alone running between \$16 and \$22 per day; Director Potfer has his experienced eyes on every detail, and the result is spectacular.

La Napoule-Plage has the fine restaurant-hotel Réserve Montana, the Ermitage du Riou (swimming, golf, chichi clientele), and some lesser lights. It's 5 miles west of Cannes.

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In *Antibes*, motorists will also find the Motel Côte d'Azur adjoining—and partially owned by La Bonne Auberge restaurant. Summer all-inclusive rates about \$10 per couple; so gaudy in colors and functional in living that it's definitely not for us.

St.-Tropez offers a second-rate choice to begin, and a tenth-rate one to end. In ranking this sad lot, we'd put Résidence de la Pinède (Apr.-Sept.; ½-mile out) at the top, followed by Paris (Apr.-Sept.), L'Ermitage (Apr.-Sept.), Coste (closed Nov. through Dec.), and Sube et Continental (closed Nov. through mid-Dec.).

Finally, the Hôtel de Paris and other great landmarks of *Monte Carlo* will be found in the "Monaco" section.

Restaurants? The same price levels that you'll find in Paris.

La Bonne Auberge, on the main Nice-Cannes road, is probably the most famous dining establishment on the coast. Personally, however, I neither like nor trust M. and Mme. Baudoin, the proprietors, and now want nothing to do with this beautiful but very expensive enterprise. Perhaps you'll disagree.

At *Beaulieu* (a few minutes from Nice), La Réserve is thoroughly legitimate, outstanding, and costly. Your meal should run from \$6 to \$10. But the cuisine is so good and the surroundings are so pleasant that the investment will be painless. Actually, the service is so suave and urbane that every time the waiter glides by, we expect to see him tenderly clutching 2 warmed soup spoons. Choose a sunny day for splurging here.

Château Madrid, on the Middle Corniche above this town, towers on the lip of a cliff that drops 300 feet straight down—and your heart might plummet the same distance when they hand you that check. Stupendous view, but so much money for what's received that to me it isn't worth it. Not recommended.

In *Nice*, Manoir Normand (32 rue de France) is bright and attractive with its red-and-white checked curtains, big fireplace, balcony, and pleasant staff. Normandy-style and

Provence-style fare; average bill perhaps \$4 per person; closed November 15 to December 20; a good bet.

Raynaud (59 quai États-Unis) is justly famous for its Salade Niçoise—a mouth-watering concoction of tomatoes, string beans, Spanish onions, potatoes, black olives, yellow peppers, red peppers, anchovies, quarters of hard-boiled eggs, and flakes of tuna—all assembled before your hungry eyes at the table. Fine meat and fish specialties, too. Handsome little terrace; on the de luxe side; not exactly cheap; closed Thursdays in May and June.

At Garac (2 boulevard Carnot) you'll pay perhaps \$6 for a grand dinner, or possibly \$3.50 for an average one. We've long liked this simple place. Try the bouillabaisse or the filet mignon; both are featured. The tablecloths are checked; the aromas from the kitchen will tickle your appetite; the animated conversation of your French neighbors will have a happy sound. An old friend. Closed Tuesday.

Chez Mémère—"Grandma's" to its U.S. clients—still pulls its crowds into 9 rue Barralis, but I have the feeling that it's not quite what it used to be. Beefsteaks are its pride; its premises are unprepossessing. Recommendation now lukewarm instead of enthusiastic.

La Bourride (6 rue de Rivoli) is a tiny, tiny establishment with a capacity for 1 man (without Adler heels), 3 small boys, and a short-armed dwarf—but it's so popular that people queue up on the street to squeeze into it. Three-course meal, including wine, for less than \$2; nice young proprietor; worth the wait, if you're traveling on a budget.

Petit Brouant (4 bis rue Gustave-Deloye) is warmly recommended by our friend and oracle, Tourist Chief Fernand Pons of Cannes; we haven't yet tried it, but M. Pons knows his restaurants. Two 5-course meals with plenty of choices at about \$2 and \$3.50; à la carte if you wish; M. and Mme. Puget, the owners, hail from the midlands province near Lyon where good chefs are born. Closed in June and on Mondays.

Carmel (8 rue de France) is an austere plain and inex-

pensive kosher place. Adequate, but not the quality of the Windsor in Cannes.

If the day is balmy and you're restless for a change of pace, Le Corsaire in *Villefranche-sur-Mer* (3 miles from Nice) might be just the dish. It's way down a winding road which ends at the sea; indoor and outdoor dining; fresh-caught fish; dockside location; reasonable prices. Several restaurants here, but this one gets our palm.

Lunch in nearby *Monte Carlo*, at Oscar's or other famed centers? See the "Monaco" section for descriptions and details.

At *Cagnes-sur-Mer*, on Route #7 between Nice and Cannes, Le Logis du Loup is a French "White Turkey"—a gracious, charming, upper-bracket Country Inn; this is not to be confused with the less-desirable establishment of the same name on the *new* Nice-Cannes road. Kitchen garden; sun terrace; high cuisine; average meal \$5.06 plus service and taxes; closed October and November; very well liked by discerning visitors.

At *Cros-de-Cagnes*, a short skip from here along the same road, Le Vieux Moulin de Cros (Chez Nestou) is a Ye Olde Mille converted by every tourist-y gimmick in the book—copper candelabra, a singing cook, an ancient fireplace, a stone ceiling festooned with gourds, even a special "Chevalier de Vieux Moulin" medal to be "conferred" on distinguished guests. Grills only; expect to spend \$4.50 to \$6 without wine; go for dinner, not lunch; open until 2-or-3 A.M.; shuttered from October 15 to December 20. Get yourself an introduction from Peter or Joseph at the Ruhl Bar, or give yourself a big build-up, because otherwise the title-conscious owner might put you out in left field. Be sure to check every item on your bill. Most American visitors would simply adore it—once.

In *Cannes*, I've developed the greatest l'amour for Patron Lamour's lively Le Festival (55 boulevard Croisette). Gay colors, fresh décor, animated atmosphere; extra-appetizing food on a costly but not lethal level; M. Lamour and his junior "l'amours" (son and daughter-in-law) work like Tro-

jans to make this the most popular high-class restaurant in the city. Recommended with cheers. Closed end of October to December 20.

Both the Winter Casino and the Palm Beach Casino offer de luxe dining, but they're a little too barn-like in dimensions for real relaxing.

Chez Félix (between the Carlton and the Miramar) is spirited, tourist-y, and well-patronized by motion-picture people and such dissolute characters as authors and journalists; about \$5 for a normal tab; closed mid-November to mid-December; Félix has his public relations down to a science. Voile au Vent (17 quai St.-Pierre) seemed on the expensive side for what we got. Gaston et Gastounette (6 quai St.-Pierre) is dependable. Da Bouttau (10 rue St.-Antoine), an atmosphere-y little retreat where they sketch your order (instead of writing it) on your paper tablecloth and dining check, offers rôti-seried chicken as its specialty; big-beamed, cozy, colorful room, with lipstick-smeared names covering the walls; guitar and accordion music; \$5 range; other branches in Nice and Évian; cookery good but not stupendous; reserve in advance during summer. Pingouin (36 rue Jean-Jaurès) has an excellent table d'hôte for about \$2; clean, pleasant, slightly tearoom-y in feeling; closed in November. Le Coq Hardi (near the Port) is in the same price-bracket, and it's also cheerful, well-scrubbed, and thoroughly recommendable as a good little "find." Le Windsor (23 rue des États-Unis), modest and well-managed, is probably the number one kosher establishment on the coast; Jewish-American dishes are its pride. Kim-Son (17 rue Comte André) offers Vietnamese and Chinese fare; we haven't tried this particular one, but nowhere on the Continent have we ever found a satisfactory American-style Chinese establishment. Le Foie Gras, once a special favorite with us, no longer has our endorsement, sorry to say.

The Auberge du Super-Cannes, formerly in *Super-Cannes*, closed in '58.

La Napoule-Plage (8 miles west of Cannes) is the home of the famous *Mère Terrats*, which used to offer what we con-

sidered to be the best bouillabaisse on the Riviera. But our latest reports aren't quite such happy ones, unfortunately. Simple décor, high prices, pleasant people; since "Mother" Terrats' recent death, her family has carried on. Closed mid-October to mid-December.

Armorial, in the same village, offers such succulent dishes as Chapon en Croûte (capon pie) and Himalaya (ice cream in a meringue piled with sweet whipped cream)—plus a new motel Résidence du Golf. M. Luck, the proprietor, used to be with Louis Sherry in New York; his touch is renowned. Last but not least, we hear the Réserve Montana restaurant here is attractive; seafront location with private beach; sounds very choice if the weather is smiling.

In *St.-Tropez*, Lei Mouscardins (end of port quay) is the champion. It's busy, bustling, not fancy, and medium-priced, with excellent fare; closed mid-October to February 1. The challenger is Auberge des Maures (4 rue des Lices), which is slightly more expensive, and which is shuttered between November and mid-December. La Belle Isnarde (40 bis rue Al-lard) is typical of the less-costly spots which sate the mundane needs (such as eating) of the Beat Generation who flock to this resort.

Incidentally, few restaurants on the Riviera have wine cellars. Supplies are often stored on open shelves in dining rooms, above the clients' heads—very picturesque, but not so good for performance when the bottles finally reach the table.

The night clubs of Nice smell to me exactly like their big brothers in Paris—tailor-made for butter-and-egg men with fistfuls of francs and a fine lack of interest in who grabs them. The Municipal Casino, where the main interest is gambling, is perhaps the exception; the most chic trade goes here. Next in line is the Candy Club in the Palais de la Méditerranée; headline acts and spectacles every day at 4:30 P.M. (sic) and 10 P.M.; very popular. The Folies Club is the largest independent operator; there's dancing from 5 P.M. to 7:30 P.M. and from 9 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Two shows: 11:30 P.M. and 12:45 A.M., with 10 to 15 performers. Crowded during July, August, holidays, and Carnival time.

Down the scale slightly is Maxim's, a somewhat smoother version of the ubiquitous "Casablancas" and "Lidos" which separate the customer from his bankroll in nearly every metropolis of Europe. This one operates from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. or later; there's a show from time to time, depending upon the size of the house. Plenty of "hostesses," but remember that here and in similar places, *these girls are required to stay on the premises until closing time*. In other words, don't let yourself be conned for a string of hideously expensive drinks without keeping this in mind.

In Cannes, the elaborate Trocadero under the Hotel Miramar, with its *La Belle Époque* décor and *La Mécanisme Époque* air conditioning, has had to shut its doors because of lack of business; what a pity! Wisky à Gogo (93 avenue de Lérins, near Palm Beach Casino) has perhaps taken leadership in the animation league; drinks \$1.85 including service; mixed crowd and sufficient noise; open April to October. Moulin Rouge Hi-Fi Club starts perking nightly at 10 P.M., and there's a Sunday Matinée from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M.; strip tease, other acts, paper favors; drinks \$1.19, with no cover or minimum. You've seen better. Maxim's de Cannes couldn't be more typical of its type.

Taxi fares on the Riviera are exorbitant. If you ride the shortest single block you can find in Nice or Cannes, for example, you'll be soaked 47¢—and the meters then start hopping like jack rabbits with love-light in their eyes. The city fathers should do something about it. Walk where you can, or use a privately hired car. You'll pay less in the long run, and keep your blood pressure at safe levels.

The best car rental agency I've found—the one I've repeatedly used in the past and still use with eminent satisfaction—is Cannes-Tourisme, 43 boulevard Alexandre III, Cannes. If you'll telephone 917-50 and ask for the owner, M. Louis Lemaire, you'll have a fine automobile with an English-speaking driver at your hotel portal in a flash—or you may rent your own self-drive Renault, Dauphine, Peugeot, Versailles, Chevrolet "Belair," or Cadillac sedan at rates which vary between \$7.15 and \$17.15 for the first 36 miles, plus 12¢ to 21¢

per extra mile. All-risk \$100-deductible insurance is free, and a \$100 deposit (returnable in full) is required. M. Lemaire is a gentleman of integrity and experience; if you don't wish to drive yourself, you might draw him in person as your official chauffeur, unofficial guide, and soon-to-be friend.

As for shopping, perfume is supposed to be one of the best buys—but my enthusiasm for some of the much-touted distillations of this region, notably Grasse, is very much on the dim side. These products all have their virtues and advantages, which are excellent *within the limits of their categories*. But don't let anybody tell you that they're the same as the Big Name brands, because definitely, emphatically, and conclusively, they're not! A Chevrolet is *like* a Cadillac, in that it has 4 wheels, an engine, and a chassis; equally, these scents are *like* the others, in that they smell good and add to a woman's allure. But they just aren't in the same league, because the top operators spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to develop and to protect their own secret masterpieces. Your \$5 bill here will bring you exactly \$5 worth of merchandise—not \$10 or \$20, as some sellers are prone to indicate. As second-line gifts for the home folks, these local varieties are often highly satisfactory, because they're cheap, they're pretty, and they're real French perfume. But when the gift is important, I personally shall always stick to the more widely advertised and more expensive standard bearers, because I feel that they aren't to be compared.

Royal Parfums, 11 avenue de la Victoire, Nice, and Rimay, 46 rue d'Antibes, Cannes, are the shops in which I usually fill the orders-from-home, Feminine Department. They're honest, they have terrific stocks, and the salesgirls are endlessly patient with befuddled male customers like me. In both, you get the official scale of discounts on traveler's checks or when shipped direct to your outgoing plane, train, or steamer; allow 48 hours for arrangements.

Tax-free, duty-free wines, liquors, and other products are also delivered to your stateroom by a company called E.G.P. (6 rue St-Honoré, Cannes, back of the Majestic Hotel)—at billings which amount to a steal. Exportation only. Prices

subject to change: all major cognacs, \$2.66 to \$3.47; Cointreau, Bénédictine, and most liqueurs, \$2.08 to \$3.06; the best champagnes, \$2.76 to \$3.17. Am I jealous of your lot as you toss down buckets of \$3.17 Cordon Rouge '52 across the blue Mediterranean? Not much; I just jump into my waterwings every time a passing boat whistles. But please remember: the U.S. Customs has that 1-gallon free limit per traveler, above which there's a moderate duty per bottle.

The Riviera Airport (which has just added, incidentally, a delightful open-air restaurant and restrooms with showers) also offers a tax-free shop to passengers bound for any country except France. It's a great place to load up on perfumes and spirits, at tariffs which can't be touched domestically. Payments in foreign hard currencies only (no francs).

Another bargain is that lovely Limoges china called Haviland. Export Agent George W. Bourg has open stocks in his office at 58 boulevard Paul-Doumer in Le Cannet-Rocheville (3 miles from Cannes); immediate delivery is made, and all of the patterns can easily be replaced in the U.S. (but at *much* higher tariffs than his!). If pressed for time, phone him from your Cannes hotel at 912-81 (Cannes); he'll bring samples of Floreal, Bagatelle, Fleurette, Sheraton, Autumn Leaf, and others of his famous designs to your room.

La Provence at 7 rue Paradis in Nice offers some rather interesting Provence-style skirts (\$10 to \$21), blouses (\$13 to \$26), children's dresses (\$6.50 to \$11), scarves (\$5 range), and other articles. J. Spinetta is the proprietor. Not world-shaking, but worth a stop if you're in the neighborhood.

Otherwise, we're strictly lukewarm about shopping possibilities along this entire coast, except for branches of a few ultra-chic Paris landmarks. The average local stores seem amazingly poor and the stocks disappointingly limited, for such a supposedly glamorous resort center.

General information on the Riviera? The best bet for any visitor unchaperoned by a travel agent is the live-wire Syndicat d'Initiative de Cannes. This official, nonprofit organization, located at the Palais des Festivals (between the Carlton and Grand Hotels on boulevard de la Croisette),

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might be called a touristic Chamber of Commerce. It offers an Information Desk, an English-speaking staff (including hostesses who have lived in the States), a welcome service at the Maritime Station which meets every incoming ocean liner, and other gracious aids to the visitor. During July and August, it even keeps 2 girls in hourly touch with all hotels and pensions, to find space for new arrivals. It's open every day until midnight during this rush season. If you have any problems, write to the warmhearted, highly efficient Director, M. Fernand Pons—or drop in for a friendly coffee-break or glass of pastis with him, when you get to town. He likes and understands Americans, and he's a topflight executive. His Syndicat d'Initiative has absolutely nothing to sell; its only aim is to help you in such a friendly way that you'll get the best possible impression of the Côte d'Azur in general and Cannes in particular.

For your *bookings*, however (the Syndicat d'Initiative makes no reservations for planes, trains, hotels, buses, local sightseeing, etc.), we cheerfully recommend Personal Travel Service, Agence Havas, 5 rue Maréchal Foch, Cannes. Mr. E. H. Brandt, the guiding genius, is the Riviera representative of more than 150 American and foreign travel agencies; he knows his stuff, he's an old Riviera hand, and he's very nice, as well. Be sure to ask for Mr. Brandt in person.

TIPS: Whenever you're in Nice, the Ruhl Bar (or Terrace from mid-May to mid-Oct.) is the postbox, question box, message box, and fix-it box for the touring or resident Yankee. M. Peter, the Manager, and M. Joseph, the bartender, are internationally famous for their patience and kindness; if you carry a U.S. passport, they're never too busy to lend an ear and a hand to your particular transaction or difficulty.

The Riviera measures up to its boasts, scenically, atmospherically, and climatically. For comfort and amusement, it is an American tourist's dream. But don't let anyone delude you about the money you'll drop here. By peak-season, Miami Beach standards, its prices are moderate—but by French or

European resort standards, you'll pay through the nose for nearly everything you get.

Tipping Every human being who serves you will proffer a hand with stunning rapidity. You can't beat the Egyptians, French, and Italians: they've got a unique nose for the gratuity. But there's no use bucking the system. The French don't overtip the French as we do, but their own upper classes get taken, too, because that's the tradition.

Hotels add 10% to 15% to the bill, depending on class and location. "Restaurants de Tourisme"—most of the better-known places fall into this official category—automatically take a 12% service bite, to which you are expected to add another 5% to 7% for the waiter. Where this does not apply (read the bottom of the check), give the waiter 15% to 20%, the checkroom attendant $\frac{1}{2}$ NF (50 centimes), the washroom attendant $\frac{1}{2}$ NF, and the wine steward (if you use him) 2 NF. Taxi drivers get 50 centimes to 1 NF, depending upon the length of the ride; hotel doormen (when calling a taxi) get about 50 centimes, ordinarily, and 1 NF if they go out in the rain to capture your vehicle.

At the theater you buy your program but you don't have to tip (if you don't mind getting a dirty look). The local residents strongly resent giving anything on top of the purchase price. The usher gets another 30 centimes—rigid custom—and the washroom attendant 20 or 25 centimes.

Bartenders expect about 20% on each drink they serve you.

As an illustration of what you're up against, before the bordellos were banned a few years ago, a gentleman simply wasn't a gentleman unless he tipped the girl, the maid, the doorman, and the madame.

You can't win, so why let it annoy you?

Telephones and Cables The casual traveler sometimes gets the impression that French telephone service is strictly from Rube Goldberg. Operators seem coy: if he politely waits, they won't answer—but if he jiggles the receiver, they'll definitely leave him in the doghouse for the rest of the after-

noon. He leaves Paris with the somber conviction that fighting a local telephone is like a brisk 5-minute workout with Ingemar Johansson.

Not so. The fault lies in the hotel switchboards, not in the city-wide system. Don't blame it on the phone company, which now does a good job elsewhere. Scowl, instead, at hotel architects who just recently caught up with the fact that the human voice actually can be carried by wires.

If you ever get stuck in the capital, dial 12 for an English-speaking operator, who will expedite your calls. Or if you're worried about picking up theater or opera tickets, dial T-H-E-A-T-R-E, and you'll be connected with a service that will collect them for you and deliver them to your hotel.

Transatlantic connections are excellent. If you can reach the proper Central in Paris, you can sometimes call Duck-feather, Idaho, before you can get the headwaiter of the Café de la Paix, 4 blocks away.

The price of all cables, telegrams, and phone calls was raised in '57. Wires are generally filed in official post offices. Skip it; take the message to the Concierge's desk of any hotel, and let *them* stand in line at the wrong window.

Things to Buy For women: gloves, undergarments, bags, perfume, *boutique* items, glassware, umbrellas, buttons, hats, and high-fashion clothes. For men: luggage and leather accessories, cigarette holders, razors, cologne, novelty jewelry, steak knives, and neckties (pick your shop). For both: gourmet food items, wines, spirits, and ordinary or "blue" (banned in U.S.) books.

In made-to-measure Parisian girdles, brassières, and the like, the ladies tell me that the 4-way stretch patented by Cadolle (14 rue Cambon, in the triangle of Concorde-Madeleine-Vendôme) is the most terrific development in the Clutch Department since Henry M. Stanley invented the 32-gauge elephant-fence wire. Here is probably the most talked-about shop in the world for these specialties, because their gadgets apparently flatter the figure. Two days for fittings, 1 week for delivery; items may be shipped to America

on a big discount. "Jeune Fille" *boutique* on the ground floor, with ready-made models, swimsuits, and other articles at cheaper prices. If you want a bra, by the way, for heaven's sake ask for a "soutien-gorge," because "brassière" in France is a baby's garment with sleeves (which I sincerely hope, as a male with ideals, wouldn't fit you there). Best recommendation.

For gloves and scarves, tiny Denise Francelle (244 rue de Rivoli) has been our top favorite since 1946—and she gets better every year. You'll find hundreds of dreamy gloves for every outfit you own, ranging from \$3.75 for daytime jobs to \$20 for spectacular evening creations. Lovely scarves and attractive Beauvais bags, too. There might be larger and more imposingly decorated outlets for these items (here there is room for only 5½ customers!), but we've never found merchandise, prices, and integrity to match this one. A 15% discount for traveler's checks, and 20% discount (minus postage) for delivery to ship or plane.

For the most fabulous leather goods in France, don't miss a look at famous old Hermès (24 rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré). Everything imaginable—and all hand-fashioned on the premises, too. High price tags for super-quality creations.

Boutique? As you know, a *boutique* is generally a little shop-within-a-shop that carries many choices (but limited quantities of each item) at lower tariffs. Clothing and accessories are usually featured; sometimes you'll find chic items for the home. Take a walk down rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré or rue Royale, and pick your own from dozens of candidates. Henri à la Penée (5 rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré) is typical. Most of the big couturiers now have their own *boutiques*, as well—but they're discouragingly expensive by comparison.

Books? Both Brentano's (37 avenue de l'Opéra) and W. H. Smith & Son (248 rue de Rivoli) offer the gamut from the newest Fifth Avenue bestseller to hundreds of 25¢ paperbacks to the naughty but amusing bedroom antics of *littérate ladies-for-hire* like Miss Fanny Hill. Smith's has a good *litté-*

lish tearoom upstairs. If you can't resist "blue" literature, don't forget that your U.S. Customs man will pounce on it with shrill cries of outrage if he spots it in your luggage.

Baccarat (30 bis rue de Paradis) should need no introduction to any reader. For crystal and glassware, this institution has long been the Pride of France. Even if you don't buy as much as a 10¢ kitchen tumbler (if they have it!), go out to their fabulous labyrinth of showrooms—and glory in one of the most unique displays of beautiful things that you've ever seen assembled. It's like a fairy-tale frontispiece. Highest endorsement.

Perfumes? Be careful, because the retail end of this industry is one of the biggest rackets on the Continent today. In this fast-changing industry, today's top leaders are Guerlain, Patou, Caron, Lanvin, Chanel, Dior, Rochas, Carven, Revillon, and Nina Ricci. Slightly less lofty, in our opinion, come Schiaparelli, Millot, Raphael, Le Galion, Piguet, and Molyneux. These are followed (still in the first general rank) by Balenciaga, Balmain, Jacques Heim, Lucien Lelong, and Worth. Fath, Sterle, and Jean d'Albret are rising fast, but they still have some distance to go. Brands in the second rank include Coty, Bourjois, Houbigant, Rigaud, Lubin, Pivert, and the like. Guerlain is the only producer which insists on selling direct to the Paris public (3 shops in the city).

Revillon's *Carnet de Bal* seems so pleasantly sexy to me that I snap like a crocodile—strictly personal taste, with which other gents may disagree. *Celui*, by Jean Dessès, is a brand-new *haute couture* novelty which is causing considerable excitement at the moment.

Never be swayed by any shopkeeper's "recommendation." To be safe, buy only the products of the manufacturers listed above. A favorite trick in this swindler-infested business is to hard-sell an unknown brand as "outstanding," offering the sucker a huge "discount" on a 10th-rate bottle which has already been rigged to yield a 75% to 85% profit. When in Paris, we always buy our personal supplies of perfume at Fatchon (see below), because here's one house we know is 1000% reliable.

Remember, also, that *most* (not all) of the above leaders are "restricted brands" in the U.S. Customs. Whenever this applies, your importation into the States is limited to 1 bottle of the same type *per person* (in a few types, either the 3 oz. size or 2 bottles are standard). Here's where husbands come in handy, for a change!—have him declare the excess. Direct-mail shipment to America is sometimes prohibited. Be sure to check these restrictions before you buy, because excess amounts are automatically confiscated by our Lads in Blue. If you select wisely and well, you'll go home with France's greatest shopping bargain—\$8 to \$18 scents which sell from \$30 to \$50 on Fifth Avenue. No traveler, male or female, should dream of missing it.

Perfumes, gourmet foods, liquors, and gifts? Famous Old Fauchon (24-26-28 place de la Madeleine, back of the Madeleine Church) has them all. For 77 years, this house has been the nation's number one center for fancy foodstuffs, wines, and spirits—with perfumes and gift items now adding still more luster to its crown. Two separate buildings; in *La Boutique*, at # 24, Miss Dany will show you the top perfumes of the country at unbeatable prices, discounts, service conveniences, and integrity, plus house and garden gifts; adjoining, you'll find the "Kingdom of Foie Gras and Caviar" and the enormously popular Liquor Department, where English-speaking Mlle. Giselle or M. Henri will first invite you to sample and then ship your purchases to your embarkation point or direct to the U.S. at 35% below the price-tag figures; "Salt and Spice Corner," and (across the street) "Sweet Corner," with confectionery, pastry shop, café, and snack-restaurant. Interpreter team of 12 circulates all premises the year around; big mail-order business in America, with 20% traveler's-check discounts on nearly everything, and more on certain items; *La Boutique* open from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. except Sundays and holidays; Main Store closed Mondays, but open Sunday mornings. Director Edmund Bory should glow with pride. Wonderful

That zillion-dollar hat? Paulette (63 avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt) is the most chic. ~~Maill...~~

tiques of Dior, Balmain, Givenchy, etc.—but only a cool million or so. Original, charming compacts, earrings, and other feminine trinkets? Line Vautrin (3 rue de l'Université) is pleasant for take-homes for others and presents to yourself. Burma (16 rue de la Paix and 2 branches), featuring a “chemical stone” with looks like a marcasite, also offers interesting costume jewelry. Lovely silk, brocade, lace, and velvet robes, all handmade? Freny (368 rue St.-Honoré) is a stand-out, real quality-plus.

Lush neckties? See friendly Bill Silvers at Les Cravates (8 rue Boudreau), select your materials from huge stocks of gorgeous silks, and in 48 hours you'll have made-to-order ties at about \$3 apiece—\$10 values on Park Avenue. They're wholesalers, with big mills in Lyon; here's a 5-star buy.

Paintings at a price? Stroll up the place du Tertre in Montmartre and browse through the scores of tiny art shops in this district.

Colorful Paris markets? Most famous is the Flea Market (“Marché aux Puces,” Porte de Clignancourt)—currently so overrun with tourists that it now has the faint aura of an A & P Supermarket or a Baltimore auction. So has the renowned Swiss Village. You'll probably pay more in both than you would in a legitimate shop—but they're fun just the same, if you've never dickered for those reindeer antlers or busted Louis XIV ear trumpets. Go Saturday, Sunday, or Monday. The Dog Market (15¢ at 106 rue Brancion), with everything from friendly mongrels to snooty canine royalty, operates from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. on Sunday (it's the Horse Market the rest of the time!). The Bird Market cheeps along on Sunday, too, in the then-bare Flower Market on Ile de la Cité. The Stamp Market is perforated with philatelic bugs on Thursdays, Sundays, and holidays along avenue Gabriel (between avenues Matignon and Marigny). Then, of course, there's the legendary Les Halles, the Paris bread-and-meat basket (make this your 5 A.M. stop for onion soup before hitting the sack, but don't go at dawn on Monday), and the flower markets all over the metropolis.

Auctions? The Hôtel Drouot (6 rue Rossini) is the top

showcase and sales center in a traditionally regulated auction system, for there is no such thing as a private auction in France. In these spacious, cluttered rooms, you'll find diamonds, china, records, silver, pianos, first-folio Molières, and old tennis shoes—just about anything ever created for sale by man. Faithful clients include Edward G. Robinson, Greek zillionaire Stavros Niarchos, former French Premier Mendès-France, Charles Boyer, and goodness knows who. Inspection of articles from 10 A.M. to 11 A.M. daily and all day Saturday; sales from 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. Monday through Friday; *closed in August*, and closed Sunday, too. Flee to the upstairs Secretariat for English-speaking assistance. A field day for those who strike it right.

Furs? Big houses are outrageously steep, and small houses are often tricky. Try Copenhagen, not Paris. Gold objects? French law requires an 18-carat minimum. Naturally, Cartier's and Van Cleef & Arpels are the Parisian czars of precious metals—and marvelous *if* you own an oil well for each one of your fingers and toes. Stay away from the less-known dealers of this city.

Department stores? Trois-Quartiers is now our preference, because of its smarter stylings. Galeries Lafayette and Au Printemps are also worthy. They're so close together that you won't need a taxi to cover them all.

Store hours? Completely screwy. I'll try my damndest to explain them, but anyone who can follow the next few sentences gets a Gold Key to the Flea Market door: The plush jewelers, dressmakers, hatmakers, and chichi operators close on Saturday but are open on Monday. The hairdressers stay open all day Saturday but are closed all day Monday. The food stores are also open all day Saturday, except for famed specialists like Fauchon, but they reopen at 2:30 P.M. on Monday. The department stores stay open all day Saturday *and* Monday during the summer rush, but they close on Monday during the rest of the year. As for the noon hours daily, some of the big fellows work right through, without a lunch break—but the vast majority operate *only* from 9 A.M. to 12-OR-12:30 P.M., and later from 2 P.M. to 6-OR-

6:30 P.M. Better count on lunch all the way from noon to 2 P.M., because otherwise it's easy to be frustrated.

► **TIPS:** On most classifications of retail merchandise (gloves, perfumes, clothing, books, etc., etc.), a French local tax law (subject to change) permits a substantial discount if payment is made in foreign traveler's checks, and a 20% to 25% discount if the merchandise is shipped to the port of exit or to a foreign land. Amounts depend upon the individual category. Some of the big shops grant it automatically; many of the little ones never heard of it; a few stinkers know about it but hope fervently that you don't. Always ask about it without a trace of bashfulness; it's *your* money, not theirs.

The tax-free Airport Shop in the International Zone at Orly Field sells liquors and other commodities at about half their prices in the States. Dollar or foreign-hard-currency payment only (no francs); open to all passengers leaving France, regardless of destination.

Things Not to Buy Anything mechanical, like fountain pens, watches, cigarette lighters, and novelty gadgets. Shoes are a bad bet because they seldom fit American feet; most articles of apparel (the inexpensive ones) are sleazy in this custom-made culture.

Most French lighter fluid is horrible—guaranteed to muck up your American model so brutally, in one application, that a cleanout is a factory job. If you run dry, either refill from your own U.S. or British supply, or use matches until you're out of the country.

Don't buy a dress in any but the leading shops. Fashions are patented for a 2-year period; when the smaller places finally get the pattern, it's more dowdy than last Easter's hat.

Actually, you're better off not to buy anything ready-made in France. The ones who purchase clothing off the rack are the low-income workers; almost always you'll find bad tailoring, poor quality, and sudden bulges where they shouldn't be.

Leave French nylons strictly alone—a run a minute is par for the course. Nancy's latest report, after testing 3 pairs of the 3 most expensive brands: "Not really sheer—quality

poor—bad heels—they bag at the knees and run.”

Much of the silk in France today isn't up to former standards. If you are going to Italy, wait until you get there to stock up. Or if you must have the French variety, be sure that it's "Lyon," because this is as fine as can be found north of Milan and Como.

Hairdressers In Paris, *this* year's place is Alexandre (120 Faubourg-St.-Honoré); here's where the city's most famous beauties now migrate. *Last* year's place, Guillaume (5 avenue Matignon), is still fine, too; phone ELY 28-66, and ask for Mme. Labbe. Both very social, both filled with capable light-footed gents, and both expensive as all-get-out. Jacques Desanges (37 avenue Franklin-D.-Roosevelt) is less costly, but thoroughly satisfactory, as well. For a cutting or trimming job, Carita (3 V. rue bis Honoré) has been recommended. In Nice, Albert de Paris in the Hotel Ruhl has a fine reputation; in Cannes, at Rimay (46 rue d'Antibes), the charming M. and Mme. Taillebois combine their artistry with a perfume business.

Actually, you can hardly go wrong in any major beauty shop of any large city, because France has long been famous for this industry.

Local Rackets Plenty. To many an unscrupulous Frenchman, the American tourist is the ripest rube in the world.

Petty thievery is common. Don't leave *any* valuables in your hotel room; toss your cigarettes in your bag, and lock it. Watch your coat and hat in restaurants. In general, the French are an honest people, but the incidence of chicanery, particularly in the cities, is high.

"Steerers" often don't steer. When a seedy-looking man sidles up to you with promises of wickedness, don't pay him a sou until he's produced the proof.

Mickey Finns or muggings are far from uncommon in the lowest dives. Stay away from them, unless you bring your own football team.

When you flash a big bankroll, you're asking for trouble in king-sized portions. Paris is full of hungry pickpockets.

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if you check tomorrow's money with the hotel cashier, you're ahead of the game.

Stay out of the Algerian sections, especially at night. They might mistake you for an enemy and mix murder with their larceny.

French hotels and French waiters—even those in the top brackets—can load your bill more deftly and artistically than can any of their colleagues on the European continent. *Always* demand an itemized bill; *always* check every item and add them up for yourself.

A particularly amusing dodge—almost sure-fire with the curious American male—is the Art Studies Pitch. Street hawkers will sidle up to you with offers of “hot nude photographs” for 30 NF. After 5 blocks of running argument, you can beat them down, as I did, to 2 NF—and they will slip the photos into your pocket and disappear like scared rabbits. When you examine the collection later, you'll find that you have Art Studies, all right—photographic reproductions of works by gentlemen named Rubens, Goya, Rembrandt, Guerbilsky and Slabert, straight from the walls of the very best museums.

Don't buy whisky at “bargain” prices, unless you're sure of the source. It's more likely to be Lipton's Prime Pekoe, or something far less attractive.

Finally, there's France: historic and new, angelic and sardonic, mystic and caustic—a reinvigorated nation, stirred into pride and fire and purpose by the de Gaulle renaissance, again approaching the threshold of her traditional greatness. For the first time since World War II, she's now ready to give you a holiday that is Fit for the Gods.

Germany



The miracle of today's Western Germany must be seen to be believed.

A glittering New Republic has risen from the ashes of the Nazi Armageddon. Probably no other nation in the history of the world has made such enormous strides in so short a time. From the gutted, ravaged shell of only 15 years ago, it has now risen as the most affluent partner of the Free European Alliance, with sound government, rock-hard currency, and a booming economy where demand so far exceeds supply that tens of thousands of jobs beg for nonexistent workers. National prosperity has long topped the highest peak ever set by Hitler.

Two factors are mainly responsible for this miracle: (1) humanitarian American aid, and (2) the incredible willingness of 52½-million West Germans to match every speck of assistance with a drop of their own sweat. Every man, woman, and child pitched in, with traditional Teutonic application, to rebuild the material assets, both communal and personal, wiped out by the war. The result is a thriving, independent entity which is a lesson in success to some of its less energetic neighbors—and a new and powerful ally against the Soviet threat.

The 1960 visitor will find every conceivable amenity, from luxurious hotels to delicious food, an unrivaled transportation network, and all the pleasures or comforts of meticulously organized tourist facilities. He will discover teeming, bustling, kinetically supercharged cities—tidy, colorful, immaculate villages—grim, austere industrial complexes which stretch for miles—and rugged grandeur or bucolic tranquillity in the rural areas, which are so beautiful they will often take his breath away. He will have to keep a careful watch in most regions to spot war damage; except in Aachen, Schweinfurt, and the heaviest bombing targets, most of it has now been erased from the landscape.

And he should have no hesitation about the warmth of his welcome, either, because the German has been famous for centuries as a host to the traveler. Last year this nation accommodated 9¾-million foreign guests—and in 1960, with the Passion Play and other special attractions, it's ready for more!

Cities *Berlin* has become one of the most interesting and rewarding single tourist targets in Germany. A separate section about it follows.

Frankfurt am Main, as towns go, is pretty impersonal. You probably won't like it as much as other cities (it has never been a particular favorite of tourists). But it is the hub of the transportation wheel, the banking center, the Trade Fair center, and the home of Europe's busiest airport—so there's a good chance that you'll spend at least one night in this bustling metropolis of 651 thousand. Operas, concerts, Goethe's house, outstanding zoo, adequate to poor hotels, fine restaurants, tempting shopping; many U.S. troops, in their own "Little America."

Hamburg, with approximately 2-million population, is Western Germany's first seaport and largest city. Dine in the famous Ratsweinkeller, stroll through Planten un Blomen Park, shop along Alster Lake, see Hagenbeck's renowned zoo, visit Germany's largest collection of fine paintings at the Art Gallery (50 showrooms!), take a whirl through that nakedest, rowdiest, most fascinating of night districts in Europe, the Reeperbahn, ride a steamer to Blankenese on the Elbe River, or to the war-famous island of Helgoland (great for lobsters, but oh those prices!)—and you'll come home with happy memories for the rocking chair.

Munich, the Bavarian capital, is the southern apex of industry, commerce, U.S. soldiery, and at least 1 foreign visitor for each 1 of the 1-million permanent population. The Bavarian is a better host than the typical northerner; his beer steins are bigger and his smiles are broader. In addition, here's the number one art center; the celebrated "Pinakothek" with its magnificent collection of 7000 German, Florentine, Venetian, Dutch, Flemish, and other fourteenth-to-eighteenth-century masters, was reopened in '57 in the Haus der Kunst, and now displays the nation's greatest exhibition of paintings every year from May to October. The even-more-recently-restored Residenzmuseum, with its historic crowns, tiaras, and treasures of royalty, and its adjoining Schatzkammer, with its perfectly preserved ancient theater, are both

so fabulous that no wanderer should miss them. The State opera, theaters, Zeiss Planetarium, and other cultural attractions are outstanding; so is the fabled Oktoberfest (late Sept. through early Oct.), which drew 6-million revelers last fall. Plenty of good restaurants and bright lights the calendar around, too. You'll probably want to stay here for at least 48 hours, because it shouldn't be missed.

Cologne, like Bremen, took a terrible beating in the war. The area surrounding the Cathedral was leveled for blocks in all directions—but this magnificent structure, the largest Gothic building in the world, miraculously escaped. The hotel situation shows laudable recent improvement, but good accommodations are still somewhat short in High Season. Aside from the Cathedral, the Dionysus Mosaic, and the stunning theater-opera house (opened in '57), and the brand-new station, not the most fascinating stop you can find.

Bremen, the second-largest seaport, is a typical "Hanse" (medieval merchants' union) city. Fine Ratskeller, Market Place, 600-year-old City Hall, and statue of Roland, but not too much else of primary interest to most trippers. *Kassel*, *Aachen*, *Schweinfurt*, *Landshut*, and *Ingolstadt* are among the handful of centers which still suffer from their wartime semidestruction—and which can probably never be the same, in spite of intensive rebuilding. *Essen* is dirty, industrial, drab, and depressing; skip it. *Bonn*, the seat of the Federal Government, numerous foreign missions and noted as Beethoven's birthplace, has Poppelsdorf Palace, the Rhenish Land Museum, the versatile Zoological Research Institute and Museum, and other highlights—but the streets are a rat-race today, with such a frenetic and impersonal atmosphere, that we'll take downtown Detroit anytime; the marvelous Petersberg Hotel, atop a Rhine mountain in neighboring Königswinter-Bonn, is a different story. *Hanover*, basically an attractive mercantile hub, also suffers from the same frenzy and compulsive running-in-circles. *Stuttgart* takes pride in its pleasant location, mineral springs, eye-popping Fernsichturm TV-tower restaurant, and such important factories as Daimler-Benz, Kodak Germany, and Bosch.

Germany; too commercial for much tourism appeal, however.

Heidelberg, scene of *The Student Prince*, is a sad example of what happens to a glorious, tailor-made sightseeing target when it is overrun by hordes of foreign rubberneckers. It boasts an enchanting situation astride a riverbank, the world's largest wine barrel (58-thousand gallons), the Karzer Prison for obstreperous fifteenth-century students of its celebrated University, the Lion Gate, undergraduate dueling clubs (now revived), and the dazzling new \$7,000,000 railway station and 127-foot TV tower (observation platform open to the public). It is also the seat of a U.S. European Army Headquarters, with 25-thousand bored soldiers housed in a suburban area. Heidelberg is guilty of nothing except an excess of beauty and historic charm; the only thing wrong with it is the rabble of French, Italian, Belgian, Scandinavian, Indian, Greek, North American, Latin American, and Hottentot tourists who spoil it in season.

Lübeck, "Queen of the Hanse," is so rich in monuments, antiquities, paintings, and antique salt-storage houses that it's a great favorite of serious-minded voyagers—and *Travemünde*, the neighboring Baltic resort, balances the ledger by offering a gambling casino and plenty of excitement in summer to the frivolous. Worth a visit.

Baden-Baden has come up noticeably in atmosphere and tone; the Lichtenthaler Allee, Roman baths, casino, race track, and other enticements are again drawing plenty of discriminating vacationers. Now recommended for rural resort living.

Düsseldorf is Germany's center of *haute couture*; beautiful clothes (on beautiful babes!). The main street runs along a lovely waterway; the Breidenbacher Hof Hotel is an absolute gem, and the Park is excellent; good restaurants, Benrath Castle, scads of churches and art galleries, cosmopolitan citizens, and handsome environs.

Nürnberg is a charming example of the once-moated medieval metropolis. Its walls, towers, and ancient landmarks have now been almost completely restored; by the time you read

this, the impressive Kaiserburg (Imperial Palace), dominating the local landscape, will probably be 100% in trim again—this time, without the “Iron Maiden” and other historic instruments of torture. Dürer’s house and St. Lorenz church are the most popular sights; the Grand Hotel is well above average for comfort.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen has bounced back from being a recreation center for good-looking G.I.’s with a gleam in their eye to an Alpine resort with strong general tourist appeal. The Army still uses it, but troop cutbacks and the civilian influx have taken the military starch from its atmosphere. Magnificent panorama of the German and Austrian Alps; bracing climate; winter sports galore, with ski runs and lifts, bobsledding, cable cars, Olympic stadium, and much more; fine accommodations in the Park-Hotel Alpenhof. Take the trip up the 9715-foot Zugspitz Mountain to the spectacularly situated Scheeferner Hotel; it’s a thrill you’ll never forget. Though everything will be jam-packed this summer with neighboring Oberammergau’s overflow, highly recommended. Have confirmed advance reservations!

Augsburg, home of the Renaissance commercial leaders named Fugger, boasts the oldest housing project in the world. If you’re an opera lover, don’t miss the open-air performances at the famous Rotes Tor (“Red Gate”). Nothing much else of special interest.

The smaller towns, villages, and hamlets are the true jewels of Germany’s crown; here’s where you’ll find the travel-poster scenery and glamor. Wonderful little *Dinkelsbühl*, walled, moated, and fortified in A.D. 928, is one example; medieval *Rothenburg* is another. So are *Nördlingen*, *Schongau*, *Landsberg*, and *Füssen* (also along the so-called “Romantic Road”), *Celle*, *Lüneburg*, *Goslar*, *Stade*, *Schleswig*, and dozens of others. Famous and beautifully situated *Oberammergau* will give its Passion Play this year (see separate section on this). Then there are the historic German spas, among the best known of which are *Wiesbaden* (rheumatism), *Bad Harzburg* (internal ailments), *Bad Nauheim* (heart disease), *Bad Homburg* (gambling casino to raise the

patients' metabolisms), *Badenweiler* (warm springs), the previously mentioned *Baden-Baden*, and at least 20 dozen others which we haven't space to list.

The Roman-built *Moselle Valley* route from the Luxembourg border to Coblenz, where the Moselle joins the Rhine, remains one of the most pleasant drives of Europe; its wine hamlets are enchanting. So, at last, is the *Rhine Valley*, now that truck traffic has been banned and the roads both improved and widened; you may also cover it on the renowned steamer excursion (turn to "Things to See"), or flash through it all the way by train. By car is the most fun, though, if you like medieval castles—of which Marksburg, near *Braubach*, will probably intrigue you the most.

For information on other places, consult the German Tourist Offices or your own travel agent.

Money and Prices Basic units are the pfennig and the Deutsche Mark. If you run out of either, the Deutsche Bundesbank now makes special accommodation loans to hard-up tourists.

At this writing, one pfennig is worth about $\frac{1}{4}\text{¢}$; one mark (abbreviated DM) is equal to roughly 24¢. There are coins for 1, 2, 5, 10, and 50 pfennigs, plus 1, 2, and 5 marks. Notes are circulated in 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, and 1000-mark denominations.

Currently you may bring into or take out of West Germany all of the frozen currencies or marks that you can possibly squeeze out of your wife.

In the cities and tourist centers, prices could be called medium—not high, but not low. Dinner in a top restaurant runs \$3 to \$6; \$1.25 will buy a good meal in almost any routine establishment. A double room with bath usually commands \$5 to \$10, plus service. A Scotch-and-soda in a decent night club might cost from 75¢ to \$1 (small admission charge extra). In the villages and hamlets, however, levels are dirt cheap.

A few commodities are surprisingly expensive. Soap, for

example, is high: 25¢ for a small German-made bar, and up to \$1.65 for French or other imports.

As everywhere else these inflated days, the over-all cost of living is inexorably rising.

Language In the metropolitan hotels, restaurants, and stores, English is spoken by nearly everyone; our troops and our travelers have done much to spread its usage. But if you strike out for the untrammelled countryside, get yourself 10 extra fingers, a box of crayons, and a wigwag device—because you're going to run into plenty of trouble.

To the neophyte, German is one of the most rugged languages in the books. Agglutination (the running-together of many parts into a single unit) is such a hazard that the local telegraph companies limit each word to 15 letters. As a facetious but legal example of the lengths to which this business can go, the title for a hypothetical Remover of the Block from the Keyhole of the House of the Director of a Railway Signpost Factory would be "Eisenbahnsignalmastfabrikdirektorschhaustürschlüssellochverstopfungsentferner."

Customs and Immigration Visitors from overseas (not European nationals) may bring in the following without duty: (1) articles for personal use, (2) alcoholic drinks for personal use in *opened* (not sealed) bottles (2 allowed; 3 or 4 would probably get by), (3) sufficient foodstuffs, coffee, tea, or other comestibles to take them *only* as far as their German destination (amounts discretionary with the individual Customs officer), and (4) 400 cigarettes or 75 cigars or 500 grams of pipe tobacco.

One gracious wrinkle, which more nations should copy, was introduced in '58 especially for the ladies. If you're *shy*, if you're *coy*, or if your Little Things show Tattletale Gray from the rigours of your trip, all your baggage at all German frontiers may now be inspected in privacy.

You may take out as many gifts or souvenirs as you like, provided that they're for personal (not commercial) use and that they were purchased in Germany. *If bought elsewhere and taken through Germany in transit, an export*

license is legally mandatory when the value exceeds \$480. But don't worry too much about this silly ruling, because few Customs men bother bona fide tourists about it.

Most of the time the inspectors will be satisfied with an oral declaration of the nature of your luggage. You merely tell them what you have, and they'll let you pass, after a token poke or two at your bags. Since '56, they don't even stamp your passport on exit.

But occasionally they'll cross you up, just to make things interesting. If this happens, you'll find them thorough, polite, and typically Teutonic in attention to detail.

Hotels On the average, fair to good. The general level is above Austria, for example—but still below Switzerland or Italy. The war caused untold havoc in this field; although rebuilding has been going on continuously at a fantastic rate, it will be years, in my opinion, before German hotels can be topflight in all categories.

Tourist centers are *all* so jammed during the season that *it is imperative to make your reservations in advance.* Nearly everywhere, you'll find a washbasin in every room and a public bathroom on every floor; private baths are at a premium, especially in the smaller towns. Garages are available almost without exception; in most places, you can have your car washed while you sleep. The average spa and health resort also offers warm mineral baths as part of its service.

Identification papers or documents are no longer required of the guest at registration time—such bold common sense that the Ministers of the Interior who abolished this nuisance in '59 should be awarded the Order of the Golden Scissors, with Crossed Laurels of Shredded Red Tape. Cheers for them—and let's hope that other nations soon follow!

While *Frankfurt am Main* is one of Germany's key spots for visitors, its hotels are geared for the commercial traveler rather than the tourist. As a result, you're far more likely to find a cool, businesslike approach than a warm welcome. A prime example of this frigidity is the number one house, the *Frankfurter Hof*. Fine physical plant, currently undergoing

construction or remodeling of 75 of its approximately 400 rooms; accommodations ranging from superb in the new wing to routine in the old sections; impressive new kitchen completed in '57; attractive restaurant; service attitudes somewhat improved, but to us they still seem so chilly, impersonal, and don't-care that it rivals Stockholm's Grand as our least favorite major hotel in Europe.

The Savigny, which most travelers rate in second place, is located in the fashionable West End; extremely modern aura, with radios, telephones, and fancy disk-regulators for water temperatures; surprisingly low percentage of private baths; limited living space, in the modern U.S. "efficiency" tradition. The Hessischer Hof, opened in '52, also offers a minimum of elbowroom; pleasantly decorated; cellar bar, nice little dining room, tiny summer café; no great shakes, but okay.

The Carlton, requisitioned as a U.S. officers' hotel for 10 years, was reopened in '58 after extensive rebuilding. Old-fashioned tone maintained by the architects; fine fabrics and costly furnishings with hardly a jot of personality; we saw not one picture on not one bedroom wall we inspected; lobby about as frisky and cheerful as a Zürich savings bank on mortgage-calling day; car-parking difficult. Could be excellent, because a big investment is here—but what it misses is a triple injection of spark.

The Park, formerly the Press Club, was derequisitioned in '58. Although the rooms and furniture could be better (possibly a matter of capital), it seems infinitely cozier and warmer than the Carlton—at least to us, in any case. Nice restaurant and grill; famous for its hors d'oeuvres. Agreeable but not luxurious.

Next down the scale is the Monopol-Metropole, near the station. The National, completely refurbished, is modest but comfortable; this simple house is unusually friendly to Americans. The Grand reserves 70% of its rooms for conducted tours from various nations, including the U.S.; 130 rooms with 50 baths. This one gave us the general impression of sleaziness, and the kitchen, when we saw it, was as appetiz-

ing as the woodpecker aviary at the Bronx Zoo. Far from "Grand." Haus Marina, next to the Savigny, offers 27 rooms with small bathrooms at the standard all-inclusive price of \$5.60 single and \$9.30 double; breakfast only; quiet situation and good-humored ambiance; a value for the price. The Rex and the Gloria are tiny and commercial. The Savoy, Hamburger Hof, and Westfälinger Hof are Second class; Wiesbaden and Deutsches Haus are the pick in Third class. Leading pensions are (1) Linke (Savignystrasse 34) with 40 beds, and (2) Zeppelin (Bockenheimer Landstrasse 128) with 35 beds.

For motorists, the Schlosshotel Kronberg, 10 miles (20 minutes) from the center of Frankfurt at *Kronberg* (Taunus), is a knockout. Originally the castle of Empress Friedrich III, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, its grand terrace, baronial tapestries, art masterpieces, and priceless furnishings have been deftly combined with up-to-the-minute amenities. Country-estate situation; lovely view; alfresco dining; golf course; standard rates; Director Richard Pertram and Manager William Mader should be congratulated. Lovely, if you have or can get a car. The historic Ritter's Park-Hotel, in *Bad Homburg* (30 minutes out) is an alternate; fine, but not in the same league with Kronberg.

In *Munich*, here is our vote: (1) Bayerischer Hof, (2) Der Königshof, (3) Vier Jahreszeiten, (4) Regina. In Second class, they run (1) Sonnenhof, (2) Esplanade, (3) Stachus, (4) Bundesbahn, (5) Drei Löwen, and (6) Schottenhamel. The pick of the pensions are (1) Senefelder (Senefelderstrasse, near the station), (2) Mark (also Senefelderstrasse), (3) Central (Prielmayerstrasse 10), and (4) Haug (Schwanthalerstrasse 42). We haven't yet inspected the Eden-Hotel-Wolff, a merger of 2 separate enterprises which now offers 300 beds and 220 baths under a single banner; opposite the main station; the opening took place after our departure. If you're a student, the International House is superior. The Bayerischer Hof will come up with 50 additional baths or showers, a new façade, and a fine new parking lot this year; when completed, the revised tally will be 300 rooms and 280

baths; some accommodations very simple and some de luxe; try to get one of their intimate, charming "studios" or their new "ateliers." The latter come equipped with a heated super-king-sized bathtub-for-two. Crack administration by Owner Falk Volkhart and Director Karl Heinz Dittrich; recommended. Der Königshof is ultramodern, with attractive and unusual color combinations; put in your bid for anything on the 5th floor, which features huge windows, piped music, air conditioning, and plenty of interesting gadgets. Good. The Vier Jahreszeiten ("Four Seasons") is noted all over the Continent for its exquisite food, because co-owner Alfred Walterspiel is Honorary President of the International Union of Cooks and a widely celebrated gastronome. But its rooms, excepting about 30 in the new wing, are old-fashioned; 100 years old in '54; Concierge Theodor Götde is one of Europe's best; very expensive. The new Stachus disappoints us. The rest run from routine to Spartan.

Hamburg has some excellent ones. The Vier Jahreszeiten (another "Four Seasons") sets the pace; it's suave, civilized, and extremely comfortable, with fine cuisine, polished service. Especially recommended. Close on its heels is the commodious and classic Atlantic, which is also far above average in quality and tradition; outstanding direction by veteran O. H. Geyer. The Berlin, convenient for motorists at the Autobahnen's junction (Bremen and Lübeck-Kiel), is drawing enthusiastic reader reports. Y-shaped, 8-story, sound-proofed building with 200 beds; every room "outside," with private toilet, radio, and efficiency gadgets; 2 air-conditioned restaurants; tasteful furnishings throughout; underground garage; not quite up to the 2 leaders, but definitely recommendable. The 19-floor, 1000-bed Reeperbahn, which is now the largest and tallest hostelry in Germany, was not finished in time for us to inspect it for this edition of the *Guide*. Down the line, the Alster Hof isn't bad, and the Prem, which is a combination hotel-pension, has many attractive features. We'd rate the large, commercial Reichshof and the Europäischer Hof as Second class—not so hot, but the best in their league. To our knowledge, there are no decent pen-

sions except the Prem (comparatively expensive) and the Alsterufer. For members of the International Youth Hostel Organization, there's a marvelous 500-bed establishment here which charges about 15¢ per night. Finally, let's not forget about the Motel Hamburg on the Hoheluft-Chaussee, with its 35 rooms (some for 3 or 4 persons), 7-foot beds, restaurant, snack bar, beauty parlor, and community shower room; for tired motorists willing to dispense with some of the frills.

Düsseldorf offers the wonderful Breidenbacher Hof, one of the 2 or 3 top hotels of the nation; this one, from cellar to roof, is a little gem. Fine concierge and staff; delicious cuisine; beautiful taste in décor; cozy and popular bar, in which Chief Bartender Johnnie displays a connoisseur's collection of more than 650 opened bottles; perky night club; all the little touches so many German houses lack. And why not, since its guiding hand is Dr. Georg Linsenmeyer, one of the best-known and most talented hoteliers on the international scene? The Park-Hotel is now running a strong second; notable recent improvements in all directions. All 160 rooms have private bath, eye-appeal, and comfort; brand-new sidewalk terrace-café for beverages, light snacks, and checking the seams on those lovely Düsseldorf mannequins; nightly dinner and supper dancing in the rather cold surroundings of the Étoile Room. Well-maintained, well-managed, very good indeed. The Savoy, number 3, is First class rather than De luxe; 85 rooms, 70 baths, all on the small side except a few corner doubles with wrap-around windows and ample space; tiny lobby, pleasant ground-floor café, and up-one-flight restaurant. Nice little stop. The Eden is fourth; just routine. The new Cristollo charges almost the same rates as the Breidenbacher Hof; breakfast only, no lobby, cramped accommodations, very modern in tone; we'd call this one adequate but overpriced. Münch is the same school of design and facilities. Liebachs, recently refurbished and an annex added, is excellent for Second class. The Atlantic-Esplanade has slipped to the point where we can no longer recommend it.

Heidelberg? Now we cheerfully say "Uncle!" and dine on crow for our previous words about certain aspects of the hotel



picture here, because we were wrong. Number one is the *Europäischer Hof* (sometimes called "Europe")—and our recent stay in this charming, old-fashioned, well-run landmark couldn't have been more delightful. Requisitioned for U.S. officers until its redecoration and reopening; 100 rooms and 80 baths, including small *dépendance*; choice of dining room, terrace-dining (season), or Kurfürstenstube Grill (local specialties and beguiling color); attractive bar with dancing nightly except Mondays; knowledgeable management by patrician Frau Lisel Gabler, widow of the celebrated German hotelier Fritz Gabler who died in '53, and the unusually competent Director Edwin Gutwinski. So fine in every department that we blush at our unjustified earlier comments. The Schloss-Hotel, number 2, has a heavenly position on a mountainside a few minutes from the center; the panorama from its riverside rooms is stunning. In spite of its magnificent location, however, and in spite of firm governmental statements that "the hotel is tastefully equipped, and guests have repeatedly emphasized the cultured atmosphere of this house," the owner's choice of furnishings still makes us wince; German guests might rightfully regard its décor as handsome, by German standards, but we regret to say that it continues to set our American-grown teeth on edge. Closed winters. The Schreider, rated third, is a *mélange* of large, medium, and small rooms, some good, some fair, and some poor; impersonal and rather commercial aura; happy little "garden" for breakfasting; comfortable bar; in general, routine. Haarlass, on the opposite riverbank out of town, is fourth; superbly situated restaurant with open terrace, rebuilt in '58 with huge windows and graceful appurtenances; bedrooms appealingly decorated but so tiny they're tailor-made for pygmies or children under 5; if the owner would knock out a few walls to double their dimensions, he'd have an excellent stopping place. Stiftsmühle, still further along the river, also boasts a lovely dining-terrace, but its rooms are on the unimaginative side, and it's too far from the *doin's* for travelers without cars. Nekkar, on the waterside in the city, opened in '58; awkward building transformed with

bright modern hues and functional furniture; 45 rooms with 10 baths or showers, ranging from fair to substandard; breakfast only. The Ritter is out of business.

In *Bremen*, there's (1) Park, (2) Columbus, (3) Overseas, and (4) Lloyd. We haven't been up there lately. *Bremerhaven*, 45 miles away, offers (1) the newly opened Nordsee, (2) Metropol, and (3) Naber.

In *Hanover*, try the Kastens Hotel Luisenhof first, and the Waterloo second. The Rheinischer Hof is no longer operating.

In *Cologne*, top rating goes to the venerable Excelsior Ernst—the only truly international house in this city. Well-maintained ante-bellum décor; new entrance hall this year; frenetic lobby, bustling with business people and tourists; on the commercial side, but smoothly managed and satisfactory. Carlton, opened in '58, gets our second rating; 108 rooms, all with toilet (except chauffeurs' quarters) and perhaps 50% of them with bath or shower; accommodations small but colorful, relaxing, and pleasantly done; charming Tessiner Stube, with Tyrolean ambiance, in cellar; except for the question of service standards, with which we are not acquainted, this stop is very recommendable indeed. Next comes Kölner Hof, in so-called First Commercial class, with 70% of its U.S. clientele drawn from conducted tours; just so-so. This is followed by (4) Fürstenhof, (5) Königshof, and (6) Europa—the last with Spartan rooms, but a friendly feel to its staff and its simple but pleasant "front-porch" dining. The Haus Thurn has just had a face-lifting and a change of name to Haus Römerberg; also modest. The Royal and the Grand are not recommended. As for the Dom-Hotel, which German officialdom ranks immediately below the Excelsior Ernst, we don't know its status this year. When we stopped in to inspect it, in our friendliest way, a snippy, supercilious young punk at the Reception Desk refused to show us any rooms or to give us any information about the house. If this arrogance should be typical of Manager Hecker's staff—which perhaps it's not—here's one hostelry we would cheerfully avoid.

Wiesbaden is at last offering superb lodgings for the care-

free army of tourist invaders. The derequisitioned and redecorated Schwarzer Bock leads the parade—and this one's a jewel, far finer than anything in Frankfurt am Main. Classic, tasteful, de luxe atmosphere; lovely 5th-floor roof garden, with grill, Chinese tearoom, restaurant, sundeck, and cocktail terrace; large bathhouse annex for spa clientele; dignified ground-floor dining room; minimum rooms (\$7.14) very small, but each has 2 washbasins in its bathroom and other urbane touches; highly recommended as one of Germany's best. The Nassauer Hof takes pride in its 2 new floors, which now raise its capacity to 180 rooms and 150 baths; cheerful new bar, too, with tables for hand-holding on its tiny mezzanine; furnishings on the somber side, but everything immaculate and well-maintained; try to reserve on the 4th or 5th floor, to enjoy the freshness and the oversized windows here; excellent now, but not up to the Schwarzer Bock in charm. The century-old Rose was released by the U.S. Air Force and completely refurbished in '59; quiet situation; warm-spring baths; spacious, traditional public rooms and accommodations; veteran management by the Haeffner-Rosenow family. Also excellent. The Taunus seems to be satisfying a number of *Guide* readers this year; Klee and Grüner Wald are on the routine side. Finally, in the suburbs at *Oestrich*, the ancient and colorful Schwan is one of the nation's best-known country inns; Rhine-side location, with enchanting view; operated by the Winkel-Wenckstern family since A.D. 1628; ideal for tranquillity; legendary for its wines; open March 1 to December 1 only. We've visited neither the brand-new Vier Jahreszeiten (long-lease, apartment-hotel deal, with 40 beds and kitchenettes for transients) nor the motel-style Eden (not a true motel, because it's vertical rather than horizontal in construction); reports on both are favorable.

Mains? The Europa was launched only a few days after our stop here—frustrating timing for us. Its brochures list 69 rooms, all with balcony or loggia, bath, TV, radio, dumbwaiter (guests order by pneumatic tube), and other modern appurtenances, at \$2.38 to \$5.95 per bed; 5 doubles are named and decorated in the styles of the 5 continents; 200 yards

from the railway station. I don't know why, but these facilities at these prices make us a tiny bit dubious; perhaps this foreboding is 100% unfounded. The Mainzer Hof has an unprepossessing exterior, stiff-necked reception people, a striking 6th-floor roof-restaurant with a glorious panorama of the Rhine, and gloomy corridors; its rooms are clean, simple, and no-nonsense, but the baths or toilets in the little foyer of each are separated by a curtain rather than a door, in free-and-earthly Marseille fashion. Personally, we'd prefer to skip Mainz and lodge across the river at Wiesbaden.

Stuttgart has the (1) Zeppelin, (2) Park, (3) Ketterer, and (4) Reichsbahn, none of which will ever put London's Savoy out of business.

Nürnberg boasts the excellent Grand, one of Germany's better bets, followed by the Carlton, Am Sterntor, Kaiserhof, and Victoria.

If you're stuck in *Bonn*, the new Königshof on the banks of the Rhine gets most travelers' votes, followed by the Zum Stern and Bergischer Hof—but heaven prevent you from sleeping in this boom town. Fortunately, there's a perfect solution for those who can afford it: the famed luxury resort-hotel Petersberg, at Königswinter-Bonn, 35 minutes out (or 45 minutes from Cologne, by the way!). Magnificent mountain-top situation, one of Europe's most glorious; 80 rooms and 65 baths, all spacious, and all beautifully, tastefully, thoughtfully furnished; summer terrace-dining, with the world at your feet; 2 orchestras; Owner Dr. Georg Linsenmeyer and Manager Otto Daehler have imparted to this former Allied High Commission Headquarters (4 nations used to rule Germany from here) a sense of elegance and luxury which is unique; open mid-March to mid-November. Oo, la la—WHAT a dream hotel!

Baden-Baden has the Brenner's Park, which is very good; down the line, in order, are Europäischer Hof (for action), Bellevue (for quiet), Runkewitz, Badischer Hof, and Peter's-Bad-Hotel Zum Hirsch. Through silly oversight on our last round, we neglected to visit the Saur family's Hotel Bellevue, reopened in a 5-acre park ½-mile from the center;

we hear that it's private-estate-style, is full of antiques, and a lovely place for a rest.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen? Make this season's reservations *immediately*, because Oberammergau's Passion Play is next door! The Park Alpenhof has no local rivals for comfort or urbanity; totally redone since its derequisitioning, with discreetly opulent furnishings, wall-to-wall carpeting, and the earmarks of a metropolitan luxury hotel; terrace-dining in balmy weather; large dance casino; ownership by World Champion Bobsledder Hanns Kilian, and on-the-scene supervision by Robert Herr, one of the liveliest, most alert young hoteliers we've met in a blue moon; if you can afford one of its 10 suites, #245 seems worth a lot more than its \$30 rate—lovely! Highly recommended as a superior house. Riessersee gets our second vote; 150 beds, but only 40 baths; pleasant, but not in the same league with Park Alpenhof. Golf Sonnenbichl has a big name, but a thorough redecoration job is sorely needed; the maintenance of its rooms struck us as careless, and the management, in our opinion, isn't buckling down as hard as it might to keep its fine reputation rolling. Markplatz is First class (not De luxe); smoothly operated; the pride here is its especially good food; no lobby; worthy. In Second class, Clausing's Posthotel offers Bavarian ambience, Bavarian cuisine, and modest prices; best of the category. Garmischer Hof is almost on a par. Outstanding pensions are (1) Leiner, (2) Schell, (3) Flora, and (4) the brand-new Gästehaus Georgenhof. Plenty of other choices in this merry holiday center.

To capsule what's left, in *Constance*, it's the Insel, a former monastery; in *Ulm*, the old Lünert and the new Bahnhofshotel; in *Rothenburg*, the excellent Eisenhut ("Iron Hat"), well-run and ingratiating; in *Dinkelsbühl*, the non-perfumed Rose; in *Augsburg*, the Drei Mohren ("Three Moors"), with the Lamm in second place; in *Freiburg*, the new, smoothly administrated, 7-story Colombi; in *Bad Kissingen*, the Kurhaus Hotel, reinaugurated in '59 after a \$1,190,000 roof-to-cellar renovation; in *Mannheim*, the freshly reopened Mannheimer Hof, now with 183 rooms,

160 baths, and 2 bowling alleys; in *Kassel*, the extra-fine Schlosshotel Wilhelmshöhe, operated by Hans Arnold of restaurant fame; in *Ravensburg*, the 14-story Europa, with a lake view of the Alps from its roof garden as you dine.

Berlin hotels are listed in the special section to follow.

Finally, at least 70 feudal palaces and knights' castles all over Germany have been converted into hotels—Gothic vaults, moats, battlements, ghosts, and all. Some are luxury class, and some are plainer. The northern Rhineland, the Palatinate, Franconia, Upper Bavaria, Hesse, and Württemberg-Baden are especially thick with them. Too scattered to list here, due to space limitations, but you'll usually find one within shooting distance from most major points of the nation. Great fun for motorists, as a change of pace; try at least one, if only for the experience. The German Central Tourist Association (see "Information on Germany") will gladly send you full names, locations, and details.

For further data on routine accommodations not mentioned above, consult the local Tourist Offices in any of the larger cities or towns. They are usually at or near the railway stations, and will gladly try to answer your needs.

Prices for accommodations are displayed in each room. A single with bath in adequate metropolitan hostels runs from \$3.50 to \$4.50, plus service charge; a double with bath, between \$5 and \$8, plus service. Singles without bath run from 96¢ to \$3.60 per day, depending upon the category. In the smaller villages, you can find decent accommodations for as little as \$1 to \$1.50 per person. Private baths, a rarity in the provinces, are always extra.

Motels? Wagons-Lits, operator of railway sleeping and dining cars abroad, remodeled and modernized an existing hotel and opened it in '57 as the Motel Alte Post. It's on the *Freiburg-Basel* main road near the Black Forest (1 mile from *Muelheim*). Facilities are said to include 100 beds, a restaurant, and a gas station; the old-fashioned exterior is reported to have been preserved. In *Württemberg* (close to

Tübingen), there's an even newer 50-bed establishment which more closely resembles U.S. planning.

Food and Restaurants First-class restaurant meals currently average \$1.50 to \$3, without wine, coffee, and spirits. If you want to do yourself well, with caviar, Prague ham, and other gustatory delights, your bill may run from \$5 to \$10. But if you are content to eat in the small, family-type establishments (plenty available; most of them completely satisfactory), your tab should be \$1.50 or less. In country inns, you can have a 3-course feast for as little as 60¢.

Unless you're a J. P. Morgan partner who secretly controls General Dynamics, don't ever fall into the trap of ordering lobster in Germany. When the bill comes for your one-or-two pound critter, it's liable to read \$8 or more—murder! Most of the oyster crop is imported, too, at prices that also chill the gizzard. If you're seafood-hungry, stick to home-caught fish only, which are plentiful and fine.

Coffee and tea are slightly higher than in America. There are at least 6 different brews and strengths of coffee on sale, ranging from the insipid, prune-juice-colored Mokka to the popular Kaffee Hag (nearly caffeine free). "Filter," sometimes known as "Karlsbader Kaffee" from the machine in which it's made, is closest to American-style; Double Mokka, grainy and strong, is a good man's drink. You'll be safest if you always specify your type to the waiter.

National custom dictates that tables be shared by 2 or more parties if the restaurant or night club is overcrowded. Quite often you might find yourself sitting with strangers—fortunately, most of the time on a courteous but remote "please pass the salt" relationship rather than one of compulsory small talk and yak-yak. If you wish to talk, fine—but if you're tired, they'll generally confine their conversation to their own group.

Contrary to legend, German cooking is frequently light and delicate. The pigs'-knuckles-and-sauerkraut fare, which sinks the diner like a torpedo, is characteristic of German-American rather than Old Country fare. I think you'll be

agreeably surprised at the sensitive touch of German cooks. Today the German menu offers everything so deliciously prepared that dining is usually a delight.

In *Frankfurt am Main*, the leader among dining places is the Arnold Grill (Taunus Anlage, 2 blocks from the Frankfurter Hof Hotel)—brightest member of the 4-ring circus which includes the Kaiser Keller, Alte Post, and Paprika (we are not familiar with the last). It is an elegant establishment, with deft service and the highest level of cuisine to be found in north or central Germany. On the expensive side, but worth it. If you tell Maître Werner that you're a friend of the *Guide*, he'll take extra good care of you. Top recommendation. The other sections are separate: the Alte Post, to the front, is tavern-type, small, and intimate, while the Kaiser Keller, with the same general décor and prices, is larger and more institutional. Lovely garden (late spring to early fall) which parallels the entire building: 180 tables, music, flowers, trees—a delight. Biggest wine list in Germany, with bottles from 60¢ to \$43; personal ownership and management of tycoon Hans Arnold. Our number one candidate in the city. For color and atmosphere so thick that you can almost scrape it off your lapels, Brückenkeller (Schutzenstrasse 6) is fun—even though the proprietor must have grinned shamelessly when he first plastered it on in good-natured gobs, to titillate the Emily Kimbrough trade. Every stop on the keyboard has been pulled to romanticize this medieval-type cellar with its fine arched ceilings; 20 candle-lit tables are banked in 3 tiers, each with a bright little azalea plant; strolling accordion, violin, and guitar trio serenades each diner; soft mood-music swells from hidden record player; large, elaborately carved wine barrel, illuminated by candles, is *pièce de résistance* of decoration scheme; careful service, good-but-not-great food, decent prices, cool and pleasant in summer. So untypical of Frankfurt restaurants in the warmth and coziness of its ambiance that we like it a lot and recommend it unhesitatingly, in spite of the schmaltz. Le Gourmet (Reuter Weg 61) is a new, intimate, French-type offering, with 15 tables and prices on the upper-medium side.

Very Gallic menu, with bouillabaisse \$1.90, snails \$1.43, and the like—plus Swiss fondues, Italian Osso Buco, various Indonesian dishes, and other regional specialties. Agreeable but not a rave. The cuisine at the Park Hotel is famous, and the service is smooth; try the hors d'oeuvres, for which it is best-known. The Frankfurter Hof Grill doesn't seem what it used to be. The Patrizier, a few steps down the street from the Frankfurter Hof, is a small, Old-German place with simple food from \$1 to \$3; menu in English; so-so. We haven't tried the Kupferpfanne (Opernplatz 2), but reports are good; First-class category. Among the typical *Apfelweinstuben* ("Apple wine rooms"), Grauer Bock, across the river, is the neighborhood tavern to end neighborhood taverns: wooden tables, grimy floors, smoky walls, pretzel vendors, great color and animation; hot dogs, sauerkraut, beer, sandwiches, and a redoubtable affair called "Handkäs mit Musik"—"Handkäs" being the cheese, and vinegar, oil, paprika, onions, and kümmel combined on top to make the "Musik." BROTHER! Blauer Engel is also a fine example of this school. The apple wine, incidentally, is their number one feature, but we think it's just plain awful. Perhaps you'll disagree. Among the equally typical wine restaurants, Rheinpfalz Weinstuben has a sweet terrace and a Palatinate-Rural-Inn ambiance of scrubbed tables and wood-carvings; you can have an excellent dinner with 3 glasses of delectable Forster Jesuitengarten Riesling Auslese for about \$2.25; thoroughly enjoyable on a balmy summer's night; central location. Heyland and Weindorf ("Wine Village") are also attractive, but Rheinpfalz has them both licked. As for Bavarian-style places, either Edelweiss on Kaiserstrasse or Maier-Gustl on Taunusstrasse should satisfy that yen.

For light refreshments, the world-famous Café Kranzler shouldn't be missed; sidewalk café, music, bar; yumptious pastries—and iced coffee with ice cream and whipped cream (40¢). Rumpelmeyer is a branch of the renowned chain which operates in New York, Paris, and other cities; 1200 seats, 5 rooms, terrace, dancing; good hunting grounds, sometimes, for local ladies of leisure; not quite as nice as Kranzler,

in my opinion. Schwille is well patronized, too; Café Hauptwache, opposite Kranzler, has a raised open terrace and attracts the local Old Guard more than visitors; Café am Opernplatz, on Opera Square, is comparatively new, and the sizable garden in front is its proudest feature.

If the sun is shining and transportation is at hand, the best luncheon expedition one can possibly make in the area is the drive to the former castle of Empress Friedrich III—the Schlosshotel Kronberg (see "Hotels"). Gorgeous 200-foot open terrace for dining; \$2 to \$5 range; so relaxing that it's a *must* for anyone who can do it. The taxi price, unhappily, is robbery. Now open all year. Next most amusing is the Tennis Bar (restaurant) in the Kurpark at Bad Homburg, 30 minutes away. Covered porch, same prices, select menu, snail-like service; close-up view of the courts and the players; closed Mondays from November through April.

In *Munich*, here's how I'd rate the leading restaurants for cuisine: (1) Humplmayr, (2) Vier Jahreszeiten Hotel, (3) Kuenstlerhaus, (4) Boettner's, (5) Schwarzwälder, and (6) Spatenhaus. Humplmayr has now opened a Hunting Castle Room ("Jagerschloßen") to supplement its famous Grill. The décor might be termed "Bavarian Maxim's," because of its lovely colored paneling and beams, its elegant banquettes, its staircase, its carved chandeliers, and its rich tapestries. One black-tie-only night each week (check when you book your reservation). Sophisticated international clientele; outstanding barman named Erich who even understands daiquiris, bless his heart; higher-than-average prices. The only fly in Humplmayr's Steinhäger is that the food is extremely uneven; some days it's marvelous, and others it's very sad indeed. Ask for Maître Friedrich ("Frederick" to us'n). The Vier Jahreszeiten dining room rates special accolades; the dean of German gastronomes, Herr Walterspiel, convincingly displays his fabled flair for *haute cuisine*; quality plus, on a consistent basis; cheers and salutes to this landmark. Kuenstlerhaus was entirely rebuilt and reopened in '59 by the dashing, handsome, energetic Falk Volkhart, owner of the Bayerischer Hof Hotel—and it's a knockout. Mr. Volk-

hart's basic plan was to offer de luxe décor with fast service and inexpensive prices; his success is admirable. Places for 866 guests in several rooms on various floors; elegant Old Fashioned downstairs portion, with rich antique wall-paintings which the workmen were surprised to uncover; sidewalk café with gaily striped garden chairs in Burgundy red and cool blue; airy, double-tiered upstairs section, with red and white canopy flaring over its center, where music plays daily from 3:30 P.M. to midnight; alfresco courtyard-dining around a fountain, in sunny weather; gingerbread-style pergola, with splendid view; something for just about every taste is here. Average meal about \$1.50; Master Chef is Gottfried Reist, formerly of the Swiss Pavilion, Brussels World's Fair; ask Maître Distelmayer to seat you in the part which appeals most to you. A savvy, smartly conceived operation; highly recommended. Boettner's (Theatinerstrasse 8) occupies one-half of a small wine and gourmet-item shop; simple atmosphere; 9 tables only; closed Sundays; reserve in advance; good but not extraordinary. Schwarzwälder and Spatenhaus are adequate; Chez Milan is new; Franziskaner, in our opinion, has slipped a bit. Walliser Stuben (Leopoldstrasse), a Swiss Valais cellar opened in '56 by Theo Ruegg, is very attractive; garden dining in summer; no lunch; bowling alley; straight from Zermatt, and fun. Finally, 2 friendly Beverly Hills travelers laud a wine restaurant named Zur Kanne (Maximilianstrasse 30) to the skies; they say that Proprietor Franz Gistel is an extraordinarily gracious host, that the prices are fair, and that the atmosphere is delightful. Sounds like a gem.

For beer gardens or beer cellars, the official Ratskeller München, in the Town Hall, is clean, charming, and inexpensive (75¢ to \$1.50), with good man's cooking and a substantial clientele; by far the best of its type. The Platzl, opposite the Hofbräuhaus and a few steps from the Four Seasons Hotel, might be called a Bavarian Music Hall; a lively show (in German) goes on throughout your dinner, or on Sundays from 3:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., in addition. Also clean, also sound cookery, also typical; entrance 60¢ and a

big dinner for \$2; Carl Gross, the English-speaking proprietor, will receive you. Different. Löwenbräukeller, a gigantic building and garden, can handle 8000 customers at one sitting; strictly mass production for local workers of modest means; second-rate in food, service, atmosphere, and feel. Augustiner-Keller impressed us the same way. Far most interesting is the newly reopened Mathaeser Beer City, near the railway station, which claims title for the highest beer consumption under any one roof in the world; 52,000 quarts and 37,000 pairs of sausages tucked down the hatch weekly; Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit* in the raw. The internationally renowned Hofbräuhaus, which has a capacity for 6000 tipplers and which seems to have been the target for every tourist since Genghis Khan, demands careful selection of its facilities: the Festival Hall on the top floor, reminiscent of a National Guard armory decked out for a Presidential Ball, is worth a visit—and so is the open patio in the center, at ground level. But the “regular” restaurant, up 1 flight, is unprepossessing, to say the least—and the cavernous ground-floor tavern was so disgracefully filthy and rank to my eyes and nose that, even if I had a leash, I’d never wish to show it to my pet hog. Stick to the Festival Hall or the patio only—and drink rather than eat, because the food is a triumph of tastelessness.

For inexpensive Bavarian fare in straight restaurants, I’d try Bratwurst Glöckl first, the Nürnberger Bratwurstglöckl am Dom, then Me Yer-Stuben, and finally Domhof Gaststätte (choice on a sunny day). Your tab should run \$1 to \$2 in any of these.

In *Hamburg*, the venerable Wein-Restaurant J. H. C. Ehmke takes the gastronomic honors in a walk; \$2.50 to \$5 range; closed Sundays; recommended. Jacob, 20 minutes out at Hamburg-Nienstedten, is second; riverbank situation, patrician aura, same prices; pick your weather. The baronial Ratsweinkeller, pride of the municipality, is one of the best of its type in Germany; elaborate and suave décor, dignified and cosmopolitan atmosphere, expensive (\$1.50 to \$3.50). Alsterpavillon, the large semicircular building with the

sprawling sidewalk café and tiers of terraces over the lake, is so central and so obvious that most visitors at least see it in passing; plush dining room upstairs, tearoom downstairs, snacks in the open; attractive and good. Hermann Zellmer's Fischereihafen-Restaurant, on a quay overlooking the busy Norder Elbe waterway, has excellent salmon, sole, and other fruit of the sea. Reserve in advance; go upstairs; quite expensive; don't order lobster or crab, because the tab will kill you. Alsterschiff, a small ship permanently anchored in the Inner Lake (center of town), offers 11 tables in the tiny cabin for dining afloat; amusing experience, but cuisine not the best. Coelln is famous for its oysters (about 25¢ each!) during the winter months; Muehlenkamper Faehrhaus and Bürgerstuben are above average. Zillertal is the leading *bierstube*—only fair—and Hofbräuhaus is pretty vulgar and unappealing. For snacks, try the spotlessly modern "K.B." chain.

In *Cologne*, Die Bastei is so spectacular that it shouldn't be missed. Elevated, glassed-in, three-quarter-circle building jutting out almost into the waters of the Rhine; split-level dining; French, Belgian, Swiss, Austrian, and German specialties, all identified on the menu by national license-plate markings ("CH" for Switzerland, etc.); gypsy music during teatime and dinner; expensive by German standards, but worth every penny; management by celebrated restaurateur Alexander Renggli, of Zürich's Ermitage and Brussels' Swiss Pavilion fame; tops in the city. The Wiesel, directly opposite the Cathedral, is 1 flight up; heavy German décor and ambience; average. For local color, the Früh (to the rear of the Dom-Hotel) couldn't be more characteristic; waiters in dark-blue shirts; no tablecloths, no fripperies; crowded with Herren and Hausfrauen drinking wine or special Cologne beer, and gossiping like mad; go for a sausage, a beer (3 glasses, 24¢), and to watch the locals unwind. The Treppchen ("Little Staircase") of the Hotel Europa is a charming wine cellar for sipping and light snacks; music but no dancing; closed Wednesday; late afternoon or evening only.

In *Heidelberg*, here's how we'd grade them: (1) Perkeo

or Molkenkur, (2) Schloss Restaurant, (3) Haarlass Terrace, (4) Kupferkanne, (5) Goldener Hecht. In city-situated hotels, the versatile facilities and fine food of the Europäischer Hof tops them all. Perkeo is the largest and most famous; it's good. Molkenkur, reachable by car or tiny funicular, has a magnificent mountainside 100-foot terrace, well *above* the Schloss (Castle); 3 rows of tables and glorious view; attractive inside dining room; a worthy bet, especially in good weather. The Schloss is deservedly popular at mealtimes; the Haarlass Terrace, across the river, is lovely when the sun shines; Kupferkanne is agreeable; Goldener Hecht, at the corner of the Old Bridge, is old, colorful, and a favorite among artists and students (they proudly informed us that Goethe *nearly* spent a night here!). As for the highly publicized student taverns, the Red Ox has the greatest fame, but we found its food miserable, its service glacial, and its atmosphere commercially tourist-y; try Seppl, which seems a far more authentic mirror of undergraduate life—but remember that these places are strictly for sightseers except during the school terms. If you're driving down from Frankfurt am Main and desire a midway stop for lunch, the Hotel Erbprinz at Ettlingen is a honey; highly recommended.

In *Düsseldorf*, the Goldene Treppe now sets the pace; traditionally German with international overtones; pleasant aura; medium-to-high tariffs (\$2.50 to \$5); the number one. Zweibrücker Hof is more national in its kitchen; popular with business executives, especially those in the dress and fashion fields; also well above average in attractiveness. Kö-Blick is situated on the 6th floor of a commercial building; nice terrace and view of the city; pleasant feel, but food so-so. Zum Schiffchen, like Früh in Cologne, is the Real McCoy for local flavor; big regional menu; no tablecloths; home-town beer a feature; simple, inexpensive, unelaborate, and a good value for budgeteers. Zum Kurfürst's cookery impressed us as having gone off to the point where we can no longer recommend it. "M. & F" is large, bustling, noisy—a beehive of upper-bracket office people and toilers-in-a-hurry; not for the tranquil or peace-loving. Schnellenburg, about 15 minutes

from the center, sprawls handsomely on the bank of the Rhine; modern, country-inn atmosphere; watch the boats putt-putt by, as you sit on its terrace and enjoy its adequately savory food; a delight, *if* you pick your weather.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen's Markplatz Hotel is renowned for its dining room—probably the best vittles in town. À la carte only; international menu; medium expensive; low on atmosphere but high on gastronomy. Bräustüberl, operated by a brewery, is small-ish, and its aura is Bavarian; low prices and solid fare. Post Hotel also has a Bavarian-style restaurant—this one somewhat larger. Casa Carioca, *for U.S. military personnel only*, offers 2 big ice shows nightly, with dinner and dancing tucked in; admission \$1 or \$1.25, and dining tariffs so low that they'd make a civilian's mouth water. Wonderful!

In *Stuttgart*, the new Fernsehturm (Television Tower) is a sensation. Atop a hill, it's a 692-foot-high needle, which impales a tapered aluminum and glass "cork" at the 558-foot level—and this cork is a 4-story restaurant, TV transmission point, observation platform, kitchen, and wine cellar. The elevator takes 35 seconds to get up there—but if you're the cowardly character that I am, your heart will need only half a second to climb past your teeth at your first downward look. Lunch moderately priced, dinner more expensive; food reported to be good (my stomach got lost); a wondrous, thrilling, rewarding experience for any diner or sightseer in the world—except Fielding.

Berlin suggestions are listed later, in a separate section.

Finally, if you're bound down the *east* bank of the Rhine, the famous old Krone Hotel-Restaurant at Assmannshausen (21 miles from Wiesbaden and 42 miles from Frankfurt am Main) is an enchanting choice for lunch when sunbeams are dancing on the river. Terrace-dining on the warmer days, under a grapevine "roof"; long, paneled, inside salon with low ceilings and ancient spirits; average meal \$4 to \$5; red-wine specialties are Assmannshausen (\$1.90 to \$2.38) and a sparkling burgundy-type called Roter Schaumender Special Cuvée (\$2.62); open mid-March to mid-November; there's an

much flavor here that it's worth a short (but not too time-consuming) detour. On the main road beside the stream; you can't miss spotting it from your car.

Like France, Germany has so many hundreds of interesting eating places that there simply isn't space to attempt to cover them all here. For further information on other centers or villages, consult the local Tourist Offices everywhere.

►TIPS: If in doubt for a good place to eat in a strange town, head straight as Supermouse for the nearest Ratskeller. The word means "council cellar" and it's the place (usually the cellar of the town hall) where in the Middle Ages municipal officials received guests. There is one in each community; part of the Ratskeller is known as the Ratstrinkstube (council drinking room). The tradition of quality is stoutly upheld in most of these places; some are better than others, but as a whole they are thoroughly dependable.

What to call the waiter? That's an amusing puzzle, typically Teutonic in mentality. Some old-fashioned Germans address him as "Kellner," which means, quite simply and logically, "Waiter." Certain others give a boost to this humble toiler's ego by shortening "Oberkellner," which means "Headwaiter," to "Ober"—and spreading this one around to all comers. But now, in these enlightened days of The Dignity of The Plumber's Assistant, every sawed-off, buck-toothed character who is capable of handing you a toothpick or toting away your soiled plate likes to be addressed, believe it or not, as "Herr Ober"—"Mr. Headwaiter"!

Take your choice, because it's your decision. Personally, we'll continue to risk a fly in our soup by still limping along on "Ober."

Night Clubs Booming! You can find whatever you're after—innocent, interestingly naughty, or wicked—in almost every big city.

For the most rugged, down-to-bare-facts night life on the continent of Europe—at decent prices and under nonclip conditions, too—*Hamburg* wins the diamond-studded G-String by 6 bumps and 24 grinds. The Reeperbahn and the

side streets are brilliant from dark to dawn with the neon lights of dozens of girlie-joints. Some of the big ones, with elaborate cabarets and slick décors, are sufficiently respectable for routine family trade. Others, however, are for men only—and that means *for men only*. In these, there are generally 6 to 12 “artistes” who perform solo dances in the seminude or nude; since the law requires that a garment (unspecified) always be in contact with some part of the body, many of these cookies wear the sheerest-of-sheer nighties—and when they climax their act by hauling these nighties up over their faces, they’re complying with the regulations by having the material resting on the tops of their shoulders! As a rule, drinks are cheap (local brandy 50¢ to 75¢, Scotch 75¢ to \$1.25), no door, cover, or minimum charges, and sucker practices like Mickey Finns or other Pigalle-style come-ons are virtually unknown. The best fun, of course, is to make the rounds of as many as possible, with 1 drink and 15 minutes in each.

Most amazing establishment—one of the most eye-popping I’ve ever visited—is a 3-prong caravansary called Bikini-Jungmühle-Hippodrome. Bikini has a telephone on every table, which will ring furiously as soon as the hostesses spot you—or which you may use to dial anyone in the room. In the center, a small elevated stage slides out over the dance floor; one of the performances I saw was a wrestling match between 2 naked and determined gals—in 12-inches of slimy, gooey mud! Adjoining is the Jungmühle, where patrons calmly sip their schnapps, discuss the economic intricacies of the Saar, and casually glance at the sexy, privately produced movies which flash on the screen every 20 minutes or so. Downstairs is the Hippodrome, with a large circus-style ring, 2 camels, 4 horses, 1 pony, dance music, and plenty of hostesses—Ringling Brothers with a bacchanalian aura. Beer 50¢, Coke 25¢, whisky 75¢ in all; no door charge and no minimums. I’ve gone into these details only to illustrate the sort of entertainment which is found in Hamburg’s fascinating St. Pauli district; others aren’t quite as startling as this one, but they y’aint exactly gen-teel and re-feened.

Among the smaller strip joints, Colibri (Gr. Freiheit 34) is the best I saw; its solo gals peel every 15 minutes, climaxing their acts by climbing into a huge glass of "champagne"; routine prices. Tabarin, Klein Paris, Lausen, Copablanca, and Kajüte are typically raffish; New Orleans, on the other hand, is a clean, good, high-quality jazz center popular with the younger set; Eggy Ley's Dixieland band, the finest in Europe, sometimes plays here. Atlantic is also "respectable." *Stay out of Zum Silbersack*, because you're liable to be thumped on the skull—and we're not kidding. Hold your hat in the tough Piraten Diele, too. *For men only* (women would-be spectators are arrested), the 1-block street just off the main drag, where the harlots sit in showcase windows flanking the sidewalks, is an astonishing curiosity. Remember always that none of the bar girls or taxi girls in the St. Pauli area may leave before the doors close—and that's 4 A.M. or later. Final stop for most everybody is Blauer Peter (next to Bikini), open from 4 A.M. to noon only; no show, but piano and strings, all kinds of light food, and all materials for that nightcap; very pleasant.

In other sections of the city, Die Insel ("The Isle") is recommended for romancers; suave terrace or candlelit dining, wining, or dancing in this Artist's Club of Hamburg; ask for Manager Henry Schoener; cozy and unusually attractive. Delhi Palast, near the Central Station, has fancy Indian motif; booths shaped like elephant heads; bar is shaped like an elephant's trunk, with 3 barmaids who are not; 50¢ door charge, hourly show; not too exciting. Tarantella has a Spanish-y décor and no bar girls; a favorite of local café society. The Vaterland is a family-style cabaret which is less select. The Kleine Komödie, the Rendezvous, and the Hansa-Theatre are all extremely amusing—but you have to speak good German to enjoy them.

Frankfurt am Main is a good play town, too—if you hit it right. Rheinland, the largest nightery, is so typical of its kind that if you took away the Teutonic butter-and-egg-men from the ringside tables, you could imagine yourself in any city or country of your choice. Cabaret; hostesses; separate

bar; go about 1 A.M. Far from special. Tabu has an S-shaped chartreuse-and-black bar, a large key-shaped main room with a tiny stage, strippers' runway, and dance floor; no door charge, drinks average-priced; don't order coffee, because it's \$1.12 to \$1.50 per cup. Plenty of "hostesses"; amusing. Lido-and-Parisiana has a cornball Halloween décor; fast, lowdown show of 15 strippers or seminudes and a half-dozen solos; the show girls mix with the baldies, but they're rooted until 4 A.M.; 50¢ admission, \$1.25 for the first drink (including beer); best of its type. Ellis Elliot, once the leader in the girlie league, now has such poor talent and horrible ventilation that my last visit was a big disappointment. The Huetten Bar offers dancing without entertainment; no admission charge, no pickups; the most chic rendezvous in Frankfurt for the respectable elements. Tropicana, on Opernplatz, is reported to have danceable Latin-style music and better-than-average food; we haven't tried it.

Munich has quite a variety. Bongo has a tropical never-never land atmosphere, 2 revolving dance floors, 4—count 'em, 4—bars staffed by houris, and intermittent entertainment. One of the best of its league in Germany. The Colosseum is a *must* for curious-minded visitors; also tropical motif, also dim lights; no show; a telephone on every table to dial your blonde (female) or blond (male); remember that the girls at tables 02, 03, and 33 work for the joint as taxi dancers, but others don't; sleazy but interesting. Fernandel is small, attractive, and lively, with excellent solo strippers at 20-minute intervals and a nice little band; recommended. Tabu advertises "Hot Music and Cold Sandwiches"; it's an intriguing, slightly neurotic cellar for jazz hounds and jitterbuggers; not for oldsters. Metro is loaded with lonesome, thirsty, buxom wenches whose faces could stop any clock; only for very, very desperate travelers from the unpopulated mountains of Tibet. Pique Dame, opened in '56, has good music, sporadic cabaret, a pleasant cellar situation, and a local middle-class clientele; so-so. For sophisticates, Bei Heinz and Intermezzo are intimate, polished, and charming; both have New York East Side tone and atmos-

phere; fine drop-in spots, but go late. Hangematte is so heavy and so grimly joyous that it's not for Americans; miserable ventilation, too. Pascha, with women wrestlers, is cheesy and boring; Lola Montez seemed routine; Studio 15, in a crummy building, is second-line; P-1 Atelier is so solidly German that it's no fun for outlanders. As for Moulin Rouge, they clipped me here just like a dull-witted sheep, efficiently, neatly, and ruthlessly; not recommended even to Nikita S. Khrushchev.

Düsseldorf's after-dark revelers have their choice of about 50 so-called "dancing-bars"—small, drop-in spots with glib bar girls who pour the drinks (often from tampered stocks), hostesses who cannot leave before 5 A.M., dim lights, postage-stamp dance floors, and music of sorts. Their vogue changes from year to year. At this writing, among the most popular are Tabaris (one of the very few where you can take your wife), Carlton (playground of local commercial tycoons, where we were served cut whisky), Klein Paris (on the shoddy side), and Coquette (hot, stuffy, sexy ambiance, with hostesses *décolleté*, occasional solo strip tease, and whisky crudely cut). Palladium is a moderately priced family-type night club which is respectable and somewhat dull; floor show and dancing; open from 8 P.M. to midnight only. Except in the latter, keep your eyes open for the sucker bit wherever you might go; this is a businessman's city, geared for expense-account celebrants.

For *Berlin*, see later. In other centers, consult the local Tourist Office or your hotel concierge for the necessary information. You'll usually find plenty of action in the larger towns, because the Germans love excitement after the working day is over.

► **TIPS:** There are 3 types of bar girls: those who pour the drinks and stay in back of the bar (few men now handle this work in night clubs), those who sit with the customers along the front of the bar, and those who do both. Most of them drink real liquor instead of tea; most of them expect a small

tip on top of their drinks; few, if any, are permitted to leave the establishment before closing time.

"Carl girls" (a term coined by the Frankfurt cops) are increasing rapidly in every West German metropolis. These are prostitutes who solicit from behind the wheels of Mercedes, Mercurys, or other expensive automobiles; their play-for-pay fees often go as high as 300 marks (\$71) per customer. Thus, if a demure-looking damsel in a flashy car should pull up to the curb and ask for directions to such-and-such a night club, chances are she's one of the new motorized professionals.

Taxis In the larger cities, taxis are fairly plentiful. Lots of new ones now, because competition is tough; many are the size of a midget's hatbox, but they're comfortable at that. They're cheap when compared, for example, with the Swiss or Belgian brotherhood.

►**TIP:** Garmisch-Partenkirchen has now forced all its cabbies to install meters—and at last the open war between passengers and drivers has come to an armistice.

Trains The German Federal Railways now surpass even their prewar excellence. Trains are punctual, clean, and comfortable. New DSG sleepers offer individually adjustable air conditioning, broader beds with foam-rubber mattresses, quilts, folding walls, electric razor outlets, and many other innovations; DSG diners are efficient and inexpensive; electric locomotives which exceed 75 miles per hour are now painted a distinctive blue. Prides of the line are the *Loreley*, the *Rheingold Express*, the all-sleeper *Komet*, the *Roland*, the *Gambrinus*—and, of course, the German portions of the snappy Trans-Europe Express (see page 126). If you're interested in doing the Rhine Valley with Innsbruck, Austria (summer only) or Basle, Switzerland as one terminal, and the Netherlands as the other—or if you want to go from one of the German overseas ports to the Alps—these are the cream of the cream. In '59, electrified service was linked from the Ruhr all the way down to Sicily.

In '58, fares were boosted about 9%, and both sleeper-berths and dining-car meals raised slightly—but all are still reasonable, by U.S. standards. And don't forget that great travel bargain—the comprehensive European ticket (see page 125)—the Eurailpass.

First class is worth the investment. Second class, usually quite crowded, is cheaper and sometimes agreeable—but Lord help you if you climb aboard some of the flat-wheeled antiques which are still sometimes used for local or branch-line work. The mountain divisions, including the funiculars in the Bavarian Alps and the Black Forest, are dependable, and the scenery they offer is glorious.

Buy your international railway tickets and railway agency coupons *outside* Germany, because you'll save money. On domestic rail travel, substantial reductions are available. See the German Tourist Offices or your travel agent about these.

►TIPS: On most of the better cars (not necessarily the streamlined ones), seats which to the eye are completely ordinary can be lowered like a barber's chair, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement. Ask the attendant to bring you a pillow and a blanket (small fee) if you're sleepy.

"Bunk cars" (Liegewagen) are now available to budgeteers on many intra-German and some international night runs. They're sort of "Economy Pullmans," with no curtains and 3 decks of 6 bunks per compartment; the passenger sleeps (if he can) in his clothes. The price is \$1.50 to \$3 for "bed," blanket, and pillow. Far, far better than sitting up, even in those newfangled chairs.

On medium-short hauls (e.g., Cologne-Frankfurt), the better trains have been accelerated to the point where they are now beating the airliners' time—airport-to-city coverage considered.

Several fast trains offer continuous telephone service en route; more will have it soon.

There's a small surcharge on all streamlined expresses (not routine ones) between Germany and foreign countries. This is reduced during winter schedules.

For tired motorists, pickaback service was introduced in '56 and has been greatly expanded since. By this special scheme your car rides along with you between various international and domestic points (examples: between *Munich* and the Scandinavian jump-off port of Grossenbrode, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Muelheim (the Ruhr), and Ostend (Belgium); between *Hamburg* or *Hamelin* and Basle or Chiasso (Switzerland). Sleepers and bunk cars carried; reservations later than 1 week in advance accepted on space-available basis only; comparatively reasonable prices, varying with bumper-to-bumper measurements. A boon to the road-weary driver.

Luggage problems? Get rid of your heavy pieces by registering them through to your destination; fees are in the flea-bite class. Actually, the most painless method is to turn over all your bags to your hotel porter at checkout time—and he'll forward them direct to your room in your next hotel, probably via the train which you ride. Wonderful for lone ladies or lazy folks like us! Officials are also experimenting with self-service hand carts, à la supermarket, into which the passenger may pile his effects and roll them to the taxi or tram platforms; free of charge to date.

Buses and Cars Most long-haul buses, particularly in the sightseeing districts, are modern—and gentle to the area most often in contact with the seat. They offer adjustable chairs, public-address systems, radio loudspeakers, and sliding or glass tops for maximum visibility. The German Federal Railways, the German Federal Post, and the German Touring Company all run good ones. If it weren't for the fiendish traffic in most urban centers, this would be a delightful way to cover the country.

Although I still haven't had a chance to try it, dozens of kind readers have sent rave reports about the motorcoach tours of the Bavarian Alps, the Allgäu Alps, the Black Forest roads, and other scenic high spots of Germany's most beautiful region. Some of them even go down to Salzburg and the Tyrol in Austria. These tours are astonishingly cheap—

as low as 2¼¢ per mile; all agree that the buses are excellent, the services are frequent, and the routes are glorious.

Automobiles to hire? In '55, the German Federal Railways inaugurated an admirable service: when the traveler buys his train ticket at any of 130 major stations, for a returnable deposit of about \$1.20 he may order a self-drive or chauffeur-driven car to meet him at any of 31 important destinations (Düsseldorf, Frankfurt am Main, Hamburg, Munich, Bonn, Cologne, Heidelberg, and the like—even Belgium). Approved private companies are used locally; rates vary with the type of car, but all are comparatively reasonable; no profits accrue to the railroads. If you shouldn't want to bother with this more generalized facility, we've had complete satisfaction for years from the firm of Philipp Keller, Schloss Strasse 32-36, in Frankfurt am Main. Our good friend Peter, as Mr. Keller is known, has 8 chauffeur-driven cars with English-speaking drivers, ranging from \$21.50 to \$38 per day (150 kilometers and driver's maintenance included). Careful, reputable, thoughtful service; highly recommended. Other trustworthy independents are Sixt (Herzog-Rudolf-Strasse 35) in Munich, and Severin & Luer in Hamburg.

ADAC and AvD, the 2 most important German automobile clubs, offer tour information in the majority of cities. In the ports of Hamburg and Bremerhaven, and at a number of key crossings on the frontiers, they and the Federation of German Tourist Associations have set up special bureaus to help foreign visitors plan their trips. No charge.

German roads are either wonderful or frustrating—no middle ground. Prosperity has zoomed automotive sales to fantastic new highs, creating (as nearly everywhere these days) a vast traffic problem. In rough figures, if each of the nation's 15-million cars was placed 2 meters apart (6 feet) on its 25-thousand kilometers of first-class highways, 80% of the surface would be utilized. The Autobahnen network, super-arteries which spread like broad ribbons over the countryside, is fabulous for speed, comfort, and security. To extend it, Europe's biggest road-building program is well under way—a 12-year plan which will wind up the 1850 miles left unfin-

ished by the Nazis. By 1964, express turnpikes will stretch from Belgium to the Czech border and from the Baltic to Switzerland. A Ruhr bypass to Holland will detour Germany's most congested area, and new links between Cologne-Aachen and Nürnberg-Frankfurt will save countless headaches and man hours. The Government is forging ahead with vision and efficiency; it is doing its best to cope with the almost insurmountable dilemma of an exploding wheel-borne population.

Other main or secondary thoroughfares are sometimes (not always) a driver's nightmare. Although paved and in excellent repair, the poorer ones are narrow, winding, slippery as a duck's back when wet, and loaded with monstrous trailer-trucks on which an important part of the nation's economy is based. Take an Autobahn whenever you can, even if it sends you 50 or 100 extra miles—or enjoy the wonderful by-lanes of the land, the noncommercial districts where the truckers seldom go.

►TIPS: For border crossings, only an informal license-number check is now being made by German authorities. The *Carnet* and/or *Tryptique* are no longer required.

Traffic control by helicopter, on an experimental basis, is the newest wrinkle on the Frankfurt-Mannheim Autobahn. If you should hear thunder from heaven when you make that illegal turn, it's a police loudspeaker rather than A Visitation!

Airline Lufthansa, the German National Airline, resumed operations in '55, after years of suspended activities. Before the war, it was one of the greatest—and safest—trail blazers of world aviation. Founded in 1926, it launched the first scheduled transocean air service a mere 8 years later (Germany-South America); in 1937, it made 107 South Atlantic crossings without accident.

Now, with 32 new planes on hand (Super-Constellations, Viscounts, Convairs, DC-3's), and with Boeing 707 jets to be delivered this year, this pioneer carrier is again very much a part of the skies. During the early stages, crack captains from

TWA and BEA were at the controls; later they were replaced by nationals who had trained under them as co-pilots. In April, Lufthansa will begin operations as a member of Air-Union. (See page 54.)

International routes now extend to New York (nonstop daily flights), Chicago, Montreal, Rome, Paris, London, Shannon, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Vienna, Zürich, Madrid, Lisbon, Cairo, Istanbul, Beirut, Damascus, Teheran, Dakar, São Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, and intermediate points; Japan and a transpolar run to California are planned for sometime this year. Nine domestic cities are covered at present: Hamburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt am Main, Bremen, Hanover, Nürnberg, Stuttgart, and Munich; application has been made to service Berlin, as well. Stewardesses are specially trained, and all speak English; continental cuisine is featured, dished up from interesting innovations called "pantries on wheels"; typewriters are furnished aloft, free of charge.

The "Superstar Senator" between Germany and the U.S. is the company's latest pride. Only 30 passengers are carried in the De luxe or First-class section of the aircraft, which gives them exclusive use of the lounge and more space than usual in which to move around. All of the amenities, at no extra fare.

Altogether this is an exceptionally fine airline, and we recommend it without qualification. The Germans are great technicians, great mechanics, and great fliers; the streamlined blue-and-yellow Condor, Lufthansa's globally respected symbol, has been a seal of dependability, reliability, and know-how since the aviation industry wore short pants.

Laundry Cheap and skillfully done, in 24 to 48 hours. Give your bundle to the chambermaid, and make certain to count it down to the last handkerchief.

Wines and Spirits Most connoisseurs (if they weren't born in Burgundy, Bordeaux, or Champagne) agree that Germany makes the finest white wines of the world. With typically Teutonic attention to detail, every bottle of char-

acter bears its full pedigree on the label—type, year, district, grower, shipper, and often even the condition of the grape at the picking (“Spätlese” for fully ripe, “Beerenauslese” for overripe, etc.). Riesling is a generic term for any wine of the Riesling grape, as opposed to the Sylvan grape. Moselle, Rhine, Ahr, Franconia, Palatinate, and others are named for their specific districts or valleys, although technically they could be called Rieslings. Steinwein is harsh and rough; most visitors prefer others. Hock, derived from “Hochheimer,” is erroneously used by many British drinkers as a blanket appellation for all Rhines and similar types; the vineyards for this are actually on the north bank of the Main.

The majority of Americans seem to be familiar with only one German name—Liebfraumilch. Practically speaking, there are 2 good bottles of this for 10 bad ones, because this banner covers *all* of the output of the Rheinhessen region. Ask for Oppenheimer Schlossberg, Niersteiner Domthal, or Nackenheimer Rotenberg for delicious examples, and forget about most others.

All sugarless wines (Moselle, Ruwer, Saar) are best when young. Grab almost anything you see with a “1952” or “1953” on it.

If you’re a zillionaire, “Edelbeerenauslese” and “Trockenbeerenauslese” are the topmost rungs of wine quality; they’re so difficult to produce and so limited in supply that you’ll pay from \$15 to \$45 per single bottle at any fine restaurant. They’re categories, not brand names.

If you’re a plain millionaire, Schloss Johannisberger is the finest “regular” wine in the land; the best years run up to perhaps \$8. Other winners, not quite as expensive, are Deidesheimer Kieselberg, Riesling Auslese, Berncasteler Doctor, and Piesporter Lay. In the medium range, our personal favorite is Jesuitengarten Riesling Auslese, a Palatinate variety that is available at Frankfurt’s Rheinpfalz Weinstuben (see “Restaurants”) at 70¢ per 3-glass-carafe. But don’t be dazzled by these important-sounding names and big prices, because you’ll find dozens of delicious, substantial choices from \$1 to \$2.50 per bottle.

Last year, vintners all over Germany showered extra kisses on their wives or girl friends and danced a jig on the streets—because the '59 grapes, particularly in the Rhine and Moselle districts, burst with such juiciness and high sugar content that the vintage is fated to be extraordinary. *Time* quoted the head of the Würzburg Wine Producers Association as saying "I would not be surprised if my grandchildren and their children called this wine the wine of the millennium." It's hard on our parched tongues, but we'll all have to show patience and fortitude until it has been properly aged.

German "champagne," called "Sekt," is actually sparkling Rhine or Moselle wine, and much of it is repulsive to the knowledgeable international palate. The majority of the output is cloyingly sweet, less bubbly than the French original, and, to my personal taste, strictly second-rate. In fairness, I understand that a few good *brut* types of urbane character are now available; I've never had the good luck to run across any of these.

German beer is as appetizing as ever—and it's 10¢ to 20¢ per large mug in the average place. There is Helles (light), Dunkles (dark), Weisse (extra light), served in Berlin and Bavaria during the summer only, Berliner Weisse (Berlin specialty which is light and lemony)—more varieties than the tourist can tilt a mug at. The Bockbier season is January to March; this beer is one of the most delicious of all. Best-known brews are those of Munich, Dortmund, Donaueschingen (Fuerstenberg), Nürnberg (Siechen, Tucher), Würzburg, and Kulmbach. As a curiosity, you might like to try a stein of Weihenstephan. This brewery, in Freising, has been running continuously for 700 years; the yeast in your potion first saw the light of day in the thirteenth century.

Imported spirits are now fairly reasonable. At this writing, popular brands of Scotch (Vat 69, Red Label) are about \$7, London gin is between \$5 and \$6, and Canadian Club is about \$6.50. Local gin runs about \$3 per fifth, local brandies about \$4; they are plentiful in supply. You'll find Bols, Gen-ever, Aquavit, Steinhäger, French cognac, just about everything sold in Europe, at pretty decent prices.

Sports Plentiful and well-organized. Germany is again sports crazy. Both on the international and the local levels there is racing (bicycle, automobile, motorcycle, speedboat, and track), football, boxing, equestrian competitions, water sports, mountain climbing, sailing, and skating. Fishing and hunting are once more booming; there's wonderful skiing in the Bavarian and Allgäu Alps, Black Forest, and Harz Mountains. And golfers will find plenty of 9-and-18-hole championship-length courses where they'll be welcomed as guests, at moderate greens fees. For details, get the encyclopedic *Welcome to Germany* from the German Tourist Association. Practically everything from jai alai to tiddlywinks is listed in it, and you might run across something you'd like to watch while you're in town.

Things to See Here, in order of popularity, are the sights which this year's visitor to Germany is most likely to seek out:

1. The Rhine excursion. From March to October, you can sail all the way from Cologne to Mainz (or the reverse) on the comfortable and modern little steamers of the Köln-Düsseldorfer Company. Good food, good wines, adequate accommodations. Avid sightseers, particularly mature or elderly ones, find it rewarding; younger, more volatile travelers sometimes find it monotonous and boring. Expect 2 to each cabin (cost: approximately \$2.40); singles are rare. A total of \$10 per day is normally the most you can spend. A Cologne-Wiesbaden ticket is about \$4.70, and a Coblenz-Wiesbaden ticket is about \$2.30. On a combined arrangement, you can cover whatever part of the trip you like by railway.

2. The 1960 Passion Play at Oberammergau (see separate section to follow).

3. Berlin. (See next section.)

4. Bavarian castles, particularly Neuschwanstein, Herrenchiemsee, Linderhof, and the Residence Palace at Würzburg.

5. Churches and cathedrals at Ulm, Würzburg, Munich, Freiburg, Mainz, Worms, Speyer, Cologne, Bremen, Marburg, Limburg, Regensburg, Trèves, and Aachen.

6. The Neckar Valley and Heidelberg.

7. The Hag development in Bremen.

8. The medieval castles along the Moselle (especially beautiful for driving or for delightful loafing aboard one of the tiny steamers). The Rhine, Danube, Ahr, Lahn, Main, and Weser are also studded with ancient fortresses.

9. The "Black Forest Post" (from Karlsruhe through the upper Black Forest to Freiburg), the "Black Forest-Lake Constance Post" (from Freiburg through the lower Black Forest to Constance), and the "German Alpine Post" (from Lindau through the Allgäu Alps via Garmisch-Partenkirchen to Berchtesgaden—summer only). These fine bus tours offer dirt-cheap rates of 6 pfennigs per kilometer, modern equipment, and magnificent scenery. The "Romantic Road" tours between Würzburg and Füssen in the Allgäu Alps (also summer only) and the "Castle Road" tours through the great square loop of the Main via Rothenburg are outstanding, too.

10. The motorboat rides on the Neckar between Heidelberg and Neckar-Steinach, on the Moselle between Coblenz and Kochem (mentioned above), and on the Danube between Passau and Linz.

Hitler's Eagle's Nest, atop Mt. Kehlstein at Berchtesgaden, is now receiving tourists. Take the special Bundes-Post bus up the safe but hair-raising mountain road to a point 450 feet from the summit—and then ride the brass-plated elevator through solid rock up to the "Tea House." The Alpine panorama should leave you breathless.

Son et Lumière ("Sound and Light") or similar spectacles are catching on fast in Germany. One outstandingly popular example is at Schloss Herreninsel, a copy of Versailles Palace on an island in Chiemsee Lake, about 46 miles down the fast autobahn from Munich. The castle is fully furnished with its original treasures and illuminated by more than 4000 wax candles; chamber music is played; the pools and gardens are on show, but Mad King Louis' (Louis II of Bavaria) pornographic pictures are not. Every Saturday evening from May to September; book in advance in American Express, Munich, or you won't get in; no photography permitted. The *Chicago Tribune* calls this "an isle of dreams in the hectic

world of today"—and they couldn't be closer to the truth. Highly recommended.

Finally, there's the Richard Wagner Festival in Bayreuth during July and August, concerts by the Berliner Philharmonic Orchestra the calendar around, and more folk festivals, home festivals, jubilees, fairs, religious events, expositions, congresses, and conventions than anyone can shake a stick at—or attend. Ask the German Tourist Association for one of their excellent programs of these topical events.

Oberammergau and the Passion Play In A.D. 1633, Europe was ravished by the Black Plague. After 85 villagers of the secluded mountain hamlet of Oberammergau had perished, the elders of the community assembled before the altar of St. Rocco's Church and promised Almighty God that if more ravages could be spared, each tenth year thereafter they would present a play of thanksgiving which would enact the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

In miraculous fashion, the disease instantly waned. Not a single person fell ill thereafter.

Since then, the grateful citizenry and their descendants have scrupulously adhered to their pledge. The first Passion Play was presented in 1634, a few months after the amnesty. In 1680, it was shifted to its present decimal year (1680, 1690, 1700, and each decade thereafter); 1930, 1934 (the tri-centennial), and 1950 were its latest performances; World War II forbade the 1940 tribute.

The Passion Play is 100% interdenominational. About 50% of its spectators belong to the Catholic faith, and the balance is a spectrum of other beliefs. The playscript is straight from the Bible, commencing with a Choral timed 3 weeks before the Easter story and progressing through the Crucifixion. The Resurrection is not portrayed.

From May 19 to September 25, there will be 51 performances—each the same in every detail. Opening curtain is at 8 A.M., a 2-hour lunch break is scheduled at noon, and the final curtain falls at 6 P.M. It will be given thrice-weekly, not daily.

Except wives (who are barred), every man, every girl under 24, and every child in the village who meet casting requirements will take part in the spectacle. Nearly 1300 persons—including 400 children, an orchestra of 50, and a chorus of 46—will participate. To be eligible, the candidate (a) must have been born in Oberammergau, or (b) must have had bona fide residence there for a minimum of 20 years. Sole exception: youngsters, who must be registered in a local school.

Wigs, grease paint, and other synthetic stage props have been ruled out for centuries. Since last summer, therefore, more than 700 men, teen-agers, and small fry have allowed their hair and/or beards to grow uncut and unchecked. Some of the resulting hirsute jungles, in wondrous disarray, lend the village the raffish air of a Bavarian House of David gone mad.

Casting of the Passion Play is made by democratic process—the only free German vote, incidentally, which Hitler permitted. Early last September, the 24 electors designated by the community convened to choose the actors and actresses for the 152 principal parts. At least 2 candidates had been nominated for each place—often 3 or 4. After 35 minutes of lively balloting, 48-year-old innkeeper "Toni" Preisinger was chosen to repeat his 1950 portrayal of Christ, while Preisinger's Restaurant Manager, Benedikt Stückl, landed the second most important male role. Office workers Irmgard Dengg and Anneliese Mayr, both 21, were cast as Mary and Mary Magdalene, respectively. *Not* elected was the donkey, "Evi," who migrated from Greece with a returning German soldier and who played her 1950 part with such consummate perfection that none of the local beasts dared to run against her.

Not counting construction costs of the "new" theater, which was built in 1930, at least \$800,000 has been spent in preliminary preparations. Most of the costumes are more than 100 years old; those for High Priests Kaiphas and Aanas have just been honorably retired, after 2½ centuries of wear. In this older group, the designs are *fantaisies* in baroque or

rococo; the more recent ones are oriental in concept. Their materials, all hand-woven and all imported from the Far East, are dazzling in their richness, texture, and needlework. The weapons and accouterments—tons of them!—are magnificent. The Cross which Preisinger must drag, as Christ, weighs 200 pounds.

The auditorium section of the theater, which accommodates 6000 including standees, is covered by a giant arch. The stage, however, is open—and beyond it, you may glimpse the distant mountains and sky. Behind it is the Costume Museum. As for the seats you'll be occupying—ouch! Their board bottoms couldn't be harder, their backs are as stiff as military pallbearers', and their legroom was designed for midgets. Take an extra cushion or small pillow for this grueling 8-hour session—and don't be surprised if, halfway through, you're a solid block of pins-and-needles from the navel down (and sideways!).

Tickets are sold on a "package" basis only. This is a 2-night, all-inclusive deal which books in advance all of your lodgings and meals. You arrive before supper on one evening, attend the performance the entire next day, and depart after breakfast on the second morning. From the American traveler's point of view, accommodations are generally rugged (see below). You may choose from 5 different categories or sub-categories; the lower the group, the lousier your ticket. The prices we list cover living costs and Passion Play admission in *per person* terms:

Arrangement "A," the lowest, gives you a country house without running water, in a poor location, for \$14.76. "B" gets you a better location but still no running water, for \$15.71. "C" brings the bonanza of running water, plus the best-available home or farmer's house, or a low-class pension, for \$18.66. "D" puts you up at second-line hotels or hotel-pensions, or certain special country houses, for \$21.42. "S," for \$25.70, gets your foot through the door of one of the better hotels (again, see below); in "S," an extra 95¢ or \$1.43 adds, respectively, a private bath, or your own bath and toilet. Singles are sharply limited; most rooms come with 2 beds.

See your travel agent NOW for tickets; and stroke your rabbit's foot that he can find a cancellation; 500-thousand people attended the 1950 performances, and another 500-thousand were turned away for lack of space. If he can't arrange it, American Express and Cook's are the official representatives—or write direct for the official order form to Manager Karl Bauer, Geschäftsstelle der Passionsspiele, Schnitzlergasse 6, Oberammergau. Only 5000 beds are available, and perhaps 95% of them could scarcely be more down-to-earth.

Of the 4 major hotels, only the Alois Lang is First class. Proprietor Lang, who played the part of Christ in '30 and '34, runs the best hostelry in the village; 18 "old" rooms and 10 baths, with new 15-room section added last year; closed October 15 to December 15; cozy, cordial atmosphere, from President Eisenhower's autographed photo beaming from the Reception Desk to the friendly smiles of the rural staff. The Wittelsbach, high-bracket Second class, is old-fashioned in tone; popular Bierstüberl on ground floor; 68 rooms with only 16 baths; fair. Alte Post's owner and Restaurant Manager play the 2 most important male roles in the current performance (see above); it is regional, typical, and unelaborate. The Hotel Wolf is even less fancy. Leading pensions, in order, are (1) Schilcherhof, (2) Wolf (not to be confused with the hotel of the same name), (3) Böld, and (4) Friedenshöhe.

Restaurants? Laber, up the mountain on the cable car, is the only independent establishment of importance; terrace, lovely view, crowded on sunny days, not expensive. For the most savory cookery, natives rate the Alois Lang first, followed by Alte Post and the Friedenshöhe pension. The Alte Post has the top café within the borders of the village; Markmiller is little and pleasant. In the outskirts, the Alpenbad, up the hill, offers a terrace, a swimming pool, and a bucolic panorama; the Friedenshöhe is also worthy.

Entertainment? Bemsl, the top wine tavern, soothes the night life itch of the local rustics with its regional costumes, Schuhplattler dancing, yodeling, and gaiety; go after 8 P.M.,

because it's open until 2 A.M. or so; very Bavarian. Tiroler Weinstuben also offers dancing (provincial and ballroom) in less colorful surroundings. That's about it, on the fun-and-games circuit.

Sightseeing attractions? The cable car up the Laber is the favorite target of most visitors. Excursions may be made to neighboring Linderhof Castle, Neuschwanstein Castle, Ettal Monastery, and—best of all—up Germany's highest mountain, the Zugspitz, from Garmisch-Partenkirchen (about 10 miles by road). Costume parades and special Bavarian evenings are scheduled at various times of the year. For details on all these, as well as for information on fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, and the nearby Glider School, consult the Oberammergau Tourist Office.

A final word: we re-emphasize that *immediate* arrangements must be made by anyone who wishes to attend the Passion Play. With the flood of applications more than double the available space, it's a basic matter of "no tickee, no washee"—for, without that advance reservation, you simply won't get in.

Berlin The Black Forest, the Rhine, and probably 50 other localities of today's Germany have greater beauty and more spectacular scenery than Berlin. Yet, if I were forced to limit my German tour this year to 2 goals, I'd pick Berlin and Oberammergau in a walk.

There's an important contrast here: throughout the rest of Western Germany, history *has* been made, and life is again perking along in its placid, orderly groove. But in the western sectors of Berlin, history *is* being made—daily, Sundays, and holidays—and you, as a visitor, can not only sense it like an electrical charge, but you can see it. Physically, the city is no longer in the class of Paris, Rome, and other great traditional European capitals. Spiritually, however, it's so stimulating and exciting that there's nothing on the Continent to match it.

First, let's get the Big Question out of the way: have no fears whatsoever about going here, because American citizens

are never (at the moment!) bothered these days *as long as they stay within the proper boundaries*. It doesn't matter if you're the most militant anti-commie on the U.S. scene; if past performances count, they'll leave you strictly alone. But if you wander across the line to that part of the city or nation which has been renamed by its new masters, in Orwellian and ironic fashion, the "German Democratic Republic," or DDR for short, the situation is potentially tricky (more about this later).

The city is divided into 4 Sectors (don't call them "Zones," because that was the national, not local, term for apportionment); the Western Sectors have a population of 2.2 million, and the remaining 1.1 million are under Soviet control. Within Free Berlin are 12 districts; since each may exercise its civic pride by naming its own streets, one famous inter-district thoroughfare has no less than 12 different titles from place to place. The Berliner, always noted for his un-Teutonic lightness, gaiety, and rapier wit, is America's best friend in Germany. In Frankfurt am Main, Munich, Heidelberg, and elsewhere, so many troops and so many tourists have descended en masse that the welcome is often inclined to be mechanical and impersonal—but in Berlin, the smiles are straight from the heart, because every man, woman, and child not only remembers our life-giving aid during the Blockade, but they know at first hand, hour by hour, how closely their destinies are intermeshed with ours. They actually *like* Americans—a rare but refreshing phenomenon on a cynical and bitter Continent.

Ruins and devastation? Unbelievable destruction and grimness on the Communist side, with miles of rubble and rat-warrens untouched since the war. On our side, however, the ruins have practically vanished, and one of Europe's most modern glass-and-aluminum cities has sprung up in their place. The contrast between the trim, graceful, orderly West Berlin of today and its neighbor across the line will hit you like a bludgeon.

Here, in capsule form, is a quick roundup of pertinent facts for the voyager: *Travel documents?* A valid U.S. pass-

port is all you need, with no other permits or permissions of any kind. Baggage examination is waived, except on commercial merchandise.

Transportation? By air is best, because risks are minified. Pan American, British European Airways, and Air France, the sole accredited carriers at this writing, fly heavy shuttle schedules (almost hourly) to Hanover, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt am Main, and Munich. Be sure that your plane is scheduled to land at Tempelhof Airport in West Berlin, *not Schoenefeld Airport in the East Berlin Communist Zone*: while the Commies have not yet substantially interfered with transients who have made this mistake, you'd be subjected to unfriendly passport controls and forced to pay for the special visa. Road and rail passage *both* require this transit visa (\$1.19), obtained at the frontier-crossing points. For U.S. motorists, the Helmstedt-Marienborn Autobahn is the only authorized route at this writing. You're forbidden to stray one inch from it; the Soviet section is badly maintained; American jeeps patrol all of these routes at 3-hour intervals, for assistance in case of breakdowns. Our advice, frankly, is to leave your auto in Hanover, buy a round trip by plane for \$16.18, and take the 45-minute hop to West Berlin; by Autobahnen 1-way it's \$2.38 plus gasoline, and by train, also 1-way, it's \$11.90—plus, in both cases, the \$1.19 visa. Buses are also available, and they're modern.

Hotels? The 13-story, 350-room, \$4,500,000 Hilton Berlin opened its doors in '58—and, despite our lack of enthusiasm for 1 or 2 other Hilton operations abroad, here is *the* hotel for any discriminating visitor to this city. Every accommodation with terrace; partially air-conditioned; roof observation-deck and cocktail lounge overlooking the Zoological Gardens and the street scenes; bar, dining room, rôtisserie grill, sidewalk café, coffeehouse. Convenient location, near (but not in) the center; capable management by Viennese-born Curt R. Strand. Perhaps \$2.50 to \$3.50 more costly than any of the others, but worth it. Tops in town by a wide margin.

Second in line is the newly renamed Bristol-Kempinski—the “Bristol” annex of 150 rooms having been added in '58,

to bring the total room-count up to 270 (all with bath). Remodeled entrance; handsomely refurbished lobby and lounge; many other improvements. Our only adverse comment concerns the bored or sloppy service attitudes we encountered on our latest visit; now that the Hilton is giving them their first real competition since the war, however, the days of spoiled staff should be over. Otherwise excellent. Recommended.

The quiet, residential-style Parkhotel Zeller Mayer, opened in '57, is next. Most of its 90 rooms (all with bath) are larger than average. Modern tone; leisurely feel; friendly staff; bed-and-breakfast only, except for special room service on light dishes like ham-and-eggs. Nice.

The Windsor is fourth, and American-minded Owner Werner Lang has made it, for its class, a honey. Converted apartment building, with about 20 different types of rooms (all with shower and toilet); bright, attractive, functional décor; sweet bar; excellent restaurant (for clients only). Far more personalized than the 3 leaders, and not up to them, of course, in opulence. Uncommercial and friendly.

Further down the list, in order, come (5) Berlin (brand-new; 230 singles against only 32 doubles), (6) Am Zoo (totally redecorated in Swedish Modern, with gay colors and bureau drawers so tiny they might just take a shirt of Tom Thumb), (7) Plaza (small, functional, bed-and-breakfast only, very commercial), (8) Savoy (concierge and reception people cold and rude when we saw them, some rooms excellent, some rooms awful), (9) Steinplatz (old-fashioned but not bad for the price), (10) Gehrhuis (out from town, former private house, nice staff, charm of a sort, halls so huge and shabby that Boris Karloff would be the perfect night watchman), and (11) Tusculum (central, home of renowned Petit Palais café).

For pensions, there's (1) Roxy (small rooms, modern), (2) Hotel West Pension (operated by a kind elderly lady for elderly folk, with taste and flavor and comfort), (3) Prahling Am Zoo (a favorite with G.I.'s), (4) Belvedere (out of town in Grunewald, car necessary, quiet), (5) Aus-

tria (cleanly and efficiently managed by an exceptionally pleasant young girl), (6) Elite (some rooms tremendous), and (7) Petersen (large, well-scrubbed accommodations, but no private baths).

Restaurants? Maison de France, atop the French Information Building overlooking Kurfürstendamm, is popular among diplomats, and foreign correspondents stationed in Berlin. Bar Chief Freddy Bielemann, of the legendary pre-war Adlon hotel, is one of Germany's most deft maestros of the cocktail. A dinner of snails, Chateaubriand, 5 vegetables, the Maison de France special soufflé, and wine runs less than \$6 for two. Recommended. The Ritz, quite tiny, offers a mélange of dishes from all over the globe: Chinese egg rolls, Russian ragout, Indonesian Nasi Goreng—goodness knows what else; its flaming dessert specialty, a technicolor production which would do credit to the late Cecil B. DeMille, looks fabulous but doesn't taste as yummy as its savory appearance would indicate. Reserve in advance; closed Sundays; very well liked by wanderers. Kottler "Zum Schwabenwirt" is the happiest restaurant "find" we've made in a blue moon; at this writing, it's almost unknown to outlanders. Old-fashioned German *Gemütlichkeit* at its finest: 3 small rooms, stained-glass windows, red plush, pewter, and ancient waiters in scarlet waistcoats; zither music; classic Teutonic dishes, soundly prepared; operated by a dear little old lady with black dress and white collar. Skip the cheese course and don't fail to try her famous Swabian Zwiebelkuchen instead (a sort of glorified pumpkin pie with onions and kümmel seeds added—delicious!). We loved this place, and hope that you will, too. Börsenstuben, Aben, and Schlichter are in the traditional luxury league; about \$4 for a satisfactory meal in these three. Kurfürstenskeller is a cloister-like cellar in the Am Zoo Hotel, with color and atmosphere; the "regular" restaurant upstairs is subdued and formal; both are relatively expensive. Schade & Wolff's "Funkturn" is Berlin's answer to the Eiffel Tower restaurant of Paris; 150 feet up a steel structure by elevator; magnificent view; definitely worth a visit by everyone, if only for tea or a snack. The

same management has now opened a second Fair Grounds' establishment called Palais Am Funktdam; mass-production service in a cavernous exhibition hall. Huthmacher is new, crowded, and like Schrafft's in tone; big restaurant upstairs, with agreeable décor, and bakery-coffee shop downstairs, with the best cake in Berlin; piano and violin at teatime. Zum Klaussner has been serving solid German fare to solid middle-class citizens for 175 years; fast service, good cooking, no special atmosphere.

Among the *bierstuben*, Bräustübl in the Hotel am Steinplatz is by far the most delightful; charming décor, delicious cuisine, clientele of opera stars, actors, the international set; owned and operated by one of Germany's most famous hoteliers, Heinz Zellermayer; Maître Hans Lange is tops in his job; warmly recommended for the \$3 you'll spend. For cheaper and more typical dining, Berliner Kindl Bräu, a skip and a jump from the Kempinski, is a baronial beer hall with Yorkville or Milwaukee overtones; sidewalk café; mass-production food and service, with adequate fodder for about \$1.50. Schultheiss is roughly the same. *Quick snack?* Try "Quick," the new automat, where dishes vary between 24¢ and 72¢; 19 automatic food dispensers, coin-operated drink machines, everything mechanized except its soup corner and the pearl divers in the galley; no chairs. The Aschlinter chain, with table or self-service, is also a happy economy bet; bean soup, 2 wieners, and bread for only 20¢! *Sunny day?* Drive out to a wonderful lakeside establishment called Wannsee-Terrassen, in the Wannsee District (25 minutes and \$2 each way by taxi from the center); heavenly open terrace on a hill, lovely panorama, and average cookery at modest prices; don't miss it, if the weather is fair. You can have a swim here, too. Bahnhofs-Terrassen, at the Zoo Station, is modern and reasonable; outdoor terrace with view of the zoological park. Haus Carow, at the lake in Gatow, is a garden-type establishment with dancing and a cabaret; very Berliner; don't go unless you savvy the German language. *Weinstuben?* Habel, near Am Roseneck, is the choice, with Koelach second. *Cafés?* The Marquart, on the boulevard side

of the Kempinski, takes the honors; marvelous for snacks. The Kranzler is good, but not up to its Frankfurt counterpart; the Wein is even less interesting.

Night clubs? The Resi is where every visitor seems to head first, for excellent reasons; 250 telephone and pneumatic tube installations, 1 at every table; call up or write a note to any dish who smiles; huge main room and cellar room; water-plays on stage at 10:30 P.M. and 2 A.M.; cheap prices, unique atmosphere. For the Smart Set, a semiprivate "club" called Old Fashioned, at Kurfürstendamm 167, has a friendly, cozy ambiance; good 4-piece band; supper available; open until 5 A.M.; a larger, brighter One Fifth Avenue Bar. Supposedly for "guest members" only, but if you're as clever as we think you are, you should find a way in. Cherchez la Femme has a 25¢ entrance fee, 15 or 20 individual strip-tease, dance, or ballet acts during an evening, 75¢ Scotch, \$5 to \$18 champagne, and no beer. The performers sit with the customers, but are forbidden to leave before the 5 A.M. closing. Black walls, red banquettes, and attractive, well-dressed taxi girls. Well above the average. Remde's St. Pauli Am Zoo has one of the fastest and nudest floor shows of all the earthy joints; one \$2.50 bottle of wine per table is mandatory, after which you may drink what you like; typical. Willy Schaeffer's Tingel Tangel, at Kurfürstendamm 186, features young local performers who specialize in Berliner folk songs and chansons; we've not yet seen this one. El Dorado, off-limits to U.S. troops, is loaded with gay, gay boys who dress like girls and who furnish the so-called cabaret entertainment; some people might be amused by it, but to us its clip-joint aura spells T-r-o-u-b-l-e, with a capital T. Bojar Bar smells old and tourist-weary, but if you go late, and if you're in the mood for Russian music, Russian folk dances, and vodka at 25¢ per slug, you may have fun. Ciro is expensive; bar, band, and dancing; no performances, no B-girls. Ali, on the Ciro type, doesn't seem what it once was. Petit Palais, in the Tusculum, is still suave and cosmopolitan; dancing only. Very, very low down, sometimes 2 inches from the deck, is the Masken Bar, 1 block from the Bristol-Kempinski; appropri-

ately red walls and red illumination, surrealist murals, accordion player; all waitresses and other females, aged 16 to 66, in black bras, transparent skirts and black panties; a human zoo. Eierschale ("Eggshell"), with 2-watt lights and 15¢ cokes, crawls with Beat Generation Characters; the Firestoners, Louisiana Hot Seven, or Spree City Stompers give with everything from Dixie to rock'n'roll; a blues combo, partly composed of American G.I.'s, takes over twice weekly upstairs; man, it jaunts and jactitates. The Goldenes Hufeisen is the local Hippodrome, with a raised stage, animals, and circus-type acts; knowledge of German is an asset here. The Zigeuner-Keller, which we haven't tried, features Hungarian music, dishes, and atmosphere. Last but not least, Die Badewanne is the most lively spot in Berlin, if you're in the mood for terpsichorean and musical madness; loaded with zany decorations, topflight jitterbugging, and the hottest band this side of Hades; favorite stopping place of Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, Count Basie, Gene Krupa, Cab Calloway, and every famous musician who has visited this city; ask owner Frank Schubert or U.S. Adviser Andrew Brown to get you a table, because it's usually jammed. Recommended as a curiosity that should at least have a look. The Studio 22 Jazz Club is similar.

Things to see? First, the Soviet Sector—but certain rules must be followed implicitly to insure your safety: (1) If you're "political," or if you have any background in intelligence or espionage, *don't go*. (2) If you wish a 100%-secure sightseeing tour, take either the Kühn Co. or Severin & Co. excursions; departures 1:30 P.M. and 4 P.M. daily; \$1 per person; absolutely safe. (3) Although picture-taking attitudes have loosened up considerably, it still pays to be careful. *Don't photograph the Soviet Embassy under any circumstances*. (4) If you insist on going alone, DO NOT use the S-Bahn, and DO NOT hire an East Berlin taxi (the type with a *broken* white stripe below the window line). If you drive your own car, be certain that your insurance covers you in the Soviet Sector (probably it doesn't!). (5) AVOID bars, clubs, public gatherings, and crowds—and do not involve

yourself in extended conversation or arguments of any kind.

At this writing, the Communists are checking foreign sightseers in only the most cursory way; our passports weren't even examined at the line. The Sector is crawling with armed guards, however—and, as mentioned previously, the devastation is so appalling that square mile after square mile will remind you of a grotesque Petrified Forest out of Dante. In an effort to offset this fantastic grimness, they've created one long block of false-front apartment buildings on what is still popularly known as "Stalin Allee"—and the damned fools are so naïve they think it convinces the visitor of their "progress"!

Bus excursions to Potsdam and Dresden were inaugurated on a foreigners-only basis in '58. The former leaves every Wednesday and Saturday morning, and the latter on the first and third Thursday of the month. Costs are respectively \$5.35 and \$16.25, and reservations may be made through the German Travel Bureau (DER), Albrechtstrasse 1, Berlin-Steglitz.

West German marks are not acceptable for East German commerce. They must be exchanged in the official Noten Bank, which will give you a certificate to prove that you obtained them legally; illegally acquired East marks are the same as useless. You are not permitted to buy gasoline, food, antiques or art objects, clothing, and certain other commodities. Items which may be purchased in limited quantities are books, pictures, magazines, phonograph records, sheet music, postcards, and stamps—none of which, praises be, are currently entered in your passport.

For visas to Eastern Germany (*not* required for sightseeing in East Berlin), go to the Interzonal Facilities Bureau at Elsholzstrasse 32—or get it faster the unofficial way by applying direct to the so-called "Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the German Democratic Republic" (sic!) at Am Zeughaus 1-2, NW 7 (East Berlin).

Other sights of special interest are (1) the newly repaired Brandenburg Gate—now in No Man's Land, no longer capped with a red flag,—and Russian-held Unter den Linden.

stretching beyond; (2) the Denkmal Memorial 300 yards *inside* Free Berlin from this Gate—a *Soviet*-controlled and guarded monument containing stones from the former Reichs Chancellory (called “the Last Plunder” by wisecracking Berliners), the 2 first T-34 tanks to enter the city, and masses of phony wax flowers; (3) the famous Freedom Bell, which rings for 3 minutes daily at noon; (4) the new Congress Hall in the Tiergarten, designed by U.S. Architect Hugh A. Stubbins and built from joint funds of The Benjamin Franklin Foundation and the German Federal Republic; (5) the Hansa Quarter, site of the '57 International Building Exhibition now transformed to a 1600-apartment residential section by 54 architects from all over the globe; (6) the Olympic Stadium; and (7) Potsdamer Platz—the junction of the U.S., British, and Soviet Sectors, sporting a huge animated sign (nearly 100-feet high) which flashes the genuine, uncensored daily news to unfortunates beyond the Curtain (*stay off the traffic circle, because that's Russian territory*). For museums and routine attractions, consult the official Tourist Office.

Things to buy? Most commodities are 4% cheaper in West Berlin than in the rest of Germany, due to benevolent legislation. Our primary target is usually the famous Foto-Kino-Wegert (Kurfürstendamm 26), largest and best camera-and-accessories store in the city. It offers not only the broadest range in new merchandise, including movie cameras, but plenty of mouth-watering bargains in second-hand equipment at 40% discount; every purchase, new *or* used, gets a 1-year guarantee. Ask friendly Branch Manager A. O. Schumann, in person, to guide you and advise you on your individual needs. Loyal clientele from Arizona to Argentina to Australia—including us. Highly recommended. For leather, Theodor Krumm (Steglitz-Schloss-Strasse 109) is the best of a rather unimpressive lot. For porcelains, Staatliche Porzellan-Manufaktur Berlin carries the most interesting specialties; beautiful dinner sets; go to the factory (Wegelystrasse 1) for 25% to 50% off on second and third qualities. Optical goods? Wonderful Soehnges (see “Things

to Buy" in Munich) now has a branch at Kurfürstendamm 139; a world leader. For department-store shopping, completely rebuilt KaDeWe ("Kaufhaus des Westens"), Berlin's largest, is a stunner; don't miss walking up (not riding up!) at least 3 floors; a local institution. Stamps? Helmut Kirschning (Hotel Roxy), Werner Franke (Albrechtstrasse 131), or August Krüger (Kurfürstendamm 69). For cutlery, J. A. Henckels (see "Things to Buy") offers a branch at Kurfürstendamm 33; Mr. Haenler is the local manager. For antiques Keithstrasse is the street, with 12 or 14 shops nearly in a row; we liked an establishment called Reta (Keithstrasse 8 and Kurfürstendamm 203) particularly. For books, Marga Schoeller Bücherstube (Kurfürstendamm 30) and Kiepert (Hardenbergstrasse 4-5) are attractive and versatile; scores of new U.S. titles and reprints.

Travel Information? The Berlin Tourist Office (Verkehrsamtsamt Berlin, Charlottenburg 2, Fasanenstrasse 8), directed by the efficient, hard-working, charming Dr. Ilse Wolff, is outstanding for its help to the traveler. Offices are maintained at key points to dispense advice, brochures, and every type of assistance to any voyager; there's even a branch at the airport, to greet the visitor as he steps off the plane! Write or contact the dedicated Dr. Wolff if any problem should plague you—or, in her absence, her assistant, Mr. Schreiber, an ex-newspaperman, can handle it. They want you to come to Berlin because they believe it to be the most exciting tourist target in today's Germany—and they'll go all out to make your stay a happy and comfortable one.

Tipping In hotels there is an automatic service charge of 10% to 15% of the price of the room. For meal service in both hotels and restaurants, the service bite is 10% to 15%. For drinks most anywhere, a separate tax (Getränkesteuer) is automatically levied but it does not often appear on your tab; generally this is 10%, but in Munich and Stuttgart it is 20%.

Tip about half of what you would in New York—because you are an American and hefty sums are expected. Europeans tip in pennies! The value of the cigarette as exchange

is over; use money only. The Germans keep their hands in their pockets much more than the French do; the degree of itch per palm is strikingly less. Remember the concierge, maid, washroom attendant, baggage porter, valet, room waiter, and barber, if you use them—all in very small amounts. Forget doormen, theater ushers, and bartenders completely, unless you are feeling expansive, generous, or 3-Martini-ish.

Things to Buy In *Frankfurt am Main*, the first place we always head for is that wonderful J. A. Henckels shop (I markt 11); their famous trademark of "The Twins" has been a guarantee since 1731 of Germany's finest cutlery. Amazing pocketknives from \$1.50 to \$15; beautiful steak knives (\$1.50 to \$3.50), manicure sets, carving sets, scissors, tool kits, everything imaginable—at prices that are a steal. Ask for Mr. Wickenhäuser, who speaks fine English. Other Henckels branches in Düsseldorf, Hamburg, Hanover, Cologne, Munich, Berlin, Dortmund, Copenhagen, and Brussels. Don't miss this institution.

Next, we make a pilgrimage to Rosenthal am Kaiserplatz (Friedenstrasse 10) to yearn for its fabulous porcelains. This outstanding shop has the complete range of this most famous German ware—the works. Dinner sets from \$50 up; figurines from \$1 up; small extra charge for U.S. shipment, but every piece guaranteed safe arrival. There are other Rosenthal dealers in Germany, of course, but we like Owner Adam Gilbert, his 41-year reputation for integrity, and his friendly personal welcome. If he's out, ask for English-speaking Mr. Pani, Mrs. Berger, or Mrs. Pinz. A treasure house.

The Moritz Mädler chain (Frankfurt store at Kaiserstrasse 20) has excellent leather goods of all descriptions, although we generally save our buying for smaller, more personalized *Plaschke* in Munich (see below). The former has several outlets in several centers.

Cameras and optical devices? Koch (Kaiserstrasse 26, within spitting distance of Moritz Mädler) is by far the best in Frankfurt; 1-day film processing; Director Mühler will

happily help you with your problems. For toys, Spielzeug Onkel (Goethestrasse 26) is a paradise for the young or young-in-heart; dazzling array of electric trains, dolls, jet aircraft, and playthings as only the Germans know how to make them. Kaiserstrasse is the toniest shopping street, in spite of a handful of wee tourist traps with junk souvenirs; most department stores and larger establishments are on Rossmarkt and Zeil.

In *Munich*, Soehnges (Briennerstrasse 7, and above-mentioned branch in Berlin) has long been regarded as one of the 3 or 4 top eye-aid centers in the world. This is the place for sunglasses (\$2 to \$15, with luxury-finish slightly higher). It's also the place for new spectacles (choice of 30-thousand lenses and 700 exclusively styled frames); the entire process for average eyes, from examination to delivery, takes a matter of hours and costs \$12 to \$30; bi-focals take 1 to 3 weeks, but have them forwarded direct to the States (NOT within Europe!), because foreign Customs are often so rough on importation that they're likely to be delayed or lost. All kinds of opera glasses and field glasses, too—plus the exciting Muller-Soehnges Micro-Pupil lens, developed after 3 decades of research by Dr. Soehnges. This dime-sized plastic corneal lens, \$75 per set, not only corrects visual defects as well as use of ordinary spectacles, but it can be worn, day and night, *for up to 5 years without a single removal!* Why be tied down with ordinary glasses, when more than 100-thousand satisfied users have already changed their whole pattern of living with these mighty midgets? Champion of its class.

Kohlroser (Briennerstrasse 15, around the corner from the Café Luitpold), has the same exalted status in the photographic field. Here, too, is one of our favorite shops in Germany—not only because the camera stocks are so complete, but also because Mr. Kohlroser and Assistants Schindler and Hotzmeier are so honest, so kindly, and so interested in doing the best possible job for each client. We've had at least 4-dozen letters from *Guide* readers within the past 3 years recounting how Mr. Kohlroser or his staff went out of their way to please them—a hearteningly unusual trait in this cold

business world of German commerce. Two-day service for Ektachrome, including 3-D and 2 x 2 slides. Everything for shutterbugs; 100% dependable.

Plaschke (Briennerstrasse 8, a few steps from Kohlroser) paces the whole of Bavaria in leather goods—with travel items the specialty. Founded as a saddlery shop in 1866, it has built up a sterling reputation for individually designed luggage, ladies' handbags (\$8 to \$55), evening bags (\$10 to \$100), trunks (\$15 to \$110), belts, brief cases, and oddments. Its most celebrated creation, carried by voyagers from all over the world, is the Plaschke Shoulder-strap Bag—ar ingenious, multicompartment carrier which sells from \$32 to \$43, and is the salvation of countless harassed female trippers. Here's once in my life that I envy you girls! Mrs. Plaschke, Mrs. Goetz, and Mrs. Brahm all speak English. Definitely worth a look; recommended.

Nymphenburg (Odeonplatz 1) is Rosenthal's only German rival for Cadillac-class porcelains; slightly more expensive, and preferred by some collectors; exquisite. Hanns R. Rothmüller (Briennerstrasse) is the most distinguished jeweler, with the most distinguished price tags, too. Lindberg (Neuhauserstrasse 14) has a grand display of harmonicas, accordions, and other things for the music-minded. Spielwaren Obletter (Karlsplatz) wins the local toy sweepstakes by 5 laps of a miniature Mercédès-Benz. Franz Hanfstaengl (Karlsplatz 7) has lovely paintings, flower prints, etchings, water colors, and other art. Karl Storr (Kaufingerstrasse 25) offers hand-carved religious items that are just about the finest we've seen—at reasonable prices, too. For handicrafts, Deutsche Werkstätten (Briennerstrasse 54) is the market place of many independent Bavarian artisans, with accent on furniture, fabrics, lamps, and wooden paintings; Vereinigte Deutsche Werkstätten (Briennerstrasse 4), not to be confused with the above, features exclusive and handsome glassware, fabrics, linens, and other home furnishings of unusual interest. No Flea Market in Munich; the so-called Farmer's Market ("Auer Markt") runs its frenzied course 3 times per year—early April, early August, and October 15 to 23. It's

a huge rummage sale—great fun; many a visitor has picked up fine antiques for a song, or occasionally a valuable old painting. *Don't miss it*, if you're within shooting distance during these special weeks.

In *Wiesbaden*, Sistovaris & Wolf (Langgasse 29) lights Fair Eyes with its yumptious collection of top-grade stone and baum martens, at low, low prices. All skins are imported direct from their Athens company, which is the largest dealer in that nation. See "Greece" for details.

Berlin establishments have already been covered.

Shopping hours? Newly standardized throughout the nation, thank goodness: 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. on most Saturdays, but 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month.

This is a fair cross section of what you'll find in the rest of Germany. The above cities offer the greatest shopping range, the finest qualities, and the lowest prices on most classes of purchases. My suggestion would be that the bulk of your buying be concentrated in any of these, and that only the odd piece which happens to tickle your fancy be picked up elsewhere.

►**TIP:** Outbound passengers for foreign destinations are eligible for the duty-free, tax-free bargains in liquors, cigarettes, cigars, perfumes, and other non-national products at the new Airport Shops in Frankfurt am Main and Düsseldorf. You won't save a penny on Rosenthal china, Offenbach leather, or any *German-made* goods, because they're sold here at the same prices as at all German stores. Stick to things like Scotch whisky or French perfumes, instead.

Things Not to Buy Anything junky or sleazy, categories which embrace perhaps 25% of the merchandise available to you.

Don't buy nonstandard items in spas, resorts, small towns, villages, or hamlets. Big-city merchants get the break, which they pass along to you.

Women's clothes and hats are much more chic than they were, but in general they're *still* dull (compared to American,

French, and other standards). Most of them, too, are tailored for stylish stouts.

The 300-day clock looks intriguing—but if you stare at it hard, it will probably go out of kilter. So delicate that even dusting might throw it off. Not recommended, unless you live in a deep cave.

Electrical equipment is usually wired for 220 volts, and when you plug it into the 110-volt current in the United States, it will do everything but work. Be sure that the product is designed for *both* voltages (most of today's output is for dual operation).

Local Rackets At this writing, few rackets are tried on travelers in Germany. Most important is the tendency of unauthorized money-changers to stick their customers with counterfeit bills.

As in England, the so-called "key swindle" is back. This is the one where a pickup in a bar or night club gives the key to "her apartment" to the sucker for a 50-mark (\$11.90) "deposit," promising to meet him there later—but, when he arrives in a lather, he finds that it's a tobacco warehouse or empty lot.

If you lock your suitcase, leave no valuables unwatched, and try not to look like the "Man Who Arrived This Morning," you should have no troubles. In general, most visitors find the Germans honest and straightforward.

Information on Germany With typical tenacity, organizational ability, and attention to detail, German travel experts started from scratch to set up their new holidays program—and the results are so outstanding that they put to shame some of their larger colleagues.

Headquarters and fountainhead of the national and international network is the German Central Tourist Association (Beethovenstrasse 69, Frankfurt am Main), with Dr. Arno Staks the Managing Director. If you have any special questions or difficulties, take them to the Good Samaritan of every traveling U.S. journalist, congressman, diplomat, or troubled John Jones—warmhearted Assistant Manager

Franz F. Schwarzenstein, one of the most popular and most able figures in the field of tourism. Masses of color-illustrated booklets in English, French, German, and 7 other tongues, covering every region of the Federal Republic, are available at the Frankfurt apex or at any of its subordinate offices. These are often an enormous help in the selection of travel goals.

The branches in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, Havana, Paris, London, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Lisbon, Brussels, Zürich, and Rome reflect this efficiency. The New York headquarters is called the German Tourist Information Office, and it's at 500 Fifth Avenue; Manager Hans J. Baumann will solve your problems in a trice. In Chicago, the GTIO branch is at 11 South LaSalle St., and the Manager is Claus Born; in San Francisco at 323 Geary St., with R. C. Warren holding the reins; in Montreal at 1176 Sherbrooke Street West, with Helmut Beneke the Canadian boss.

Matriculation at a German university, institute, or professional school? Try the Academic Information Center for Foreign Students of Western Germany, Bonn; it's all at their fingertips, from Abaddon Philosophy to Zebra Zoology.



Greece

Greece is the hardest-hit member of the victorious fighting team of World War II. The bravery of her magnificent people drove off an Italian invasion in 1940. The country was occupied by the Germans, Italians, and Bulgarians from before Pearl Harbor almost through '44. But all was not over. While everyone but the Russians were laying down their arms, Greece continued in a state of war—this time with Communists from within and without. Peace finally came after 9 continuous years of warfare. Inevitably her econ-

omy was smashed, her treasury depleted, her population ill-fed and ill-clothed. It wasn't until the spring of 1951 that she could settle down seriously to receive the foreign tourist—and the currency devaluation of 1953, which made her the biggest travel bargain in Western Europe, quickly opened the floodgates. Now she receives tens of thousands of outlanders who seek her natural and charming brand of holiday happiness.

Because of this slower start in the international tourism sweepstakes, it wouldn't be fair to expect a plush-lined paradise of milk, honey, and pink champagne, because these hard-working hosts are still concentrating on the necessities rather than on the luxuries. In streamlined accommodations, modern facilities, and elegance of facilities, Greece still has a long way to go. But if the vacationer is after the simple pleasures of dazzling sun, blue sea, gentle air, modest (in general) lodgings, undistinguished food, and an absence of froufrou, he will never regret his visit to this lovely land.

The Greek people are wonderful—so spontaneously generous, kind, hospitable, and warm that it's hard to find anyone on their side of the world who can match their large hearts. With this, they are even more intensely nationalistic, if possible, than we Americans have been since the early days of our Republic. During the Cyprian crisis, anger toward our foreign policy was white hot. For the first time, the press and radio of Free Greece unanimously joined voices in bitter vituperation against Washington. While tempers have now almost entirely subsided, it will still take time to wipe out the final traces of indignation and frustration. But, if the '60 visitor should come across any instance of xenophobia—a spiteful glance, a surly waiter, a stony-faced taxi driver—we can firmly assure you that it will be the exception, not the rule. Please don't hold it against a truly great country and nearly 8-million, extra-cordial citizens if a triviality of this sort should occur (which it probably won't!). Generally, the welcome toward our tourists couldn't be friendlier, because,

deep down, no nation in Europe is more passionately pro-American.

Cities Athens (Athinai) and its port of Piraeus (Peiraieus) is the largest, with roughly 1¾-million people; here's the birthplace and heart of Greek culture, a *must* for all visitors. In '59, 3-million gallons of paint were used in sprucing up the capital; Constitution Square, Omonia Square, the Korai St. extension, and other landmarks either have been or will soon be completely revamped. Salonika (Thessalonike), up on the Aegean near the Yugoslav border, is second, with about 430 thousand; except for its Byzantine churches, very dull from the foreigner's point of view. Patras (Patrai), on the Peloponnesus below Athens, is third with about 108 thousand; its main claim to fame is that it is on the road to Olympia—and that's about all. Of the major tourist attractions, Rhodes is gorgeous (see separate section later); Corfu and Crete have long been popular favorites, highly rewarding to the traveler; Mykonos, noted for its scenic beauty, regional costumes, windmills, and immaculate little hotel, is one of the most enchanting islands of the hemisphere; Santorin, a volcanic mass which first arose from the sea about 2500 years ago, has recovered nobly from its devastating earthquake of '56; Corinth, about 2 hours from Athens, has some ancient ruins and a famous canal; Olympia boasts the original Olympic Stadium and the breath-taking Hermes of Praxiteles; Delphi, site of the legendary Oracle, has its venerable open-air theater of classic times, the Treasury of the Athenians and other famous ruins, 4 hotels, hand-woven regional materials, and more Yankees per square inch than building stones; Mycenae, Epidaurus, Tiryns, Sparta, Hydra, Poros, Spetsae, Castoria, Mount Athos, and the Aegean settlements of Delos, Naxos, and Tinos all have their special appeal, in one way or other. Aegina, on the other hand, is almost torpid in its lassitude; from classical times onward, it has been called "The Eyesore of the Piraeus."

If I were forced to choose one single travel target in Greece, not counting Athens, I'd pick Rhodes first, then Corfu, and

then Mykonos—but this is merely a matter of personal taste, with which you might disagree.

Money Ever since the last 3 zeros of the old-style Greek exchange were discarded in the mid-'50s, there has been no more counting by the thousands or millions. Coins of 1, 2, and 5 drachma have been minted; coins for 5, 10, 20, and 50 lepta ($\frac{1}{2}$ drachma), dollar-sized notes for 10, 20, and 100 drachma, and other notes for 50, 500, and 1000 drachma are in circulation. The .000 bills of yore have become collector's items.

Here's a basic table of current values (some fractions eliminated):

| | | | |
|------------|------------------------|--------------|-------------------------|
| 5 lepta | $\frac{1}{6}\text{¢}$ | 1 drachma | $3\frac{1}{3}\text{¢}$ |
| 50 lepta | $1\frac{3}{4}\text{¢}$ | 5 drachma | $16\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$ |
| 10 drachma | 33¢ | 100 drachma | \$3.33 |
| 20 drachma | 66¢ | 500 drachma | \$16.66 |
| 50 drachma | \$1.66 | 1000 drachma | \$33.33 |

During '57, praise be, the cashing of traveler's checks became greatly simplified. Now nearly all the larger hotels in the nation have been authorized to accept them, as have American Express, Cook's, and the key travel agencies. As an unbelievable surprise, most of the big banks in popular tourist areas have been conned into keeping their doors open until 8 P.M., to accommodate the foreign visitor. Finally, exchange controls at the airports and frontiers have been softened to the point where officials are very nearly human toward us monkeys who pass through their queues (see "Customs and Immigration"). What a change from what used to be one of the silliest wastes of time, ink, and tempers on the whole vacation map!

Prices Reasonable. A typical cross section is as follows: shoes, \$12 to \$20; average lunch, \$2 to \$2.50; U.S. cigarettes, 60¢; drink in a night club, \$2 to \$2.50; drink in a bar, 25¢ to 85¢; man's custom-made suit, \$70 (Greek material) to \$120 (English material); woman's dress (Greek material), \$12 to \$35. These figures are today's, at press deadline;

by the time you get there, they might be slightly different. Don't bother about black markets.

Language About the only places where English is widely understood are the First- or Second-class hotels, the First-class restaurants, and the tourist areas. But a significant tidbit to note is that its use is on the increase, and for the first time in history, it has the edge on French.

Since translations between the Greek and Roman alphabets are often made phonetically rather than grammatically, spellings are sometimes completely zany. "Eisenhower," for example, was once written "A. I. Xenxour" in one newspaper, "Ix Enxour" in another, and "Aixen Xour" in a third; after years of fierce editorial haggling, "Aizenxaovp" became standard for everybody. It's a paradise for the poor speller, because no matter how he handles it, he's bound to be right.

"Yes" sounds like "no," "no" sounds like "o.k.," and—typical of Greek hospitality—the word "xenos" means 2 things simultaneously and interchangeably: "foreigner" and "guest."

►**TIP:** To avoid horrid embarrassment and confusion, learn to recognize the more applicable of these 2 words: ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ is "Ladies' Room" and ΑΝΔΡΩΝ is "Men's Room."

Attitude Toward Tourists After the tobacco industry, tourism is now the greatest foreign-currency earner of the Greek economy. From 30-thousand visitors and \$4,500,000 in '51, the totals have skyrocketed to roughly 325-thousand travelers and \$45,000,000 in '59. Much of the credit for "manufacturing" this asset goes to Secretary-General N. Phocas and his official Greek National Tourist Organization.

Mr. Phocas and his colleagues have already accomplished the following laudable innovations: (1) construction of many new hotels, guest houses, or tourist pavilions (or modernization of existing facilities) at Nauplia, Delphi, Olympia, Chalcis, Castoria, Corfu, Mycenae, Old Corinth, Epidaurus, Mykonos, Hydra, and Bourtzi (this one an amazing con-

verted prison, with the redecorated cells the bedrooms!), some of which feed and lodge the tourist at an all-inclusive rate of \$8 per day; (2) inauguration of week-end and 5-day cruises aboard the M/S *Semiramis*, at moderate rates, to the most beautiful Greek islands (the privately owned M/S *Aegeon* is a happy addition to this island service; (3) the launching, in '59, of a Five Year Tourism Plan (a \$50,000,000 project which is building roads, adding still more hotels, and linking Greece to Italy this year with a new daily Brindisi-Egoumenitsa ferryboat service, which short-circuits for motorists that long and rugged haul through Yugoslavia). The all-expense bus tours so successfully initiated by the GNTTO have been turned over to private travel agencies, who have since invested heavily in fleets of De luxe Pullman coaches.

There's a new, aggressive spirit in Government thinking here, and Mr. Phocas and his associates are to be congratulated.

Customs and Immigration Greatly improved—and about time, too. The disgraceful bottleneck which used to drive incoming air passengers wild—a 6-foot corridor with a built-in mob scene—has finally, thank heavens, been eliminated. Outgoing passengers now have their own large hall; there's even a separate building in which groundlings may meet or see off their friends.

Somebody has also dinned the Public Relations Facts of Life through the skulls of the inspectors, because they've suddenly changed from surly, mannerless oafs into respectful, helpful citizens. You should get through fast and efficiently—in most cases, with no bags opened.

There are no fixed limits; everything is on "tolerance," which means that all decisions lie with your individual inspector. You won't be legally stopped with 200 cigarettes or a bottle of spirits; most of the time they'll let 2 bottles pass without question. All furs must be declared and a separate notation entered in the owner's passport.

All currency must be listed on a separate form. In theory, the total you exchange plus the total on hand should balance

on exit—but airport officials seldom bother about this formality these days.

If something should slip, don't quarrel with these officers; first call TWA, next play fat, dumb, and happy, and you'll get through with only a long, boring wait to spoil your reception.

Hotels Still substandard, but slowly improving. Not counting the 3 in Athens described below, nearly all Greek hotels today are operating as quick-money propositions rather than long-term investments—to the detriment of the guest. In the mushrooming new crop, the psychology seems to be to construct adequate buildings but to furnish them with the cheesiest, rattiest claptrap imaginable: trashy low-level beds, so-called "modern" chairs and tables, skimpy rugs (if any!); bare walls, excruciatingly jarring taste throughout—typical "get-back-our-money-fast" décor even in many of the so-called "De luxe" houses in the heart of metropolitan Athens. In our entire travel lives, we've never run across such mass shortsightedness and mass ignorance of basic hotelkeeping.

In Athens, the Grande Bretagne-Petit Palais, Athénée Palace, and King George are head and shoulders above the rest of the pack—while the others range from fair to downright unstayable. (The \$7,500,000, 480-room Athens Hilton is under construction, and Uncle Conrad plans to open it sometime in 1961.)

The Grande Bretagne-Petit Palais, known all over the world as the "G.B.," vies with the Athénée Palace as the best in the nation. Old-line prestige, tradition, and atmosphere; brand-new Petit Palais building slated for completion by publication time of this *Guide*, which will add 150 rooms with bath and make the master organization the 6th largest hotel in Europe; the former capacity was about 300 rooms, 95% with private bath, and 100 with air conditioning (\$2 extra for 2 persons). Majority with studio-style accommodations, with few real beds, and the studio couches separated beyond hand-holding distances; adequate but not spectacular food; terrible telephone and feeble lobby service. The

social center of the capital; recommended if you get a desirable location.

The completely rebuilt, modern-as-tomorrow Athénée Palace commenced operations in '53; we find it cozier, more attractive, and more comfortable than the "G.B.," but that's a matter of personal taste. It has 130 rooms and 130 baths; partially air-conditioned; medium-sized bedchambers, tasteful but simple; appealing 2nd-floor restaurant and tiny lobby bar; lots of color, brightness, and freshness. Extra-nice concierge and kindly staff; Owner-Manager Spiros J. Damigos deserves applause for his imagination and flair. Recommended throughout.

The King George, next door to the "G.B.," seems to be showing marked improvement in its staff attitudes. Last year we were almost up to our shinbones in wails from travelers about its rude personnel, padded bills, and couldn't-care-less approach to innkeeping—but somebody must have read the riot act, because this year not a single complaint has come in. Agreeably face-lifted lobby; 4 new floors, with air conditioning, several small Louis XV or Empire-style suites, and pleasant rooms; older rooms uncomfortably cramped and unimaginative in furnishings. Hardly London's Savoy or Lisbon's Ritz, but at last it appears to be doing a good, solid job for the guest.

The King's Palace, opposite the "G.B.," was known as the "King Paul" during its construction days. It opened too late last year for us to inspect it. All we know, from seeing the partially completed structure, is that it's pretty much fenced in by the surrounding buildings, but in interior appointments it is rumored to be above average.

The Alexiou, on Venizelos Avenue, is another new entry. It offers 100 rooms and 100 baths, at tariffs 10% below those of the Athénée Palace. We'd call this one a First-class operation at near-De luxe class rates. Overpriced for the league.

The Olympic Palace, near Constitution Square, is not yet open as we write this. Classification: probably De luxe. Facilities: probably good, but not tops.

A spate of small hostels has cropped up within the past

few months—(1) Alpha, Alice, Ambassadeur, and Minoa, all near Omonia Square, (2) Pan and Royal, both off Constitution Square, and (3) El Greco, with an unfortunate Market Place location. Although they're officially in the "B" category, they're permitted to charge up to 50% more than do the existing "B's," such as the Estia Emporon—and we'd rate them well above all the old houses now dubbed as First class. Small rooms, usually with either bath or shower; modern tone; basic décor, on the stark side; including breakfast and service, a single runs about \$4 and a double about \$6. Not fancy.

The National, also recent, has no lobby to whistle at (or in), and both its rooms and baths are so austere, with such painfully shoddy furnishings, that it gave us the over-all impression of a half-finished structure. With a decent interior, this could be a satisfactory stop—but now we'd call it scrubby and second-string.

The Acropole Palace, like the National, is government-rated as "De luxe"—the most laughable euphuism since Corrigan called his Atlantic flight "the wrong way." Clean but gloomy rooms; linoleum floors, often with no rugs; it would make me blush to give the furniture to the Salvation Army. A firm no, at least for me.

There's talk of demolishing the decrepit New Angletterre; for the sake of all innocent wanderers and their unborn generations, we fervently hope that they do. The Delphi, Cosmopolite, and Grand are possibly even more tired, unattractive, and commercial; as for the City Palace and the Xenias Melathron, I'd personally rather curl up in a blanket on the steps of the Parthenon, providing the weather is good. In other countries, all of this group would be considered Grade-B rather than Grade-A hotels.

Until so much new competition came along, we used to recommend the Estia Emporon for "B"-type budgeteers—but now we don't.

The Kifissia environs, 20 minutes out of town, get a substantial share of the tourist trade, too. Best of an indifferent lot is the Hotel Cecil, with redecorated midget-sized bed-

rooms, tiny closets and baths, comparatively tasteful furniture, and cavernous public rooms; ask for the 3rd floor here. The Aperghi has a crummy old wing and a passable new wing; sizable accommodations in the latter, but owner's game stab at décor doesn't come off; lovely view from the top. The Pentelikon offers an unusually agreeable dining-terrace and ample living space, but its furniture is for (or from) the birds, its electricity must have been personally installed by Thomas A. Edison, and its lobby is as cold as Pennsylvania Station. The Palace and the Semiramis interest us even less.

The Diana at Ekali (13 miles from Athens) is known as the "Honeymooners' Hotel." Charming little *taverna*, with typical "cave" atmosphere—but the rooms are definitely for European rather than American tastes. The Kastri at Kastri (10 miles out) has attractive lobby furnishings but the same tiny bedrooms; in spite of the fact that they're trying, here's another example of the "half-finished" school of hotel construction—at least to us.

The new Astir development, 10 miles down the coast (convenient to the airport), is ambitious and interesting. Along 2 beautiful sandy beaches, this subsidiary company of the National Bank of Greece has strung a "hotel" of 100 separate bungalows, 120 public bathhouses, a stunning, big-scale restaurant (elegant, modern, ranch-housey building, with dancing and cabaret nightly in season), large Snack Bar, and other facilities. Each bungalow is standardized: small, compact living-bedroom combination opening broadly to private terrace, tiny bath with shower, kitchenette sink (no burners furnished), and closet; amiable pastel colors; the daily rate, demi-pension only and including maid service, is \$16.80 to \$18.80 per 2 persons; the 2-day-minimum-stay requirement has now been abolished. Not the height of luxury, but mighty soothing and healing for sun-and-sea worshippers who like the illusion of loafing in their own little house.

Lesser hotels in the above areas are not recommended.
In Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and other lands, some

of the Second-class and Third-class places are cozy and delightful; this is not so, unhappily, in Greece.

Hotel rates all over Greece jumped 25% in '55 and jumped again in '59—this time an added 15% in De luxe and First, 20% in Second, and 25% in Third. This will bring the better houses up to a *minimum* of \$5.60 for single with bath, and \$9 for double with bath (including service). Most often there is an extra charge of \$1.30 (single) or \$2 (double) for air-conditioned rooms. Breakfast is usually compulsory, but the dent on your pocketbook is nominal. In the smaller cities, accommodations can be had at the "best" hotel for as little as \$2 per night.

Food When the Greeks try to cook like Frenchmen, the results are usually disappointing, if not disastrous. When they cook like Greeks, they turn out interesting fare. In general, however, from the American point of view, the national culinary level is surprisingly low.

Regional dishes worth trying are Dolmades (grape leaves stuffed with meat, rice, onion, and seasonings); Souvlakia (ask for "Turkish Style" to get true Shishkebab of lamb, tomatoes, and peppers roasted on a spit); Moussaka (chopped meat with baked potato, baked pumpkin, veal, eggplant, tomato sauce, cheese, eggs, and spices); the magnificent red mullet, finest in the seven seas; Kalamaraki (tenderized squid); octopus (so delicious that it tastes like chicken-lobster); and the local langouste (clawless crayfish). These are merely samples; there's a large choice of other specialties.

We stumbled across one of our happiest food discoveries in ages during a very recent Greek circuit. It's called Peñnerli, and it's a "sandwich" of crisp, succulent pizza dough which is shaped like a Viking ship and which contains your choice of fillers (cheese with tomato sauce, fried eggs, ground meat, bacon, etc.). When it comes, piping hot, to the table, mix the fillers on the "deck" so that they soak into the underside of the crust. Then eat the center out, and finally polish off the whole. E Pighi ("The Source") at Drossia, 45 min

utes from Athens, is king of this dish; plain, 40¢; with eggs, 50¢; with meat, 55¢. One "sandwich" is a meal in itself; dee-licious!

Not recommended is a little number called Kokoretsi (sometimes spelled Cocoretzi), which is mushy intestines stuffed with liver, *very* fresh kidneys, and innards, half-baked by an apathetic fire. Because it's sometimes as high as a kite, with a monstrosly hideous aroma, I've turned kelly green on no less than 7 separate occasions over the years while trying to force it down; it happens to be the only recognized dish I've ever sampled anywhere that I simply couldn't stomach by the 8th try.

The meal hours are generally from 7 A.M. to 10 A.M. for breakfast, from 1:30 P.M. to 3 P.M. for lunch, and from 8:30 P.M. to 11 P.M. for dinner. As in Egypt, Spain, or Portugal, the later the hour, the larger the crowd.

Caution: Drink water from the tap *only* in Athens, Rhodes, Delphi, Corfu, Crete, and Olympia, where it is safe; everywhere else, never touch anything but bottled water (wine is even safer). Under no circumstances should you drink milk unless you are *certain* that it has been boiled. Fruits, melons, and vegetables which grow in the ground should always be washed. In the larger centers, restaurateurs generally do this before serving such foods—don't worry about the good places in Athens—but when you buy them yourself or eat them in villages, this precaution must be taken.

► **TIP:** Whenever you tackle the flavorful little Greek clams called Thalassina, always squeeze a drop of lemon juice over each one before downing it; *if it doesn't wiggle when the juice hits it, leave it alone!*

Restaurants Don't look for dining elegance in Greece, because in the routine establishment you're liable to find paper tablecloths, paper napkins, colorless furnishings, and panting waiters who'll toss successive courses at you like Ping-pong balls.

The most fun—and best dinner—we found in this entire land was at the amazing little grocery-shop-restaurant called

Vassilena (corner of Etolikon and Vitolion Sts., port of Piraeus, 20 minutes from the heart of Athens). About 10 wooden tables in the most primitive room imaginable, with wine bottles and canned tomatoes on shelves, sawdust on floors, and towel-covered windows. No menu is offered; you merely sit down, Vassilena sneers at you, and then he shuffles to the immaculate kitchen to start the one-priced, no-choice parade of 14 heavenly dishes which will take you 2½ hours to consume. He won't permit you to eat bread until *he's* ready to do so; "why stuff the stomach?" is his attitude. And you'll find no salt and no pepper in front of you at any time, because if you don't like his seasoning, to hell with you. Here is absolutely magnificent natural food; the man is a genius. Price of this gargantuan 14-course repast, including coffee, a house liqueur, and all the open wine you can pour down is less than \$2.50 per person! *Don't miss it!*

For straight fare in straightforward surroundings, our favorite in the capital is the venerable Costi (2 Korai St.); excellent cookery and ancient waiters who really know how to serve, in a serene, old-fashioned setting. Zonar's (Venizelou St.), 1 block from the Grande Bretagne, might be called the Greek Schrafft's; coffee shop, confectionery, tearoom, bar, and restaurant combined in a single operation; hot in summer; average in quality; popular with Americans. Pantheon (73 Venizelou St.) is highly commercial, with a 175-item menu and the most trigger-happy staff on the Aegean; anyone who can finish the last bite on his plate before the next course is shoved under his nose is awarded \$64 in Ubangi coin silver by the bustling management; very cheap. Flocas continues to uphold its good reputation; café-restaurant aura similar to Paris' Marquise de Sévigné. Norok, a new Roumanian nook, is rumored to offer all anybody can eat, including delicious homemade pickles, for a maximum of \$1.50; all reports are favorable. For game during the various shooting or hunting seasons, Zapheri, just below the Acropolis, has no local rivals for variety and high quality.

For a change of atmosphere and diet, every U.S. traveler should pay at least 1 visit to a typical Greek tavern. These

famous institutions, most of which operate on a cold-weather basis *only*, feature rôtisserie-type grills, hearty masculine menus, wine from huge barrels, folk music that is often deafening, and informal, family-style hospitality. Within the city (not the environs), most of them do not serve lunch; evening is the time to go. Probably the most elaborate is Palia Athinai (4 Flessa St.); slick-rustic décor, orchestra and dancing, vague aura of a transplanted German *bierstube*; closed in summer. Possibly the most colorful within the city limits, from the tourist's point of view, is The Seven Brothers Social Tavern (39 Yperidou St.); friendly, happy, relaxed sort of place with spotless kitchen but food that is strictly indifferent; go here for nibbling and wine-drinking, not for a heavy dinner; closed July and August. The Rock, operated by a stocky, rugged, smiling ex-wrestler of the same name, has dancing, a good band, a show starting at 11:15 P.M., and appetizing regional food; try its "Various Hors d'Oeuvres, Greek Style" and a bottle of Attica white wine, for \$1.25; go about 10 P.M. and ask for Fotis; thoroughly recommended. Kastro is bigger than The Rock, but smoothed up to the point where it's not as interesting. Bacchus, on the slopes of the Acropolis, has plenty of atmosphere and sound cookery for its type; music but no dancing. Xenou, next door to Seven Brothers, is quiet and characteristic; Tzaki's is popular; the Roumeli in Amaroussi (on the Kifissia Road) displays a wheezy rôtisserie apparatus at the entrance, with spitted whole intestines and suckling pig the features of this very simple haven; a new entry, Oui-Oui, is said to be charming.

On the outskirts, there are several well-known restaurants. Once-famous Chez Lapin, which now operates only the warm-weather branch at Kastella (6 miles out), has again changed ownership, for the umpteenth time. May to October, depending on climate; open-air motif, 40 feet above a yacht basin and bay; circular dance floor, tables in tiers, lovely view; very much a question mark in food and beverage standards according to preliminary comments on the new regime, which are not enthusiastic. Batis, at Old Phaleron (4

miles from the center, toward the airport), has good table linen, real napkins, and tempting seafood specialties; seaside location, with pleasant panorama of the bay and the capital; superior for its league. The once-ranking Argentina twins (city gin mill and beach dining-dancing restaurant) failed last year and were closed. Both the Chrisso Petalo at Galatsi and the Mocambo on Tatoi Road (this the former Combarcita, now taken over by the Mocambo night club people) are open-air, with Greek floor shows. Kokkini Barka ("Red Boat"), at Tourkolimano (15 minutes on the other side of town), is plain, cheap, and interesting; when you pick your own fish, caught that morning, the waiter will weigh it and make mysterious notations on a wooden-backed scratch-paper pad on your table; after heroic mathematical struggles, consuming many minutes, he'll finally tell you that you owe him 58¢. Terrace; bay front situation; pagan but enjoyable. Zephirus, a few buildings further along, features Garides Youvetzi (casserole of big shrimp, tomatoes, mild peppers, and seasonings—yum YUM!), offers the same pick-your-own-seafood policies, and has higher-class appointments; ask for General Manager Nicolas; highly recommended. E. Pighi ("The Source") specializes in that mouth-melting pizza "Viking ship" called Peinerli which is described under "Food"; 45 minutes from Athens at Drossia, and worth it to pizza fans like us. Kanakis «Very Nice» Garden, at Liopesi-Peania (30 minutes by car), is the most rugged and most charming of all; here's an extraordinarily sweet, hospitable family of 2 adults, 6 daughters, and 3 sons, who will welcome you warmly and load you with flowers when you leave. Crummy building, elementary bar, attractive garden; when you get over the initial shock of its primitiveness, you'll probably enjoy it. Upper-bracket Athenians are fond of the Country Tavern of the Diana Hotel in Ekali, 13 miles out; a social cut above Kanakis', sound food, cheap prices. Kalamboka, at Pikermi, went out of business in '59. Ypatia (Hypatia), 20 miles from Constitution Square at a settlement called Gavouri, overlooks one of the world's bluest and most beautiful bays; Mrs. Ypatia is proud of her fish and crustaceans; inex-

pensive, modest, and balm to the soul. *In all these suburban taverns, drink wine or beer only.*

The Kalambokas Restaurant in Kifissia, 20 minutes out, sits on a mountain slope and offers an unusual atmosphere to the curious. Very pleasant. The Salamandanis, probably the best tavern here, features baked lamb and a spaghetti thing called *youvetchi*; budget prices.

For dining suggestions in other parts of the land, consult TWA. A list for Rhodes follows, separately.

Night Clubs Now that Argentina has fallen along the financial wayside, local aficionados of the female torso rate Lido-Mocambo as the jernt with the best floor show. Winter location across from Zonar's, and summer spot on Kypselis Street; sleazy furnishings; we found them depressing, but perhaps you'll disagree. The Asteria Beach Tavern is chichi by Athens standards and quite expensive for the country; good service, but not a Latin Quarter, by a mile. Top choice for dinner or supper dancing (no cabaret) is the Athinaia Club, just across the street from the "G.B."; excellent band, and lively atmosphere if you hit it right; good. Trocadero and Blue Fox have been shuttered.

Lonely and masculine? Flamingo, Flamenco, or Minuet—call it what you wish!—is next to the TWA office on the main square; it's the most pleasant pickup spot, *if* you don't mind that 4:30 A.M. marathon until your companion is permitted to leave; small show; nothing special, but best-scrubbed of its type. Mimosa (5 Ionos St.) couldn't be more routine. Miami and Fantasio no longer con the suckers; both failed, at long last. Earlier in the evening (7:30 P.M. onward), Snack Bar (entrance of Mission Building, 1 block from the "G.B.") and Baby's Bar (opposite Pan Am's office, next to the "G.B.") are favored hangouts; take blinders and your hypnotist, because they're *really* dreary. The Argentina at Piraeus rates the lowest of all; here's the toughest sailors' dance hall I've ever seen anywhere in my life, including the waterfronts of Marseille, or Hamburg. Recommended only

to a large party of heavyweight boxing champions who also know judo and discus throwing.

► **TIPS:** Practically every elaborate night spot in Athens requires its bar girls to stay on the premises until 4:30 or 5 A.M. Don't let them sucker you into buying more drinks on the promise that they'll sneak out earlier, because they can't.

Motorized prostitution, with taxi-girls in the true sense of the word, is the latest major development on the Athens after-dark scene. Around midnight, they pop out of cruising cabs and inveigle lone pedestrians to a bit of L'Amour on wheels. Plenty of trapped-and-robbed strangers on this pitch, so don't be tempted.

Be terribly careful about Mickey Finns, companions who will disappear at the crucial moment, and other clip practices in the dives of this city. Leave your getaway money in the hotel safe, drink bottled beer that is opened in front of your eyes, and keep your dukes up every second of the time; this is one of the roughest leagues in Europe.

Taxis Plentiful. Superior cars (among the best on the Continent), standard rates of about 20¢ per mile, 24-hour service. The average run from the center of Athens to the airport is \$3.15. Cabbies are seldom tipped, but if you wish to please them, give them a little something extra. They are usually courteous. Most drivers understand English, even if they don't speak it—but many seem to be hazy about the geography of the smaller streets and less-known addresses. Time after time we ran into utter confusion when we took them to off-trail locations within the capital, so check with your concierge first.

Trains Beginning to approach prewar levels, but still spotty in quality. The international expresses through Yugoslavia to Zürich, Paris, Ostend, Germany, or other European points are comfortable. There is good diesel rail-coach service from Athens to Corinth, Olympia, Nauplia, or Tripolis, and from Athens to Levadia, Larissa, Salonika. But local service is about on a level with that of Spain. Travel by car or bus if

you can; the buses are royal chariots by comparison. If you must take a train, *stick to First class.*

Airline Olympic Airways (formerly TAE, the Greek National Airline) is the sole domestic carrier. Aristotle Onassis, the legendary shipping magnate, assumed control of all administration and equipment in April '57. The current fleet consists of DC-6B's, DC-4's, and DC-3's; DC-8 jets will probably be delivered this year for the proposed American and Oriental runs. International services, expanding fast, now spread from the Athens apex to Rome, Paris, London, Zürich, Frankfurt am Main, Beirut, Istanbul, Tel Aviv, and Cairo; domestic services, with high-frequency schedules, cover 11 key points within the nation.

So far we haven't had a chance to climb aboard this line—but we know from frequent past experience with TAE that the Greeks fly passengers exceptionally safely and well. Our conclusion would be, therefore, that Olympic merits firm recommendation.

Hired Cars Three companies, all newcomers, in Athens. Tractellas (formerly Drive Avis In Greece Co.) has offices at 73 Syngrou Ave. and at 10 Venizelos St. Modest fleet of drive-yourself Fiats (2-door, 4-door, and convertible) available at roughly \$6 per day, plus 6¢ to 7¢ per kilometer of use, plus gasoline. Delivery anywhere in the metropolitan area for small fee.

Olympic Rent-a-Car System, at 13B Fokionos Negri St., offers Studebakers, Chevrolets, Plymouths, and various European types; \$7.50 to \$9 daily fee, plus 6¢ to 7¢ per kilometer, plus gas and same delivery arrangements.

Byron Car Hire Service, at 156 Tritis Septemvriou, features Mercedes 190's, Chevrolets, Alfa Romeo Berlinas, Volvo Amazons, Peugeot 403 Specials, Opel Records, Renault Dauphines, and English Fords, for \$8.50 to \$9 per day, including either 60 or 100 free kilometers; you pay all fuel; \$50 returnable deposit; it will also deliver or pick up for \$1.50 extra.

We haven't tried any of these firms.

Tobacco American and British cigarettes at this writing (subject to change) are about 60¢ a package. Greek varieties are less than 30¢ and they are all "Turkish" (grown in Greece); most brands have filters now! If you're curious, a brand called Papastratos #1 is a good bet. Cigars are practically nonexistent—few Greeks like or use them. The local pipe tobacco is strictly for blacksmiths and chestnut vendors; Capstan is the top British import (no American types could be spotted), but it's worth its weight in Vyatka caviar.

Get what you need in the next country on your schedule—tobacco is almost always cheaper in neighboring lands.

Laundry Two-day service, neat work, expensive (the get-rich-quick philosophy). Even though it is improving, *watch dry cleaning*; you'll get it back within 5 days, but perhaps 50% of the time it has been doused in a tub with plenty of suds—sure death to a wardrobe. In an emergency, try Souflis at 19 rue Yan Smuts; this one is adequate most (not all) of the time.

Drinks Everything is available. Scotch is \$4.50 a bottle, blended whiskies \$4 to \$5, imported gins \$3, and other foreign spirits are scaled accordingly. Brandy is the national hard drink; Metaxas, sharply sweet, is the most popular; less than \$3. Ouzo is the national apéritif; it is a cross between French pernod, Javanese arrack, and Turkish raki, and has a faint licorice flavor. Cyprus gin is as low as \$1, but it's awful. No Greek whisky is made, but Greek vermouth is quite drinkable. So is Greek beer, which is mighty refreshing on a hot summer's day.

Order your wines "aresinato" (without resin), or your mouth will pucker so much that you'll think you've eaten a basketful of persimmons. In Homeric times, the Greeks smeared the linings of their wine barrels with pine sap, a crude preservative. Over the centuries, the people grew to like the turpentine flavor, and today's vintages are therefore deliberately resinated. But to the neophyte, they taste like a blend of nail polish remover and deck enamel. If you specify

that you want "aresinato," they'll always find an untouched bottle of the same brand for you.

Among choice wines, Demestica (white) and Castel Danielis (red) seem to be especially popular; both bear the Achaia Vintners' label. King Minos comes either white-and-dry, or red-and-medium; this brand is usually our personal selection. Naoussa red (Burgundy-type) is heavyish but sound; here's a good complement to extra-spicy or garlic-y dishes. Kampa, Château Décélie, Mavrodaphni, Santorin, and Samos, all sweet to very sweet, are favorites of the ladies. Outside this select group, Hellenic wines are without exception second-rate, according to American and European tastes.

True to form in this land of straight brandy and straight ouzo, the cocktails are lethal and dreadful, except in the largest hotels.

Sports Wonderful swimming, fishing, skin-diving, and boating from late April to late September. Clear, clean, sparkling water; thousands of uncrowded, sandy beaches; no undertows. In the Athens area, Varkiza, Vouliagmeni, Voula, Agios Andreas, Rafina, Kavouri, and Glyfada are all lovely and are all less than 1 hour from your hotel. These same idyllic conditions prevail throughout the islands; here is Greece's number one sports asset.

Spear-fishing is coming up fast, particularly in the Dodecanese, at Sunion, and near Vouliagmeni; adequate locally made equipment is now available.

Except for European football, spectator sports are rare. Track and field events are fairly popular. Several good tennis clubs in the capital (ask the concierge for details); new, still-raw golf club at Varibobi, 12 miles out; Jockey Club with horseback riding at nearby Amaroussi (wangle a guest card as it's membership only).

Tipping Tip more than you usually do, because every penny is desperately needed. In restaurants, always tip twice: 5% to 10% extra for the waiter, and 2 or 3 drachma on the table (not the plate) for the bus boys. In your hotel, give at least \$1 to the concierge, 50¢ to the maid, 50¢ to the baggage

porter, and 10¢ to the elevator operator. For special attention of any kind, raise the scale accordingly. They'll never ask you to remember them, but they'll be grateful if you do.

Hairdressing Local American ladies tell me that the shop in the Athénée Palace is now the number one in the capital. Next, they say, come either Angelo's on Omirou St., or George, on the corner of Kanari and Roosevelt Sts., very close to Constitution Square. A shampoo, wave, and manicure runs about \$2. Give 50¢ to the admiral of your waves, 15¢ to each of his crew, and 25¢ to the manicurist, and you'll be generous. In all these places, the staffs speak English. Ask your concierge to make your appointment in advance.

Men's haircuts are about 50¢ without tip. The barber at the Grande Bretagne must have been thinking about bowling when he last trimmed my scanty locks, because if my head had been detachable, he would have run up a string of 12 perfect strikes. Tote a large club or a sword cane here—or try another.

Things to See Classic attractions in or near Athens include the National Archaeological Museum (priceless ancient treasures), the Benaki Museum (more modern Greek and Levantine displays), the Byzantine Museum, the Gennadeion Library (Byzantine books, manuscripts, and art objects)—plus scads of world-famous ruins like the Acropolis with its Parthenon, Hadrian's Arch of Triumph, the Temple of Zeus, the Theatre of Dionysius, and others.

Son et Lumière ("Sound and Light") spectacles are now presented once or twice nightly between late May and late September at the Acropolis. More than 1500 varicolored floodlights play over the site for 45 minutes per performance, accompanied by a musical score and a text in either English, French, or Greek. Not scheduled on full-moon evenings; seating on the hill of Pnyx; entrance fee of \$1 for a chair or 67¢ for a cushion. The French sponsors will turn over the whole \$240,000 of equipment to the Greek National Tourist Organization, on completion of their contract in the fall of

161. The program shown to date has been hotly criticized by the Athenian press.

The summertime concerts in the Herodes Atticus Theatre at the base of the Acropolis are wonderful. The combination of romantic antiquities, starlit nights, and the Athens State Orchestra is unforgettable.

The Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is spectacularly colorful; Sunday mornings only; check the concierge for the exact time.

The Zappeion Gardens are renowned for their art shows, held at intervals throughout the year.

The Epidaurus Drama Festival (June and July) draws 50-thousand spectators annually. Greek theater at its purest; marvelous acoustics; top stars like Katina Paxinou and Alexis Minotis. Don't miss it.

For other points of interest, consult TWA or the National Tourist Organization branches.

Things to Buy Shopping hours are as follows: in summer, from 8 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. and from 5 P.M. to 8 P.M. (closed all Sat. afternoon); in winter, from 8:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. and from 3:30 P.M. to 7 P.M. Only the kiosks, restaurants, and transportation offices are open during the long afternoon siestas.

There are no major department stores. Prices are pleasingly low everywhere—but remember that practically all merchandise (furs excluded) is up to 30% cheaper on Rhodes, a special tax arrangement to help this island get back on its feet.

For the luxury buyer, Greece is world-famous for its native-grown stone martens. At John Sistovaris & Sons (4 Hermes St.), the best furrier we found in the country, you can pick up a gorgeous stole for \$450 to \$600 which would cost from \$1000 to \$1250 in the States; baum marten is about \$100 less. Fine mink, Persian lamb, and a full range of other types down to budget level are also offered by this internationally respected company. Closed Sundays, holidays, and Saturday afternoons. Branch in Wiesbaden, Germany (Sistovaris & Wolf O.H.G.) for North European

travelers. Ask for friendly Elias Sistovaris in person, former President of New York's United Fur Manufacturers. A *must!*

Halifax Furs, Ltd. (24 Voulis St.) isn't quite up to Sistovaris, in our opinion—but it's also reliable.

Handicrafts, regional items, and handsome souvenirs? The Diacosmitiki (5 Stadium St.) is it. Enormous selection of contemporary Greek arts and crafts under one roof: hand-embroidered blouses, skirts, purses, table linen, scarves, dresses, dolls, national costumes, everything which can hold a stitch—brass, ceramics, jewelry, woodcarvings, postcards, water colors, children's knickknacks—the works for the foreign shopper. Highest quality obtainable; fair prices; transatlantic and other shipments guaranteed against breakage or loss; bank-rate exchange on dollars. Owner Papataxiarhis or Miss Catherine, who both speak English, will fly to your assistance here. Best for its specialties.

The small and charming Queen's Fund Shop (University St., opposite "G.B." Hotel) is also excellent; Santamouri (3 Spiro-Miliou St.) has good-looking things; Karageorgi (Serbia St.) isn't bad; ignore most of the "soovineer jernts" on Stadium St.

Pandrossou Street is the Flea Market of Athens—grand fun for the bargain hunter and antique hound. K. Adams, at number 47, is an intriguing starting point: wonderful old bracelets, brooches, and necklaces for \$2.50 to \$10, not to mention a swell assortment of ancient guns, ceramics, ikons, daggers, peasant skirts, and other colorful items. Martinos, at number 50, is fine for household requirements (silver, etc.), and Nicolas Katsonis, at number 77B, specializes in Greek costumes, slippers, and dress fillips. This tiny street is most certainly worth a look.

Among the respectable, non-Flea-Market merchants of antique jewelry, Constantaras (6 rue Yan Smuts) usually has some fascinating buys; this 80-year-old house is the Official Supplier to the Royal Family. Vourakis (8 rue Yan Smuts) is interesting, too.

Copper articles? Take a stroll along Efissou Street, for the

darnedest assortment of copper utensils and bric-a-brac you've probably ever seen—all at a song.

Reading matter? Eleftheroudakis (Constitution Square) carries a mouth-watering supply of American and English books, originals and reprints, from the latest novels to a technical library any U.S. bookseller would be proud of. Hospitable, knowledgeable, kindly staff; perfect for browsers.

Under the trade agreement, you may export \$400 in purchases without taxes or duties at the outgoing Customs. Save your sales slips, if you buy close to or over this figure.

Things Not to Buy Ready-made dresses or suits (improving through the rash of new Italian-style *boutiques*, but still not up to U.S. standards); ready-made Greek blouses (the Hellenic figure has narrow shoulders and a huge bosom); all imported merchandise except books, regardless of category (taxes and customs duties make foreign products prohibitively high in this soft-currency country).

Local Rackets Very few. The Greek people as a whole are extraordinarily honest and decent. They bargain hard (less hard, however, than their Eastern neighbors), but once their word is given, it is their bond. You'll find them as reliable as any Europeans, and much more reliable than some.

Rhodes For today's visitor to Greece, Rhodes deserves special mention. Here are some capsule facts about this venerable and lovely "Isle of Roses," one of the happiest tourist targets of the Mediterranean or Aegean areas this year:

Location? Largest of the Dodecanese Islands, roughly 16 miles off the Turkish coast and 280 air miles southeast of Athens. *Size?* 54 by 27 miles, shaped like an ocarina. *Population?* Nearly 60 thousand. *Cities?* Rhodes-proper, with 28-thousand people, is the capital and the only important settlement. *Connections?* From Athens (Piraeus): overnight boat service which stops at other islands en route—simple, a little rugged, but wonderful scenery and great fun; from Athens airport, 17 weekly Olympic Airways flights in summer (daily in winter) which take 110 minutes and cost \$27.40 round

trip. From other islands: twice per week. *Prices?* Very low, because of exemption from many Greek taxes to attract tourism. Identical merchandise in the shops is as much as 30% cheaper than on the mainland. Hotel rates, however, have now been standardized with those all over the nation. *People?* Lovely; very clean, very honest, overwhelmingly kind to Americans. *Best season?* Late spring or early fall. Summer is fine when the breezes blow, but when they don't, it can be hot; winter is comparatively mild, but some spells are unpleasant. *Hotels?* The Astir subsidiary of the National Bank of Greece (see Greek "Hotels" section) has taken over the government-owned des Roses, Thermai, Pindos, and Lindos. Despite the rather cold-blooded administration in some cases, the full-pension requirement for guests, and the fact that you either catch hell or go hungry if you're late to meals, all have shown vast improvements under this new management. The des Roses is De luxe. Beach location; delightful arched patio-terrace; large rooms, pleasantly furnished, with tiled floors; some bathrooms the size of Hilton Hotel bedrooms; dinner dancing; modest tariffs for what you get; tops. Now open the year around. The Thermai and the Cairo Palace are First class; I prefer the former, although both are good. The Thermai has its own little park, beamingly eager service, and has been freshly redecorated; the Cairo Palace, completed in '54, has a fine open-air dining terrace, double-door ventilation, and Emerson ice-cream machines from the U.S. The Pindos, very small, is Second class, and the Lindos is Third class. Alternate possibilities, all worth considering, are (1) the new Class "B" Spartalis (sea view, all rooms with bath or shower), (2) similarly classed Soleil (pleasant garden, same geography as the Thermai, used as Hotel School in winter), and (3) the recently opened Miramare complex, 5 miles out (hotel, motel, bungalows, villas, open-air restaurant, heated swimming pool, sea bathing, mini-golf; \$5 to \$9 per person per day, plus 20% service and taxes; not as comfortable or fancy as the Astir Beach development near Athens which has been previously discussed, but agreeable in a simple way). In the mountains, 30 miles distant, there are a

choices, the Elafos and the Elafina. I didn't get out to see them, but I understand that they're nice for a rest, even though they don't offer swimming. *Restaurants?* Rated in order, here are the best kitchens: (1) Hotel des Roses, (2) Hotel Thermai, (3) Hotel Cairo Palace, and (4) Tourkalis, with the last establishment particularly worth a try; my check for 4 persons for dinner here was less than \$4, including service—and it was good! As for local taverns (*tavernas*), colorful, primitive Baboulas ("Ghost") is an indigo-blue fishing shack on the harbor which serves superior seafood from 50¢ up; the Yachting Club, not half as amusing as Baboulas, has open-air dining, unglamorous straight cuisine, and a fine view; the Park Rodini, 2 miles from the center, completely rebuilt, is agreeable for dancing (we didn't try the food); music from Athens and floor show every evening in season. Several cafés line the New Market; for light refreshment only. *Night life?* No night clubs as such, but open-air restaurant dancing during the season in various hotels (try the Thermai, for example) and in a place called Baby's Club (5 miles out, and open all year). Religious feeling is so strong that some of the old-timers won't appear on the streets after 8 P.M. *Things to see?* The site of one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Colossus of Rhodes, which once straddled the harbor and which was destroyed by an earthquake in 224 B.C.; a 1-hour tour of the ramparts and defenses of the Old Town (a *must* for every visitor), built before Christ; the magnificent medieval walled city of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem, with its castles, palaces, and fairy-tale ruins; the Thermal Springs of Callithea, 6 miles out, with Moorish architecture, a grotto restaurant, a spring house, 3 kinds of beneficial waters, and only a mere 120 toilets; the splendid cellar Aquarium near the Hotel des Roses, with an amazing variety of rays, moray eels, turtles, brilliant starfish, and local sea denizens in a series of tanks; the somewhat overrated Valley of Butterflies at Petaloudes, 15 miles out, where clouds of pinkish-gray beauties rise by the thousands as you walk along the little cascades (season only); Lindos, 34 miles

down and across the island, one of the ancient cities of history; other attractions. *Things to buy?* For that marvelous Rhodes pottery, try Icaros first; retail store at 1 Museum Square, factory $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the outskirts, and the leader of the industry. All sorts of animals in ceramics, from 50¢ to \$2.50; music boxes made by prisoners, from \$2.50 to \$10; large dolls in regional dress of various islands, from \$2.50 to \$3.25—what a gift! At the factory, I bought 6 Rhodian beer steins (\$1.25 each) for shipment to my home in Mallorca, Spain; they arrived promptly and unbroken, and we're crazy about them. Frarakis (7 Museum St.) is probably the second-best choice; same prices as Icaros, and some different specialties. Papanikitas (corner of Museum Square and Street of the Knights) is also good for similar things. For costume jewelry, try George Stavrianakis (2 shops—Hippocrates Square and 21 Ethnarchis Macarios St.): Rose of Rhodes earrings for \$3, silver and ruby-type stone butterflies for \$5—that sort of specialty. For 18- or 22-carat gold objects and other more costly items, Lalos Louizidis (French St. at the New Market), Skiathitis Bros. (just below Cairo Palace Hotel), and Demetrius Anghelou (Museum Square) are the best in the city. For embroidery, Arapoudis (26 Grande Bretagne) has a small but fair collection of needle point, blouses, bridge sets, and children's local costumes. *Further data?* Write or get in touch with the gentle-spirited, hard-working Mrs. Penelope Sismani, Director of Tourism, Rhodes; this able and kindly lady will be pleased to handle your travel puzzles.

Take a look at Rhodes; you won't be sorry. It's a delightful off-trail adventure for the inquisitive or the peace-seeking voyager, a true garden spot of the Aegean.

Information on Greece The U.S. fountainhead for tourist information is the Office of the Commercial Attaché, Royal Greek Embassy, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. Your next best bet is to write to (1) N. Phocas, Secretary-General of the Greek Tourist Organization, Athens, or (2) J. M. Davenport or General Souren Jenazian, TWA.

4 Othonos Street, Athens. Mr. Phocas knows his country like his own living room and is eager to help you. Mr. Davenport is also up-to-the-minute on local conditions, and whether or not you plan to be a TWA passenger has no effect on his desire to straighten out the problems of any American visitor. Our charming, very dear friend, General Jenazian is also an excellent source, a twentieth-century Delphic Oracle to the baffled visitor.

For actual travel *arrangements* (tickets, sightseeing excursions, hotel or ship reservations, and the like), we've had excellent luck with Hellenic Tours, 6 Panepistimion Avenue, Athens. Director Nelson Melamed couldn't have been kinder, nicer, or more efficient, and we recommend this company heartily.

HOLLAND (see Netherlands)

Hungary

Her Soviet-stooge masters now grant admission to American travelers who have been carefully screened. Almost all voluntary traffic since this nation's stubborn, spirited strike for freedom in '56, however, has been in one direction only—westward. God bless her and keep her during these tragic times.



Ireland

(See also Northern Ireland)

Ever heard of an entrancing, beguiling, and powerful little nation named Poblacht na hÉireann? Pronounce it "Pub-lockt-nah Hair-un," but call it the "Republic of Ireland" if you don't speak Gaelic—because these two have been its

official names since 1948. The country is free from English interference, economically and otherwise; this is a subject best let alone when there's an Irishman in the room. It's an island, of course, smaller than Pennsylvania but larger than South Carolina; you could drop its entire area into Lake Superior. The population is decreasing: 5 million in 1851 against 3 million in 1951. Emigration is causing a lot of gray hair in governmental circles.

One-sixth of the Island—Northern Ireland, in the north-east—is also taboo as a conversational subject. Orangemen of Belfast heartily reciprocate this mutual distrust and suspicion. It's as different from the rest of Ireland as Morocco from Milwaukee. The natives of Antrim, Derry, and the north-eastern counties tend to be Protestant; in the Republic, 95% of the people are Catholic. Up north, the British pound is the currency; linen weaving and shipbuilding are the chief industries; the scenery is beautiful; and the people are simple, affable, exceedingly gracious to strangers. More about this later under "Northern Ireland."

The Emerald Isle is a good name for it. See for yourself as you wing over the countryside. The fields are so green that the spectator often imagines he's wearing a pair of tinted glasses. The climate is mild, and to call it "moist" is like calling the Sahara Desert "dry." The summers are cool (50°-60°) and the winters are gentle (40°-50°). A bored newspaper editor with a sense of humor once ran this banner headline in August: "76° HEAT WAVE SWEEPS COUNTRY—THOUSANDS PROSTRATED!"

Profanity is taboo, even in male company; prostitution and free love are the same as nonexistent. The Irish are a hearty, hard-drinking, red-blooded people; general, rigid observation of Roman-Catholic law makes their moral standards higher than those of the United States or England.

Ireland is the country in which to relax. It will offer you a good chair and invite you to enjoy what John Burroughs once called "the Beautiful Foolishness of Things." National awareness of the value of foreign tourism took so long in coming that it hit the Man on the Street only a year

or two ago—and the sudden progress in road building, hotel construction, and other facilities for its visitors since this very recent awakening has been one of the most startling and gratifying developments that we've ever witnessed in travel. But if you want brass bands, floor shows, recreation directors, and the frenzied, taut, scurrying of the mass-produced American vacation, this land still isn't your answer. Should you be after medicine for overtired nerves, however—a gentle peace in simple surroundings with a people so warm that you'll be on first-name terms in 5 minutes—Ireland is your Arcadia, your Hesperides, your long-sought haven.

Shannon Airport Shannon is the airport, Rineanna (pronounced "Ry-nana") is the location, and Limerick is the town. You'll hear it called all 3; any of them will do. Transit passengers generally have time to refuel in its outstanding restaurant, to polish off a quickie in its cute little bar (amazingly low prices), and to load up with tax-free spirits (typical quotation: Irish whiskey, \$1.50 per fifth), U.S. cigarettes (\$1.40 per carton), French perfumes, Swiss watches, Irish linens, and other bargain gift specialties at the ever-expanding Free Airport Store. The Liquors Department, under Eric Reeves, alone cheers money-conscious travelers to the tune of 3300 bottles per week; the Souvenirs Department, with ¼-million customers annually, does a turnover that Macy's would envy; the Mail Order Department, a logical outgrowth of the main venture, has been set up on a money-back-guarantee basis for Americans who cannot travel to Europe but who wish to share the soothing cost advantages of merchandise from an International Taxless Zone. Write **Manager Dick Scott, Shannon Mail Order Service, Shannon Free Airport, Ireland**, for the fine gratis catalogue, plus the brochure of \$5 postpaid selections. Discounting perfumes, all bona fide gifts up to \$10 in value are now free of U.S. duties. ~~Even~~ a present to yourself from yourself! Absolutely reliable; money-back guarantees promptly honored. **WHAT a** ~~bonanza~~ **bonanza** for Christmas worriers—and who isn't?

"Weathered-in" passengers now generally stay at the spanking new Shannon Shamrock, situated in the shadow of Bunratty Castle, 10 minutes from the airport. Modern tone, with distinctively Irish lounge and dining salon; 35 double bedrooms, each with bath and radio; cocktail bar; \$9 single and \$15 per couple, breakfast included. A long-needed convenience.

Overflow transients are still funneled to Limerick, 16 miles away. An oversized business block in its center was gutted by a \$3,000,000 fire last year; you might still see traces of its havoc. Hotels are Cruises (the best), Royal George, Ardhu House, Glentworth, and National—all with hot water, coal or peat fireplaces, and cold bathrooms. Clohessey's, Cronin's, and the Stella Dance Hall are the night life; the sidewalks roll up practically everywhere at 10 or 10:30 P.M.

Ennis, 16 miles on the other side of the airport, is the alternate; 1 simple, pleasant hotel; dull atmosphere.

Dromoland Castle, an eleventh-century monument also near Shannon, at Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, currently receives a limited number of visitors who have made advance arrangements. Guests are treated as members of the household rather than commercial clients; meals are taken at 1 table in the portrait-hung dining hall. Roughly \$18.25 per person per day, plus 10% for staff gratuity; 48-hour minimum stay; a car will meet your aircraft or train. I've never seen this estate; some report it interesting, and others call it gloomy. For further information, write directly to Lord Inchiquin, Dromoland Castle, County Clare, Ireland.

Cities Dublin, first, foremost, and always. The world's largest stout brewery, widest main street, oldest Chamber of Commerce, highest granite obelisk—and courtliest people. Settled by Danes in A.D. 852, it's the size of Cincinnati, with 1/2-million people; quaint, colorful, it's a fascinating blend of a bustling metropolis and a one-horse town; serious emigration problems at present. Its newest addition is a \$750,000 fiberglass roof, now in the process of construction over a 1/4-mile section of fashionable Grafton Street; shoppers and

motor traffic will be sheltered by this giant "arcade." Museums, gorgeous parks, dance halls, movies, a million things to see—don't miss Dublin, if you can possibly get there. Aer Lingus (Irish Airline) runs a 60-minute shuttle service from Dublin to Shannon, and it also flies direct to various cities in England and on the Continent.

Cork city, the size of Pasadena or Binghamton, is second in importance. It's on the River Lee, way down south; Blarney Castle is 6 miles from the center. The people of Cork are said to have the sunniest dispositions in Ireland; the expression "He's a corker!" stems from the extra charm of this community.

Limerick, previously mentioned, is third; Waterford, near Cork, and Galway, capital of western Ireland, are the other cities of consequence.

Money and Prices Pounds, shillings, and pence—strictly Irish, not English. Here's the approximate exchange:

| <i>Irish</i> | <i>U.S.</i> |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 1 penny (1d) = | 1½¢ |
| 3 pence (3d) = | 3½¢ |
| 6 pence (6d) = | 7¢ |
| 1 shilling (1/) = | 14¢ |
| 5 shillings (5/) = | 70¢ |
| 1 pound (1£) = | \$2.80 |

It's an easy scale, once you learn it: 12 pence to the shilling, 20 shillings to the pound. Just don't confuse 5 shillings with 10 (an easy error); one is 70¢ and the other is twice as much.

English and Irish pounds are both acceptable anywhere in the country. Under a recent ruling, you may now *import* any currencies you wish, in unlimited supply—but, on departure, you may not export more than £10 in Irish and/or British bank notes.

Prices are very low—among the lowest on the map. Rates in leading hotels like the Gresham correspond with medium (not top!) U.S. rates—you can easily pay \$3.50 for a big dinner in one of the 6 or 8 pace-setting restaurants—but

average accommodations, food, shopping, and tourist facilities are just plain dirt-cheap, all over the land.

Language The official language is Gaelic, popularly known as "Irish." Technically, I suppose it could be called "Erse" (from the name "Eire"—but you might be greeted with gusts of laughter or frozen embarrassment if you use this form, due to its resemblance to a very rude noun). Those who speak it stoutly maintain that it's the world's most perfect medium for prayers, curses, and love-making. The pure tongue is spoken on the most remote parts of the Western seaboard, a wild, true, off-beat countryside.

The famous Irish brogue, that delightful and unique local brand of English, is pure music; there's a warmth and a lilt to it which makes British, Scottish, and Americanese sound grossly nasal and flat. County Cork is alleged to have the thickest and most colorful accent of the 16 recognized regional dialects.

Attitude Toward Tourists One of the warmest—and best-organized—receptions for today's foreign visitor. One master organization runs the show—Bord Fáilte Éireann. The headquarters (13 Merrion Square, Dublin) inspects and classifies accommodations, trains professional staffs, assists in the improvement of resorts and hotels with financial grants up to 20% of total renovation costs, maintains historic sites—solid groundwork for your touring pleasure. The main Information Office (14 Upper O'Connell St.) handles your itinerary problems, distributes reading material, and answers all your routine inquiries on anything from sports to theatrical events. The Publicity Department (7 Mount Street Crescent) publishes a full library of guides, folders, leaflets, and a magazine, and the Public Relations staff (same address) opens the necessary doors for the specialized traveler, i.e., travel agents, lecturers, journalists, photographers, magazine writers, commentators, and the like. All branches are outstandingly efficient and courteous.

If your trip is still in the planning stage, contact the Irish Tourist Office at either Ireland House, 33 East 50th St.,

N.Y. 22, or Field Building, 135 S. La Salle St., Chicago. They won't make reservations for you—but they will fill you with such sound advice in such an interesting way that you'll feel the warmth of Old Erin before even touching its sod.

People Courtly, warmhearted, gay; brimming with humor, laughter, and outlandish superstitions; chronic liars, in a delightful way ("blarney" is such an art that a good Irishman will harmlessly exaggerate before he'll tell the truth); handsome, healthy, athletic, sturdy; rigidly devout and moralistic; hard-drinking, hard-fighting, heavy-eating; quick-tempered, sensitive, explosively argumentative; an honest, hard-working, God-fearing people, stubborn, charming, graceful, and lovable.

Customs and Immigration Efficient, courteous, and accommodating. The list of dutiable articles is long, but it's one of the most sensible, flexible arrangements in existence. The visitor is allowed free entry with a "*reasonable*" amount of all *bona fide* personal effects. Few set limits; if the traveler plays fair, so do the Customs men. They are fond of Americans. They'll greet you with a smile, and will generally run you through in a matter of seconds.

Certain items have maximums, and these you must watch: (1) 1000 cigarettes or 200 cigars or 2½ lbs. of tobacco or any combination of these not exceeding 2½ lbs.; (2) 1 quart of liquor; (3) 1 pint of perfume (has there ever been a whole pint of perfume?); (4) 2 bottles of wine; and (5) gifts for Irish friends not exceeding \$56 in value.

Prohibited or dutiable articles include contraceptive devices of any nature, coffee extract (if they pick this up, you'll pay a 37½% Customs fee), saccharin (they're tough on this), unlicensed arms or ammunition, and narcotics, plumage, the usual contraband. To round out the list, pig meat in any shape, form, or state of ripeness cannot be imported. If you *must* have your porker or pork, stick him or it down your shirt and button your vest.

Personal search is extremely rare.

► **TIPS:** Never try to grease palms at the Irish frontiers, because there's a £200 fine for offering money to a Customs officer. It might work in France or Italy—but in Ireland it spells trouble in king-size capitals.

Don't forget that previously mentioned limit on currency *export* (not import!): £10 in Irish and/or British moneys **ONLY**. This does *not* apply, however, to travelers between Ireland and England.

Hotels It's a sad fact that temperamentally the Irish—exactly like the Americans—aren't built to be first-rate hotel-keepers. You may disagree violently with this statement, but I doubt it. In the Gresham, the Shelbourne, and perhaps 3 or 4 other international houses, you'll find impeccable attention; in the rest, organization is improving, but it's still most often on the slap-happy side. The staff people everywhere, despite their professional shortcomings, have hearts of pure gold; *always*—repeat, *always*—treat them as friends rather than servants, because they can tie you up in knots if they feel that you're unduly lordly, snooty, or arrogant.

In '58, Ireland's official Tourist Board gave the nation's Grade-B hotels a welcome shot in the arm with the previously mentioned grants (up to 20%) to any operator who wished to build new bedrooms, install new bathrooms, or convert to central heating. The effects of this assistance are already apparent, especially in the smaller towns.

In Dublin, the Gresham is miles ahead of its rivals for the average U.S. visitor. Bright, clean, modern, and lively; radio, built-in wardrobe, panel heating, and indirect lighting in all its 150 bedchambers; 25 new bathrooms added in '59, and all will have a radio extension by the end of '60; most accommodations spacious, but 25 of the newer doubles uncomfortably small, with beds in tandem; massive ballroom, currently being air-conditioned and soundproofed. Lovely Garden Room just inaugurated, with retractable glass roof, mezzanine Cocktail Bar, brilliantly gay tropical décor, and dancing under the stars on its white Italian marble floor. Smartest grill in Ireland, 1-flight down from lobby; extraordinary wine cel-

lar; excellent cuisine and friendly welcome. The handsome, cosmopolitan Owner-Director, Toddie O'Sullivan, holds the reins so tautly that here's the undisputed choice. Best in the country.

The Old Generation, however, still happily adheres to its beloved Shelbourne, parts of which have been pleasantly face-lifted. Here's the Dublin home of the nation's literati, the hunt-shoot-and-fish country squires, and the touring Boston Brahmins; authors from Thackeray to Elizabeth Bowen have fondly sung its praises in their books; the Constitution of the Irish Free State was framed within its venerable walls. Georgian façades and décor; beguiling new Victoria Bar; refurbished white and gold-leaf lobby; some fine redecorated suites; large, comfortable, unelaborate rooms; splendidly ornate 1000-capacity ballroom; quiet situation on St. Stephen's Green; untypically peevish Reception people; serene, mellowed aura. More tradition than the Gresham, but not as attractive; tailor-made for the Old Guard and the Classic Conservative.

The Russell has the top cuisine of Ireland, in our opinion—and now that most of its 36 rooms have been agreeably redone, with new beds, new baths, French wallpaper, and other touches, it's the leading choice for the traveler who wants tranquillity in a smaller-type house; tubs and *bidets* built in, but no U.S.-style showers. Smart restaurant, internationally known for its fare; don't miss at least one meal here if you're a lover of gastronomy. A good bet for living (if you draw one of the remodeled accommodations), and an unparalleled one for dining. Greatly improved.

The Royal Hibernian was built more than 200 years ago. Its tone was ancient and drab until recently, when General Manager Hector Fabron gave up his directorship of the Scottish Hotel School and returned to make the fur—and plaster—fly. Now there's a fine new entrance, many revitalized accommodations, and a completely different and charming restaurant designed by New York Decorator Valerian S. Rybar. Some rooms and bathrooms are still creaky with age, but Mr. Fabron plans to get around to these at his earliest

opportunity. The Buttery Bar, with renowned George and Jack in attendance, is one of the most fashionable meeting places in town. Coming up strong.

Jury's and The Clarence are the best Second-class houses. Among Third-class establishments, the Anchor, the Parkside, and the Cumberland are good bets for those who watch their pennies. The Central is ecclesiastical.

Loafing and lazing? In Dublin's suburbs, there's the popular Royal Marine Hotel at Dun Laoghaire ("Done Leery"), on a harbor 6 miles to the south. Gingerbread structure (vintage 1865) with high ceilings and distressingly old-fashioned furnishings; 5 acres of lawns and flowers; boating, swimming, yachting, sailing, golf, tennis, racing, hunting, and dancing; pick your weather carefully here. Anthony McClafferty, the engaging young manager, will give you a fine Irish welcome. North of the capital, 8 miles out, the Portmarnock Country Club is an alternate choice. Once the private estate of the Jameson whiskey moguls, it now offers terrace-dining, Moroccan-style cellar bar, open-air dancing (scheduled nights only), and seaside sports along the cheerless sand dunes. The lobby needs a capable decorator's hand. Terribly bleak in winter, but benign in summer. Go elsewhere if you're the restless type, as it's pretty remote.

Irish town, village, or country hotels? Monarch of the nation is Ashford Castle at Cong. With its dramatic setting on the shores of Lough Corrib, its turreted walls, and its baronial furnishings, it's straight out of the pages of a fairy-tale book. *The Quiet Man* was filmed here. A 4-hour drive from Dublin, directly across the Emerald Isle on the Atlantic side; former home of the Guinness family, with many of their treasures still intact. Excellent cuisine from its own farm, garden, and fishery, with a nightly Cold Table of such succulent roast beef, turkey, Ashford lamb, water-fresh salmon, country-style chicken, home-cured ham, and other temptations you'll stuff yourself cross-eyed; 40 commodious, comfortable rooms, 27 with bath and 8 of cozy, modern design in the "new wing" (the latter with a view of the lake and river). Magnificent fishing, good shooting, good riding-to

hounds; tennis courts and other facilities. During August, the Easter holidays, and the Christmas holidays (peak rates of the year), your room, private bath, breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, and dinner will cost you exactly \$8.59 per day or \$51 per week, plus a flat 10% for gratuities (all other tipping is forbidden); in winter, these go down to \$6.42 and \$39, respectively. Proprietors Noel and Angela Huggard are among Ireland's top hoteliers, and Ashford Castle is the crown jewel of the Huggard chain. In our estimation, it's one of the crown jewels of the Western Hemisphere for unwinding life's tensions in heavenly surroundings. Don't miss this friendly haven; here's one we 100% guarantee.

Other key areas for the overseas traveler are as follows:

Achill (extreme west, above Westport) offers the new-ish Grade-B Achill Head Hotel, which seems to be going down just as fast as it once came up. The Great Southern chain's *Malaranny*, which lies at the entrance of Achill Island, added a swimming pool in '59; only fair.

Adare (7 miles southwest of Limerick) is proud of its little Dunraven Arms, one of Ireland's most charming country inns. Owned and supervised by Lord and Lady Dunraven; 20 bedrooms with hot water, and 7 private baths; Old World village; convenient as a shooting or hunting headquarters; plenty of salmon and trout in the nearby River Maigue. Americans generally enjoy this one.

In *Athlone* (mid-Ireland, halfway between Dublin and Galway on the main road), the Shamrock Lodge has a lovely homey feel about its premises and its personnel—like a private house. Small, clean rooms with no private baths; fine lunch en route to Ashford Castle.

Ballynahinch Castle (near Ashford Castle) is smaller than its more famous and more baronial rival, but from the sportsman's point of view, it's even better. Excellent salmon and trout fishing, both river and lake. Recently acquired by a syndicate of wealthy American sportsmen who have no intention of spoiling the fun of its loyal clientele. Accommodations comfortable but not sumptuous. The *Zetland*

Arms, near Ballynahinch, was built on a cost-no-object basis by the Guinness family, and it is one of the most luxuriously decorated fishing hotels in the nation. Also highly recommended.

Bantry (County Cork, extreme southwest) has the Ballylickey House, situated in wild terrain lovely for relaxed exploring. Not De luxe, but substantial.

In *Bundoran* (northwest coast, below Donegal), the former Great Northern has now been taken over by the Great Southern Hotels Company, and its new name of "Great Southern" plays tricks with its geography. Not so hot at the moment, but alterations are planned.

Cobh? Skip it.

Cork? Both the Metropole and the Imperial have recently spent substantial sums in renovations—but they could easily spend more to bring them up from routine to attractive category.

Galway? The Great Southern is far-and-away the best. Savory food; 91 rooms and 37 baths, some of them newly modernized in an Hibernian interpretation of the Hilton approach; Brian B. Collins, the nice young Resident Manager, is working like a Hercules to redecorate the rest. Ambitious new Gift Shop under Miss Mary O'Donoghue with splendid stocks of Irish products and a big mail-order business in America; nineteenth-century, horse-drawn "Claddagh Coach," in which guests may sightsee the city and Salthill for \$1 per head. While in Galway, don't miss Paddy Burke's "pub" in Clarenbridge; Paddy is a delight, and his oysters are straight from heaven.

Glenbeigh (west of Killarney) offers the Evans, and *Grey-stones* (near Dublin, in County Wicklow) comes up with the Grand. Both are small and typically rural.

Killarney's Great Southern has recently added 33 rooms with private bath, built-in furnishings, radio, ice water, and other modern touches. The other 107 accommodations cry for improvement; they're barely adequate (if that!) for such a popular sightseeing center. Let's hope that the new G.I.E. (Irish National Transport Co.) management gets busy on

them, too. Currently recommended *only* if you bed down in the modern wing.

Limerick? See "Shannon Airport" or *Adare*.

Parknasilla (southwest tip of Ireland, roughly 35 miles from Killarney and 15 miles from Kenmare) has another Great Southern hotel that sits in a 200-acre park on the shores of an island-dotted Atlantic fjord. Lush subtropical vegetation nurtured by the Gulf Stream, which hits the coast at this point; tennis, golf, fishing, shooting, boating, swimming; quiet, pleasant, not luxurious in appointments; good.

Port-na-Blagh (north tip of Donegal, at the top of Ireland), a charming little seaside resort with a sandy beach and Polar-bear water, comes up with the choice of the Port-na-Blagh and Shandon—both friendly hostelries that provide satisfactory food and reasonable accommodations. Sheep-haven Bay setting.

Rosapenna Hotel (see Port-na-Blagh for general location) has a commanding position between Sheephaven and Mulroy Bays. Formerly owned by the Earl of Leitrim; magnificent site; golf links just outside the door; comfortable but not opulent accommodations, and a worthy kitchen. For the serene.

Salthill (1 mile from Galway) offers the Eglinton, Banba, Golf Links, and Rio—all nearly on a par, with the Eglinton the largest and the Rio perhaps the best by a hair. No mixed bathing permitted in this little vacation center; atmosphere strictly British; I'd much prefer to stay at the Great Southern in Galway.

Tramore (near Waterford, in southeast Ireland) has the Grand and the Majestic, both substantial old-timers near the sea which are beloved by Irish vacationers.

Waterville (Ireland's southwest tip, near Parknasilla and Kenmare) is a fisherman's paradise. Two good hotels: (1) Butler Arms, in the village, and (2) Southern Lake, handsomely situated on the shores of island-studded Lough Currane.

In *Wexford*, the up-and-coming Talbot is building a name for its food and lodgings.

Additional possibilities, in the small-and-agreeable category, are the Glenview in Wicklow's *Glen of the Downs*, and the Lake Hotel in *Virginia* (County Cavan), on serene Lough Ramor, which is a favorite of local "coarse" fishermen. We've heard that Manager Ben Norton is doing an admirable job in bringing up the standards of the Renvyle Hotel, which is said to be beautifully set on the *Connemara Coast*.

We're familiar with other Irish hotels, but these are the only ones known to us which we recommend to U.S. voyagers.

Tariffs? Everywhere in Ireland, your bed, breakfast, private bath, and surcharges will range between \$3 and \$7 per night. Suites are perhaps \$5 per person additional, and accommodations without bath are considerably less.

Food, Restaurants, and Amusements Next to Danish, French, and Belgian fare, we think that Irish food is tops abroad. It is probably closer to the best American type than that of any other country.

Marvelous ham and bacon; tender, thick steaks, blood-rare; excellent grills, omelets, and all kinds of fish. Milk is rich, plentiful, and scientifically pasteurized; soda fountains (called "cafés" or "milk bars") list such exotic items as Banana Split Joy, 1/6, and Chocolate Kiss Shake, 8d.

Ireland's acknowledged leader among dining establishments is The Russell Hotel in Dublin. It draws the most fashionable clientele, and offers the most sophisticated cuisine. Newly redecorated; not luxurious but pleasing; select your own Blue Trout from the aquarium tank, or, in spring, delight in the juicy grilled squab chicken. Open every day of the year; you'll pay \$2.25 to \$4.50 for what probably will be the best-prepared meal on the Emerald Isle. Ask for Maurice in the dining room and James in the bar; Proprietor Kenneth Besson and Manager B. E. Petrel know their jobs. None finer.

The Gresham Hotel Grill, smart, sparkling, and very much on its toes, has once again been modernized, and its many new features make it even more attractive than before. The great former Chef de Cuisine, Karl Uhlemann,

finally retired in '58; he has been replaced by his most distinguished disciple, Chef MacManus, who ably carries on the Master's traditions while adding some personal touches of his own. Closed Sunday; popular bar adjoining, with Charlie and Jerry on draft with the Guinness; be sure to ask for the internationally known headwaiter, Peter, who will supervise your needs with a twinkling smile and just enough musical blarney to beguile you. In the same excellent class.

Jammet's is An Institution: classic turn-of-the-century tradition, elegantly threadbare furnishings, and punctilious service. Optional dress; main dining room, upstairs grill, oyster bar, tiny Burlington Cocktail Bar, and Smoke Room, Gentlemen Only. Owner Louis Jammet is French and Maître Martiny is continental; unfortunately, they're not growing any younger as the years pass. À la carte throughout; good wine list; closed Sunday; expensive for Ireland. Still adequate, but not what it used to be.

The Metropole (38 O'Connell St.) deserves honorable mention. This large building houses the capital's finest movie theater, a ballroom, the Adam Room cocktail bar (where renowned Charles features his "Charles No. 1 Cup" for 45¢), a lounge bar (The Long Bar), the Cinema Café (hot dog 15¢, club sandwich 35¢), the 2nd-floor restaurant (3 courses and coffee for 80¢), and Dublin's only night club, the new Georgian Room (see below). Manager M. G. McMenamin has a man-sized job, and he handles its wide range of responsibilities admirably. Big and interesting.

Beefsteak hungry? Try the leading local chophouse, the Dolphin (26 Essex St.)—ideal spot for charcoal grills, baronial roasts, ruddy-cheeked waiters, and down-to-earth Irish color. Horsy, sporty clientele; the boss ruefully told me that he supports at least 50% of the bookies in Ireland. Twelve-oz. charcoaled sirloin with French-fried onion rings and home-fried potatoes, about \$1.60; 3½-lb. porterhouse for 2 about \$2.75; many other choices. Pick your room carefully; we recommend a drink in the Smoke Room bar, then a walk to the Central Grill (ground floor rear) for the feed bag. A famished man's meal—and treat!

The Bailey, which failed in '58, has now been reopened as a seafood "pub" under the direction of John Ryan, avant-garde artist and editor. By the time you read this, it may be a full restaurant again. Before we'd venture to recommend it, however, we'll have to see it again.

Even though some sections of the Red Bank Restaurant leave much to be desired, their little Seafood Bar, featuring 13 or 14 types of shellfish and other marine denizens, is now excellent, popular, and worth trying.

Alfredo's, on Mary's Abbey Street in the heart of Dublin's wholesale food market, is a new late-hours entry which features an impressive variety of well-prepared Italian fare; worthy but comparatively expensive. Bernardos, at Lincoln's Inn, is another Italian specialist with a bleak décor but appetizing dishes; reasonable. The Golden Orient (Leeson St.) is just the place for gastronomic adventurers who'd enjoy exploring genuine Indian cookery. The Apéritif, on Lincoln Place, comes up with good steaks and omelets, plus a song from Mine Host when the lady is pretty; Michael's, on Wicklow Street, draws benign reports from diners who have tried it (we haven't).

For a light lunch (club sandwich 75¢, omelet 60¢, etc.), the Buttery in the Royal Hibernian is recommended; The management was granted special permission by London's Berkeley to duplicate the décor of the internationally famous original. Extra-good drinks: George's and Jack's "Gráinne" won the large silver cup on display behind the bar, in the 1954 World Cocktail Competition. The kitchens at the Shelbourne and the Royal Hibernian are satisfactory but not particularly distinguished. Among the smaller hotels, the Moira and the Parkside probably set the most tempting tables.

Night clubs? Just about the only example in the nation is the new Georgian Room of the Metropole restaurant complex (see above). Soft lights; urbane décor; small dance floor; nightly cabaret opened and closed by the Royalties ("Les Girls"); amplified by one or two other acts drawn from the best available Irish talent or international performers from

the Theatre Royal; table d'hôte dinner about \$2.50, à la carte reasonable, and drinks about 65¢ each; you may trip the light fantastic until after midnight. Not a big league gin mill à la Times Square or Paris, of course—but Manager McMenamin has shown commendable enterprise in bucking Irish taboos by offering after-dark entertainment in a consistent, inexpensive, and tasteful way. Salutes to his experiment!

The Gresham and the Metropole offer dancing from 1 to 5 nights per week, depending upon the season. For the younger set, there are many public dance halls like the Four Provinces or Crystal Ballroom, with no liquor but plenty of jitterbugging; if you're over 21, you'll feel like 91 when you watch these kids in action.

Last, among the legendary Irish "pubs" (Public Houses), John Ryan's reopened Bailey (see above) is reported to be a lodestone for businesslike Bohemians and Bohemian businessmen; The Pearl (Fleet St.), is an old-fashioned bar, hangout of journalists, poets and such raffish characters as guidebook writers; McDaid's (Harry St., off Grafton) doesn't seem as amusing as it used to be; Davy Byrnes (Duke St.) draws the Smart Young Dolls and Very Earnest Young Authors; Jerry Dwyers, the flavorful but far from hygienic center on Moore Street in the streetmarket district, attracts the playboys from the broadcasting world; Mooney's Bars (several scattered branches) cater to a mixed group, predominantly male, of business executives, clerks, dockers, coal heavers—the hard-working Dubliner who drinks a "pint" rather than a cocktail; O'Meara's Irish House, across the river near the Dolphin, is so charmingly old-fashioned that it's perhaps the most colorful of all. Real flavor, real fun; worth a look.

Bar girls, taxi girls, pickups? Nothing like the Latin countries in Ireland: no bordellos, no steerers, no blandly acknowledged immorality.

► **TIP:** Use the water carafe instead of the open tap for drinking purposes while you are in Ireland. Sometimes rainwater from roofs finds its way into the general supply, with resultant upset to delicate stomachs.

Taxis, Trains, and Transportation Dublin's newest and handiest taxi service—a large fleet of radio cabs—has been put into service by dynamic President Dermot A. Ryan of Ryan's Car Hire Ltd. (see below). They're easily spotted by their black-and-yellow flashing signs on top. The rate is only 21½¢ per mile, with no extras for additional passengers or baggage; models include Mercédès-Benz diesels, Chevrolet Bel Airs, Ford Consuls, and even one Rolls-Royce—all at the same tariff! Phone 7-22-22, and you'll be picked up in a matter of minutes, regardless of location. Voucher tickets with a 10% discount are available for longer-term visitors.

Every company now uses meters. The minimum ride is about 28¢. *Tip heavily*; sixpence (7¢) is barely adequate for a 28¢ haul, and at least 1 shilling (14¢) should be given for anything greater.

For automobile rentals, see next section.

"Jaunting cars" (the Irish "dog-cart," a one-horse affair) are lots of fun. In some places you can get them for as little as \$3 per day. Bicycles cost 35¢ to 60¢ for 8 hours, a fine investment. But the most exotic transportation available is in Cork—the "Gypsy Caravan," a horse-drawn trailer capable of accommodating 4 persons. These brightly painted wagons are equipped with foam-rubber berths, a bottle-gas stove, heating, lighting, sheets, and blankets—and they're all yours, for only \$37 per week. And you don't even need to know one end of the beastie from the other, because they'll cheerfully give you free advance lessons in harnessing and driving. Check the Irish Tourist Office for details.

Short-run trains are showing great improvement. The Irish Railways' order for 94 new diesel-electric locomotives has been filled to the point where even the majority of their local lines are now dieselized. Among the blue-ribbon runs, the *Enterprise Express* (Belfast-Dublin in 2½ hours) and the *Dublin-Cork Express* (3 hours) are outstanding, with dining-car service that is notable, and official hostesses to soothe the traveler's fevered brow (and eye!). One odd little anomaly applies on the *Enterprise*, where the same drink in the same cozy little rolling bar costs considerably more in the

North of Ireland than it does in Eire. Thus, to quote a cheerful and thrifty Irish friend, "the north-bound traveler is well advised to refresh himself early, and vice versa."

On hinterland hauls, the Irish Railways are still a far cry from their Swiss confreres. For a quiet trip anywhere ride First class; for fun unrefined, ride Second.

When you take a rural Irish bus, prepare yourself for An Experience. Most of them are primitive, most of them are crowded, most of them pick up passengers every 42 feet—but you'll still get a kick out of your ride, and you'll probably arrive on time. The community friendliness and banter is straight out of "It Happened One Night."

The C.I.E., a big-time organization with larger and more comfortable vehicles, many of them diesels, operates (1) single-day sightseeing tours from key points; (2) 6-day round-robin tours for an all-inclusive \$56.40 in spring and autumn, or \$62.05 in summer; (3) a so-called "Super De Luxe" 6-day swing through the south in summer at \$101.50; (4) other 2- to 12-day offerings to various parts of the country, ranging from \$38 to \$129.70. Americans are so fond of these C.I.E. road excursions they're sold out long in advance; your travel agent should make the earliest possible reservations to insure your space.

The Great Northern Railway Board also runs daylight bus excursions for local sightseeing from Dublin and various northern centers.

Car Rentals and Travel Arrangements Two excellent car-hire agencies:

Count McCormack and Roy Muller operate Cyril McCormack & Co. Ltd., Kingram Place (also Fitzwilliam Place), Dublin. The former, an Irish nobleman, is the son of beloved singer John McCormack; the drivers are mostly ex-noncommissioned-officers of his army unit, and they're good. Subject to tariff changes, Austin Princess 7-seater limousines are \$17 per day (70 miles), plus 25¢ per mile over this distance; Humber Hawk 5-seater saloons are \$14 plus 21¢ per mile, on the same basis. Self-drive Ford

Anglias, Hillman Minxes, Commer station wagons, Morris Oxfords, Ford Consuls, and the smaller Humber Hawks run from \$9.85 to \$12.25 per day in High Season, with unlimited mileage (Off-Season rates lower). If you use a chauffeur, ask for Joe Lynch—a helpful and thoughtful companion who knows Ireland and who is blessed with a puckish wit.

Ryan's Car Hire Ltd., 17 Hawkins St., Dublin, is equally reliable and equally praiseworthy. This company, the only around-the-clock service in the nation, now has over 500 cars on the road, spread between the Dublin main office and branches in Cork, Limerick, Dun Laoghaire, Shannon Airport, Dublin Airport, Belfast, London, and Liverpool. Among their many offerings are Fiat 600's, Volkswagens, Fords, Morrisies, Mercédès-Benzes, Chevrolets, and a Rolls-Royce saloon; rates vary according to type and to season, with the lowest \$4.28 per day on an unlimited-mileage basis. Local delivery and pickup are free, and so are 1-way rentals between branches. Full chauffeur-drive facilities also available, and also praised by *Guide* readers. We tried one of its self-drives on our latest trip and were delighted.

For tickets, bookings, and arrangements both in Ireland and abroad, the top organization is Shannon Travel Agency, with offices in Shannon and in Dublin. No other outfit can touch this intelligent, aggressive house for satisfaction.

Irish roads? Fine. It's a wonderful country for driving—but remember that traffic flows on the left, not the right!

Airline Irish Air Lines now has 2 major divisions: Aerlinte Eireann for transatlantic service, and Aer Lingus for domestic and European runs.

Aerlinte Eireann first spread the green of Ireland across the ocean in April '58, when it commenced operations to New York. Shortly thereafter, Boston also became a terminus. Although its flights touch down at Shannon with time for a quick Irish coffee and a fast crack at the bargains in that wonderful Free Airport Store, they provide the only single-plane connection between Dublin and the United States.

By year's end or early in '61, 3 Boeing-720 pure jets will be placed in operation, cutting the flight time to 5 hours. Both First class and Economy class will be carried on these aircraft. Until then, 3 Super-H Constellations (named "Patrick," "Brigid," and "Brendan," for Irish saints)—all chartered from Seaboard & Western Airlines—will service the run. Their capacity is 95 passengers per flight, and *only Economy class is offered*. We've not ocean-hopped on Airlinte yet, but reports to date range from favorable to highly critical. Obviously, installation of the new jets will make a big difference in comfort.

The Aer Lingus leg, as we've indicated, is one of the most efficient feeder companies in modern aviation. They just don't come safer, more wide-awake, or better.

Rivalry between Aer Lingus and BEA (which owns 10% of it) is spirited. A few years ago, BEA plastered London with "half-sheets" (half the depth of the standard billboard) which shouted, "British European Airways Always Get You There!" Within 48 hours, not entirely by coincidence, the bottom halves of the same billboards read, "And Aer Lingus Always Brings You Back!"

A.L. now boasts an all-turbo-prop fleet of Viscounts and brand-new "Friendship" Fokkers. *Every flight is Tourist class*. There's one service daily between Shannon Airport and Dublin; it also flies from Dublin to Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, London, Glasgow, Bristol, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Amsterdam, Paris, Brussels, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt am Main, Zürich, Lisbon, Copenhagen, and Rome—plus Barcelona, Lourdes, Jersey, and the Isle of Man, in season.

One objectionable policy: they are absolute stinkers—the worst cheap-jacks we ever found—about the weighing-in of passengers' hand baggage. If you're carrying a box the size of a yeast cake, expect them to relieve you of it with cold implacability and place it triumphantly on the scale. In this sole instance, the line's public-relations' thinking falls apart.

The safety record is wonderful. In 23 years of operation covering hundreds of millions of passenger miles, there has been a total of exactly one mishap—and this was back in '52.

Cigarettes Far better to bring your own instead of buying them locally, because Customs will be generous in passing an adequate personal supply.

Some Irish-made cigarettes carry the same brand names as their British affiliates: Gold Flakes, Player's, and the like. Others, including Sweet Afton, are 100% local. The price of ordinary brands is 40¢ for 20. Churchman, always a little higher, is now 43¢—and worth the difference, at least to my personal taste.

Most tobacco shops have a limited supply of some (not all) plain-tipped U.S. cigarettes at about 50¢ a package.

Laundry Cheap, fast, and clean. Two-day service in many hotels. Dry cleaning is safe in Dublin and the larger cities. A man's suit costs about 90¢ to clean in the routine 4 to 6 days, or slightly more if you go to the establishment and ask for its special 1-day job.

Drinks A taste of Irish whiskey is a *must* for drinkers. No potatoes at all; it's triple distilled from grain (Scotch is merely twice distilled!). Put 20¢ to 40¢ on the bar, ask for "a half one," and up will come this unique, potent, and healing libation. There are 5 major distillers: John Jameson's (Holinshed's "Sovereign Liquor" at its finest), John Power's ("Enjoy that POWER!"), B. Daly at Tullamore ("Give Every Man His Dew!"), John Locke's (produced by Count Cyril McCormack), and Cork's, makers of "Paddy Flaherty" ("Will 'oo have a Paddy?" means your host is a true-blue Cork man). Crock O'Gold is our least favorite blend. There are also countless distillers of an illegal fire-water called "poteen," a fairish glass of which will delicately lift the enamel from every molar in your mouth; this rural moonshine, the despair of legitimate whiskey producers and government "reven-oors," is on the increase these days, because of too-high liquor taxes.

Scotch is plentiful at 28¢ to 50¢; Canadian Club is obtainable in the better bars. Sparkling water is 10¢ per split—and, if a bit of mild teasing may be permitted, who else but the

thoughtful Irish would produce a special size for the infants of the land, e.g., "Thwaites' Baby Soda"?

Guinness stout comes in porter (lightest), extra (medium weight), and foreign export (doubly fortified). This brewery landmark, on which the original Arthur Guinness took a 1400-year lease in 1759, celebrated its 200th Anniversary last year; the same yeast strains have been continuously under cultivation and in use since its founding. Guided tours through the 63-acre plant, largest of its type in the world, are offered at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. Monday through Friday, and 11 A.M. only on Saturday; children under 12 are not eligible, because the climax takes place in the sampling room (all free!). Many Americans prefer their stout diluted with beer or ale.

Irish coffee (also known as Gaelic coffee) is out of this world—one of the pleasantest beverages I've ever sampled. To make it, add a jigger of Irish whiskey to two-thirds of a glass of steaming black coffee; add sugar to taste; float thick, rich cream on the top without stirring, and sip slowly. It's wonderful. Just ask for it by name, and the waiter will bring you a glass, spoon, and the ingredients.

For your after-dinner liqueur, Irish Mist is to Ireland what Drambuie is to Scotland. Interesting and different; increasingly popular.

There are bars, pubs, and cocktail lounges everywhere, for not even 2-fisted Denmark can match rugged Ireland in packing its drinks away. A government-appointed commission recently recommended that the amusingly cockeyed consumption rules be changed, so they might be different by the time you read this. At press time, however, here's how they stand: The local *resident* is rigidly limited to certain hours, and Sunday is not his favorite day. *Bona fide travelers*, on the other hand, come under the "3 Mile Law"—service permitted (up to midnight on weekdays and 7 P.M. on Sundays) to anyone more than 3 miles from his previous night's lodging—the major cause of corns, bunions, and foot blisters in the Land of the Shamrock. *Hotel residents* get the best break: room service 24 hours per day, 364 days per year—

the exception being Good Friday, when liquor is served with meals only.

For years it has been a race—a never-ending 5000-meter dash—between the Irish people and the Irish authorities. You'll never die of thirst in this copious country, but you might witness the anguished demise of one or two octogenarian residents who aren't sufficiently fast on their feet.

Ice for your nip? Plentiful in the cities, of course—but if you should ask for it deep in the countryside, your sweet rustic waitress is liable to say, "Sure and where would I find *that* at this time of the year?"

Sports Magnificent fishing and shooting, naturally—but before any American traveler so much as wets a line or unpacks a shotgun, we'd urge most strongly that he either contact or visit Garnett's & Keegan's Ltd., 31 Parliament St., Dublin. Directors John Hanlon and Dick Harris, both noted sportsmen and topnotch technicians, know every river, bog, and shooting stand in Ireland; without charge, they'll be happy to steer you to the exact spot which is offering the best fun and best rewards at the moment of your visit. More about these cordial experts in "Things To Buy"; they're the leading tackle and gunmakers and Sporting Estate agents of the nation, as well.

Horse racing, golf, swimming, tennis, polo, every major American sport except baseball and basketball. Although the nation is no bigger than Maine, there are at least 200 golf courses, where the greens *are* greener. Mountain climbing is a favorite in Kerry, Wicklow, and the west.

There's usually a horse show or a country fair within striking distance; ask the Irish Tourist Information Bureau, because most of them are full of color and excitement for the traveler.

The Dublin Spring Show is held in May, the Dublin Horse Show in August—both on the same grounds. Don't miss them, if you're anywhere near—but *be triply certain to have confirmed hotel reservations in your pocket before you*

go to *either*, because last-minute space is usually totally impossible.

See some hurling, too. It looks like legalized manslaughter—hockey, bullfighting, and barroom brawling rolled into one—but actually it's clean, scientific, and so fast that if you don't watch closely you'll lose sight of the ball.

Ireland also offers the finest, cheapest fox hunting in Europe. Stag is also run from the saddle. The season is from November to the middle of March, and the cost of one day's outing, including a professionally schooled mount, is \$15. Ask the Irish Tourist Information Bureau for details.

Things to See Too much to cover in this short space. Dublin, of course: the Gate Theatre (the famous Abbey building has burned down, and this company is temporarily at the Queen's Theatre), the hatbox-sized Pike Theatre (amusingly intimate revues at 10:30 P.M., but wear lightweight clothes due to its tiny dimensions), St. Stephen's Green, Phoenix Park, Guinness's, the "Crusader's Corpse" in St. Michan's Church, the *Book of Kells* in Trinity College—the city is full of wonderful things.

One place I find a little spoiled and considerably overrated is Killarney—although the "Ring of Kerry" tour (also the south) is definitely worth a try. Killarney (where a group of Americans have bought a large estate with the intention of turning it into a summer resort) is 191 miles from Dublin by the vaunted *Radio Train*. We feel, however, that a trip of this distance is far more profitable when taken to the west of Ireland. Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and the islands off this coast (remember *Man of Aran*?) offer a spectacular terrain, a fascinating breed of people, and pristine, unspoiled beauty; here is the land's most interesting region. The *Naomh Eanna*, a new steamer, was placed in service on the Aran run in '59; since conditions for transients are still primitive there, you can take your own lunch basket from the Great Southern Hotel in Galway and spend a lovely day cruising among the islands. Killarney is still charming in its own way, but for most visitors it can't compare with the magnificent west.

Perhaps the most famous single tourist landmark is Blarney Castle, near the city of Cork (75 miles from Shannon, 160 miles from Dublin). If you kiss the stone (admission 20¢), be sure the man holding your feet is sober—as ours wasn't.

The Irish Tourist Information Bureau will give you travel details on every part of the country.

Festivals An Tóstal, the ancient Gaelic term, means "Pageant," "Muster," "Array," or "Display." The Patriotic Irishmen who revived this traditional fete in 1953 liked to think of it primarily as "Festival." But call it what you may, this year they will again make ready all of these spectacular ingredients from corner to corner of the land—the biggest, warmest welcome for its foreign sons, daughters, and friends in the history of the nation.

This is not the same as the Edinburgh, Salzburg, Brussels, or British celebrations of yore. Here the word "Festival" doesn't imply gigantic modernistic exhibition halls, midways, leg shows, and kewpie dolls. It simply means that Ireland is "at home" to her blood-kin and to her admirers, and that she's making a nationwide effort—right down to the grass roots—to give them a bang-up party.

Dublin is always the center, but An Tóstal is observed everywhere. The strongest possible emphasis is laid on Gaelic life, language, and culture. There are parades, special ceremonies, special theatrical productions, open-air ballet, an international film festival, and orchestral and choral concerts; special museum exhibitions on history, archaeology, national defense, science, transport, folklore, and civics; special sporting features, including hurling, currach racing, football, auto racing, yachting, golf, basketball, and fencing; a galaxy of interesting and colorful features.

This year, for the first time, it will run from May through September.

In addition to An Tóstal, the community of Wexford (90 miles south of Dublin) gives its famous Great Arts Festival every fall. Celebrated singers, musicians, and lecturers are imported from all over the world; there are or-

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chestral concerts, operas, recitals, marionette groups, discussion panels, foreign film competitions—even conducted tours through Forth Castles and “The Pleasant Slaney.” Last Sunday in October to first Sunday in November; more interesting each year.

The Festival of Cork in May (ballet, concerts, recitals, and international choral competitions), and the Festival of Kerry in Tralee in early September (“Homecoming” and Race Week Carnival) are also renowned.

For further information, consult Irish Tourist Office, Ireland House, 33 East 50th St., N.Y., or any local official Tourist Bureau abroad. You’ll be welcomed as only these generous, great-hearted Irish hosts know how to do it.

Tipping Something to watch: several hotels in Ireland include a 10% service charge in the bill. In others, however, 10% is the standard tip, except for waiters who get about 20%. The chambermaid should also be given 10%. Hand taxi drivers at least sixpence (7¢) for a 28¢ ride; they are underpaid and large tips are expected. In ordinary restaurants, waiters should be tipped 15% to 20% of the bill; in the finer ones, 10% to 15% will do.

Things to Buy Shopping hours are generally from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. and from 2:30 P.M. to 5:30 P.M., with Saturday closings at 1 P.M.; some stores close on Wednesday afternoons and stay open on Saturdays, instead.

Tweeds are the best buy in the country—gorgeous hand-woven, 100%-wool Donegals. *Don't miss them.* Ready-made sport jackets for men are in the \$25 to \$30 range, and made-to-your-measure examples run only slightly higher. You can get the “Irish hacking cut” (which I prefer in the rougher materials), or the straighter lines of the conventional American drape. Ladies will go mad at the bargains in hundreds of bolts of piece goods; enough tweed for the finest suit in a wardrobe will run from \$12.50 to \$18. *Every inch is hand-loomed; be sure to buy sufficient material, for once a run is exhausted it can seldom be duplicated.*

There are 2 men's shops in Dublin of equal standing,

merit, and reliability: Kevin and Howlin, Ltd. (39 Nassau St.), and O'Beirne & Fitzgibbon (14-15 Upper O'Connell St., next to the Gresham Hotel). In both establishments, you will find friendly Irish gentlemen whose kindly interest in your problems will warm your heart; on all matters, including shipments to the States, you may trust them implicitly. Suggestion: make this your first mission in the country, because they'll need all the time you can give them to make up your order. During most of the year, they can handle the job in 4 to 5 days; in the busy season, however, 7 to 8 days are required for really satisfactory work. If worse comes to worse, rough fittings can always be arranged within 5 to 6 hours, and the completed garment can later be mailed to the States. Here's a *real* bargain.

Hand-woven or hand-knit ladies' wearables? Irish Cottage Industries Ltd. (18 Dawson St., opposite the Royal Hibernian) was established 50-odd years ago to encourage ancient Irish crafts—and today it blossoms with every hand-woven, hand-knitted, or hand-braided item except King Strongbow's beard. Glorious ladies'-weight tweeds, all individually designed and dyed in special I.C.I. hues; some are as light and soft as Bermuda cottons. In these exclusive weavings, chic handbags from \$14, vast range of knitwear from \$5, gossamer-weight blouses from \$8.50, waistcoats, bathrobes, gnat-weight ties, scarves, shawls, air-light travel rugs, string gloves to match your choices. Also Aran Crios caps and belts, tablemats, cushions—a parade. Tailored articles to order. Give cheers from us to genial Director John C. Cassidy.

Fran Fagan's (16 Duke St.) also stocks beautiful hand-knit sweaters from \$15 to \$27; if she doesn't have your size, it's better to buy one off the rack, because made-to-order work takes 2 weeks.

The Crock O'Gold factory at Blackrock isn't worth the trip—in our opinion, at least. Irish Cottage Industries had everything we wanted in this type of merchandise—and better, we thought.

Irish linen, Irish lace, Waterford glass, a shopping cross section? The motto of 112-year-old Brown, Thomas & Co.

(15-17 Grafton St.) is "The Loveliest Store in Ireland." Most visitors' principal targets in this outstanding department store are, first, the ground-floor Irish Linen Shop (help-yourself policy, huge stocks); then, the Irish Lace Department (Carrickmacross, all types); the impressive Waterford glass displays (pieces from \$2 up); the brand-new Man's Shop (everything imaginable for HIM); the Irish Pottery and China Department; the Irish Tweed Shop; the Christian Dior *Boutique* (duplicate of the one in Paris), and elsewhere on these fascinating premises. Enormous mail-order clientele in the U.S.; Damask Tea Room; Beauty Salon; other facilities. Before making a move, head straight for sweet, pert Miss Mai Sedgwick, whose Tourist Information Bureau is on the ground floor near the entrance, and whose shortcuts will save time and money for you. Unrivaled.

Hunting and fishing supplies and arrangements? Garnett's & Keegan's Ltd. (31 Parliament St.) is unique—the type of establishment too seldom seen these days. Directors John Hanlon and Dick Harris live, breathe, talk, eat, sleep, and sell joy—the joy of fishing and shooting, and all that goes with it. Their staff-tied salmon flies (50¢ or 75¢ each) and trout flies (\$1.15 per dozen) are shipped by the gross to devotees all over the world; their fishing rods (\$30 to \$60) are so renowned that they must work like fiends incarnate to keep up with the demand. And their firearms layout, with workshops, Proof House, and private Ballistics Laboratory—well! As we cautioned in the section on "Sports," no traveling sportsman should ever dream of renting or buying sporting properties without consulting, even by mail, their Estate Agency; these masters know *where* you should go *when*, and they'll advise you without charge—smilingly. Full repair service; all equipment rentable for modest fees. Wonderful!

Haute Couture? Two suggestions: Sybil Connolly (71 Merrion Square), the Irish Dior, has rocketed to the top rungs of international fashion, paving the way for Irene Gilbert, Nicholas O'Dwyer, and other prestige houses of Dublin. In her *boutique*, suits and coats run from \$87 to \$175; in her

salon, suits, cocktail dresses, coats, and evening gowns are in the \$175 to \$325 range. Three-day delivery if necessary; specialties are uncrushable linens, crochet and ribbon—and they're terrific. Anna Livia (32 Dawson St.), a new *boutique* in "a miniature Georgian showpiece" setting, brings a trill of unqualified praise from Mr. & Mrs. Toddie O'Sullivan, Ireland's number one hoteliers—and whenever these debonair international spectators pull out all the stops about anything, we can be certain it is extraordinary. Top quality Irish knitwear, linens, leathers, and tweeds, designed by the renowned Kay Peterson who set up the shops at Shannon Airport; European modes translated in Irish materials; made-to-order coats for \$90; hand-knit jackets for \$30, and sportswear and accessories at equally reasonable price tags. We can't wait to see this interesting newcomer.

Men's handmade footwear? It's still obtainable—providing that time means less than zero to you. The craft is a vanishing one, and a couple of decades from now, it will probably no longer exist. A pair of shoes, in calf as soft as the proverbial baby's bottom, currently costs \$22 to \$30; hunting boots and field boots, popular with Americans, go from \$75 up. Delivery is sometimes measured in Light Years rather than months, weeks, or days—but they're well worth the long wait. Try the highest-ranking Michael Edge at Edge & Martin (9 Trinity St.). When he's not too pressed, he can complete orders in about 30 days, with average prices from \$25.50 to \$30; he'll come up with any style or color you desire—in fact (to quote him), "anything in the shoe line which covers the foot." If he's booked too far ahead, T. Barry and Sons (39 Capel St.) is also superb; this 100-year-old firm makes shoes to measure for about \$23.80 and wax calf hunting boots for about \$75.60.

Aran Islands handicrafts? Cleo (3 Molesworth St.) is a small basement store with the whole output. Personally, we think that the sweaters and skirts are a bit too primitive for U.S. tastes, but the Crios belts and children's things are typical and attractive.

Antiques and bric-a-brac? Butler (Bachelor's Walk) has 3

different showrooms, and they're all good in their own ways. Other leading choices are Dooly (Dawson St.), Louis Wine (Grafton St.), and Naylor (Liffey St.). If none of these prove fruitful, roam at random along Bachelor's Walk and Ormond Quay.

Antique silver? Weldon (53-55 Clarendon St.) doesn't seem what it used to be—and we've not been able to find a recommendable substitute to date.

Souvenirs as such are like the Little Girl with the Curl—either very very good or horrid. Perfumes are high, and so are a few of the imported articles. But most local products are so reasonable that they will take your breath away.

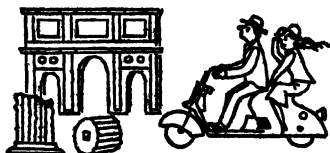
Before you make a single off-track purchase in Ireland, it is vital that you attend to 2 chores:

1. *Check with the list of commodities prohibited for export.* The dealer should tell you; when in doubt, phone 6-58-01 in Dublin (the Department of Industry and Commerce mentioned below).

2. *If there is any question about a particular item, get an export license before leaving Dublin if possible, or before quitting the country.* You may now take out or send out fairly liberal amounts of most common goods without any formality. But if you plan to take home more than the usual tourist allotment, go or write to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Kildare Street, Dublin, for an export license. If you find this too much of a chore, the stores will do all the work for you without charge. Allow them about 3 days to fix these clearances. For tweeds, it's Kevin and Howlin or O'Beirne & Fitzgibbon. For general purchases, this service is offered by department stores like Brown, Thomas, Clery's, Arnott's, and Switzer's. If you're pressed for time and must brave bureaucracy in person, the whole job can probably be wrapped up in 15 minutes. *But in no case should you go to the dock or airport without your export permit for extraordinary or unusual purchases, for you'll find no licensing facilities there.*

* **Final tip: the Purchase Tax has been abolished.**

Local Rackets I found none, with the exception of 2 larcenous taxi drivers (not Ryan's). The Irish may recklessly disregard facts with their characteristically pleasant blarney; aside from this harmless practice, they are an honest, square-shooting people.



Italy

The twentieth-century Italian is one of the *oldest* men on the face of the earth; he has seen everything. Since 753 B.C., Etruscans, Greeks, Roman emperors, Carthaginians, Gauls, Normans, Lombards, Saracens, Spaniards, French, Austrians, Germans and a few others have pushed him around. Centuries of continual crises have made him a moral and political realist, with a hedonistic reverence for good music, good wine, good love, and the pure pleasures of the senses.

His climate is as diverse as his landscape. Along the Italian Riviera, it's subtropical, similar to upper (not lower!) Florida at its most delightful. Around Sicily and the southern coast, you'll bask in typical Mediterranean surroundings. The Adriatic side is cooler than its western twin; the Po Basin, across the North, has frigid winters, very hot summers, and it is periodically plagued by serious floods. Around Rome, Naples, Pescara, Bari, and Taranto, conditions are fairly pleasant throughout the year. But keep out of the high Apennines and Alps from September to May, unless you've got skis. April to October are the best tourist months; at other times, "Sunny Italy" often just "ain't."

The people are just as sharply divided, too. Rome-Pescara might today be designated as the Italian Mason-Dixon line. Broadly speaking (obviously there are tens of thousands of exceptions), the North is far more advanced than the South. Farms are tidier, streets are cleaner, schools are everywhere; Giovanni Doe is a better-dressed, better-educated man. He is

taller and more slender than his deep-Mediterranean brother; generally he has a more stable temperament.

By comparison, Southern Italy is culturally and economically barren. But it's inexorably changing, in face of today's boom in land reclamation, transportation improvements, hotel construction, and commercial responsibility in general. Agriculture still predominates. The ubiquitous Sig. Doe of this latitude is squat, with broad face and beetle brow. He is ignorant, superstitious, disinterested in government, touched only superficially by civilization. He is a primitive man, friendly to strangers and particularly to Americans; tireless as a mule, he is one of the most energetic and persistent toilers in the world.

At the turn of the century, thousands upon thousands of these simple peasants were imported to the United States as manual laborers for mines, railroads, and heavy industries. Later, descendants of Sicily's notorious Mafia, kicked out by their own police, became the Al Capones and Lucky Lucianos of our gangland. The humble circumstances of one group and the depraved viciousness of the other have lowered the prestige of the entire Italian people in the eyes of many untutored Americans. Even today, some of us still tend to categorize a nation of 50-million good people as "wops" (taken from *guappo*, the Neapolitan word for "urchin"). If this is valid, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael were wops; so were Julius Caesar, Ovid, Livy, Marconi, Verdi, 211 Italian-born popes, and literally tens of thousands of other great artists, scientists, philosophers, progressive thinkers, and inspirational leaders. To think of the typical Italian as the arm-waving comedian of a Class-B motion picture is as ridiculous and insulting as to think of you and me—typical Americans—as the fat, crass, back-slapping Babbitt who lights 2-foot cigars with \$20 bills and scars every table top in sight with his cowboy boots.

Despite the cities, the mountains, and the arid hills of the South, 68½-million acres of the land are agriculturally productive. Farming is the top national industry, engaging more

than one-third of the population. Crops are diversified, embracing almost everything that can be grown in Europe—wheat, grapes, rice, oranges, silkworms, hemp, winter apples, the entire Stumpp & Walter seed catalogue. Next to France, they make more wine than anybody—about a billion gallons per year; their olive-oil production is surpassed only by Spain. And cheese—half a billion pounds are consumed annually, enough to make a small-sized moon. But wheat is the alpha and omega of their diet; *pasta* resolves itself as spaghetti, macaroni, ravioli, gnocchi, pizza (popular in the States as an Italo-American dish), fettuccine, and dozens of flour-based staples, without one of which no Italian table is complete.

Three independent states, each with its separate leader, laws, diplomats, and other governmental facilities, are functioning merrily within the borders of Italy. Not a revolution—not a secession—just the Vatican, the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, and the Republic of San Marino.

Patriarch of the Vatican is the new Supreme Pontiff, John XXIII, Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli. His Roman domain of 108 acres and 1091 people operates under extraterritorial rights; as spiritual head of the Catholic Church, he is responsible only to his tenets, his followers, and himself. Italian law guarantees him a yearly indemnity of \$622,425, a sum which remains unclaimed and unpaid. The flag is white and yellow, charged with crossed keys and triple tiara. A complete coinage is now struck every year; examine your change when in Rome for Pius XII coins, because, being the first of this new series, they'll soon become collectors' items. (For further information on the Vatican see page 532.)

The Supreme Military Order of Malta (does the term "Knights of Malta" sound familiar?), on Aventine Hill in Rome, sends its own ambassadors to many Catholic countries; issues its own "SMOM" license plates, and performs many other functions of separate statehood. No coins or stamps yet, however; smaller than Vatican City, but potent both ecclesiastically and politically.

San Marino will be discussed in a separate section to follow.

Visit the first and third of these autonomies, if you can. It'll be hard to realize that you're in self-supporting, self-governing foreign nations and not in Italy.

In Spain the traveler finds a bullfight, in Denmark he stuffs himself in Tivoli Gardens, in Switzerland he buys a watch, and in Italy he goes to the opera. Allowing for seasonal factors, it's as simple as that. Here is a country where ditchdiggers sing Canio with the zest of Caruso, where every chambermaid is a budding Violetta. Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Donizetti, Leoncavallo, and Rossini are a few of their matchless composers; *La Bohème*, *Aida*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Tosca*, *La Traviata*, and *Madame Butterfly* are a few of their inimitable creations.

Late fall to early spring is the big-time season, with formal dress mandatory on opening nights of *each individual opera*; ballet and concerts take place at other times. During July and August, there are informal, inexpensive, outdoor performances at the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla in Rome, at the Mostra d'Oltremare grounds in Naples, and at the Roman Arena in Verona. The new Naples venture is directed by San Carlo, and the Verona operation features the La Scala orchestra, world-famous artists, and specially built stage settings. Don't miss these striking spectacles if you can help it, because summer opera elsewhere is regrettably rare. Try Milan (La Scala), Florence, Rome, and Naples for the best voices and most lavish productions; try a provincial opera house for what to me, at least, is far more fun.

Italian women are among the most beautiful on the Continent. In respectable circles, married women are the hot-bloods who do most of the chasing; unmarried girls are generally pure. Oddity: once is often considered harmless, but twice is trouble. (Twice, by remarkable and devious feminine reasoning, is an "affair.")

Nearly every Yankee in the southern half of Europe reads the sprightly and informative *Rome Daily American*, which grew out of the old *Stars & Stripes*. Brightly edited by veteran Ed Hill, it's the liveliest 9¢ investment on the Continent.

Caution: At first glance, Italy is a country which has fully and happily recovered—but this appearance of prosperity is deceptive. From the Po to Palermo, fields are green, people are working, factories whirl. Trains, while crowded, are up to prewar standards and they run on time. Pasta, vegetables, and prime cuts of meat fill the huge city markets to bursting. The moneyed people have food; the farmers and peasants have food; the white-collar class, always the stepchild of fortune, is still battling the biggest price-wage squeeze of its generation. There are 2-million unemployed citizens.

Cities *Rome* (Roma) is said to have been founded in 753 B.C., when Romulus, son of the god Mars, yoked a bullock and a heifer to a plowshare, marked out a boundary, and built a wall. Be that as it may, the city has at least 2500 years of unparalleled cultural accomplishment. Almost as large as Detroit, it passed the 2-million mark in April '59. There's a remarkable permanency about the Colosseum (to which is now being added, God save us, a Colosseum Snack Bar!), the Pantheon, the Arch of Titus, the Arch of Constantine; even when defiled by such anachronisms as hot-dog stands and souvenir-chipping oafs in Hawaiian shirts, they're ageless, timeless, ever old but always new. You'll find an easy grace, too, along the streets, in the buildings, everywhere, which only centuries of polite living can bring. Plenty of good hotels, night clubs, and dining places (the top ones expensive even for the Americans); a fine new jet airport, opening in time for the Olympics at Fiumicino, near Ostia and the sea; a huge opera house now being renovated, a stunning railway terminus, excellent shops, enough churches and antiquities to wear out Mr. Baedeker for a month. Among the better attractions are the San Sebastian or St. Calixtus Catacombs (a New York-to-Chicago taxi ride from the center), the just

being-inaugurated *Son et Lumière* ("Sound and Light") spectacles at the old Roman Forum (gates ordinarily open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.), the Cappuccini Chapel (walls and furniture of human bones), the Borghese Art Gallery, and the Palazzo Venezia (Mussolini's famous balcony). Beautiful women (Rome is famous for its redheads), ingratiating men, superb service, balmy climate, the ultimates in luxurious living.

Milan (Milano) is second, with nearly 1½-million people. It is the financial and industrial center of Italy. Urbanity and sophistication are at their highest here, next to Rome and Turin; it is one of the most advanced cities in Italy, intellectually and technically. It's in the heart of Lombardy, up north near Switzerland; Como, Lugano, and the Italian lakes are only a hop, skip, and jump away. The Duomo, most famous landmark on the upper half of the Peninsula, concentrates 2300 statues and some of the world's finest stained glass in 2 treasure-filled acres; after screams of anguish from Milanese traditionalists, the new 31-story Pirelli skyscraper (Europe's tallest steel-and-concrete building) was permitted to outstretch the pinnacle of the renowned Madonna. The Brera Gallery, reopened in 1951 after heavy bombing, now sets off its paintings with a striking new display technique which delights the spectator. The Poldi Pezzoli Gallery, tiny but choice, is the cultural contribution of an unselfish private citizen; Botticelli's "Virgin" and a priceless collection of porcelains are found here. The air-conditioned Rinascente Department Store is the most modern establishment of its kind in Europe. Then, of course, there's da Vinci's "Last Supper," La Scala opera (don't miss its museum, open daily at specified times and during all performance intermissions), a host of other attractions. Lots of factories and some slums, of course—but lots of interesting things, too. Primarily commercial; tourism less important.

As for *Naples* (Napoli), a nationally appointed Prefect recently replaced Sig. Lauro, the Reform Mayor who performed miracles. Until the results of the new elections can be known (they fall after our press time), our affection for this third city in the nation must continue to be lukewarm. Larger

than Baltimore (about 1-million people), her attractions include Vesuvius (take the wonderful CIT excursion at 2 P.M. daily, from Piazza Municipio 72, by bus and new chair-lift, straight to the top), one of the world's most magnificent bays, the Castel Sant'Elmo and the former monastery of San Martino, the San Carlo Opera House, 499 churches, colorful corn vendors called *spigaioli*, songs like "O Sole Mio" and "Funiculì Funiculà"—a score of wonders. Furious work is going into the construction of a new central railway station, which civic-minded citizens assure us will be "bigger, finer, handsomer, and more efficient than Rome's!"; hopes are high that it can be completed this year. Yet, because the Neapolitan throughout history has regarded cheating the stranger as a formal, stylized game—a pastime which entails fun as well as profit—in general (obviously there are many exceptions) he is one of the least reliable hosts on the Peninsula. As a base for excursions to Pompeii, Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, and other places, it is both necessary and convenient; because of this trim-the-sucker attitude toward her visitors, however, to me it is a case of "See Naples and Drop Dead."

Turin (Fiat auto works), *Genoa* (chief seaport), and *Palermo* (hub of Sicily) rate fourth, fifth, and sixth in size and importance. Turin, a serene and orderly metropolis in the Piedmont near the French border, offers highly civilized living. Genoa is perhaps the most underpublicized and underrated center in the country—a pity from the standpoint of the traveler, because it is colorful and beautiful. I don't know why this lovely old port is so neglected by holiday seekers.

Venice (Venezia) is an absurd and wonderful dream. To protect themselves from the approach of armies by land, a group of staid and somber citizens many centuries ago carved for themselves a slice of sea and proceeded to erect buildings on top of the waves. This fantastic conglomeration of houses, churches, gardens, factories, streets, and squares rests on piles sunk deep into the mud. The main boulevard, most of the important arteries, and many of the small streets are paved with water instead of asphalt—and sometimes this

water bears no resemblance whatsoever to *Quelque Fleurs* or *Chanel No. 5*. Warning: since taxis, buggies, rickshas, bicycles, roller skates, and all types of transportation which can't dance on the waves are forbidden, in 48 hours of normal sightseeing, the average visitor's backside will sag to within 2 inches of the ground. He can count on the *circolare* (in all other Italian towns a tram or bus, but here a boat), and that, with the gondola and private launch, is IT. Down the lagoon, a few minutes by Cris-Craft, is the separate settlement of the Lido. There are now 2 casinos; the big one broke a pitched-battle strike last summer, after 43 days of idleness, by importing a crew of foreign croupiers; a winter operation in Venice-proper was inaugurated in '59. Scattered in the vicinity are the smaller islands of Murano (glassware), Burano (lace), Torcello (finest scenic beauty), and Stra (site of Villa Pisini with its legendary frescoes). The Marco Polo Airport, now being built on reclaimed land, should be ready late this year. CIAT has a grand all-day excursion for culture lovers, covering the ancient Venetian Manor Houses of Maser, Asolo, Vicenza, and other points on the mainland; about \$9, including a pleasant lunch and afternoon tea. If you're abroad when the weather is good, it would be a great mistake to miss one of the most unique cities on the globe.

Florence (Firenze) is the Athens of Italy. It is filled with works of art bearing such signatures as Fra Angelico, Michelangelo, Botticelli, Donatello, Ghiberti, Cellini, and Leonardo da Vinci. There is Giotto's historic Bell Tower; the shop-lined Ponte Vecchio; the Medici Chapel; the Uffizi and Pitti Palace (2 of civilization's most fabulous centers of art); the Strozzi Palace (magnificent courtyard); the newly renovated San Marco Gallery (Fra Angelico frescoes); the Bargello Museum (cameos, ivories, della Robbias), just about everything for travelers with a sense of the beautiful. Situated in the heart of a chain of lovely hills, some Americans find it the pleasantest place in Italy. If you like your painting, architecture, churches, and tombs—and if you don't mind the fact that every second person you stumble across is a visitor like yourself—Florence is highly recommended.

Now let's run down the list of the most popular smaller centers, in alphabetical order:

Assisi is a wonderful little town—for about an hour, if you're average. That's enough time to admire the renowned Basilica of St. Francis and to drink in the view of the plains below. If you'd like a scholarly and pleasant guide, Brother Francisco at the San Damiano Convent (phone: 273) is beloved by many Americans; no charge, of course—just alms to the church, which is entirely voluntary. Except for these, what you've got is 1 fair hotel (the Subasio), approximately 100 tourist-junk shops, and approximately 1000 other excursionists. Pretty overrated.

Amalfi, an important maritime republic during the Middle Ages, is also the target of dozens of daily bus tours from Naples, which pause here for refreshment on the spectacular coastal drive between Salerno and Sorrento. Small, routine village; handsome but rather mediocre hotels; tailor-made for Mr. Cook and his tours, but not for me.

Bari, founded by the Illyrians and civilized by the Greeks, is the leading port and commercial mart on Italy's heel; next to Naples, it's the most important peninsular city in the south. Leading attraction is the famous Levant Fair (18 days around mid-Sept.); otherwise it offers fair swimming, a few antiquities, below-average hotels and restaurants, and little of interest.

Bologna is the only major city in Italy with a Communist government. It is best-known as the seat of the oldest university in the world (the word "university" was invented here) and the richest, highest-caloried cuisine of the nation. Lots of U.S. students in educational residence; busy, no-nonsense atmosphere, somewhat like Milan's; more than 20 miles of arcaded walks; leaning towers; funicular to San Luca, 750 feet up. Except for its food, not a top favorite with most foreigners.

Capri is the Jekyll and Hyde of Italian resorts. In summer, to the tears of old-time travelers who "knew it when," it has become a cheap, flamboyant Coney Island, swarming with arty homosexuals, phony Bohemians, and off-the-record

week-enders. Off Season, however, when the silk-scarved fraternity and the flat-heeled sorority flock to Rome, Paris, and metropolitan centers, it is as lovely as it ever was. Blue Grotto; funicular from main port to main village; chair lift to mountain peak; one small, so-so beach at Marina Piccola; new hourly flights (20 minutes duration) from May through September by Naples-based Elivie Helicopter Services, for \$4 1-way or \$6.40 excursion round-trip. In spring or fall, you might love it; in summer, Elba (to the north) is a far better bet.

Elba, which Virgil called "The Generous Island," was Napoleon's home prior to his famous 100 Days—and I wish that it could be mine for 1000. To travelers in the know, it is fast replacing Capri; the boom has begun, and in a few years it will inevitably become one of Italy's most sought-after resorts. Simple, primitive, unspoiled; glorious mountains, shimmering olive-toned landscape, breath-taking beaches; only 8 small towns, 4 small villages, and a scattering of hamlets on this 30-mile home of 32-thousand people; hotels, restaurants, and night life (1 night club exists!) limited but adequate (see later); excellent 80-minute boat service twice daily in winter and thrice daily in summer from Piombino (south of Leghorn and southwest of Florence, above Rome); be sure to take your car (about \$10 round trip), and be sure to get off at Portoferraio (not at the first stop!). If you're after serenity and peace without excitement, this little-known haven is one of the best bets around the entire Mediterranean.

Ischia, less than 2 hours by ship from Naples, is fashionable and expensive. It's a volcanic island, where outcroppings of lava and pines abound; in character, atmosphere, and feel, it bears little or no resemblance to neighboring Capri. In the last few years, no less than 7 hotels have gone up in Porto Ischia alone. Elivie Helicopter Services hourly in season to and from Naples, on the same general basis as mentioned above. Prices surprisingly high; scenically, less dramatic than Capri; spiritually, less enchanting than Elba. Just medium. *Messina* has poor accommodations, lavish portions of

squalor, ravenous wolf packs of mosquitoes, and a chronic shortage of mosquito netting. Here's a gem of a city—to miss.

Montecatini, 25 miles from Florence, catches much of the overflow when the Florentine hotels are overbooked. Most American tourists grumble like grizzly bears when they're pushed out into what they consider the sticks—but most of them do a somersault by falling in love with this spa as soon as they've been exposed to its delights. The waters are famous all over the world for their beneficial effects on the liver. There are over 300 square miles of parks and gardens within the immediate area, all of which tend to keep things cool during the hottest months; tennis courts, a race track, pigeon hunting (either in bars or night clubs, or the kind that calls for a shotgun); more than 50 hotels or pensions; many attractions. If you're shanghaied up here, even against your will, you'll probably be surprised at how much you'll enjoy it.

Perugia, like Assisi, draws such a flood of excursionists that its reception has become noticeably jaded and mechanical. The Collegio del Cambio has some fine frescoes, the National Gallery has some famous paintings, and the panorama of the valley is lovely. Personally, however, I have no interest whatsoever in overnighting here.

Pisa, except for its legendary Leaning Tower, venerable Duomo, baptistery, and exquisite Gothic church by Nicola Pisano, is practically a zero for most tourists.

Portofino has one of the dreamiest natural settings possible to find—a tiny, cliff-lined harbor of surpassing charm and intimacy, over which broods Countess Mumm's castle and the Splendido Hotel. It's about 75 minutes by road from Genoa. Like Capri, spring and fall are the best times to go; in summer it's often like Times Square, so crowded that the excursionists, the souvenir vendors, and the high proportion of Gay Boys nearly trip over one another in the Piazza. A *must* to visit—but pick your season.

Positano, in the opinion of many, is the star attraction of the Amalfi Drive and of the entire area near Naples. The houses of this highly paintable village climb straight up the

mountainside, like mountain goats; so will you, every time you go for a swim. If you're planning on overnighting in this region, it's a sensible stop. Increasingly popular each year.

Rapallo, a short hop from Genoa, is on the blatant side when the summer legions descend to shatter its days and nights. Typically crowded second-rate oasis, closer to the taste of more Europeans than Americans.

Ravenna, halfway between Venice and Ancona, is a culture seeker's paradise—historically and artistically, one of the most outstanding smaller sites of the Western world. No other city can compete with its wealth of Byzantine architecture or its unique mosaics. Ecclesiastical treasures; Dante's tomb; Theodoric's tomb; a scholar's heaven. Giant new ENI rubber-and-fertilizer plant; indifferent hotels, limited touring facilities; 6 miles from the sea, on the Corsini Canal. Not for the fun-lover, but The Pearly Gates if you're serious-minded.

Rimini, on the Adriatic coast east of Florence, might be called the Atlantic City of Italy. Impressive asphalt "boardwalk" parallels sea; broad beaches for 15 miles through neighboring "Rimini Riviera" (Riccione, Cattolica, Miramare, Viserba, Viserbella, Torre Pedrera, Igea Marina, and Bellaria); so crowded these days with lower middle-class families from Frankfurt, Hamburg, and such that all foreigners are almost always automatically addressed in German. Strictly a resort, May to September only; jump-off spot for easy excursions to Ravenna and San Marino; fair restaurants and fair night clubs; the Maltatestiano Temple and the well-packed Bikinis are the most remarkable attractions; prices cheap, in general. For those who prefer Asbury Park to Newport.

San Remo, 9 miles from the French border toward Nice, will cost you plenty; next to the Lido of Venice, it's the most sophisticated summer retreat in the country. This Italian Cannes has a famous gambling casino, a race track, a golf course, luxury hotels, fine restaurants, the works—and something is always cooking (beauty contests, pageants, flower festivals, galas) to take the visitors' minds off the speed of

evaporation of their bankrolls. Top event currently is the annual Song Festival (end of Jan.); prize-winner for 2 straight years has been Domenico Modugno, whose *Volare* and *Piove* became global bestsellers. Swell if you can afford it. *Ospedaletti*, 3 miles away, is startlingly cheaper.

Santa Margherita has an interesting fish market and a pleasant situation on the water, but it's second in attraction to neighboring Portofino.

Sorrento, for my money, is a brassy, artificial tourist trap. Fine setting; some excellent hotels and restaurants; I'd prefer, however, to spend my nights in the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island—a community which might be raucous but which doesn't lure the suckers with this particular brand of "quaintness." Perhaps you'll disagree, because this is merely one opinion—but I loathe it.

Taormina, the garden spot of Sicily, caters mainly to the middle-aged or elderly sun-seeker. This tourist-conscious village sits on a headland almost 1000 feet above the outer Straits of Messina—and above the bathing beach, too, which is good to know in advance. Mount Etna, the volcano of Ulysses, thrusts its snow-capped cone through the clouds to the rear; CIAT will take you right up there, on a fascinating all-day excursion. New casino now a-building; last summer, when the regional Sicilian government finally granted the precious license, the mayors of (1) Rapallo, (2) Stresa, (3) San Pellegrino, (4) Merano, and (5) Sorrento instantaneously let out such piercing screams at *their* governments vibrations were felt at the top of San Marino's Mount Titano. Until construction has been completed, the Grand Hotel San Domenico will continue to be its show place; other hotels, restaurants, and night clubs are routinely adequate. Many younger folk now prefer to stay at Mazzaro Beach, directly below. Easter is the climax of the season; midsummers are very hot; like Mallorca, the Rivas, and the rest of the European Mediterranean, the midwinter climate is sometimes grossly overrated. Alitalia flies from Rome to Catania in slightly over 3 hours; Taormina is then 1 hour by train. Here's tranquillity and beauty which have been somewhat

dulled by souvenir hawkers and the usual by-products of Too Many Sightseers.

Trieste, since its restoration to the Italian Republic, has again become important to the economy. It's a cleaner-than-average town with friendlier-than-average citizens; some sightseeing attractions, but still more commercial than touristic.

Finally, the more popular *Italian lakes* (Como, Maggiore, Garda) are, at least in one modest opinion, somewhat overrated. Maggiore is probably the nicest; Gardone (on Garda) is one excellent base of operations, because from here you can make excursions or steamer trips to Bellaggio, Cadenabbia's Villa Carlotta on Como, up the Brenta Mountains in the Dolomites, and several other attractive choices. While this region is definitely appealing, most fellow-tourists we've talked with seem to agree that a 1- or 2-day tour through this district by CIAT bus is ample for most Americans.

For information on other centers, consult the CIT (see later) or your local travel agent.

Vatican City Standing on the side of a hill on the west bank of the Tiber, only a wall separates it from Rome and Italy. The Pope is absolute monarch, with full legislative, executive, and judicial powers.

Dominating the City is the Church of St. Peter, largest in the world. Close by is the Apostolic Palace, home of the Pope and site of the famous Vatican Museums. Within are the City Governor's Palace, a post office, a tribunal, a mosaic factory, a barracks, an observatory, a railway station, a power plant, a newspaper, a pharmacy, food shops, a television station, and the superradio station over which are broadcast the Pope's messages to 6 continents.

St. Peter's is breath-taking. The dome, Michelangelo's work, is almost as high as the tallest Egyptian Pyramid; from doorway to altar, you could tuck in the towers of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, with room to spare. In the museums, chapels, and libraries of the Vatican you'll find Raphael, Michelangelo, Perugino, Botticelli, tapestries, litur-

gical vessels, priceless manuscripts. But St. Peter's alone is worth a special trip from America.

Guides: Available outside the Cathedral or inside the Vatican Museums. Most of them speak English.

Audience with the Pope: The best way to arrange this is to get a letter of introduction from your rector or parish priest in the United States, and to present this letter to the North American College, Via dell'Umiltà 30, or to the Vatican. If you don't have luck here, the kindly Father James R. Cunningham, Pastor of the American Roman Catholic Church (Via XX Settembre 15), who is Procurator-General of the Paulist Fathers (an American Order), may be able to help you. Other alternatives are to make application to the Superior of any Catholic community in Rome (Jesuits, Capuchins, etc.), or through a store called Stoker's, which sells religious articles to the Mother Church. Allow a wait of at least a week (often longer) in Rome—or several weeks in America, if you're handling it by mail. Special audiences (Baciamano), which receive 20 to 150 people, occur twice or 3 times per week, under normal conditions; ladies must wear black dresses, high necklines, long sleeves, and veils, while men must wear dark suits with dark ties. Public audiences take place frequently; these are attended by hundreds or thousands. (Short gals should put on their highest heels, or the crowds might completely cut off their view.) Here dress requirements are nearly as rigid, although they are constantly violated by scores of unknowing travelers.

► **TIPS:** Regardless of personal religious denomination, *ladies should always wear a veil or hat and long sleeves when visiting St. Peter's or any Catholic house of worship.* If you don't have a hat, a handkerchief over the hair will do in a pinch—for to enter bareheaded is quite definitely disrespectful to the Church. If you aren't of this Faith, you're not expected to kiss the papal ring or to follow such traditions as genuflection (a curtsy toward the altar).

• If you wish to have a rosary or other sacred object blessed

by His Holiness, buy it in advance in Rome; don't wait until you get to Vatican City.

Money It used to be lire and centesimi—but, since a stack of 100 centesimi amounts to less than $\frac{1}{6}\epsilon$ these days, this pigeon feed is outdated. Now you'll find metal coins for 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, and 500 lire (the last in silver). A gold 10,000-lire (\$16) "sequin" or "florin" is also available—this a limited minting for ceremonial occasions. The smallest paper note now in circulation is 500 lire, which will be withdrawn June 30, thank heavens.

The 5-lire coin ($\frac{1}{5}$ ths of 1ϵ) is even more of an orphan than the present American penny. The smallest stick of Italian chewing gum costs 10 lire; a bus ride (just inflated) is 30 to 50 lire; 5 lire isn't enough for a shoeshine tip. After amusing ourselves with a little game of "What Can It Buy?", only 2 practical uses come to mind: (1) a ride in a coin-operated elevator in a lower-class business building or apartment house, and (2) a tip for 1 cup of coffee in a small neighborhood café or bar.

With the shrinkage in the power of the dollar, the lire ratio has dropped from 625 to slightly below 620 to \$1; at this writing (subject to fluctuation), it's around 617. There's absolutely no black market worth noting these days—so, if you're approached, beware of counterfeits!

Prices The highest in history. Everyone is out for a killing this Olympics year. You might as well be prepared in advance to be gouged for every lire anyone can dig from you—at least while the Games are in session. At other times, however, price levels will drop slightly.

In summer, a good double room in Rome will cost you from \$12 to \$18; 2 people can live in comparative opulence at the finest hotel for \$20 to \$35. Dinner at the celebrated restaurants, wine included, will run from \$5 to \$8; more modest places, of which there are plenty, will charge \$1.75 to \$3.50. Some of the scarcer items will continue to break the bank (women's leather shoes, for example, are scaled from \$25 to \$40); basic living expenses in the main tourist centers

(including the taxes-upon-taxes, service charges, extra charges, and the endless, endless, *endless* tipping) remain murderous. In the small nontourist villages, of course, things are a lot less.

Language If you speak the Italian taught in America, you'll be understood anywhere in the country; how much you yourself will understand is something else again. Italy has more dialects than champagne has bubbles; some of them are less intelligible than the Gullah and Geechee of our South. Sicilians drop the last syllables of perfectly good words; the Italian of Calabria has been corrupted by scores of foreign invaders; in Milan or Venice they have a terrible time with visitors from Bari. In the north, the accent has French overtones; the Neapolitans use a slang as colorful and racy as Brooklynese.

Sign language is about 50% of all conversations, routine or otherwise. The south is especially partial to it; here (not in Rome or the north) you will find gestures for everything from "Please scratch my back" to "Let's go walking two weeks from next Sunday." Money, a vulgarity, is seldom discussed in bald and indelicate words; businessmen will talk about the weather, politics, the crops, who was out with Giuseppe's wife on Thursday—while carrying on a second conversation with their hands, "20-thousand lire!" "Too much! 18-thousand lire!" "For you, 19 thousand!" "18 thousand!" "Hell, no!" "Split the difference?" "Okay, it's a deal!"

When you ask an Italian waiter for a special dish, don't be surprised if he suddenly rolls his eyes, drops his jaw, and stares at the ceiling, looking for all the world like a cretin. That's just his way of telling you that the chef never heard of it.

►**TIP:** When you head for the rest room, *Signore*, with an "e," is for girls, and *Signori*, with an "i," is for men.

Attitude Toward Tourists The Italian Government maintains a national tourist office called "ENIT." In New York, it is listed as the Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Ave., and is currently run by Mrs. Manolita T. Doelger.

American Express and Cook's are both weak in Italy. Their banking services are still unparalleled, but I just don't feel that they're doing the *travel* job for which they have been famous for so many decades.

From intimate experience year after year and place after place as a routine client, my admiration and enthusiasm for the famous Compagnia Italiana Turismo (CIT) knows no bounds. We've used them annually since 1950, and they're so extraordinarily good that they continue to amaze us. Normally, huge corporations like this semiofficial giant (60 offices in Italy and 26 in foreign capitals) have no business being so efficient, so pleasant, and so personalized. But what Dantourist of Denmark is to the small independent operator, CIT is to the large one—most definitely the number one on the Continent.

No matter who you are, what budget you have, or how you plan to go, my sincere recommendation is this: place at least the Italian section of your journey completely in the hands of CIT. You may work with them direct, through any of their branches, or through the offices listed below—or you may instruct your own travel agent to turn over this portion to them, at no additional cost to anybody (they'll act as his European representative). In return, I'll practically guarantee that they'll make your trip happier—and that's a broad statement!

All types of budgets are handled with equal aplomb, from the very very modest to the very very lavish. If you're lucky enough to fall into the latter group, here's what will happen when CIT takes over: You'll be met in your railway compartment or at the airfield entrance by a bright young man in a bright blue uniform. He will round up your baggage, hire your porter, fill out your declarations, worry your effects through Customs, handle all of your tipping, and then lead you by the hand to a waiting automobile. At your hotel he will make out your registration card, painlessly whisk your luggage to your room, check on every detail of your comfort, and sit down finally to answer all your questions about local restaurants, shops, sightseeing, and the trivia so helpful to

the newcomer. During your stay, he and the car are always at your disposal; he knows everything in his city from the art galleries to the night clubs to the shopping bargains, and he will accompany you or not, as you choose. When it's time to move on, he will check you out of the hotel, drive you to the station or airport, once again take care of all the formalities and tipping, put your baggage safely aboard the carrier, and wish you Godspeed. You're on your own then until the next destination, where another bright young man in the same bright blue color is waiting to start the machinery all over again. If you can afford this top-drawer type of individual service, it's worth the outlay 10 times over; don't expect it to be cheap, however.

In addition to excellent facilities for *all* classes of independent travelers, CIT offers literally hundreds of guided tours to any point in the country, and to most of the Continent. For local excursions nearly everywhere (Amalfi Drive, Vesuvius, night life of Rome, and dozens of others), they're versatile, dependable, and cheap. The 60 separate CIT branches scattered all over the Italian map give the voyager an almost instantaneous service network for any touring problems which might pop up to plague him en route. The foreign offices in New York, South America, and most European capitals are also model reflections of CIT efficiency; we tested their outlets in Paris and London on a recent journey, and they couldn't have been finer, in every detail.

Most of their guided tours are booked via CIAT (pronounced Chee-at), the affiliated bus company. CIAT was created to supply de luxe bus transportation for the tourist, and it has turned out to be, in most cases, a mighty comfortable line. Most of their former fleet has now been replaced with fine, new "Roadmasters"—specially designed 36-seaters with a bar, a public-address system, individual reading lights, 2 drivers, a hostess, and the last word in cruising luxury; they're the *Queen Elizabeths* of highway travel. Tickets are valid for 60 days; you may climb on or off at your fancy, because stopovers are unlimited. You are seldom

deposited at a station or terminal: wherever local laws permit curbside unloading, they'll go straight to your personal hotel. This is a good theory and it usually works well—but occasionally there are irritating delays while waiting for tardy tourists. And some of the guides talk too much about minor and uninteresting antiquities—slightly irritating when you're tired, a state which seems to come somewhat more easily on buses than on trains. In any case, you'll always be stimulated by a ride on CIAT—and it will give you a happy inside look at the country. It goes just about everywhere.

If you want further information about CIT or CIAT, ask your travel agent. If he doesn't happen to have the specific things you need, a letter to Comm. Rag. Enrico Linzi, Director General, CIT, who still carries a bullet in his lung from World War I, or to the urbane and brilliant Sig. Giovanni Galleni, Manager, Foreign Relations Department, CIT, Piazza della Repubblica, Rome, will bring an immediate answer. Both of these gentlemen are just like their companies—energetic, progressive, tops in their specialties. CIT is the finest big outfit in all Europe to fend off your travel headaches.

Customs and Immigration Easy and pleasant, particularly if you make certain that the inspector doesn't run short of Lucky Strikes or Camels.

Tobacco is a state monopoly. Officially, you are allowed 400 cigarettes, their corresponding *weight* in cigars, or 500 grams (approximately 1 lb.) of pipe tobacco. Above this, the duty is currently about \$3 per carton. Two unopened bottles of spirits are usually permitted, as are (supposedly) all "normal personal effects." Carry your supplies in the right places, act like Little Lord Fauntleroy at the frontier, and they probably won't even bother to open one suitcase.

Import regulations on radios are a national scandal, a disgrace to the country and to the Ministry which enforces them. *Never* bring your set to Italy, because at least 4 official bureaus must clear it, and each will extract its own monstrous tax. They can also be pigheaded and stuffy if you happen to

carry more than 2 cameras, or if your film supplies exceed what they interpret as routine. Real shutter-bugs or professional photographers often run into clearance difficulties here.

Unless you're a resident, you may now bring in or take out unlimited amounts of foreign currency—including any sums legally acquired within the country. If you live there, the maximum which you may export is 300,000 lire (\$480) on journeys of less than 15 days, or 500,000 lire (\$800) on journeys of more than 15 days. But since there are a few hidden snags in the latter rulings, it would be wise to check before departure.

Exports other than souvenirs are a different story. You can bid adieu with all the silk shirts, silver lighter-cases, costume earrings, and that sort of stuff you can carry—but for paintings, sculpture, tea services, china, and other purchases of this nature, you must obtain an Export License. This also applies to antiques—broadly interpreted, anything made from the dawn of creation to about A.D. 1900. All works of art must be examined and cleared by the *Belli Arti* (Fine Arts Commission)—a sensible piece of legislation, because uncounted tons of Italy's most ancient and precious treasures have found their way in an unauthorized manner to other countries in the past. Your dealer will help you here; in a pinch, ask CIT to come to your rescue. In this department there is no joking—but the inspectors should receive you nicely.

The officials at docks and on railway trains are polite and kind to Americans, as a general rule—far less thorough than their confreres in some other lands. At airports, however, they're inclined to be tougher—due to the higher incidence of gold, diamond, and narcotics smuggling by plane. But at the worst, you should have little trouble if your baggage is that of the routine U.S. traveler.

► **TIP:** For motorists, the new *tessera turistica* ("tourist sticker") now replaces all old-style customs documents for the temporary importation of your car or motorcycle. Just flash

your passport and registration at the frontier, and they'll issue it without fee. Validity is 6 months. Don't overlook its additional advantage of entitling you to buy gasoline coupons at reduced prices, either. A big discount applies if you use 30 liters (about 8 gallons) per day for 45 days, but your purchases must be consecutive; if you want the entire 2700 liters (about 700 gallons), you're not permitted to miss a single day. You can also buy 300 liters at one clip (about 80 gallons), then 300 more at exact intervals of 10 days. It's an awkward system, but savings are enormous.

Visas No visa is required for a 90-day visit; your U.S. passport is sufficient. If you wish to stay longer, here's the procedure: after the first 90 days, ask the concierge of your hotel to get you a "Permesso di Soggiorno." This nearly automatic permission gives you clearance for a second 90 days; that's 6 months, in all, since your original entry. After this you must go to the Ministry of the Interior, state your purpose ("to study art," "to paint," "to write a new travel guide to Europe which *really* gives the facts," etc.), make your application—and you're in. If you're a forgetful, dilatory, or lazy soul, however, you can let nature take its course, and wait until the police send for you. Don't tell them that I said it, but their heaviest penalty in this case is generally a scowl and a good-natured reprimand. Italy is one of the easier countries on the Continent in which the American can arrange temporary residence.

Hotels With your permission, I should like to rate these hotels according to my personal estimate of their comfort and satisfaction for the average American traveler of today. Please remember that this is simply one man's opinion, that it differs in places from the official ranking, and that plenty of people will disagree. But here's something important:

Rates are the highest in history; there has recently been another across-the-board increase of 5% in luxury houses and 10% in all others. A routine double room might be listed at \$12, but to this is added an Alice-in-Wonderland in extras. First of these is a flat service tax—18% in Rome, 20% in

Palermo, and 15% almost everywhere else. Next comes the "tassa entrata" (sales tax), upped last year from 1% to 3%. Then, in certain resorts or centers, they'll slap on the "tassa di soggiorno," a special assessment inflated in '58 up to 32¢ per person per night for the village, city, or country. (It must be pointed out, however, that these surcharges are for De luxe class; others are much, much less.) Next, if there isn't a private bath, you're apt to be charged \$1 or so for the use of the hall facilities. Finally, if the day is cold, the management is likely to add \$1 or \$1.50 to the bill for the heat absorbed by your epidermis. Don't trust the "official" prices; they are only the start. *Always make them quote the total rate, including service, taxes, and all supplements, before agreeing to sign the register.*

Let's take it city by city, in alphabetical order:

In *Amalfi*, we'd put the Santa Catarina first, the Luna Convento second, the Cappuccini-Convento third, the suburban Caleidoscopio fourth, and the Miramalfi fifth. The Santa Catarina has a patio 150 feet above the sea, adequate but not luxurious rooms, a new elevator to the beach, and the best food in the village. The Luna Convento, somewhat smaller, continues its praiseworthy revamping; there's now a lift from the street to the hotel, plus a new swimming pool and other innovations; well-managed and pleasant. The Cappuccini-Convento, by far the most famous, has a fantastic setting in a twelfth-century monastery, but we found the administration so uninspired, the food so tasteless, the rooms so unattractively furnished, and the atmosphere so brashly geared for tourism that we'd not care to overnight here, in spite of its half-hearted efforts at improvement in '59; it's a pity that this glorious plant isn't operated on different lines, because it could be one of the most magnificent showcases on the Continent. The Caleidoscopio, inaugurated in '58 about 2 miles from the center, overlooks (but is not on) the sea. Every room with bath or shower; all front accommodations with balconies; cuisine above average; a happy choice, in a modest way, for travelers who seek tranquility. The

Miramalfi is budget class, with a good building but mediocre food and service.

Bari? Rumors have reached us about the opening of a new Jolly Hotel here (see end of section for further reference to this chain)—but we've been told so many times about "existing" Jolly operations which were still in the architect's head that we're skeptical. In the meantime, the Nazioni and the Palace, both of which exist in concrete, are the best choices we know. They are followed by the Oriente and the Moderno, both pretty Spartan. The Miramare closed last September.

Bologna has only 1 De luxe hostelry, the Majestic Baglioni. It's a national museum, with priceless ceilings, huge bathrooms, and excellent comfort for the region. Recommended. By the time you read this, the big new Jolly project *might* be running, on Jolly's typical First-class (vs. De luxe) basis. Next comes the Milano-Excelsior, then the Cristallo—both First class. In Second class, the San Donato is preferable to both the Roma and the Palace. The best pension within miles is the Centrale, via della Zecca 2.

Capri's leading house is still the Quisisana. Tasteful rooms; 4th-floor wing, with twin bath facilities for each accommodation (try to reserve here!); attractive bar; terrace-dining and dancing in lovely surroundings; hideous lobby; central location; improved considerably. The old-style Morgano e Tiberio is more simple and plain, except in its new and better equipped top-floor accommodations. Exceptionally friendly staff; good sound cuisine; penthouse floor of 15 rooms; conveniently located, with superior view; handsome, cheerful bar, enlarged in '59. Sig. Morgano and his nice Swiss wife, who formerly operated the Carlton in Cannes, will give you a pleasant welcome.

The Caesar Augustus, in Anacapri on a cliff 1000 feet above the sea, offers one of the most spectacular vistas that I've ever found in any European hotel. Small rooms; cozy bar; satisfactory food; separate individual guest cottages; apparently over its early teething troubles, but still too far out of town for the more active vacationer, even though

Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, and their movie company just stayed there. Fine for a rest, or fine for a luncheon or dinner target. The San Michele, almost across the road, has modern furnishings; fabulous terrace; popular *pizzeria* in cellar; not up to the Caesar Augustus in quality, and same disadvantage of location. The refurbished Eden Paradiso also in Anacapri is so far from the madding crowd that you might feel neglected or lost.

The Villa delle Sirene is supposed to be a pension, but looks like a borderline First-class hotel—and it charges about \$9 per person per day all-inclusive, with private bath. Totally rebuilt in '52; new top floor and new elevator added in '59; 20 rooms in neighboring annex; clean, attractive, expensive for category. The little Gatto Bianco deserves a mention; no elevator but agreeable rooms; location very central. The pensione, Villa Margherita, with a lovely quiet garden at its entrance, a neat little lobby, and some excellent new rooms with terrace and bath, charges about \$6.25 all-inclusive; recommended. The Pensione Esperia was further enlarged and modernized in '57; sensible rates; very good. Finally, if you're watching the budget closely, the Pensione Windsor is a terrific buy—about \$5 for 3 meals, a clean room, an attractive location, full service and taxes. Few private baths; always so full that you must write owner Umberto Russo long in advance.

Cernobbio (Lake Como) is the seat of world-famous Villa d'Este, which was built in A.D. 1568 as a private residence for Cardinal Tolomeo Gallio, and which was later occupied by the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales, the Princess Torlonia, a Duke, a Marquis, a Baron, 2 Generals, and other notables. Operated as a hotel since 1873, this could be one of the most lustrous gems on the traveler's circuit—if it were given a 100% refurbishing, renewing, and repolishing. As it stands, however, the rooms are generally small, and their furnishings are downright barren for the category; its baths are years behind the times; its over-all tone is one of shoddy, almost shabby, administrative budgeting. None of this is the fault of Director-General Dr. Willy Dombre,

a topflight hotelier whose hard work commands the respect of everyone who knows him; it seems purely a matter of inadequate capitalization to pull this house up to the physical standards which it scenically and historically merits. About 150 rooms in the main building, 45 in the neighboring annex, and a tiny separate cottage for V.I.P.'s; glorious setting, 4 tennis courts, teatime and evening music; golf course 15 minutes away; basic rates per person, with full pension, roughly \$12 to \$20 per day; closed end of October to Easter. Until some real money is spent raising the level of its weary, creaky, long-outmoded facilities, we're forced to believe, to our sorrow, that this renowned landmark is today very much overrated.

Elba offers a limited selection. The new Del Golfo, 20 minutes from the port at Procchio, now sets the pace. Beach location; attractive accommodations furnished in original style; well-equipped Italian-modern public rooms; chic beach bar and swimming facilities reminiscent of the Riviera. Nice if you have a car, but somewhat isolated otherwise. Also at Procchio, right on the beach, is the just-opened Second-class *Désirée*; we haven't yet inspected it. The Darsena, facing the dock in Portoferraio, is reasonably comfortable; every room with private bath and telephone; every front room with private terrace; summer roof garden with dancing; high-medium bracket, slightly under the Golfo. The *Iselba* in Marina di Campo features separate ranch-style cabins with individual terraces; fairly near the water; food outstanding for the region; agreeable. The *Fonte Napoleone*, in the Alpine village of Poggio, is 1 hour from the Port, on a mountain promontory 1000 feet above the sea. Built in '46, it looks a lot older. Marvelous panorama; dancing; 25 minutes to beach; so remote that you must want plenty of tranquillity if you stay here. The Bonaparte in San Martino adjoins Napoleon's house and museum, 10 minutes from the center; garden, terrace, bar, dancing, garage, and very cheap rates; built about 1900; high ceilings and plain furnishings. Bus service to city and to beach; okay for the price. The Grotto of Paradise, across the Portoferraio Bay, is a re-

built villa and a maze of cabins and outbuildings; pretty basic. We've never seen the Hermitage in Biodola (which we hear is lovely!), but we'll check it next time. *All or nearly all of these are closed from roughly October to May*; during a recent winter, the only lodgings we could find were at the tiny Ape Elbana, which is Third class, hideously noisy, serves good food, and is about as elegant as a Moroccan cave.

Florence has plenty. Top of the heap are (1) Excelsior and (2) Grand—and the great CIGA chain (see *Venice*), which purchased them both from the Kraft family, is having monumental headaches in rebuilding and restoring these antiquated twins. The new owners have dropped a cool \$640,000 into making them livable again—and the General Manager-Co-ordinator they selected to spend it is a ball of fire named Giovanni Corsini, a young dynamo whose capabilities impressed us mightily. By the end of this year, the Excelsior will have 220 rooms (110 completely redecorated) and 190 baths or showers (100 brand-new); the dining room and ever-popular bar will be redesigned; air conditioning and double windows will have been installed 100% throughout; all walls will have been reworked, and everything freshened. The Grand, a few steps across the Piazza Ognissanti, was air-conditioned in '59; the bad side of the hotel was closed forever; at least 50 rooms will have fine new furniture; the restaurant (not the Rôtisserie Grill, which is already delightful) is being doubled in size, and the old kitchen, a disgrace to decent hotelkeeping, has been bodily thrown out the door and replaced. Both this former palace and the Excelsior occupy imposing settings on the banks of the Arno. Because of the armies of workmen, you won't be as comfortable now in either as you will be next year—but Mr. Corsini is taking hold so efficiently that nothing in Florence can now touch these twins for savoir faire.

Third is the Savoy, 90% refurbished and 100% air-conditioned; plain lobby but surprisingly nice accommodations; spanking-new 5th floor added in '59, with ceilings on 4th floor lowered to accomplish it; noise problem eliminated by the addition of double windows; fashionable Snack Bar

tucked into the cellar; cheerful and small; now De luxe category. Fourth is the Astoria, reopened in '51; chic lobby but rather utilitarian bedrooms; outstanding concierge, agreeable staff, good food; garden-dining in summer; car-parking difficult; well-run by Manager Secco.

Fifth is Plaza Lucchesi, near the CIGA twins on the Arno; remodeled in '54; not great but good, with a friendly feel. Sixth is the Minerva, which has just been entirely renewed with the exception of the façade; most rooms with bath or shower; partially air-conditioned; due to present its freshened face to the public this spring. Sixth is the Baglioni-Palace; handsome night-club-penthouse garden; cavernous rooms, dull décor, seedy in spite of some renovations. Seventh is the Roma; neat old-fashioned furnishings; above-average cuisine; for traditionalists.

The Cavalieri has almost no style or flair, but it's passable for one night because of its proximity to the railway station. The Mediterraneo is a production-belt sleeping factory for masses of sightseers; about 45% of its clientele in season are on conducted tours from various European lands and the U.S.; 85 rooms with small sitz-type baths, and 233 rooms with showers; modern aura, newly enlarged restaurant, big cheap Taverna; all right for inexpensive, short-stay tour groups, but service standards and ambiance questionable for discerning individual wanderers.

The Kraft, raised from scratch by one of the Kraft brothers on the proceeds of the CIGA sale (see above), will open this spring. When we climbed through the partially finished building, it was a hopeless jumble of construction, and nobody was on the scene who could give us any information. From seeing the shocking condition in which this family turned over the Excelsior and the Grand to CIGA, however, we are more than a little wary of the innkeeping standards which will be demonstrated in this one.

Among the smaller houses, we were quite taken with the charm of Villa Belvedere, a modest, quiet, lovingly operated little place 10 minutes from the center, with a fine view of the city. Owner Luigi Ceschi, a former U.S. Army inter-

preter who has worked in more than 50 European hotels, has rebuilt it from the outside in; 21 rooms and 18 baths or showers; simple but pleasant wood paneling and furnishings; every cranny not only immaculate but shining with cleanliness; tiny annex completed, and swimming pool under construction; open all year; an outstanding choice for travelers with cars who seek Second-class tariffs and no-fireworks tranquillity. The Principe, in town, has a river-front location; 14 rooms and 9 baths or showers; also simple, and also worthy for the size and category. The Continental, inaugurated in '59, is breakfast-only; 70 rooms with 50 baths, all tastefully done for the price, but a bit cramped in dimensions; open terrace and tiny bar on roof; street noises a drawback; Manager Cesare has done a competent job here; Second class, as well, with doubles about \$7.30 plus service and taxes. Villa San Michele, 4 miles out, is a converted 500-year-old convent with a splendid panorama; its 23 bedrooms, all with bath, are former cells; furnishings interestingly medieval in tone; garden-dining; First-class rates; closed from November to April at present. Although we've not stayed here nor even stopped for one meal, we can't help but wonder about the professional hotel savvy of the operators (but perhaps our intuition is completely misguided).

The Croce di Malta now gets our lukewarm rather than enthusiastic vote; new management; the reception clerk we met had very poor command of both English and manners; somehow, it doesn't seem the same cheerful little house we used to regard as a pet choice. The Della Signoria, bed-and-breakfast only, continues to be satisfactory. We're told by a kind reader that the new David, another bed-and-breakfast-only entry, is exceptional; some rooms with "His and Her" baths; this traveler evaluates its interior decoration and room arrangements as being "better than at the Excelsior or Grand, with inexpensive rates." Sounds good!

The Delle Nazioni and the Villa Aurora both left us stone cold; not recommended, under any circumstances.

Pensions? The Beacci (Via Tornabuoni 3) is the best we've seen. Top 3 floors of an apartment building over an

art gallery; 29 rooms, 22 bathrooms; terrace and comfortable public rooms; price with bath and 3 meals roughly \$8; very well liked. The Pendini (Via Strozzi 2) faces the Piazza della Repubblica, is also clean and agreeable, and charges slightly less. The Basilea (Via Guelfa 41), actually a Third-class hotel, is reported to have all of the attributes of a First-class pension; our informant states that it is centrally located and spotless, with extra-fine cookery; the brochure makes it look very attractive indeed. To round things up, our good friend Dr. Ilse Wolff, Director of Tourism for the City of Berlin, recommends in warmest terms the Villa Carlotta (Via Michele de Lando 3), where she stayed during her '59 holidays; if this expert was pleased, that's good enough for us!

De luxe country living in the Florence suburbs? The lovely Villa La Massa, 15 minutes out in a settlement called Candeli, is a restored fifteenth-century *estancia* on a tree-lined curve of the Arno. This landed-country-estate-type hotel has 3 buildings: the Old House, the New House (Americans prefer to stay here), and The Cottage (residence of Colonel and Mrs. C. Stuart-Searle, the proprietors). Entirely renovated; nearly every room with private bath; swimming pool; dreamy terrace-restaurant; focal point of many celebrities; fairly expensive. Full or demi-pension *not* required; the handsomest room is #45, at \$16 per day plus service and taxes. Scores of *Guide* readers are happy here; the ones who aren't comment (1) that their reception has been stand-offish and cold, (2) that there is no real concierge to look after the small wants, (3) that the cuisine is repetitious and dull, and (4) that the headwaiter's manners and grooming are an irritation. In any case, it's a beautiful setup which makes a hit with most travelers. If your visit is limited to 1 or 2 days, it's too far out—but if you plan to stay 3 days or longer, Villa La Massa might be just the dish.

Genoa's leader is the Colombia-Excelsior—classic, comfortable, and costly. This CIGA-operated house has undergone major recent improvements, including 30 new bathrooms (the marble walls in each are all different and

beautiful!), many new balconies, and a fully redecorated dining room. Coupon-clippers should reserve #208-209, the so-called "Ambassador's Suite," which is one of the most lush, tasteful, thoughtfully planned accommodations we've ever seen in Italy. Now a winner in every department, including its very alert management personnel. Next best is the Savoia-Majestic; 100% air-conditioned; new entrance and bright lobby which sports a TV set; small bedrooms; all singles have studio-beds for conversion into sitting rooms during the day; a good, sound Second class which is recommended. The Plaza-Corvetto, built in '50, is third; central situation; several new attractions; okay but not special. Fourth place goes to the revamped de Gênes et des Princes, on which its new owners have spent large sums for face-lifting; public rooms attractive; bedrooms plainly and unimaginatively furnished; 50% have private baths; cozy bar; far better than it used to be. The Bristol Palace is fifth; \$64,000 reconstruction program under way; new lobby, elevator, bar; huge, refurbished accommodations, almost barn-like in size, some with old-style furniture which has little appeal to the average American; downtown location.

In Superior-Second class, the new Eliseo is proud of its antique pieces and local-style ambiance, but the things are scattered so thinly that there's a barren look to its decoration; garden-dining in summer; careful administration; by far the choicest within its price group. The City is central and routine; the Milano-Terminus is barely fair.

In ordinary Second class, the Londra-Continental is in the midst of a 3-year reconversion, with a new dining room, lobby, elevator, and a couple of dozen rooms already finished; partially air-conditioned; this will be a good bargain stop when it's completed. The Minerva e Italia and the Aquila e Reale rate no raves. Best pensions are (1) Simonini (Via Balbi), and (2) La Principessa (Via Fieschi, in the "Small Skyscraper"); both are noisy but can be recommended.

Ischia? In the Port, the new pace-setter is the Grand Hotel Delle Terme, just opened by the Jolly Syndicate; 150 rooms

and 150 baths, all slightly cramped in size; 100% air-conditioned; very modern motif, in an Italianate version of Hilton; direct connection to its own thermal springs; First class, not De luxe. A welcome addition to a bleak hotel picture. The Moresco, launched in '55 on the beach, has Moorish-style construction and routine accommodations; nothing to write home about. The Excelsior has skidded from our first place to our third—and for all we know, it might still be continuing its downward plunge; its new management just isn't taking hold, according to various bitterly disappointed readers; excellent physical plant, including swimming pool—but we refuse to recommend it to anyone this year. The Majestic has uncomfortably tiny rooms and an atmosphere which impressed us as being not only austere but dark. The Parco Aurora has a fine location on the beach, and it added another floor in '58; its accommodations, however, must have been designed for the smaller, less-obese offspring of dwarfs, because they're claustrophobic. The Mediterraneo, built in '55 by the sea, has more spacious dimensions, modern furniture, and fairly good food pleasantly served in its curved picture-window dining room—but we'd still call it ordinary. The Dei Pini has an ultraprogressive design—and even though it's still relatively an infant, it gives the feeling that it's coming apart at the seams. In Second class, the Miramare e Castello faces the castle from its beach-front location; rebuilt in '56; open March-October only; so-so. The Regina Palace and the Floridiana are also in this category; not bad, but not special, either. The best pension, in a walk, is La Villarosa; new building in the city; antique décor; kindly staff; be sure to get a room on the 3rd or 4th floor, or you'll miss the view. The San Pietro pension, on top of a glorious promontory, is wonderfully situated—but it's so old, shabby, and crummy that I wouldn't choose it on a bet. Finally, the De luxe Regina Isabella, 5 miles from the Port at Lacco Ameno, opened in '56 as a mineral-bath spa; 66 rooms and 66 baths; excellent private beach; fine vista; in the beginning, a favorite among wealthy Milanese vacationers, but now increasingly popular with outlanders. Two years later, spurred by its success, the

same owners constructed a second De luxe hotel adjoining it, with the incongruous name (for a thermal center) of Sporting; similar baths, similar facilities, sea bathing as well. The First-class La Reginella is situated on the town square in Lacco Ameno; typical.

In *Milan*, here's how we'd place them this year: (1) Principe e Savoia, (2) Palace, (3) Excelsior-Gallia, (4) Continental, (5) Duomo, (6) Francia-Europa, (7) Cavalieri, and (8) Manin. The new Cavour opened after our departure, so we didn't see it; 120 rooms, 120 baths, air-conditioned, First class. The Principe e Savoia, totally (and exquisitely!) rebuilt and redecorated, takes the crown this year as one of Europe's finest De luxe hotels. Only the façade on the "old" building was left undisturbed; everything else was ripped apart and redesigned. The "new" building of 9 floors, 100 rooms, and 100 baths was fused onto the original structure, and all appointments in both are now identical (save for the balconies in the "new," which the "old" does not possess). Loaded with antiques and ankle-deep carpeting; stunning ceiling-height-marble bathrooms, with 2-entrance split facilities and telephones; electrically raised Venetian blinds for all the floor-length, wall-wide picture windows; 100% air conditioning; new Escoffier Grill; one of Italy's deftest Chief Mixers in the fine new bar. A triumph for veteran hotelier Comm. Ugo Simonelli (his own pun on how to remember his name: "You-Go See-My-Nellie"); cheers and salutes! The Palace has an arrestingly modern décor and a beautiful roof-garden restaurant; many rooms very small but all have bath; new 50-room wing scheduled for completion this spring; new banquet appointments and enlarged bar; concierge and staff who couldn't be nicer or more helpful. Here's a streamlined house (9 years old) which is losing some of its élan through the natural aging process; despite heroic efforts of the management to maintain things, some of its many electrically operated gadgets (automatic door locks, etc.) are now balky, and other features which seemed daringly advanced in 1951 are now old-hat and passé. Still very good, though—and still recommended. The Excelsior-Gallia, like

the Principe e Savoia, is in the final stages of face-lifting; everything here should be finished this spring. Now 100% air-conditioned; 280 rooms and 250 baths, all ample in size, adequate in comfort, and clean; furnishings unimaginative; good standard hotel, not fancy. In the Continental, the cavernous lobby has been refurbished in a dull way; the Conti Grill (3 connecting rooms) is cozy and charming; 162 of the 180 accommodations have been reworked, again with little imagination or flair; partially air-conditioned only; an old, old building, with narrow halls and structural limitations which are almost impossible to surmount. We'd call this commercial house just so-so. The Duomo has 18 excellent duplex rooms, with the bed and living areas on different levels; these are attractive, but the 100 "regular" bedrooms leave a lot to be desired; pleasant winter-only night club, with new summer roof-garden restaurant planned which will give a magnificent view of the Cathedral; service inclined to be slow, and outside rooms inclined to be noisy. The Francia-Europa, inaugurated in '56, is impersonally agreeable in a commercial style; 125 rooms, 125 baths, 100% air conditioning; décor tasteful; bar ½-flight down from lobby, and restaurant 1 full flight down. Rooms superior to those of the Cavalieri, but other facilities not as amenable. The Cavalieri, with 3 new suites, new air conditioning, a renewed restaurant, roof-garden summer dining, its unusual use of color, and tricky doors to its bathrooms, is improving—but the bedrooms and baths are so tiny in this converted apartment house that we cannot see how it can be operated as a top-grade hotel. Still disappointing, sorry to say; not our dish of pasta. The Manin has a frenzied little lobby, a tub with every room, radiant heating here and there, and modest features in general; simple, modern tone; no great shakes but okay for the price. Pensions? Skip them in Milan, because none of them measure up to the standards of the U.S. visitor; they're simply not geared to our trade.

Montecatini: Grand Hotel e La Pace, known as "La Patch-ch" to its international clientele, is regarded as one of Italy's best. Croce di Malta is the next down the line, and

very good, too. The Grand Hotel Plaza e Locanda Maggiore, also special, is closed at this writing; no word has yet been received of its reopening date. Top Second-class house is the Nizza e Suisse, which was thoroughly remodeled in '54. If you don't like these, there's a choice of 50 others.

Naples? The Excelsior, operated by CIGA and directed by the highly capable Georges Baccalin, has pulled miles ahead of all others. At least 70% of its rooms have been entirely refurnished within the past 2 years; sound-proof double windows (one glass nearly ½-inch thick!) were installed from top to ground floor in '59; a \$150,000 air-conditioning system is now in operation; there's a brand-new front entrance, too. With its pure-silk hangings in all public rooms, its white-and-mirrored restaurant with 5 magnificent white chandeliers, its rich carpets, its fine marble, its top cuisine of the city, this operation reflects solidity, tradition, and sound management. Here's *the* quality hotel of the city. The Vesuvio is standing still—and, because so little has been done to it lately, it is looking older and less attractive. Modern décor; lovely roof garden; tasteful furnishings; Vesuvietta night club in cellar; still full of life, but its owners had soon better start spending money on improvements, or it will lose even more of its luster. The number two, not in the same ball park with the Excelsior this year. The Royal, also facing the bay, is gold and blue and glass, à la Hilton; clientele very mixed, with its low echelons sometimes alarmingly sleazy; warm-weather penthouse pool and night club; cellar night club for winter; 10 floors against the Excelsior's 6, with both buildings the same over-all height, which illustrates its somewhat cramped dimensions; don't stay on the top 2 floors when there's music on the roof, because the sheep you count will all be tapping little mambo drums; a mass hostelry which packs 'em in and packs 'em out, at tariffs which are considerably lower than those of the 2 leaders. The Continental, within spitting distance of the Vesuvio, is fourth; modern, scrubbed, some rooms small and some quite agreeable. The Mediterraneo, opened in '58, is downtown; large, streamlined, air-conditioned skyscraper; every room with bath or

shower, all Lilliputian in dimensions, and most with bright tiled floors; terrific panoramic roof, with restaurant, sun terrace, breakfast room, and bar with music; 250-car underground garage; very good value for the price. Grand Hotel Turistico is fifth and Grand Hotel de Londres is sixth. We haven't inspected the new Majestic, which opened late in '59; we're told that it's modern, air-conditioned, in the residential district, and First class. Reports are better on Parker's—but, until we look again, neither the Santa Lucia nor the Grand Hotel De Naples can be recommended by this *Guide*.

In *Perugia*, we found the Brufani classic, barn-like, and dull—but we're now told that considerable improvement has been made under Nando Curti's management since we were last up there, which was some time ago. Let's hope so, because its physical setting is lovely. The little La Rosetta, down the street, is a lot cheaper, and the kitchen was a lot better—at that time, which doesn't necessarily mean today.

Pisa now offers 2 decent stops: Dei Cavalieri and the new Duomo. The former is Neo-Italian-Modern, with 100 rooms, 100 baths, an American Bar, and a restaurant which has drawn complaints from readers; pleasant but not plush. The latter, almost at the foot of the Leaning Tower, has 80 air-conditioned rooms, 80 baths, a Tuscan restaurant, a terrace, avant-garde furnishings, and good drinks concocted by an exceptionally friendly bartender; direction by veteran hotelier Luigi Morazzoni; First class (not De luxe); also a good but not glittering bet.

Portofino's Splendido, perched on a mountainside, offers one of Europe's most gracious views. Elegant dining salon with solid-glass front; improved cuisine and kindly new concierge; 78 rooms, 20 without bath and 5 inside; get on the 4th floor here, because the view is superior and the furnishings of the first 3 are downright plain, in contrast; lovely, except for the tastelessness of some of its bedrooms. The smaller Nazionale, in the village, has now been entirely refitted; many baths added; simple, Second class, agreeable, and friendly; noisy in season. The Piccolo, the only remain-

ing choice, is tiny, and its facilities are too regional for the average American.

Positano's palm-winner is still *Le Sirenuse*—but we came away from our latest look with far less enthusiasm than ever before. The building is on a hillside, with 7 floors staggered in staircase fashion, and with the main entrance on the 4th; a new 50-room annex, adjoining, will probably be open by the time you get there. This converted and enlarged family mansion, first transformed in '51, used to be full of local artists and writers, a chichi clientele, and laughter and relaxed spirits on every side. But now we feel that too much traffic has made the proprietress and staff glacially patronizing to some of their guests, and that its once-delightful atmosphere has become overly commercial and cold. Too bad, because the physical plant is a joy. *Miramare* has a superb situation over the sea, with a full panorama to the south; enchanting restaurant; 15 rooms with bath, in 2 buildings; glassed-in goldfish swim merrily in some of the bathroom windows while you bathe; facilities simple but adequate; good but not outstanding, except for the magnificent location; be prepared to climb steps until your ears turn cartwheels. The *Poseidon* is third; off-beach setting; not bad. The *Montemare*, with the same breath-taking sea view as the *Miramare's*, is Second class, clean, and unpretentious; 15 rooms with bath or shower; roughly \$7.20 buys your full pension here. Low man on the local totem pole is the *Savoia*; heavy Italian trade.

Rapallo is proud of the fine *Excelsior Palace*, which sits on a point overlooking both the Mediterranean and parklike gardens, and which is reminiscent of a newer, less-shabby *Hôtel de Paris* of Monte Carlo. More than 50 bathrooms renovated or added in '58; entire 4th and 5th floors redecorated in '59, with handsome balconies appended; new dining room; new bar. Here's the most luxurious hotel in this entire coastal section, topping anything in *Santa Margherita*, *Portofino*, or environs; highly recommended throughout; expensive. For second place in *Rapallo*, the *Savoia* and the *Bristol* (2 miles out, with its own beach) fight for honors, with the

Europa lagging behind both. Moderne et Royal is now the leading hostelry in Superior-Second class; Elisabetta isn't the same as it was, and, sad to say, Miramare is.

Rimini, with more than 37-thousand tourist beds, runs the gamut from gilded, silk-draped four-posters to Italian Boy Scout camp cots. The Grand, its only De luxe offering, is a perfect personification of the fast-vanishing hotel tradition for which it is named. Tennis courts, private beach, hot-and-cold showers in bathing cabanas; lovely dining-terrace, dancing in garden; gorgeously furnished; full of art treasures, Louis XIV collections, marble staircases; expensive, and worth it. In First class, the Excelsior-Savoia rules the roost. Opened 1950; modern, arresting décor, like the better designs in Miami Beach; push-buttons like crazy; special playroom for kids, with everything from blackboards to bicycles; indifferent cuisine; very satisfactory indeed. The Parco, next in line, has many good points, like its colorful bar—but the corrosive taste in room décor and the junky furniture made me wince. The International and the Mocambo, both small and plain, are next. Best Second-class bets are the Amati (tops) and the Continental (opened in '54). The Vittoria is the only First-class pension (built in '49 and extended every year)—if we don't count the Belvedere in Miramare, 3 miles away. *All of the above except the Parco and the Amati are closed from October to March or April.*

Rome? Hammers are pounding furiously to prepare for this Olympics summer. By midyear, at least 6 or 7 new stops, mainly Second class, will open their doors; they're scattered all over the metropolis. The Savoia has been purchased by the same company which runs the Caesar Augustus, and this former rattletrap is being given a \$500,000 overhaul, with air conditioning, new public rooms, 2 new bars, a new grill, and 75 new bathrooms being installed. Due to City Council cussedness in withholding licenses during 3 years of debate, the 400-room, \$6,000,000 Rome Hilton hasn't even the Washington Senators' pennant-chance of sliding home before the run is on. Even with the above additions, the housing shortage this summer in the Eternal City will be so acute that we

advise—nay, urge!—one precaution: *unless you possess confirmed hotel or pension reservations in advance, don't go!*

The official listings don't agree with these ratings—and neither, quite possibly, will you. But after trudging through most of these hotels again for comparisons, here's how we'd classify them today, in descending order—Class AAA: Grand, Hassler, Excelsior. Class AA: Mediterraneo, Flora, Palazzo degli Ambasciatori, Bernini Bristol, Eden Quirinale, Caesar Augustus. (For Savoia, see previous paragraph.) Class A: Massimo d'Azeglio, Residence Palace, Michelangelo, San Giorgio, Continentale, Victoria, Atlantico, De la Ville, Majestic, Panama, Boston, Parioli, Plaza. Class B: Universo, Commercio, Nord-Nuova Roma, Villa delle Rose, Minerva, Moderno. Best pensions: Sitea, Medici, Maria Adelaide, Home in Rome, Via Monte Parioli 5, Bel Sito. For motorists: Bela Motel, Motel Agip. Suburbs: Villa Florio.

The Grand, 100% air-conditioned, is the home of diplomats, dignitaries, and lovers of top traditional European hotelkeeping; urbane, spacious, and luxurious, it is the most distinguished hostelry in the capital and a showcase of the CIGA chain. Careful, experienced management by Comm. Silvio Levet, one of the world's great hoteliers; roughly \$20 will get you its best twin-bed double. The only flaw, a minor one in proportion to its magnificent assets, is the continuance of occasional but inexcusable snarls by some of its Reservations personnel; the time has passed when this should have been cleaned up for once and for all. Highest recommendation for this landmark. The Hassler, favorite of so many social-registerites and unobtrusively wealthy travelers, has a wonderful roof garden, extra-smooth service, and, for my money, the best location in Rome. More and more visiting royalty or presidents are staying here (the Harry Trumans prefer it, for example). Magnificent view from the upper floors; rooms surprisingly small, in some cases; cuisine satisfactory but not blue ribbon; friendly staff; Grotto Bar overlooking the Palm Court; in every detail, our recent visits here have been happy ones. The Excelsior has made such strides over the last 2 years that General-Manager A. An-

manni merits the salutes of the hotel world for solving the technical problems of this sprawling, difficult-to-operate structure; he has now whipped it up to the point where it's as smooth as *chantilly*. CIGA-owned; keystone of Via Veneto, the vacationer's mecca; 150 freshly renewed rooms, beautifully appointed in the true De luxe tradition; well-trained staff and savory food; the smartest telephone operators we've found on the Italian Peninsula; sound-proofing double windows just installed across the entire front of the building; lavish roof garden planned. The only disappointing feature now—a matter which has not a nickel's worth to do with either Mr. Armanni's excellent administration or the quality of the facilities—is the brash, sloppily dressed, loud-mouthed U.S. conventioneer or other clientele who have singled out the Excelsior as their Roman home; the lobby too often teems with loud-shirted characters from Tin Pan Alley and Hialeah who are our worst representatives abroad. But plenty of good Quiet Americans stay here, too, and enjoy every moment of it.

For the typical U.S. visitor to the Eternal City, my number one choice is the Mediterraneo. It is not nearly as luxurious as our 3 Class AAA's, but the management shows such alert interest in American tastes and preferences, the cookery is so delicious, the rooms are so clean, and the staff is so friendly that most first-timers seem to feel more at home here than anywhere else in town. This 15-year-old enterprise is the star of the largest family-controlled hotel empire in Europe. Secret of its streamlined administration and warm amiability is the fabulous Maurizio Bettoja (pronounced Bet-toy-yah), who continues to try to give every guest in each of his 5 houses his personal welcome. The food in the "21" Restaurant is the best hotel fare in Rome. One block from both the central railway station and the airline terminus; 100% air-conditioned; 100% private baths; nearly 100% redecorated in '54. And for all of your room service, be sure to ask for the famous young maître, Eddie Zanolli, who spent 14 years in the States and whose wartime rescues of downed U.S. and British airmen brought him medals for valor from both of

these governments; he'll take wonderful care of your family and you. You'll find greater lushness and plushness elsewhere than in the Mediterraneo, but not quite the same friendly attitude toward the American guest.

The Flora is a honey. We spent a few days here on our latest rounds (splitting our time among others)—but only minutes were necessary to tell us again what an exceptional house this is. Recently face-lifted at the cost of \$250,000; every room with bath; furnishings spotless, tasteful, and comfortable; attractive Boar's Head Grill for discriminating palates; Concierge Emilio Petroni a tower of kindness and helpfulness to bewildered travelers; fine situation at the end of Via Veneto, with park vista. Jovial, razor-keen, Proprietor-Director Gino Signorini is married to a girl from Los Angeles, so sweet she's one-in-a-million; this helps to account for the fact that 90% of Flora guests are from the U.S., and 60% from California. Warmly recommended.

The Palazzo degli Ambasciatori, known in English as "The Palace of the Ambassadors," has redecorated a number of its rooms—and these are very nice indeed. Otherwise it has old-fashioned furniture, gloomy corridors which seem dirty even though they aren't, a Via Veneto location, and a renowned Grill. When a tragic fire swept its upper floors last June, 3 chambermaids perished; physical damage to the building has since been repaired. An illustrious name, but not one of our favorites. The Quirinale is still the Quirinale—old-hat to some, but right for its loyal adherents; 40 rooms renewed in '59, without much life, flair, or imagination; air conditioning and double windows just installed throughout the front section; direct entrance to Teatro dell'Opera; for the tradition-minded. The Bernini Bristol, under an energetic new manager named Noel Mayer, is coming up laudably; many changes and improvements, including a far more cozy and beguiling bar; small rooms, fairly pleasantly equipped; automatic electric door locks and "Do Not Disturb" light-panels; double windows now installed up to the 3rd floor. This once-tasteless, Arctic-cold house is fast being unthawed, and more power to Sig. Mayer's already success-

ful administration. The Eden has also been perked up in a big way. Its lobby was renovated and a new entrance built in '57; optional air conditioning throughout and redecoration of the restaurant and ground floor was made final in '59; delightful new bar; the rooms, all with bath, are mostly on the unadorned side; a good bet, well-run by veteran Oscar Wirth and his Hassler associates; now officially classified as De luxe. The Caesar Augustus is perfect for dyed-in-the-track-shoe Olympics buffs, because it is only a skip-and-jump from the Olympic Village. Lovely roof garden which offers dining, dancing, and bar, with swimming pool in a raised segment directly above; rooms modern, tiny, cleverly arranged, and tastefully executed, all with minute-sized bathroom and terrace; singles okay, but doubles very cramped. New management; agreeable ambiance; its former slum area was razed for the Games, creating new and attractive surroundings; if you don't mind the 15-minute haul from the center of the city, here's an amiable addition to the hotel picture.

For those who look for extra value for less money, we recommend the Massimo d'Azeglio, now the number 2 of the Bettoja chain. Millions upon millions of lire have been spent in a cellar-to-roof rebuilding, refitting, and refurbishing project; this massive old-timer has literally been torn apart and completely redesigned. Three-hundred new rooms, all with private baths or showers; 100% air-conditioned; the dining room, already one of the most famous for a medium-priced meal (\$1.75 to \$2.50 average, with carafe wine) is now modernized, and so is the lobby. Spacious, cheerfully decorated bedrooms; we just don't know anything in this city that can touch it for the price.

The Residence Palace, completed in '52, is a series of 5 buildings, centered on a bright lobby of yellow and blue Florentine tile. A fairish taxi ride from the heart of town; overstuffed, awkward, cretonned room décor; mainly residential. After my latent look, I'm not as enthusiastic as I once was, very quiet, however, which is a boon in Rome. The Michelangelo, a few steps from the Basilica of St. Peter and

the Vatican border, offers a bright modern tone and an ultra-efficiency motif. Inaugurated in '59; 100% air-conditioned; 200 rooms, 200 baths *and* showers; all accommodations with floor-length glass doors or windows, but only 50% with individual balconies; stark, abstract-style restaurant; aside from the drawbacks of limited elbowroom for sleeping and the hotel's distance from the nonsecular doin's, we'd call this one very satisfactory for its official Category I.

The San Georgio, number 3 in the Bettoja Group, has undergone extensive recent renovations; now air-conditioned throughout; 150 rooms and 150 baths, all immaculate, and all modestly but amply furnished; another value for medium-range budgeteers.

The rest of the list are pretty second-string.

One *dis*recommendation is the Metropole, which, despite its extreme youth, so offended our noses that we're forced to rate it For Professional Cabbage Cooks Only.

Pensions? Sitea, opposite the Grand Hotel at the jaw-breaking address of Via delle Terme di Diocleziano 90, has 18 rooms and perhaps 6 baths; nice little dining room, lounge, and bar; clean and popular; ask for Johnny DeLuca, son of the owner. Medici, Via Flavia 96, is more appealing in all ways except location. Thirty-eight rooms, a handful of baths; hot water and phone in every accommodation; spotless and attractive, except for the fluorescent chairs in the lobby—WOW! Maria Adelaide, Via Maria Adelaide 6, is run by the crack former management of the Croce di Malta in Florence; quiet, somewhat inconvenient address, 2 minutes from the Pincio and the Villa Borghese; above-average food, small garden, phone in every room; possibly the best value of all, run by friendly people. Home in Rome, occupying 2 floors of a modern apartment house at Via Corsica 4, is also not central; Owner Mrs. Andreae Lucetta, her Swiss secretary-assistant, and the Italian night porter all speak good English, and all are fond of Americans; 14 rooms (7 baths), with agreeable furnishings, telephones, sufficient closet space, and plenty of hot water; small bar, lounge, dining room; swimming pool (open to entire building) in some

mer; rooms with or without meals, beginning at about \$3.50; recommended. We haven't yet visited the pension at Via Monte Parioli 5, but a U.S. reader who stayed there for 2 months with her 4 children reports glowingly about it; she states that it's a "charming old villa situated in a 3-acre park, with a view of all of Rome . . . inexpensive and delightful"; sounds very much worth investigating. Bel Sito, Via Ludovisi 46, draws many of our countrymen; its only major inconvenience is the low proportion of private baths. *Reserve well in advance for any of these.* Le Terrazze no longer draws our confidence. We were not at all impressed when we saw Santa Elisabetta, on Via Veneto.

Motorists? The new Bela Motel, 10 miles out on the Via Cassia, is operating full-blast. Swimming pool, tennis courts, snack bar, cocktail bar, nearby golf course; small accommodations for up to 40, each with tiny bathroom; built with U.S. and Italian capital, as the first of a proposed chain; not fancy by American motel standards. Alternately, the huge Motel Agip, just outside the city on the Via Aurelia, is packing them in; 200 units; said to be among the best of its type on the Continent.

Suburbs? Villa Florio, a converted private mansion near the Frascati-Grottaferrata junction (perhaps 40 minutes out), has become highly fashionable for country dining. Twenty tile-floored, cretonne-y rooms are also offered to travelers in search of serenity. Swimming pool; owned by the proprietor of the Hotel De la Ville; citified rustic.

In *San Remo*, Luigi Bertolini runs his Royal Hotel like a \$1000 Swiss watch; sophisticated and De luxe; lovely vista; swimming pool; especially fine. The Excelsior Bellevue has been completely renovated; new direction by P. Balzari; also superior in quality. The Savoia is third, and the simple but well-managed Astoria West-End is fourth. On Cape Nero, between San Remo and Ospedaletti, the very modern Rocce del Capo has now been opened; another beautiful view, another swimming pool; private beach, night club, and restaurant; very Italian resort-y in tone, with possibilities of good fun in season.

Santa Margherita's leading hoteliers are walloping each other purple in the scramble for first-place honors—but this is one shindy where our shillelagh stays peacefully with Grandma. All we'll say, before suggesting that you take your own pick, is that none of them are as plush as the Excelsior in neighboring *Rapallo*. For Hilton buffs, the new Park Hotel Suisse has arresting angular architecture of the ultra-modern school, a twisted-torso-shaped, sea-water pool, and electric-bright color contrasts throughout; 75 small-ish rooms, 46 with bath or shower; bay view and quiet hillside situation; interior and alfresco dining or imbibing; you'll either like it or loathe it, depending upon your receptivity to its progressive ambiance. For Classic Conservatives, the Imperial Palace offers a rococo, turn-of-the-century building, a newly and lushly refurbished décor in the Grand Tradition, a private park and gardens, a vista of Tigullio Bay, an open-air restaurant, and better-than-average comfort. For Middle Grounders, the Miramare, on the beach, is a middle-aged structure which has been partially modernized in a pleasant way; entire 5th floor rebuilt in '58, with terraces added to most accommodations; charming, intimate Sangri-La (Italian spelling!) winter night club, plus summer night club over the water; Preben Holten, the famous Danish gourmet, rates the Miramare's kitchen as one of the most outstanding in Italy. Other hostelries include the Eden (Superior-Second Class), the Laurin (the smell in the lobby drove us out within seconds), and the Continental (very simple). The tiny pension called La Vela ("The Sail") continues its well-deserved popularity.

Sorrento's most renowned stop is the antique, creaky Excelsior-Vittoria—and our latest inspection reversed our previous views. Its Old World furnishings are still so quaint that they're almost a Bemelmans' caricature—but what struck us this time was the icy, unsmiling patronization of the Reception Desk people and other staff members when we walked in as unidentified travelers. Here's a house which seems to take its number one local position so seriously it is apparently trying to be a Claridge's of London—with re-

sults we thought a bit pathetic. Still the leader, but open to vast improvements in both physical maintenance and psychological attitudes. The Europa Palace is modern, with décor which doesn't call for a wing collar and beaver hat; partially renewed in '58 and '59; large rooms, few rugs, plenty of marble in baths; new "Europa Beach" on a pier 140 feet down the cliff by elevator, with snack bar, sun chairs, and umbrellas; Taverna grill with dancing; spectacular panorama from terrace; the lobby and public rooms smelled unpleasantly of cooking during our latest visit. Personally, however, we'd rather stay here than at the Excelsior-Vittoria. Along the line, in descending order, are Royal (next to Europa Palace, with fine gardens), Tramontano (major refurbishing in '59, new and better management), Cocumella (also recently renewed but a bit far from the center), Carlton (small, pleasant, not fancy), and the new Continental (a tossup with the Carlton). The Bristol, opened in '57, is the top Second-class buy. Best position of all, with a terrific view; handsome floors made with local ceramics; cuisine extra-fine for the category; not plush in any sense, but the money's worth for any budgeteer. Finally, perched on a mountainside $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of Sorrento on the Positano highway, the just-opened La Terrazza offers 74 tiny rooms with bath or shower, a roof garden with nightly dining and dancing, a command of the bay that is thrilling, and Second-class tariffs and facilities. Too quiet and too isolated for the average U.S. visitor, but sunny and airy for tranquillity-seekers.

In *Taormina*, there is only 1 superior hostelry—the fascinating San Domenico Palace, a monastery on the rim of a 1000-foot cliff which has been converted into both a refuge for the sophisticated traveler and a living work of art. Breath-taking view and décor; fine rooms; sound kitchen; friendly service; lively high-ceilinged bar; taut management under witty, cosmopolitan Renzo Cochi, formerly of Claridge's; expensive. If they put you at the outer end of the building, you'll need a Seeing-Eye dog to guide you through the 533 corridors, galleries, and blind alleys to the Con-

cierge's desk; my wife paced off the distance to our room, and it came out exactly 163½ miles. This one is it; it's beautiful. Next best is either the Timèo, with a spectacular physical position and little-or-no charm in its furnishings, or the Imperiale, a new, ultramodern, air-conditioned establishment on which I'd rather not pass any verdict until the already familiar management proves itself to my greater satisfaction. The Miramare, slightly out of town, is simple, pleasant, and reasonable. The Excelsior has finished its refurbishing, and the result is only fair. Top Second-class operation is the Metropole; the Diodoro, very old, isn't too attractive, but is being renovated. Excellent reports have been made on the Bel Soggiorno (38 rooms, 9 baths); we haven't inspected it. Pensions? The Villa Riis, operated by a charming Danish-Italian gentleman, is extra good; 28 spotless rooms; a real bargain in every way; the just-opened Villa San Giorgio, which we haven't seen, is also reported to be superior in quality. An increasing number of younger, more lively, or more budget-minded vacationers are saving themselves that long daily trek down and up the mountain for a swim by staying directly on Mazzarò Beach. A friendly and knowledgeable U.S. diplomatic couple has written that the little Sant'Andrea, at \$16 per day with full pension, service, and taxes included (rate quoted is for 2) gave them one of the happiest holidays of their lives; officially reclassified upward in '57. The neighboring Villa Mazzarò offers cubbyhole rooms in very modern style; convenient but not much else. Last, Le Rocce is a cluster of simple bungalows. *No other hotels or pensions in the Taormina area are recommended.*

Venice and the Lido are the headquarters of the famous Grand Hotels of Italy Corporation, better known as "CIGA." This mammoth company owns no less than 8 fine houses in this region, in addition to other leaders in Rome, Florence, Milan, Genoa, Naples, and Stresa.

The Koh-i-noor diamond of the CIGA chain—the de luxe jewel among European hostelry—is the perfectly polished little Gritti Palace of Ernest Hemingway fame, just Across the River and Into the Trees from the gondola park.

After the installation of air conditioning and the construction of an opulent new wing, it was reopened last spring—and it's more beautiful than ever. Here is surely one of the number one stopping places in the world. First, it is small enough for the able Director, Sig. Filippi, to keep absolute control of every nook and cranny. Second, nothing has been spared in décor (works of art *in* a work of art), in staff (roughly 2 employees per guest), in cuisine (one of the most celebrated chefs on the Continent), or in the attributes of pure luxury. This aura of elegance is personified by the Premier Maître d'Hôtel, Cavaliere Renato Carradi, a much-decorated ex-Army officer who will supervise your needs through his monocle with such gallantry and flair that you'll purr like a tamed tabby. If expense is no object, try to reserve Suite #110; it's the finest hotel accommodation, in taste and in feeling, that I've ever seen anywhere. Unqualified recommendation, top to bottom; here's the gem among gems, the masterpiece of innkeeping.

The Danieli Royal Excelsior is CIGA's larger and more popular De luxe offering. Now entirely air-conditioned; roughly 400 beds in 3 separate structures, coupled by short passageways: the "Palace" building (100% pure-silk "wall-paper," décor old-fashioned, furnishings not too attractive), the "Modern" building (less classic and more attractive), and the "Newest" building (by far the best from the American viewpoint). The roof-garden restaurant is a Venetian show place—marvelous! Nello in the ground floor Flamingo Bar is a Venetian legend; be sure to try his delicious invention, the Milano-Torino cocktail. Not up to the Gritti, but still mighty fine.

Third place goes to the new Cipriani, 5 minutes by water from St. Mark's Square, on Giudecca. This is the lifelong dream of Giuseppe Cipriani, founder and 29-year-owner of world-famous Harry's Bar (see "Restaurants")—and at last it has been handsomely realized. First-class category (not De luxe, officially); 100 air-conditioned, sound-proofed rooms, all with private bath; a few moderately plush suites; peaceful situation overlooking the Lagoon; indoor

and terrace restaurants, with pension terms *not* required; sound management by veteran L. G. Giannotti, and 5-star cuisine by Chef Ettore; free motor-launch service to St. Mark's for all clients. Doubles run from \$6.75 to \$11, plus service and taxes—a very good buy for the value. Definitely recommended.

Next in interest is the Grand, twin remodeled palaces which are official National Monuments. Pleasant, subdued lobby; chichi little dining room; meals and drinks alfresco in summer; large "canal" accommodations fantastic, like royal bedrooms of Medicis; average rooms and baths adequate but not fancy. The Bauer Grünwald, next in line, has now officially moved up to De luxe category: discreetly modern décor; expensive rooms lovely, but average rooms and baths on the cramped side; clean, well run, attractive.

The outstanding First-class house, after the Cipriani, is the Europa e Britannia, one extra attraction of which is the sprawling construction: the guest can view the big canal from 4 sides, and there are no tiny canals adjoining which smell as if a corpse were in your other twin bed; it was fully air-conditioned in '59. The Park, a newcomer, has been erected near the railway station. The Londres, Luna, and Monaco, successively, round out this category; all quite good. The Regina has been bumped up one whole price category without too many renovations; Room #71, with a splendid terrace, is worth its \$16 tariff; now air-conditioned from top to bottom. As for pensions, the new Carpaccio, on the Grand Canal, is drawing cheers from enthusiastic readers who report that its rooms are large, clean, and tastefully furnished, its situation is excellent, and terms are moderate. Sounds as if it might be the best value in the city. The Bucintoro, recently renewed, beats them all for location—but the Stella Alpina-Edelweiss is the most modern we've inspected, and the Casa di Stefani, quite tiny, is nicer, if you don't mind a long hike to either. The Calcina and the Seguso aren't so hot, in my opinion, and I don't recommend the Budapest at all.

Country luxury near Venice? The wife of a University of Michigan professor, who must be as charming as she is kind,

has written us at length about a rural inn which sounds like a jewel—the Villa Condulmer, 3 miles from *Mogliano* on the Treviso highway, and 35 minutes from the center of Venice. She states that “Added to its original, serene, eighteenth-century beauty are First-class hotel accommodations, smart decorations, and luxurious furnishings. . . . Formal gardens and broad graveled walks within the old brick-and-wrought-iron walls, with acres of orchards beyond. . . . A lake (with swan!). . . . Tasteful small bar and an inside-outside night club installed in the elegant arcaded portico, once the stable. . . . The new manager, Sig. Cesare Cesàri, a genial, affable, *nice* Florentine who has a lot of breezy, wonderful humor in English. . . . Large staff, as eager to serve as he is. . . . A dreamy place in which to recover from the hard work of travel and a logical center for exploration of the Art of the Veneto—especially since we pay only half the price of a 2 x 4 cubicle at any hectic, noisy metropolitan hotel in New York. . . .” Our first stop on our next trip to Northern Italy, for sure!

In the *Lido*, a few minutes by motorboat from Venice, you'll find the hotel which has made this island a legendary summer resort—the Excelsior Palace. With 380 rooms and 280 baths in a beach-front building at least 3 blocks long, it is a monument to the art of frenzied, high pressure, gotta-keep-busy relaxation. The cabañas, bars, public rooms, cabaret, tennis courts, golf course, and general architecture are reminiscent of Florida's Roney Plaza, but the clientele isn't as Broadwayese. Grand Hôtel des Bains is second in importance—and then there is a big drop in quality to the Grand Hôtel Lido and the Hungaria. The Adria Uranía, with new ownership, was extensively improved in '59. The Miramare is below these.

Verona now boasts one of the most unusual hotels in the world. The Duc Torri, opened in late '58, is the hobby of a wealthy Italian couple, Dr. and Mrs. Vollmer. For more than 1000 years there has been some kind of inn, tavern, or hostel on this site (Mozart stopped here in 1770); after 80 years of disuse, the Vollmers have now erected a show place. Within

its rooms there are 50 different motifs of exact period-furniture combinations of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, both Italian and French; a sufficient supply of excess antiques is in storage to equip 200 additional rooms! Dignity and richness everywhere; latest lighting, plumbing, and technical facilities; basement circus-style tavern open on Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday nights (maximum permitted by local laws); clean, white, airy dining room and magnificent public rooms; service still on trial; rates especially moderate for such opulence. Highly recommended to all discriminating voyagers. The Colomba d'Oro has been given a shampoo, shower, shave, and massage; renowned for its vittles. The Grand has undergone a change of management, following the death of its late owner; since various problems have arisen here, it's too early to comment about future status. The modest Accademia passes for the price.

For travelers to *Sicily, Sardinia, or the south of the Italian Peninsula* (also a few selected spots in the north), the new Jolly Hotels chain started out to be a godsend—but now we're not quite so sure. Count Marzotto, the hard-working textile magnate who founded it, has relinquished the reins. Since they're no longer centrally operated, and quality and service are left to the discretion of the individual proprietors, in some houses the standards have become downright ragged. One irritation, also, is their seeming habit of grandiose announcements about additional links which, on investigation, turn out to be half-built or (in some cases) still on paper. Be this as it may, about 50 establishments exist, most of which are located in lesser-known but attractive villages or areas which are sufficiently close to main roads to appeal to motorists. The Italian Government underwrites 33% of the financing, as a boost to tourism. Facilities are *not* De luxe; they're First class by the European system of ratings, *which means Second class by American standards*. Each structure has a 66% bath-or-shower count to its rooms, a tiled swimming pool, an American Bar, and comfortable but not elegant furnishings. Rates vary from 94¢ for a single-without-bath at Trani, to \$7.61 for a double-with-bath at Trani.

For simple accommodations off the beaten track (or in a few key cities), you still shouldn't go wrong with most of these, if you don't expect too much. Typical examples are found at *Agrigento*, *Avellino*, *Benevento*, *Brindisi*, *Cagliari*, *Foggia*, *Iglesias*, *Olbia*, *Oristano*, *Pescara*, *Salerno*, *Mantua*, *Messina*, *Palermo*, *Parma*, *Ravenna*, and *Trieste*. Your travel agent will give you a full listing.

For miscellaneous centers not covered above, here are the best-known stopping places—some fine, some routine, and some substandard: In *Abano*, the refurbished Palace Meggiorato, with its swimming pool, has now forged ahead of the Reale Orologio. The Second-class Buja Bristol was inaugurated very recently, and it may be recommended for its category. In *Alassio*, it's the Méditerranée first, then the Alfieri and d'Alassio. In *Arenzano*, that pleasant little fishing village 13 miles west of Genoa, the First-class Residenza at Punta S. Martino sits high on St. Martin's Cape; 2 pools, 9 holes of golf, tennis, restaurant, night club; skip it in Off Season. In *Assisi*, the Subasio is only fair, the Windsor Savoia and Giotto are both worthy Second class, and the Hotel-Pensione Umbra offers basic facilities but a lovely view. In *Bellagio*, the Villa Serbelloni is popular for its private beach, sailing, motorboats, and sun; active in summer only. In *Catania*, the Excelsior, Sicily's most modern hotel, has an up-to-the-minute plant, excellent service, and the finest food on the island; the Centrale Corona and Bristol both pale beside it. In *Cortina d'Ampezzo*, the Miramonti Majestic is De luxe, with tennis, golf, skating, and other amenities. In *Malcesine*, the Malcesine, on the lake, has just been renewed; good cooking. In *Maratea*, on the coast about 115 miles below Salerno, the Santavenere is recommended by our good friends, Eleanor and Gino Signorini, owners of the top-flight Flora in Roma; California-style, with lovely dining-terrace, individual balconies, modest resort-type furnishings, and moderate tariffs; the brochure makes our mouths water to see this simple but attractive little place. Handy summer stop en route to-or-from Sicily. In *Merano*, the Bristol is a combination of Neo-Italian-Modern and traditional styling,

with color combinations which might bring goose pimples to your aesthetic soul; 150 rooms, 150 baths or showers, roof garden with heated swimming pool, thermal baths; good, if you can take the décor. In *Padua*, the Storione and the Leon Bianco are both so-so. The Second-class Grand Italia has just been redone; the Second-class BI. RI. Roadhouse offers all rooms with bath or shower, a convenient restaurant, and up-to-date atmosphere. In *Palermo*, the residential Grand Hotel Villa Igica has a completely fresh décor and new management by Guido Fasola; sea view and bathing, tennis, night club; heavy proportion of suites; cuisine which could still stand a great deal of improvement. Grand Albergo e delle Palme is central and not as luxurious. In *Pugliano*, the Third-class Ercolano at the Funicular Station is useful for Vesuvius excursionists; renovated but still primitive; wonderful view. In *Raito*, that beguiling cliffside village 2½ miles from Salerno up the Corniche from the main Amalfi Drive, the First-class Raito was opened in '58; restaurant. In *Ravello*, the Palumbo is carefully run, and the Caruso Belvedere has been tastelessly redecorated; new road goes straight to these hotels (no more step-climbing necessary!). In *Saint-Vincent*, the winter and summer resort in the Aosta region, the De luxe Billia rules the roost; popular night club featured; one of Italy's best casinos connected by direct passageway. In *Salerno*, key feeder-point on the new autostrada, the Grand Diana Splendid is a small skyscraper, with an attractive roof restaurant and a modern ambiance; the Jolly (see above for description of this chain), on the seaside, is number two; don't bother with any of the others. In *Santa Severa* (main road to Pisa, 32 miles from Rome), the Maremonti is a private residence transformed into an inn; private beach; not luxurious and not expensive; good simple rest spot near the capital. In *Sestriere*, the Principi di Piemonte is well-liked for its skiing, dancing, and *joie de vivre* in season. In *Sirmione*, the peninsular town (midway between Milan-Venice) which juts out into Lake Garda, the First-class Villa Cortina overlooks the water from the center of a large park; tranquil and pleasant. *Stresa's* pace-setters are des *Iles Bor-*

romées (operated by CIGA and smoothly managed by Boris Skerl) and the Regina Palace; both are tops. The Bristol, next to des Iles Borromées, is newer, clean, on the small side, and pleasant; extra-good cookery; lunch about \$3.50. Not in the class with the 2 leaders, of course. In *Syracuse*, the Grand Hotel Villa Politi has a marvelous site over an ancient quarry; small rooms, fair food, and routine comforts; inadequately heated in winter. In *Tremezzo*, the Grand Hotel Tremezzo, with its private little park, is average but not outstanding, and the Bazzoni, also on the lake, is okay for its lower category. In *Trieste*, it's the Obelisco, with its hillside location and nice staff; Jolly has a house here, too. In *Turin*, there's the Principi di Piemonte (De luxe) and Grand Hotel Ligure (largest), Grand Hotel Sitea, the Majestic-Lagrange, the Suisse-Terminus, the Turin Palace, and the new Fiorina (all First class). Finally, in *Vicenza*, now much used by our troops, the Artu and the Jolly are the choices—neither of which are much better than passable.

Motels? At this writing, 16 *autostelli* are in operation in Italy, with more springing up like daisies along the highways. They are built and managed by the Italian Automobile Club (A.C.I.), in collaboration with the AGIP gas-station empire. Current charges (subject to change) are roughly \$2 for a single and \$3.35 for a double—with bath or shower. Star exhibit of the chain is the previously mentioned installation on the outskirts of Rome, with 255 beds, a restaurant, a snack bar, a beverage bar, and other facilities. A full list may be had at any A.C.I. office. Don't expect the Ritz.

Another multiple development, the Eurotel scheme, operates on the curious system of "ownership." When the investor "buys" a furnished apartment (bed-living room, bath, kitchenette, balcony), he may rent it back to the company for the use of transient travelers. He may also stay in any other Eurotel he wishes, with accounts settled up at the end of the year. The first unit is at *Merano*, and plans are under way to construct a network throughout Europe. Prices per night do not exceed \$3.20 per person.

Consult your own travel agent or the CIT for information

on the hotels of other Italian cities, towns, or resorts. Most of the choicest ones are mentioned above.

►TIPS: Italian law requires that the basic rate plus service and taxes be posted in each room. If there's any question about your bill, sneak a look at this chart—because if it isn't there, you have a case to take to the ENIT.

In some of the rural or smaller urban hotels, late arrivals can often talk down the price by as much as 50%. If a European walks in at 10 P.M., he'll probably bargain with the proprietor—and he'll probably win, provided that the space hasn't been reserved for the rest of the night. Since you, as an American "millionaire," are automatically given the highest possible quotation, why shouldn't you pocket those 2 or 3 handsome dollars too?

Food Here's one for Ripley: typical Italian food does *not* contain garlic. If you find any, it will probably be in Naples or to the south. Actually, you can travel from one end of the country to the other, and never even smell it.

Most of their dishes might have been seasoned by Betty Crocker; their style of cooking is almost as close to American as that of any other nationality. They are as inventive as the French, without that delicate Gallic touch; to my mind, their cuisine is head and shoulders above the Spanish, German, Russian, British, Central European, and Dutch.

Discounting the north, where rice is king, the average Italian exists on bread and pasta, the latter a word for which there is no literal translation. From the basic ingredient—wheat flour—spring dozens of variations: spaghetti and macaroni (tubular), ravioli (rectangular), pizza (pie), fettuccine (ribbonlike), lasagne (flat), pastina (cylindrical), ziti (big elbows), and many others. Most pastas are served in gargantuan portions; after a couple of dinner plates of this "appetizer," the American visitor seldom can find room for the meat, potatoes, vegetables, salad, and dessert that follow.

The natives don't go for green vegetables the way we

Americans do. You'll find plenty of artichokes, asparagus, broccoli, Roman lettuce (like Chinese cabbage), peppers, finocchio (sort of celery), zucchini (summer squash), and a couple of other varieties—but peas, string beans, turnips, and all other rabbit food is often limited in supply, because the market is too specialized for general appeal. The best restaurants have their own greenhouses; otherwise you dine very much "in season."

Risotto is marvelous. Like pizza, there are innumerable versions. The basis of all is towel-rubbed rice, simmered in an iron skillet in bouillon or chicken broth, until the kernels are dark and tasty. With this are mixed mushrooms, peppers, onions, saffron, butter, and cheese; veal, chicken, pork, lobsters, beef, or other fillers can then be added. Risotto alla Milanese is perhaps the most famous; we personally prefer the illegitimate brother of this simpler dish, the one with chunks of chicken, asparagus, browned onions, tomatoes, and peas, similar to Arroz con Pollo.

Polenta is a staple of the north. It's a corn-flour porridge, white or yellow in color, so heavy in texture that it stands up by itself. It isn't particularly interesting in taste; try it to acquaint yourself with an important native food. But don't order it in a first-class restaurant, or the waiter will probably throw you out! Incidentally, northern cooking leans heavily on butter; prime ingredient throughout the south is oil.

If you haven't tried pizza in the States, here's your chance. The Italian article is conceded to be finer than its American cousin (the taste is so different that you might not agree at first). Naples, the center, offers 27 types made in 137 *pizzerie*, according to veteran foreign correspondent and pizza-hound Walter Hackett. Essentially, it's a crisp, crunchy, flat pie, made of pasta, fresh tomatoes, and cheese—but the seasonings vary from basil to oregano, and the additional alternates vary from fresh (not tinned) anchovies to mushrooms to mussels to clams to salami. Try Pizza Margherita—no olive oil, no garlic, but Roman cheese and basil. Or try Pizza Calzone, with added cream cheese and salami;

Calzone means "pants," referring to a half-moon flap of pastry which covers the top like a small tent. Both are delicious.

Prosciutto, dark spicy local ham served in wafer-thin slices, is an excellent cocktail appetizer. It's wonderful with fresh figs or a slice of melon—but be sure to order it "crudo" (raw), or they might serve it "cotto" (cooked).

Antipasto (salami, cheese, prosciutto, celery, egg, artichoke hearts, black olives, pimento, and other spicy foods) is the Italian hors d'oeuvres. Generally there's enough oil in one portion to run the diesel engines of the Santa Fe Super Chief about 600 miles.

Other specialties worth trying are Scampi alla Griglia (grilled crawfish resembling large grilled shrimp), sea crab cocktail (eat the delicate "coral" separately), Cannelloni (pasta stuffed with pâté or other meats and baked in cheese and tomato sauce), minestrone (delicious multi-vegetable soup with regional variations of added pasta, rice, etc.), Pollo alla Diavola (called "deviled chicken," but actually broiled over herbs), Scaloppine San Giorgio (veal stuffed with ham, cheese, and mushrooms; particularly fine at Venice's Royal Danieli), and that king of desserts, Gâteau Saint-Honoré (try Rome's Hotel Mediterraneo for an extra-fine version of this whipped-cream delight).

Oh—let's not forget about that extraordinary Venetian crab, either. Listed as La Granservola, it's a lobster-sized crawfish with tiny claws and a huge, meaty body. The favorite way to serve it is in the shell, reinforced with piquant seasonings. Venice is the center; summer is the season; try Harry's Bar for a mouth-watering sample.

Incidentally, we'd advise sticking to bottled water in all rural or village areas of Italy (in Rome, Milan, Turin, and the larger cities, tap water is pure). Most popular sparkling brands are San Pellegrino and Crodò; Fiuggi is the best bet without gas; the almost-flat San Gemini, recommended by local physicians for tummy troubles, is sold in pharmacies but not in bars.

Restaurants Good restaurants in every city. Even the hamlets usually have a place where you'll find cuisine of high quality. Don't be startled by the down-to-earth simplicity which you'll find in many of them; with surprisingly few exceptions, the Italian entrepreneur concentrates on food rather than on fancy decorations.

Once again, let's proceed alphabetically, by cities:

Amalfi's best cuisine is at the Santa Catarina, with the Luna the runner-up. Cappuccini has the most spectacular view, but the cookery curled our hair into neat little rows of granny knots. La Marinella, on the beach, is strictly budget class.

Assisi's Subasio Hotel offers a fixed \$2.50 meal *not* prepared by Escoffier and a magnificent vista; lots of bus excursionists.

In *Bari*, the central Marc'Aurelio has the top cuisine; décor routine. The Piccola Zia Teresa, 2 miles out, is on the water; new management which, to us, has spoiled its former charm; no longer recommended. In the tiny Taverna Verde, it's exactly the same story. The Adriatico, at the end of a pier in the harbor, is big and impressive to the eye; my dinner tasted as if it came from the bottom of the same pier. The Transatlantico, 1½ miles along the shore, is open in warm weather only; pretty good. We haven't tried La Sirenetta, but reports are excellent.

Tops in *Bologna* is Al Pappagallo, a "Parrot" which is known from Zagreb to Zamboanga for its rich, ounce-manufacturing fare. Operated by the 3 Zurla brothers, sons of the renowned founder, who nobly carry on the tradition; beloved by celebrities and hungry folk alike. Tone not at all fancy. One of the better bets in Italy. Tre Galli d'Oro ("Three Golden Cocks") is next in line, and Sampieri or Nerina follows. Plan on \$2 to \$4 in any of these. Chateau Bellevue is for summer excursionists; 15 minutes out, up the funicular to San Luca; good vista; very pleasant on a nice day. Fagiano (Calcavinazzi 2) is typical and cheap.

Capri's most famed establishment is Miss Gracie Fields' La Canzone del Mare, a chichi beach club at the foot of a cliff

adjoining a small beach. Magnificent location; swimming pool; bar; dancing; very, very swank, and very, very lovely. But that food, for those prices—ouch! My light lunch (apéritif, shrimp cocktail, entree, coffee, and local vino) came up in such ridiculously skimpy portions that I actually laughed when they served it—but I stopped laughing fast when they handed me that tab for about \$7. If you're loaded with lire and eat a big breakfast first, this place is a dream; if you're poor and famished, you can find the same scenery for 50% less money at attractive little Da Pietro (also known as "Gloria's," for the titled Englishwoman who runs it) a short distance down the shore; much better food these days than in a neighboring spot called Da Vincenzo delle Sirene, so don't let yourself confuse them. All closed tight in winter.

Al Gatto Bianco, in the center of town, has a handsome terrace, a beautiful open kitchen in the rear, and a modern décor; Manager Peppino Esposito knows his skilletts, and his "White Cat" serves the top hotel cuisine of the whole island. Da Gemma, a few steps up from the Central Plaza, is the artists' and writers' favorite; 2 sections, one a pizza tavern (50¢ to 75¢ per portion) and the other a patio; ask for Giovanni. With Grottino, on the opposite side of the Plaza, Da Gemma vies for the most delicious regional cookery to be found today in Capri. For travelers on an extra-tight budget, the jigger-sized Savoia, also bordering the Plaza, offers a 3-course meal for about \$1. For one of the most magnificent panoramas on the Continent, try the terrace of the Caesar Augustus Hotel first or the adjoining San Michele Hotel next. The garden of the Quisisana is particularly attractive at night. The caliber of the fare won't excite you in these 3, however. Lunch in the garden of the La Palma Hotel is another mild suggestion. Casino delle Rose, with its Taverna now operating during the evening, has improved; now recommended.

In *Catania*, the Pagano a Mare is our choice; seaside location at Ognina; fish specialties; regional and worthy. *Costanzurra*, nearby, is also sound. If you're after something in the center of the city, we'd suggest either *Alba* or *Finochiano*.

None of these is luxurious in any sense, but they should all please your palate.

At *Como*, first a warning: the Funicolare Restaurant, at the foot of the funicular, is NOT recommended by this *Guide*—but definitely. The Vapore, 15 minutes out at Torno, is the pace-setter for the whole region; about \$5 for an excellent meal in relaxing surroundings (*Apr. to Sept. only*). Da Pizzi offers a package of 2 dining places—an expensive one, open in summer only, and a small, typical one, open all year; we prefer the cookery in the little brother, even though it's less costly and fancy. The Negri in Pusiano, 9 miles from Como on the Lecco highway, features freshly caught perch with risotto; very cheap, simple, and good. Finally, don't forget that renowned Villa d'Este is only a skip-and-jump away.

In *Cortina D'Ampezzo*, Al Foghè is characteristically regional. It's a favorite among the international clientele of this mountain resort.

Elba? Our respected columnist-colleague, Sam'l Steinman (see later) has just eaten his way through this island on a literary mission for his syndicate—and since his evaluations are hot-off-the-griddle as we go to press, here's how the restaurants stack up to him: (1) La Sirene in Portoferraio, (2) Iselba in Marina di Campo, (3) Golfo Hotel in Procchio, (4) Ape Elbana in Portoferraio, and (5) Hermitage in Biodola—in that order. Portoferraio's Darsena Hotel has a slick roof garden with dancing; very popular. Giappone, on the square, is Third class; typical and simple. The Fonte Napoleone, 1 hour out, is fun for a mountain-dining excursion; the Bonaparte at San Martino is routine. A helpful Florida traveler reports that Zi Rosa, on the sea at Portoferraio, is a gem among *pizzerie*; Owner-Manager Grossi speaks excellent English and is charming and gracious to Americans. *Most of these establishments are closed in winter.* Incidentally, the Hotel Centrale in *Piombino* (mainland port for Elba excursionists) is decently adequate, if you stick to fish, pasta, and cheese.

In *Florence*, Sabatini (Via Panzani 41) offers, in our opin-

ion, the most consistently solid fare at normal prices; 4 rooms, appetizing food display, open kitchen; cookery substantial but not ornate in any sense; service friendly but rough, with good-natured waiters who bustle; harsh illumination which gives zombie-like tones to the skin; from \$2.50 to \$4 for a belt-busting meal. Our only disappointment here, on our most recent incognito visit, was the inexcusable nonchalance with which a stream of American guests, including our party, were received at the door; we watched 5 or 6 polite but bewildered groups of diners forced to stake out their own tables, with not a blink from the torpid headwaiter or captains. After communicating this fact to the owner, at a later time, we were told that former Major-Domo Vinicio would be rehired from his higher-paying job at the Mediterraneo to greet, seat, and assist English-speaking clients. Let's hope that he's now back, because Sabatini is sound in all other respects. Buca Lapi (Via del Trebbio 1) is the classic choice of visiting firemen and firewomen; cellar décor, travel-poster motif, 22 individual table lamps hanging from ceiling; in our estimate, too tourist-slick and expensive for anybody except first-timers. Doney (Via Tornabuoni 10-11) might be called Gemini, because it is twins—a restaurant on one side of the street and a tearoom on the other. Closed for complete redecoration during our last round, but previously we found it so beloved by U.S. trippers that the only Italians we saw were the waiters; superior cookery, superior drinks, very superior tariffs which run up from \$5 to \$10 for a good dinner with wine.

Oliviero, with a small restaurant at Via dei Tosinghi 18 during the winter and a big terrace-garden at Viale Michelangiolo 78 (15 minutes from the center) for summer operations, now offers good food and attention; my solo lunch of (1) spaghetti, (2) small steak and salad, and (3) a ½-bottle of routine wine (no cocktails, no other vegetables, no desert, no coffee) came to exactly \$4.72, which is a pistol-packing price by Italian standards. Are Americans charged at one level, and old local customers at another? We don't know, and we're not accusing anybody of anything; never

theless, our surprise wouldn't be great if this were found to be the case.

Harry's Bar (Via del Parione 50) is a *must* for everybody—a captivating little place with a limited but tempting menu, the most delicious American-style snacks and dishes in central Italy, and drinks mixed with such love that you'll think you're back in "21" in New York. Harry and Ralph, internationally famous from their 23-year reign at the Excelsior Hotel bar, pooled their savings in '54 to open their dream oasis. On our latest inspection, once again we were not spotted—and it was a joy, professionally, to sit quietly and watch these master hosts receive traveler after traveler with such warmth, kindness, and individual interest. Intimate, cosmopolitan, fun; highest recommendation throughout. Closed all December. Don't miss it.

The Baglioni Roof is attractive on a hot July night: stupendous view of the city, cool green garden décor with more than 2000 plants; food barely passable only, but dancing delightful and setting handsome; June 1 to September 1 only. Ponte Vecchio, just off the famous bridge, offers a very fine view but the management has changed, and we believe that the quality has gone off; central location for shop-hounds. Giovacchino (Via dei Tosinghi 2) is noted for its roasts; not bad. La Sostanza (Via del Porcellana) has marble tables, plain but enjoyable fare, and service so horrible that you'll probably chuckle or get angry. For the economy-minded, Buca Mario (Piazza Ottaviani 16) will give you a darned good dinner for under \$2; 3 rooms in cellar; very clean; attractive, and plain; heavy local trade; increasingly popular with Americans. Nadina (Piazza S. Trinità), simple, charmless, but substantial, is another wise budgeteer's alternate. The Buca San Ruffillo, which used to be so sucker-conscious that it repelled us, has a new owner who knows cuisine and who is giving the customer's wallet a fair deal; cellar situation, colorfully done, with Italian-style snack bar on ground floor; much improved. Da Zi Rosa (Via dei Fossi 16), a modest haven which features music and singing, was accidentally stumbled across by Emily Kimbrough, who

mentions it warmly in *Forty Plus and Fancy Free*; we haven't tried it yet. Paoli is Second class, loaded with gawkers, and (at least to us) a poor value. La Loggia is closed.

In the outskirts, Villa La Massa (see "Hotels") is 10 minutes out; lovely river setting with terrace-dining; disturbing recent complaints, however, about the dullness of its food and the surliness and improper grooming of its headwaiter. Two Beverly Hills gourmets report that Raspanti, at Borgunto-Fiesole, offers an inside establishment plus a roof garden with a fine view, an attractive menu and wine card, and savory grilled chicken as its specialty; sounds intriguing. Girarrostro, 35 minutes out near Il Girone (Pontassieve road), is plain; grilled chicken also the feature (and very good!); use your own car, not a taxi, because the trip isn't worth the high fare these rascals would charge you. Zocchi, also a rather long haul, is said to be worthy; altitude 1800 feet; big glass-enclosed veranda which can be opened to the fresh breezes; hideous white-neon lighting; above-average cookery, according to our sources.

In *Genoa*, the Olimpo (Piazza Dante 11), on the 31st floor of a skyscraper, is still the number one tourist attraction. Neither the food nor the service are in any way outstanding for a luxury-category operation with luxury prices; we'd call them substandard, in fact. But the view is so magnificent it shouldn't be missed. Dinner-dancing to a tired orchestra and an occasional floor show. Olivo (Piazza Raibetta 15) is large, straightforward in its Genovese fare, and very good; it's a favorite of the businessmen and the family trade in the Old City. Mantelli (Via Granello 7) is modern, functional, and split-level, with attractive use of colors; nearly empty for dinner, but excellent for lunch on a rainy day; new and central. Alle Torri closed in '59. Punta Vagno, a recent entry on the promenade overlooking the sea, offers a pleasant location and fodder which could stand a less heavy fist. Pesci Vivi ("Live Fish"), also on the promenade, is better. On a sunny day, a 20-minute excursion to Boccadasse (literally: "Mouth of the City") is especially recommended; here are the last

remnants of an ancient fishermen's village, over a small cove. Vittorio is the big dining place, with what might be termed a sea-foam green, chipped-plaster décor and superb seafood. Osvaldo, with 12 tables, bottle-lined walls, and the *patron's* kids playing on the floor, has more local flavor. Nobody speaks English in the latter.

Ischia's new San Montano at San Montano Beach is *it* for the visitor; nothing else on the island can touch this water-side restaurant, which draws the cream of the yachting trade. Open-air ambiance; the green tagliatelle and Mediterranean "lobster" are terrific; tariffs on the expensive side; take your bathing suit, pick your weather, and your lunch should be a happy one. La Briciola, on the main street of the Port, is next; no view; about \$2.50 per person; pretty routine. Rangio Fellone ("Hairy Crab"), in a pine grove near the sea, is third; alfresco operation which doubles as a night club; so-so. Da Zi Nannina a Mare I disliked, because the prices seemed steep and the choice of vittles limited; terrace over the bay; not for me, in spite of its attractive setting. The little Duilio, almost next door, is 50% cheaper, and the seafood is delicious; very primitive, with service that couldn't be more confused; fun nevertheless, if you're in the mood. Da Michele, a wooden shack and wooden platform directly on the beach, offers bathing-suit dining in summer only. Food? The customers stuff the bikinis better than the chef stuffs the Cannelloni, but who cares?

In *Milan*, Giannino (Via Amatore Sciesa 8) is a marvel—one of the truly great 5-star restaurants of Europe. Several modern, handsome dining rooms; glassed-in kitchen and fascinating food displays; immaculate, charming decoration; amazingly attentive and thoughtful service; food that is out of this world; be sure to ask for Luigi or Dante, who will wrap you in cotton. It's wonderful. *Don't miss it.* Savini, in the main Galleria, is its closest challenger, with cuisine that is also exceptionally fine; rendezvous of La Scala artists since Italian opera was in knee pants; slightly formal atmosphere; happy little bar; the specialty, Woronoff steak with secret sauce, is a joy to the palate; about \$5 to \$7 for dinner. Three

mild objections to this excellent establishment: (1) the lighting from 5 large crystal chandeliers is too bright, (2) there seem to be more Captains than waiters, and (3) the Captains push too hard to get-the-order-the-hell-over-with, and also to sell the specialty of the day. But these are bagatelles, because the over-all impact is top quality. Ask for Mario, who speaks good English. Highly recommended. Barca d'Oro (Via Borgospesso 18) gets our third-place rating; miniature bar at entrance; a series of small, attractive, paneled-and-beamed rooms which exude more urbanity than either Giannino's or Savini's; service smooth; antipasto delicious; other dishes better-than-average, but not up to the 2 leaders' presentations; closed June 1 to September 30; expensive and meritorious. Da Aldo (Via Maddalena 1) is known for its seafood—hundreds of different types are rushed in daily from all over the Italian peninsula; closed first 3 weeks in August; also costly; don't go unless you're a fish lover. Giggi Fazi, the Roman entrepreneur, has 2 places here—on Piazza Risorgimento in the city, and a summer branch at Via Lodovico Il Moro 167 in Ronchetto delle Rane. Both are disappointingly inferior to his original in the capital. The metropolitan one is big, bustling, and barren, with friendly waiters who ride you to decide what to order NOW—and, when it comes, to eat it NOW; dancing under bare-bulb lighting; just so-so. The suburban one has the same core but rural trimmings; neither is our dish.

Harry's Bar, occupying the former site of the Pierre Louis in the Galleria Manzoni, is the newest of 3 Italian drop-in spots of this name; although all proprietors are good friends, there is no connection between their enterprises. Memo and Mario, the moving forces here, have not yet succeeded in capturing the intimacy and charm of their older namesakes; the reception to guests is less warm and happy-making; the menu is in Italian, which seems silly in view of its heavy U.S. clientele. Nevertheless, these boys are trying hard, the food is appetizing, and their fast-growing infant can be recommended. La Maggiolina (Via Torelli Viollier 26-28), with an open garden, operates in summer only; dinner-dancing

but no show; cookery average and prices medium; fair. *Bella Milano* (Via Bigli 20) gave us the impression that it is slipping; mediocre only.

Hotel dining? The Palace Hotel Roof, open May through October, is so excitingly modern that it might have been designed by Raymond Loewy; lovely terrace and view; lunch or dinner perhaps \$5; extra fine. The Cavalieri also has a pleasant roof garden in season, and the Conti Grill of the Continental, a string of agreeably decorated little rooms, is nice for hand-holding.

Cheap, colorful Milanese restaurants? None, to our knowledge; the city is too busy and too industrial to support them. The best lower-cost stops we could find were *La Taverna della Giarrettiera* in the Galleria (bar upstairs, tavern-type dining rooms in cellar, \$2.50 range, commercial in tone) and, in summer, the Italo-Austrian-rustic *Don Lisander Birreria*, at Via Manzoni 12a (patio with umbrellas but no grass or trees, nearly every individual dish under \$1). Least expensive of all are the *Alemagna Snack Bars*, several of which are sprinkled through the city; clean, fast, and money-saving.

Montecatini's 2 feederies of distinction are the *Centrale* (Piazza del Popolo 20) and *Le Panteraie* (we've lost its street address, darn it). The former is glamorless, with a no-nonsense atmosphere; some of Tuscany's best cookery in colorless surroundings. The latter is a short hop from the center, in a scenic area; swimming pool, dancing, solid fare, very agreeable in season; recommended. *La Perla* is also worth a try. There's nothing of consequence in *Montecatini-Alto*; we took one fast look at its pride-and-joy, a joint named *La Rocca*—and fled.

In *Naples*, the general caliber of cuisine runs from high mediocre to just plain lousy; no major city in Italy has dirtier, sloppier, or more disappointing restaurants. One place you may count upon is the *Hotel Excelsior*; it's spotless and always dependable. The *Hotel Vesuvio's* kitchen also has a sound reputation, and the new *Mediterraneo* a stunning view. Among the independents, an alert young entrepreneur named *Mario di Porzio* offers 2 laudable choices—*El Som-*

brero (Via Partenope 3) in winter, and Grotto Romana (Posillippo) in summer. Mr. di Porzio's 2 years of experience at the Colony Restaurant in New York, plus service at the Stork Club, Toffenetti's, and other Gotham landmarks, led him to cater to American tastes when he opened these twins on his native soil. As a result, both are so popular with U.S. military families based in this area that they have the atmosphere, much of the time, of unofficial Officers' Club annexes. El Sombrero, in a cellar, has a long-ish bar with startlingly inexpensive drinks; cozy, candlelit tables in the Piano Room and others, all shoebox-size; about \$3.50, everything included, for the average tab. If you like your sirloin rare, order "Mario's Steak" for \$1.44; most waiters speak English and are very friendly. The Grotto Romana, open from late May to late September on the Posillippo, offers a view, open-air dining, a 6-piece orchestra, a little show, the same food prices as Sombrero, and Scotch or bourbon at 56¢ per jolt. Neither of these is a gourmet's paradise, of course, but they're exceptionally appealing in this desert of cheerful dining.

Giuseppone a Mare (Discesa Capo Posillippo), on the sea perhaps 10 or 15 minutes from the center, is relaxing on a sunny day. Specialties of oysters and shellfish, vended from table to table by a blue-sweatered *ostricciaio*, or "oysterman"); on the simple side in furnishings; open terrace; clean, bustling, busy; the pizza is a dream; not much English spoken; watch out here that your check isn't loaded, in petty amounts, by the cashier or waiter. Far more recommendable than Transatlantico or those other bayside jernts in town (see below). Da Giacomino (Via S. Carlo 29) is small, well-scrubbed, and respected; sidewalk terrace and central location opposite Royal Garden; a favorite of the sporting clan (we saw Lucky Luciano here); house mascot is the famous but now aging Bello, the biggest, friendliest German shepherd who ever chiseled a free lambchop bone; straightforward and good. Sam'l Steinman is fond of La Quercia ("The Oak"), on Vicolo della Quercia near Piazza XX Settembre; he calls it "a gem of a spot, which will be spoiled as soon as it is 'discovered'"; we're eager to try it. Budget travelers like

tiny Da Giovanni (Via Domenico Morelli 14), where well-prepared fodder in regional surroundings can be had for about \$1.75. Snack bar? Don't bother. The Pizzicato (Piazza Municipio) serves allegedly American-style refreshments, with pizza the feature upstairs; when I saw it, however, its cavernous premises were so grubby that they'd have taken away my appetite if their food already hadn't.

D'Angelo, 15 minutes by taxi up the Vomero, couldn't be more contrived if it tried for the next 500 years. Patron Alfredo sets the tone as he roams from table to table, mumbling incantations over his golden *corno* (horn); the act is so brazen in its phoniness that it's downright ludicrous. Glorious view, open terrace, good pizza—but such tourist-trap stridence leaves me not only stone cold but frozen stiff. Our most un-favorite type of restaurant. Le Arcate, nearly next door, is also large and barn-like; after one look at its nearly deserted premises, we retreated in haste. As for Zi Teresa, Transatlantico, and all other establishments around the Borgo Marinaro (marine basin opposite the Excelsior and Vesuvio Hotels), anyone who wants them can have them; I'm fed up with the dirt, the sham, the surly personnel, and the feeling of being clipped which always seems to come when I dine along this row.

Finally, Marius Club, which is 9 miles up the Domilziana Route toward Rome, has all facilities for swimming (day or night), including 250 cabanas at \$1 per rental; restaurant of sorts, bar, dancing on week ends; much frequented by U.S. officers and families in season.

In *Padua*, the Itala Pilsen (Piazzale Insurrezione 14) draws the regional bigwigs; operated in conjunction with a famous Italian brewery, and very satisfactory for both that hunger and that thirst.

Palermo? Try either La Capannina or Spanò; your luck should be best at these two.

In *Perugia*, have a look at the better-known Brufani and the small, less-expensive La Rosetta, only a block apart in hotels of the same names—and decide for yourself. The

Trasimeno is also popular; the Italia, with new management in '59, has improved.

Pisa fare is definitely on the unglamorous side, even at the Hotel Dei Cavalieri and the new Hotel Duomo. We've only been able to find one sure-fire candidate in this whole area: the Nettuno at Viareggio, 15 minutes out by car. Harbor location, semi-open kitchen like Giannino's of Milan, top quality dining, on the expensive side for Italy. Well worth the ride.

In *Portofino*, Il Pitosforo now holds the lead. Situation farthest out on the bayfront; 2 stories above street level, with a small interior restaurant, a 20-table semi-open terrace, and a lovely view; service friendly, menu local and substantial; average tab about \$5; try a bottle of Bianco Secco Portofino wine (64¢), dry and agreeable, with an amusing label—and please give the sweet female house dog, Whiskey, a pat for us. Ask for Giugielamo, who speaks a little English. Best in the village. The Nazionale is still run by the renowned Lena with her same renowned charm and her same renowned touch. Obviously tailored for tourists, but skillfully so; terrace-dining 20 yards from bay, smack in the center of things; better-than-average food; also expensive for region. Caution: *do not confuse Lena's Nazionale with a joint named Lena's, directly next door*; this free-rider on the original Lena's achievements even goes as far as changing the color of her tablecloths to conform, whenever our Lena changes hers; such deliberate confusion and shoddy ethics make us boil. The Splendido Hotel cuisine has improved, and the setting is magnificent. Delfino, around the bay between Nazionale and Il Pitosforo, has a modern kitchen, a plain décor, and a celebrity-starred clientele; seafood a specialty; far from cheap; cookery fair rather than outstanding. La Gritta is a Turkish-style bar replete with sports-car-height chairs, cushions, and Beat-Beat-Beat characters in blue jeans; only for special tastes, which aren't ours.

Pompei? Ouch! We'd rather lunch on seal blubber, Ken L. Ration, and Octagon soap than to have a second crack at

that restaurant opposite the entrance to the ruins. Not—repeat, *not*—recommended.

Rapallo has the air-conditioned, fern-lined Da Fausto (Piazza Nuova Posta), the third successive enterprise operated by the celebrated host of the same name; arbor-styled booths give garden effect; the movie stars' favorite; expensive; ask for Signorina Rosanna, Fausto's pert, pretty, and English-speaking daughter, who is usually on hand. Larger and less fancy in tone is the Taverna Azzurra (Lungomare V. Veneto) on the main promenade in the center of town, facing the sea; sidewalk dining; garden night club upstairs; mass trade; very slack at lunch. Tigullio's Rocks, a new entry uphill between Rapallo and Chiavari, has a striking view of Tigullio Gulf; already popular.

Rimini hasn't a single establishment which can be called first-rate; the dining room of the Grand Hotel is its only De luxe oasis. In the city, Da Bruno (Corso Umberto I 79) has a small terrace; inside, the walls crawl with the most leprous, jaundiced, painted fish, lobsters, and fruit which have ever turned a diner bilious-green by osmosis; beyond the immaculate kitchen, in the alley, an ancient Bag at least 110 years old mumbles and mutters as she grills real fish over a battery of charcoal-filled buckets; they're a masterpiece of cookery, a delight to the palate, especially the *misto* (mixed) plate at about \$1. Still plainer is Vecchia Rimini (Via Gambalunga 33), which offers possibly the best general menu and cuisine in the area; no prices listed; Giovanni will give you a cheap quotation if he likes you, because he bases his estimate on his affection for the customer. On the beach, Quercia is the most exclusive, Nord Ovest-Club Nautico (a cute little sailing center) is next best, and Belvedere (a 200-yard walk to the end of a pier) is perhaps third.

Rome has everything, a galaxy of eating places for every pocketbook and taste. Tops in the capital is a restored fourteenth-century tavern (Dante's former home) called *Hostaria dell'Orso*. This "Hostel of the Bear" is reminiscent in both décor and culinary accomplishment of the "Hostel of the Lion"—Leone's in New York—which, conversely, I con-

sider the finest Italian restaurant in America. The address is Via di Monte Brianzo 93, and it's the one evening-out *must* for the discriminating visitor to the Eternal City. As *Daily American* restaurant expert John Hobart neatly phrased it, this famous dining establishment combines the best of Rome's several worlds: it is beautiful, it is old, and it is supremely elegant. There are 3 separate parts to the establishment, and each of them is the finest of its type on the Peninsula. On the ground floor is the friendly little Blue Bar—intimate and cozy, with the casual strains of a piano tinkling in the background, and with a bartender named Franco who could write a thesis on The Dry Martini. On the second floor (the "first" floor to Europeans) is the Hostaria dell' Orso—3 richly decorated, candlelit rooms, where the client is torn between eating the capital's most distinguished food and holding his lady's hand to the Viennese waltzes played by the roving musicians. You can find almost any culinary delicacy on the huge menu; try, as one delicious example, a house invention called Bouquet de Poisson—filet of baby sole flamed in old Scotch whisky. Upstairs, on the top floor, is the number one night club of Italy (and possibly of Europe)—La Cabala; more about this later. Owner and guiding spirit of this unique trilogy is Antonio Prantera, President of the 84-thousand-member Restaurant, Café, Bar, and Night Club Association of Italy, who is so friendly and nice that he always has time for a little chat with everyone of his American clients. Frankly expensive (probably \$7 or more for dinner), but worth every penny. Blue Bar and La Cabala night club closed in summer; dell'Orso restaurant open all year. Rumors persist that this entire operation might be sold to a syndicate of New York financiers who are moving mountains to acquire it. But if Mr. Prantera continues to operate it, our top recommendation goes to this top institution, from cellar to roof.

Alfredo's used to be the most famous eating place of all, but its current complications are enough to baffle Mr. District Attorney. Here's why: a man named Alfredo got tired of brandishing a couple of gold-plated spoons which were a gift

from Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford—so he sold his business to an assistant. He also sold his name; this first establishment is known as the Original Alfredo alla Scrofa (Via della Scrofa 104)—and it's by far the best, in my opinion. Then, bored by retirement, he opened a second restaurant called the Original Alfredo all'Augusteo (Piazza Augusteo Imperatore 30), which he personally ran until his death in '59, when a nephew took over. This newer operation impresses me as distinctly tourist-trappy, with cuisine which I thought was definitely substandard, and with tip-hungry musicians who panhandle from table to table in a very bold way. To lure the Americans, just about every gimmick on the list seems to be there, including the corny hamming with the spoons when they mix the fettuccine. To round things off, there's one more candidate—the simple, substantial Original Alfredo in Trastevere, a pleasant *trattoria* which is completely different in tone. It boils down to this: try alla Scrofa if you want good cooking, action, pictures of movie stars, and practically identical décor to all'Augusteo—without the brash Broadway ambiance. Try Trastevere for straight Italian fare at cheaper prices, particularly on a summer's night. Or try all'Augusteo if you can't live without it—but, in spite of its popularity among first-time visitors to Rome, we cannot conscientiously recommend it to any friend of this *Guide*.

The Open Gate Club (Via San Nicolò da Tolentino 23), once coldly snobbish toward American travelers unaccompanied by a Roman Prince at least 21 years of age, now gives a hospitable welcome to any presentable and well-mannered overseas visitor. Rich, handsome décor—sort of Dorothy Draper in sealing-wax red; plush bar; luxurious dining room with circular dance floor; small, select floor show with 1 or 2 headliners only; good food; dressy; more a cosmopolitan night club than a straight restaurant, although lunch is served. Closed late June to October 1; expensive; recommended.

Ranieri (Via Mario dei Fiori 26) has been a citadel of the Italian gourmet since 1843. Atmosphere almost too mellow; classic cookery; slow tempo; friendly service; try their fa-

mous "green noodles," the most delicious of our dining life-time. Fine, if tranquillity appeals to you. Il Passetto (Piazza Zanardelli 14) is solid, dependable, without froufrou; sidewalk terrace and 3 dining rooms; Carlo operates the tiny bar; about \$4 without wine; reserve in advance; personally, we happen to feel that its exalted reputation is somewhat overrated, and that it's excellent but not really extraordinary. Perhaps you'll disagree. Tre Scalini (Piazza Navona 28) is dominated by blond wood and a flagstone-tile floor; almost Swedish in tone and almost aseptic in décor; big summer terrace facing the Bernini fountain; small new bar; bright-ish illumination; still very good indeed, but we weren't quite as happy during our latest visit as on previous ones.

Capriccio (Via Liguria 38) seems to be continuing its decline from Olympian heights. We're sorry to report a stream of complaints in recent months from travelers who have found its food and/or service attitudes disappointing—which, by the way, jibes exactly with our own reactions on our last 2 tries. Still the groceries-and-gossip annex of the Genus Excelsior Hotelus, that special brand of U.S. traveler from the theater, the films, and the sports arenas—but the management should start pulling up its socks fast, if it's interested in holding this heavy American trade.

Giggi Fazi, the ubiquitous entrepreneur whose Milan establishments have already been mentioned, currently has 3 branches in Rome—one behind the U.S. Embassy (Via Sallustiana), a spanking new one around the corner (Via Lucullo), and a big outdoor spot at Parco Torlonia in Frascati. The lease runs out on the Via Sallustiana operation in early summer; its sparkling sister made her debut at Christmas-time. Although we haven't yet visited the latter, we're sure the same excellent food, very Roman in selection and preparation, will be found there among its elegant Ancient-Roman-style surroundings. Cheers for these two. We still haven't had a chance to try the country place, but we hear it's essentially the same.

George's (Via Marche 7) has skyrocketed since a gifted British gastronome named Vernon Jarratt bought it in '56.

If all you're after is a sandwich or a snack, go elsewhere; it's not a question of money with Mr. Jarratt, but a question of his craftsman's pride in offering his guests one of Europe's most versatile tables. His imaginative menu includes such exotics as gazpacho, steak-kidney-and-lark pie, Anatolian kebab, gypsy-style roast chicken (Zingara) cooked in moist clay, and other choices for the true epicure. Atmosphere quietly luxurious; prices high but not stratospheric; cuisine superior; my only unsatisfactory moment was with a tip-greedy waiter whose chiseling demeanor was very much out of tone in such a fine place. Usually closed the final 20 days of August. No gourmet should miss this landmark. Basilica Ulpia (Piazza Foro Traiano 2) features 2 old-fashioned rooms on the ground floor and a wonderful ancient basilica (A.D. 111) in the cellar. On my latest try, the surroundings were again exceptionally appealing, but the cookery was again disappointing. Closed August.

For local color and charm in the \$3.50 to \$4.50 category, Biblioteca (Largo del Teatro Valle 9) might be it. The name means "library," of course—and this is a cellar "library" of wines, with the walls of the many arched rooms solidly banked with bottles. Two sections: restaurant on one side and pizza palace on the other, with music and dancing in both. Pretty good food; loads of atmosphere; too few waiters to cope with peak hours; ask for Joseph or Gino; closed June 15 to September 15. We think that you'll like this one a lot. Apuleius (Via Ostia Antica) is loaded with Etruscan and other fine antiquities; upper-bracket clientele but routine prices; interesting and worth while.

La Fontanella (Largo Fontanella Borghese 86) is a hungry man's solace—the happiest "discovery" of our latest days in Rome. Front room sound-proofed and separated from rear by a mosaic partition in medieval motif; not glamorous, but clean, attractive, honest, and fine; our beautifully cooked meal came to \$3.20 per person, including the Tuscan house specialty of truffles; Proprietor Osvaldo Falsi runs it like clockwork; *reserve in advance* at night by directing your concierge to phone 683-849; almost no foreign trade at this

writing, but beloved by Italians who know their vittles; warm recommendation to this "Little Fountain" as a *super-trattoria*.

Piccolo Budapest (Via dei Modelli 56) is small, intimate, and fun for lovers of gypsy music and paprika. Dinner only; closed last half of August; book ahead with cordial Cesare; full of tourists, but not a tourist trap in either prices or aura. Il Buco (Via Sant'Ignazio 8) has delicious Tuscan steaks; modest and recommendable. Canepa (Via Terme di Diocleziano 84), across the street from the Grand Hotel, has drawn unfavorable reports this year. Il Fagiano (Piazza Colonna 364) is the shopper's delight, due to its central location; roast pheasant, roast chicken, pork with truffles, rich fare; pretty expensive if you order the works; a landmark.

In the \$1 to \$1.75 league, the best choice I've run across in a blue moon is Scoglio di Frisio (Via Merulana 256). The Frisio's "Rock" motif is expressed in rough papier-mâché boulders which project from the walls like the interior of a cave; fish nets, Bowery Art Shop murals, and stalactites pull hard against one another in polychromatic confusion. But whether you're a spelunker, a troglodyte, a fisherman, or an ordinary American wanderer, I think that the pizza (25¢; special oven hot in evenings only), the spaghetti with clam sauce (46¢), the filet of sole with peas, mushrooms, and olives (90¢—ask for "alla Frisio") will appeal to you. Menu in English and Italian; Patron Rossi likes Americans; go for dinner, not lunch; excellent food at bargain prices.

Piperno a Monte Cenci (Via Monte Cenci 9), non-kosher pride of the Jewish-Italian section of the capital, has been famous since 1844 as The Artichoke Capital of the World. This humble vegetable is glorified here in 8 separate ways by itself, and in dozens of combinations with other ingredients. Friendly, noisy, bustling family-style; old-fashioned furnishings; closed last half of August and various holidays; wine and beer only; cheap and rewarding. Tanenbaum's (Via Cavour), unlike Piperno a Monte Cenci, *is* kosher—but a very dear friend, who belongs to this religious faith, tells us that its food is atrocious and warns us that we would

be wasting our time to try it; we don't know this place personally, but we trust his judgment 100%. Il Cubo (Via Sicilia) and Giovanni's (Via Marche), both central, are reported to be finds for the bargain hunter. The Birreria Weiner Bierhaus (Via della Croce 22) is now rated by aficionados of Bratwurst, Kaiserfleisch, Wiener Schnitzel, and similar specialties as the best beer hall in town; reported to be swell for students, young painters, the college set; we haven't yet had a chance to dip our mustache into the suds here. But we have tried Old Vienna (Via degli Artisti 25, about 200 yards from the Excelsior Hotel), and we had a laugh or two in its amusing, highly informal surroundings, even though the kitchen cried for Brillo, and king-sized scrubbing brushes. Both are dirt cheap, as Rome goes.

For straight *trattorias* (the *real* Roman atmosphere), Romolo, at Via di Porta Settimiana 8 in Trastevere, is still the rage among local socialites. Clean; big garden which once belonged to La Fornarina ("The Bakery Girl"), who was Raphael's mistress; sound food; low, low tariffs. Cesaretto (Via Cesare Beccaria 3) was Tony Prantera's private tip to us; this greatest of Italian restaurateurs knows his by-lanes. A workman's favorite; primitive but spotless; delicious spaghetti at 36¢, Roman baby lamb at 70¢, a complete meal with wine or beer for about \$1. Nino speaks good English. Very, very plain, but tops for its class. La Bella Roma (Via della Vite 64-a) is the subject of 2 enthusiastic reports from friendly readers; they say it's spotlessly clean, and to quote one "the best buy in Rome." We're looking forward to trying it next time.

For American-style snacks, The Colony (also 2 blocks from the Excelsior, at Via Aurora 27) is perhaps the most authentic and most satisfactory hamburger palace in all of Europe. Ham and eggs, waffles, doughnuts, hot dogs with sauerkraut, chocolate malteds, everything from Grape-Nuts to banana splits—at modest tabs, too. Drinks unbelievably cheap. Perfect for brunch; open 7 A.M. to 3 A.M.; air-conditioned. Fred Annunziata, an American of Italian extraction, came from the States in the early '50s to open this luncheon-

ette, and it's now world famous. The just-opened Carpano's Tavern on Via Veneto (see below) is his latest venture. Jerry's (Via Veneto 155, same entrance as Bricktop's), opened in '56, is more of a straight American restaurant: Southern fried chicken, charcoal-grilled steaks, broiled ham steaks, corn sticks, and other home fare. Owner Jerry Chierchio is also an Italo-American from New York; friendly reception; full bar; moderate prices; worth a try. (At this writing, the good-hearted and popular Jerry has just opened a second enterprise on the Via Sardegna, behind the Flora and Victoria hotels, called J and J's Luau; Tahitian-style décor, with South Sea idols, waterfalls, tropical birds, and exotic food; opened after our last visit, but we hear it is perking sensationally.) Naturally, in none of these places do the dishes turn out to be quite what we're used to, because the basic food ingredients (flour, butter, meats, etc.) are different abroad—but they're the closest possible to find. Two similar establishments, the Madison House and the California, are not recommended because, to us at least, they are Italian concepts of stateside specialties that just do not come off.

Sunny day or starlit night? From June to September, the wise traveler follows the Roman custom of escaping to the suburbs for dining and entertainment. Most fashionable restaurant is the handsome and somewhat overexpensive Palazzi (Via della Camiluccia 27), about 20 minutes from the center on Monte Mario—but the fast-rising Villa Florio (see below) is already starting to press for its title. Palazzi occupies the gorgeous villa once owned by Clara Petacci, Mussolini's mistress. Ground-floor dining room too brashly modern for full effectiveness; charming penthouse *rôtisserie* grill; swimming-pool dining-terrace; American bar; tennis court; aviary; dancing; Piero is the manager. Cuisine? Sorry to say it, but our last 2 meals were disappointing, at the prices. Casina Valadier, on the Pincio about 5 minutes from the Excelsior Hotel, offers consistently high quality for less money. This one is a delight for terrace dining. Old, old classic-style furnishings, straight out of *St. Nicholas* magazine; stupendous view of the Eternal City; average meal

about \$5; pick your weather; one of our oldest favorites. We've already mentioned Giggi Fazi's 2 entries for balmy days (see above). Belvedere delle Rose (Via Cassia Antica 455), perhaps 25 minutes out, is no longer recommended by this *Guide*; we've always been tepid about this Broadway-type operation, and now that several American readers have complained about it, we want nothing more to do with the place. Villa Florio (see the final portion of "Hotels, Rome"), about 40 minutes from the capital near the Frascati-Grottaferrata junction, has caught on with the Smart Set; amiable ambience of a country mansion, fair cuisine, swimming pool ringed by tables; average meal perhaps \$5; worth the drive if the moonlight isn't brooding behind a cloud. Our old colleague and side-kick Ed Hill, Executive Editor of the *Rome Daily American*, recommends L'Escargot (Via Appia Antica, near the Gate) for fine French-type fare, but tells us that the décor is quite plain; operated by a French-German who is married to an Italian; since Mr. Hill knows and loves his vitamins, this sounds very worthy indeed for those who pay more attention to the palate than to the eye. El Rancho Grande, a recently opened attraction about 20 minutes along the Ostia road, is more of a night club than a restaurant, in spite of the fact that dinners are served; and the same is true of the even-newer Villa dei Casari (Via Ardeatina). More about both of these in the next section. Others of note are San Callisto, Via Appia Antica 220 (traditional oasis on the old Appian Way), Trattoria Pancrazio, near Campo dei Fiori (a cave in the Teatro dei Pompeii excavations, always cool on blistering days)—plus, of course, Santa Maria in Trastevere. Here, on the square, you'll find Galeassi's—but this year Alfredo in Trastevere, across the street, seems to be drawing many of Galeassi's former movie and theatrical clients. Also over here is a new restaurant called Meo Patacca which we hear has good food despite its tourist-trap trimmings. We haven't seen it.

And let's not forget about the ubiquitous cafés—an important part of the Roman scene, since professional and social lines are often drawn on the customer's choice of hangout.

Americans swarm to the area which the same Sam'l Steinman so aptly christened "The Beach"—a name which has stuck as hard as the chewing-gum under its sidewalk chairs. This is table-lined Via Veneto, home or next-door neighbor of the U.S. Embassy and Consulate, the Excelsior, "the Ambassadors," and Flora Hotels (among many), Bricktop's, The Colony Hamburger-ia—and hunting ground of nearly every Yankee luminary or average Joe who (1) likes to ogle the chesty Italian misses and who (2) can afford a cup of Espresso. Caffè Doney, delight of tourists from Milwaukee, Madras, Manila, and Manchester since the Jurassic Age of travel, is now undergoing a curious phenomenon: local celebrities and in-the-swim folk seem to be staying away in droves, for the first time in its history. *The* gossip center has shifted across the street to the Café de Paris, which was inaugurated by Victor of night-club fame in '56 and smoothly parlayed by Manager Nicola di Nozzi. We don't know whether they're being driven away by the type of surly, spoiled, or know-it-all waiters whom we've sometimes found in Doney—or whether it boils down to this quote, "I like to watch strange people, so I go to Café de Paris—and Doney is too touristy!", which was stated by a 2-week visitor in a *Time* article which followed our original write-up. But Café de Paris, with its ivory plug-in table phones and its public-address paging system, is where you'll now see just about Everybody in the film, painting, and fashion worlds who belongs to this year's Sidewalk Who's Who. The new Carpano's Tavern is also making a big splash—deservedly—with a charcoal grill, the lowest prices, and most legitimate U.S.-style drinks and food along the shores and shoals of "The Beach." The famed Fred Annunziata, whose Colony is the Roman shrine of hamburger lovers (see above), decided that his clients were being "taken" by the unnecessarily high beverage costs along Via Veneto—so, with an investment of tens of thousands of dollars, he rebuilt the moribund café owned by the North Italian vermouth makers, and launched what he terms "a good, clean, honest establishment, the only real American bar in Italy." Air-conditioned; fresh and pleasing

classic décor; good Yankee fare served at the tables; leading brands of Scotch, rye, or bourbon for 72¢, and Sahara-dry Martinis with Gordon's for 40¢; salutes and high recommendations to this one, which shouldn't be missed. Rosati, on the same side of the street, might be called the Italian Doney; popular with politicians, writers, and younger Roman socialites. Caffè Strega is now the least intriguing.

Downtown, Caffè Greco (Via Condotti 86) is historically the most celebrated as the haunt of painters, sculptors, authors, and people of the arts; Mark Twain liked it so much that you'll find his statue enshrined in this ancient building, now a national monument. Babington (Piazza di Spagna 23) is beloved by the British; passable but not remarkable muffins and scones. The list of interesting cafés runs into the dozens—each with its own distinctive clientele and aura.

Hotels? Foodwise, we believe that the "21" Restaurant of the Mediterraneo has them all licked. Typically pleasant hotel dining room, quiet and unspectacular; *un*typically delicious cream of tomato soup, scampi (shrimp-type critter) in rice, Saint-Honoré cake, and many other dishes; the Fettuccine Mediterraneo is the finest we've ever tasted in our lives. Medium prices; no Roman candles or glamor; cuisine superb. Scenicwise, the roof at the Hassler gets the palm; good but slightly dull food in lovely surroundings; expensive. For juicy T-bones and other broiled specialties, the Boar's Head Grill at the Flora has a vast reputation; average tariffs; recommended. The Excelsior has improved notably; now fine. For budget meals of succulent quality, it's the Massimo d'Azeglio. We're not overimpressed with "the Ambassadors," as far as its kitchen is concerned.

Additional dining places of character are La Cisterna in Trastevere (Via della Cisterna 13), which has fascinating murals, uneven cookery, and psychologically impervious waiters in eighteenth-century livery (ask for Zanolli), and Andrea (Via Sardegna 26-28, a block behind the Flora Hotel), which should give you ample satisfaction at medium-to-high prices. Nino (Via Borgognona 11) is *not* recommended this year.

Finally, here's a Feedbox Tip from Man-About-Town Sam'l Steinman, distinguished "Roman Rambler" syndicated columnist and star foreign Bureau Chief for the *Hollywood Reporter*. He tells us that Angelino (Piazza Margana) is *the* place to which his visiting firemen now wish to be escorted twice, more than to any restaurant on his list of dozens. His advice is (1) to start with Angelino's special pasta—the name is "Tonnarelli"—which is served with mushrooms and peas, and (2) to follow with Angelino's Chicken alla Diavolo—"so delicious," he says, "that strong women or weak men cry!" In his opinion, this comes close to being the best place in Rome these days. He should know! While on the subject of Mr. Steinman, we'd like to express our thanks for the many helpful Italian tips and suggestions which this topflight colleague so cheerfully volunteered for your travel pleasure in this current edition.

If the above listings don't fill the bill, here's what we'd suggest: put on a pair of comfortable shoes and strike out aimlessly about 9:15 P.M. It won't be long before you come across a few of the hundreds of tiny places where the food is far better and far cheaper than in 75% of the de luxe hotels. And don't be discouraged if there are only 8 or 10 tables, because a restaurant of that size is usually the most authentic.

In *San Remo*, the E. Phillips Oppenheim dining room of the gambling casino will give you a seat over the Gulf and a plush memory to treasure—or the Royal will serve you more distinguished cookery. Dancing in both. If you're after a savory regional meal at a more modest price, try Rendez-Vous at Corso Matteotti 90; colorless décor but excellent fare.

Santa Margherita's top kitchen is the Miramare Hotel; one of the better chefs of the nation. There are also 2 summer night-club restaurants of renown: Capo di Nord-Est, which is 1 mile out, the senior member of the duo, and the more romantic for hand-holding, and Barracuda, which is opposite the Miramare, owned by it, and more expensive. Seaside locations, dancing, intermittent entertainment; pleasant, but more famous for their atmosphere than for their food.

Helios, a flamingo-pink structure on the water, has a good vista and nice terrace, but Escoffier never slept here. The little Second-class Taverna Brigantino is nautical, simple, on the pagan side, and cheap.

Sorrento's della Favorita o'Parrucchiano gets the top vote; 3 tiers of charming enclosed terraces, lined with lemon and orange trees; recently renewed and highly frequented; a solid, good meal for about \$2.50. The Bristol is gaining more and more attention for its table. La Minervetta (Via Capo 21) and a pension called La Tonnarella (a few steps away) both offer a cliff-side view from open terraces on Capo di Sorrento; routine food but lovely surroundings.

Taormina has surprisingly little in the gastronomic department. Don José is by far the best (discounting the dining room at the San Domenico Hotel). Grotta del Pappagallo is strictly ordinary. Da Angelo was face-lifted in '59 and is now top Second-category. Sant'Andrea, on neighboring Mazzarò Beach, has now been officially upped from Second class to First; we're told that its menu is limited but its cookery is terrific. Villa Mazzarò, next door, still isn't so hot.

In *Trieste*, Bottega del Vino is a regional-style establishment inside San Giusto Castle, with music-of-sorts and dancing. Birreria Forst Europa is the restaurant of the well-known Forst Brewery. Both are on the down-to-earth side, but most newcomers seem to like 'em.

Turin has fine gastronomy in addition to its fine vermouths. Our instant choice here is a First-class *birreria-ristorante* called 'l caval 'd bröns (Piazza San Carlo 157). In addition to the staggering total of 251 local or national specialties, the menu lists 126 dishes, in their native languages, of Indian, Chinese, Russian, German, Austrian, Spanish and Portuguese origin. Outstanding in every way; *don't miss it!* Villa Sassi, up the hill, is well-run and worth a visit; Muletto is First-class and typical in tone.

Venice, like Rome, offers everything. Quadri (Piazza San Marco 120), in our opinion, stands with Rome's Hostaria dell'Orso and Milan's Giannino's as one of the 3 best restaurants in Italy. Elegance and grace; tiny open dining room at

street level and chichi quarters upstairs; classic Venetian décor at its richest; superb food; very expensive indeed. Closed November through March. Ask for Maître Mario, who speaks fine English. Tops. The Danieli Royal Hotel's Roof Terrace is the show place of the city; lunch or dinner \$3.50 up; dressy; dancing; open April through October only; Antonio will receive you and Nello will mix your drinks. Harry's Bar (San Marco 1323), where Mr. Hemingway's Colonel whiled away so many brooding hours, is a *must* for every American. It's a typical Class AAA, Big City gin mill, U.S.-style—intimate, friendly, sophisticated, and cheerful. Limited but excellent menu at high prices: hamburger \$1.12 (a whole meal in itself), cream of onion soup 48¢, club sandwich \$1.28 (huge), other stateside delicacies; \$3 will get you a good 3-course dinner. Giuseppe Cipriani is "Harry"; Roger is the bar maestro. Don't miss at least 1 drink in this social center of the city. The cuisine in "Harry's" new hotel, the Cipriani, is worthy of his famous chef, Ettore.

For sumptuous Italian dining and T-bone steaks cut to order, Taverna La Fenice (San Marco 1938) gets the blue ribbon. Handsome décor; covered terrace in summer; superior kitchen; in the \$3.50 price range. Better every year. Trattoria La Colomba (San Marco 1665) and Al Grasso de Ua (San Marco 5094) offer nearly the same attractions at the same cost; no terrace at the latter, but more charm in appointments. Al Peoceto Risorto (near Rialto Bridge) has been purchased, remodeled, and given an entirely new spirit by Mara and Denis Destefanis, an Italo-American couple with family origins in San Francisco and Venice; they've eliminated its former clip-joint atmosphere, cut the prices 30%, and bettered the cookery 1000%. Good menu, offering 13 specialties of fish, game, venison, and truffles; nice people; now recommended. None of these will let you down. For a real bargain, try a simple, bright, delightful little spot called Da Nico (Frezzeria 1702); Sig. Nico Baban will serve you soup or pasta, meat or fish, and fruit or cheese for about \$1.25, including cover and service; a gem for the price and

category. Cicci della Salute, across the Canal from the Gritti Palace, is also recommended to those on a tight budget. Ridotto impressed me as being no better than routine; Carbonera and Taverna Dei Dogi didn't seem the same as they used to be.

Want a wonderful excursion on a bright day? For sophisticated dining at a jewel of a country inn, take a speedboat (35 minutes) to the island of Torcello and its lovely Locanda Cipriani. Same management as Harry's Bar; peaceful terrace; gourmet fare at fixed price of \$2.75; please, please, order the Gnocchi Torcellano for a guaranteed taste treat; with 4 or more in a party, Harry's will arrange a package deal (around \$7 apiece) for the speedboat, a cocktail, the full lunch, and coffee, starting about noon and returning about 3 P.M. For fish dishes in colorful, cheerful, noisy surroundings, there's the famous Da Romano on Burano Island, roughly the same haul; full of local card players, artists, and Characters; wine and brandy only; about \$3 for a feed. In the Lido, try La Vida (Malamocco 143) for worthy fare at reasonable tariffs.

Verona? In addition to the one-and-only Due Torri (see "Hotels"), the 12 Apostoli has been recommended by a high-ranking U.S. Naval officer who loved every moment of his visit. Small, colorful dining room in the Old City; named in A.D. 1745 for the 12 friends who advised the founder to turn his butcher shop into a restaurant; photo gallery of celebrities who have dined here over the past 50 years; our friend tells us that the proprietor-chef's family has operated the place continuously since 1904, and that the cuisine is well-served and especially appetizing. Sounds enchanting.

In other cities, ask the CIT office—or, even better, enjoy the fun of exploring for yourself.

Meal hours: In Rome and the south, breakfast, 7 A.M. to 9 A.M.; lunch, 1 P.M. to 3 P.M.; tea, late in the afternoon; dinner, 9:30 P.M. to 11 P.M.—and a midnight snack, usually in the nearest pizzeria. From Rome northward, dinner is often earlier.

Night Clubs The Italian night club usually blooms for about 6 months, and then dies of creeping boredom. Except for certain landmarks like Rome's La Cabala, the places which are crowded today might be boarding up their doors tomorrow—so take at least a part of the following with a grain of salt.

Rome's La Cabala (Via di Monte Brianzo 93) is easily the outstanding night club of Italy; many sophisticates consider it the finest in Europe. On the top floor of Dante's fourteenth-century home, directly above Hostaria dell'Orso restaurant, it's the ultimate in patrician décor, in urbanity, and in ultra-exclusiveness. Velvet, tapestries, antiques from end to end; the \$100,000 original of Giorgione's "Night" above the bar; continuous dancing; no floor show; dark or dinner clothes only; generous drinks about \$1.50 average; Antonio Pranterà is the guiding genius; closed mid-May to mid-October. Absolutely wonderful; cream of the cream.

Next best winter operation is the Open Gate Club (Via San Nicolò da Tolentino 23), briefly described under "Restaurants." Luxury furnishings; small floor show; costly and fine; closed end of June to October.

Il Pipistrello ("The Bat"), at Via Emilia 27, opened in the fall of '57 and caught on fast. Lively, crowded cellar, with plenty of high-class pickups on hand the night we dropped in; piano player who pounds the ivories standing up; Scotch 96¢ at the bar and \$1.60 at the table; jammed from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M.; cozy, friendly, and good for its clangorous type. Marchese Antonio Cerini, the owner, plans to open summer-only branches in both Capri and Elba; they might be perking by the time you read this.

Grotto dei Piccoioni (Via delle Vite, back of the Main Post Office) snags Italy's top "name" bands for the delectation of its younger-than-average faithful. Piero Gabrielli, scion of the Roman socialite family which has long lorded the building, has now taken over the operation and is making an earnest play for the patronage of foreigners. The food is better-than-average, and the drinks are moderately priced. No hostesses here—but be certain that you don't con-

fuse this place with the gilded bear-trap next door, where the girls, given half a chance, might gently pry the gold crowns from your bridgework. If you're jaded with the ordinary gin mill, you might find this offering more interesting than anything on the local scene except La Cabala.

Victor's (Via Emilia 80) runs the year around; here's an L-shaped, raucous, intimate spot, 100% air-conditioned, which is one of Rome's most popular indoor rendezvous during the hot weather. No minimum, no cover; drinks about \$1; small band; no cabaret; Victor's wife will greet you. Rupe Tarpea-Jicky Club (Via Veneto 13) is operated by the gentleman who deprecatingly refers to himself as "The Ziegfeld of Italy"; I first knew it as Broadway Bill's, the wartime hangout of thirsty and amorous American officers—and practically nothing has changed except the furnishings. Same small drinks, same ridiculous prices (one American reported paying \$25 for a bottle of champagne), same young ladies (a little older now); good floor show; Jicky Club is a dimly lit annex with separate band and dime-sized dance floor; Rupe Tarpea is a weird mélange of Pompeiian frescoes, Greek wine amphorae, multicolored neon lights, and twentieth-century chrome-plate in a barn-like cellar. Closed summers; second-rate except for the cabaret. Scheherazade (Via di Monte Brianzo 56), inaugurated in '55, is physically only a short walk from La Cabala—but esthetically, as an imitation, it's several miles away. They've tried to capture their neighbor's charm, spirit, and chic, but the colors are monstrous and the Pranteria essence simply isn't there. Two shows nightly; dinner \$4.80; American Bar; not really bad, but not outstanding, either. Closed July 1 to September 15. La Boîte Pigalle is strictly for the butter-and-egg trade. Kit Kat was a disappointment last time; smoky, noisy, with foul ventilation; not sufficiently distinguished to be topflight and not sufficiently lowdown to be a good rough joint; I'd call this value only so-so.

During the warm months, the Palazzi is the leader in the Elegance Circuit, and the new El Rancho Grande is the leader in the local Times Square Circuit. Full description of

the former in our "Restaurants" section; open-air dancing, of course. The latter, 20 minutes from the city on the Ostia road, offers a lovely open terrace with a view, dim lights, a pleasant Mexican rustic décor into which much thought has gone, a good band, a floor show, and a \$7 dinner; whisky about \$2. The larger your party, the more fun you'll have here; recommended, if you don't mind the drive. Villa dei Casari (Via Ardeatina) has a worthwhile cabaret, but the Cisterna Restaurant people who run it ought to be taken by their ears, sat at a table, and force-fed one of those dinners which they serve to their customers. Mamma mia! Belvedere delle Rose is no longer recommended. San Callisto, part of the Catacombs on the Old Appian Way, is nearly as far from the city in another direction as Palazzi; lots of charm. In the Borghese Gardens, the Casina delle Rose theater-restaurant and the La Lucciola night club were both appealing when I dropped in a couple of years ago; not rechecked since.

Bricktop's drop-in spot is, as always with her enterprises, charming and delightful. For more than 40 years, this kindly, hospitable, ageless redhead has warmed the hearts of countless fans and friends in Paris, Biarritz, Mexico City, and elsewhere; like Sophie Tucker and Ethel Waters she's one of the last of the Great American Entertainers. If you're on the town, amble to the basement of Via Veneto 155 (the block above the Excelsior) for at least one drink and one cheery hello from this legend of show business; here's one ritual and one place which no lively U.S. visitor to Rome should miss. Go late.

In decorous hotel circles (mostly winter), the Ambasciatori Grill and the Excelsior Grill are the most rewarding; both excellent, when open.

As for the taxi-dance palaces which call themselves night clubs, be careful! Generally speaking, there are 2 iron-clad rules which the sucker must learn through bitter experience: (1) if he sits with a "hostess," the only drink he can offer her is local "champagne" at perhaps \$7.20 per bottle or imported champagne at perhaps \$16 per bottle, and (2) no "hostess" may leave the establishment as much as 30 seconds before

final closing time (3 A.M. in most joints, 4 A.M. in the Florida). Time and again they might pull the hoary trick of silently slipping a bottle of bubbly up to your table as soon as you sit down with a taxi-girl—and, before you're aware of it, the wire is pulled, the cork is popped, and you're stuck with your "order" in the amount of 9000 lire plus tip—"because it's too late to take it back, sir." If you're male, lonely, well-heeled, and on the town, a cruise of the hotel bars along the Via Veneto often brings quicker and less anguished results with far less energy and far, far less money (if you argue).

Biggest Don't-Bring-Your-Wife palace of terpsichore is the Florida, a large, shabby, barn-like structure with a floor show. Next down the list is the Broadway, closed in summer, which has a lot of zip if the crowd is right; then comes the Nirvanetta (attractive garden dancing during warm weather) and the Villafranca. There are others of the same type, in an even lower category; they're so mechanical, so dismal, and so depressing that they're actually creepy. Most of them charge an entrance fee (25¢ to 75¢). If you're sufficiently ripe in spirit and in flesh to have a go at this circuit, don't be surprised if you come home with a crew haircut.

In *Milan*, top honors for *summer* operation go to Rendez-Vous, newest venture of Rino Scrigna, who also owns Barca d'Oro restaurant, Piccolo Bar, and Chez Maxim. Garden ambience, with tables both inside and alfresco; good cabaret (for Milan!); dancing nightly; same cuisine, prepared by the same chef and served by the same personnel, as in his excellent Barca d'Oro (see "Restaurants"); frankly expensive by national standards. Unrivalled during the warm months. For *winter* shenanigans, Caprice (Via Borgogna 5) takes the tinsel-embossed popsicle. Long-ish room in varying reds, with bar at one end and dance floor at the other; dim lights; small show; Scotch at tables costs \$2.88 for the first drink and \$1.60 thereafter, with bar price of \$1.44 standard; house girls; closed summers; not bad. Chez Maxim (Galleria Manzoni) offers coral velvet banquettes, double candle lamps on tables, dancing, a modest cabaret, hostesses on tap, and lower beverage charges than those at Caprice. Slightly

dead on our latest look, but perhaps it was an off evening. Also closed summers. Astoria (Piazza S. Maria Beltrade 2) is rich, large, and brightly illuminated; entertainment and lively orchestra; music charge \$1.50 and drinks far from cheap; companions available; closed June through August, when the staff migrates en masse to Nord-Est in Santa Margherita. Porto d'Oro (Hotel Plaza building) is sizable and well-maintained; corner-nook bar where you can't gaze at the dance floor or show, but where unfortunately you *can* see the hostesses (who all seem to be Gold Tooth Gerties); about the same tariffs as found in Caprice; open from October to end of May; don't confuse Porto d'Oro with Barca d'Oro, which is dining-only. The Piccolo ("Little") Bar, around the corner from the Continental Hotel, is tiny, swanky, intimate, and costly; here's the unofficial club and gossip center of Northern society, full of sleek noblemen and tasty Milanese dishes in Fontana cocktail dresses; since everybody seems to know everybody, not so much fun unless your party is self-sufficient. Aretusa (Via Gaetano Giardino 1) is a riot—an existentialist cellar full of bicycles, bottles, bird cages, horns, fish nets, cutouts, old shoes, and the wildest jumble of objects possible to imagine; entertainment by young jitterbug artists who are given free drinks by the management; loud, friendly, zany; 80¢ door charge, Italian brandy 80¢, Scotch (eyedropper serving) \$1.28; replete with blue jeans, pony tails, and other manifestations of U.S. "cool" culture which have taken a few years to catch on here; worth a look, if you're in the mood. Sans Souci seems to have gone down; not recommended.

Florence has a surprisingly dull night life—especially in summer, when most places are shuttered. The newish Chez Moi (closed June 15 to Sept. 15) is the smartest; pleasant atmosphere; good show; large dance floor; bar girls; no entrance fee and average drink prices; open until 3 A.M.; above average. Blue Pearl (same closing dates) is next; grotto ambience; small show; B-girls; not bad. Ponte Vecchio is now open the year around; no show; dancing only; modest. Al Pozzo di Beatrice seems routine, tired, and second-rate;

don't bother. Oliviero's summer villa (Viale Michelangiolo 78) and the Baglioni Hotel Roof are just about the only warm-weather choices worth considering; even if the former isn't what it used to be, it's still the best bet.

Naples' after-dark attractions are generally honky-tonk and murderously expensive. The Vesuvietta (winter) and the Vesuvio Roof Garden (summer), both in the Hotel Vesuvio, are bright, attractive, and legitimate; the Hotel Royal roof (June to Oct., weather permitting) and the Royal Club downstairs (winter only) are also pleasant and also popular. Lloyd's, next to El Sombrero on the bayfront promenade, is probably the leading independent. Complete changeover recently; dancing; floor shows rumored to have been inaugurated since our visit; 20/zero illumination and sexy ambiance, with many nooks and crannies for semi-blackout commando operations; furnishings regionally Italian and quite agreeable; not for Grandma. The new Shaker Club, in the Hotel Miramare, is done in Old Ship décor with Venetian Caffè Espresso overtones; greens *very* grassy and rusts *very* rusty; no show; usually no B-girls; dinner-of-sorts for \$4; Scotch \$1.28; closed mid-May to October; pretty routine. The old Shaker Club, now called the Caprice, is so commonplace that its duplicate could be found in almost any European city; also operated by the Miramare people; second-rate. The Palladium is finished. Sportive gentlemen on the loose might find their pleasures in an amazing establishment called the Trocadero (Via Partenope 66); I use the word "amazing" because I have the feeling that the proprietor could wax fat on the profits of a total of 6 customers per night; I disliked this one with a passion. The Snake Pit (Via San Carlo alle Mortelle 39) is *really* rugged, especially when the U.S. fleet is in; plenty of women, plenty of action, plenty of low-down color. Except for serving us bum whisky from a quality bottle for our second (not first) drink, this place seems to be on the level, but watch out for shady or downright crooked practices in other Neapolitan dives. Mickey Finns, pickpockets, and "rolling" are common.

Venice? Two suggestions: (1) the Casino at the Lido, with

the only real floor show within miles, or (2) go to bed with a good book. Good dinner-dancing at the Danieli Royal and Bauer Grünwald roofs in season only—but after paying fat prices for miserable cut whisky at both Antico Martini and Antico Pignolo, neither are even mildly recommended for the small hours. *Ciro's*, a routine drop-in bar with piano music, is the only alternate; open until 4 A.M.; not special in any way.

Selected night spots elsewhere are rated in order of desirability. *Bologna*: (1) Taverna Sampieri (winter only), (2) Esedra Beach (new management, new swimming pool close to night club). *Capri*: (1) Canzone del Mare (summer only), (2) Gatto Bianco (new, air-conditioned, very popular), (3) San Michele's Taverna Verde (July and Aug. only), (4) Tabu (routine). *Catania*: Terrazza Metropolitan (open-air dancing; summer only). *Cortina*: Cristallino (typical). *Genoa*: (1) La Caravella d'Oro (catacomb-style architecture, split-level and tiered tables, dim lights, excellent music, far more elegant than its rivals), (2) Olimpo (skyscraper dinner-dancing, sightseers'-style; not a real night club), (3) Ragno d'Oro (sizable dance floor; mixed crowd of teen-agers in peg pants and middle-agers in semi-formal garb; not plush, but draws the most knowledgeable set), (4) Orchidea (closed Aug. 15 to 30; routine), (5) Ippocampo (winter place) and La Luccioca (open-air summer place) under same management, (6) La Cambusa (winter only; so-so). Scandinavian and New York are not recommended; both are forbiddingly rugged. *Ischia*: (1) Rangio Fellone (most characteristic), (2) Moresco (most chic), (3) Monkey Bar (not special). *Portofino*: La Potinière (hatbox-size; season only; hardly worth it). *Positano*: Buca di Bacco. *Rapallo*: (1) Taverna, (2) Porticciolo (summer only). *Rimini*: (1) Casino del Bosco, (2) Embassy (both season only). *San Remo*: (1) Casino, (2) Capo Nero. *Taormina*: (1) Sesto Acuto (new; pseudomedieval atmosphere), (2) La Giara (operated by "Chick," an American), (3) La Taverna dei Cordari. *Verona*: Toresela (smooth transformation of hill-

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side building; good clientele; restaurant, bar, *pizzeria*, dancing; relatively inexpensive).

For the night clubs of other cities or regions, ask the CIT, the ENIT, or the concierge at the local hotel after your arrival. Don't ever trust the recommendations of Italian taxi-drivers, because you're liable to be steered to a third-rate clip joint.

Like Spain and Tangier, Italy has recently banned legalized prostitution—and various steamed-up gents are now screaming their heads off to the politicians, in an effort to legislate a Recall Petition. In the meantime, private stock can be found almost anywhere—but their fees are now so high that the working man is rebelling. Arise, ye toilers!

Taxis Plentiful. Many of them are new, but a few could be relics of Garibaldi's march on Sicily (1860). With the exception of Florence and one or two other provincial centers, where tourists are gouged, they're fairly cheap: Before 10 P.M. in Rome, for example, they run about 24¢ minimum or 49¢ per mile. During daylight hours, the *only* permissible supplement they can now ask is 100 lire (16¢) for each trunk. The extra charge of 3¢ per person when more than 2 passengers were carried has been dropped. Pets and wives, naturally, are still free.

Important: *From 10 P.M. to 6 A.M., there is an extra charge per vehicle (not per passenger) of exactly 150 lire—no more and no less.* Some of the drivers would steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes—and their deliberate abuse of this surcharge is one of the most widely spread and commonly practiced rackets of Italy. On 27 separate night rides in Rome for instance, *not one of my chauffeurs demanded the correct fare*; I was asked for as high as 1000 lire (\$1.60) for a 300-lire (48¢) haul. Thus—whenever you go out in the evening, read the meter, add 150 lire for the surcharge—and give him a 50-lire tip to top it off. *That's all!* They'll argue, wheedle, bluster, and practically burst into tears in a phony act—but just remember that when they play you for a sucker in this manner, you should simply hand them what's right and then

tell them to go to hell. If things get really bad, demand that they drive you to the nearest police station (*Questura*, pronounced "Kwes-too-rah"); 99% of the time, this will shut them up instantly.

Equally important: *be sure that the meter is correctly set at 130 lire at the beginning of the ride* (particularly in Rome and a few other centers). Otherwise, especially in the Via Veneto and Piazza di Spagna areas, you might get stuck with the last rider's fare on top of your own.

In some cities (Rome included), the horse-and-buggy hacks (*carozze*) are now metered—but the rascals often hide their meters under a blanket as soon as night falls, and try to chisel high flat fees. Insist on paying the meter charge; threaten them, also, with police interference if they balk. On a legitimate basis, they're most often cheaper than the taxis—and they're great fun. If you should run across the meterless variety, be sure to make your bargain *in advance*.

Unless your driver is extraordinarily patient or kind, 15% should be his maximum tip.

Cars Frontier formalities and gasoline coupons for motorists have already been discussed in "Customs and Immigration" (see page 539).

For years, Italian traffic has been a national nightmare—and disgrace. Not only has it become unbearably choked in key areas, but the laws have been so lax that hot-shot driving became the dominant rule-of-the-road. American, English, and North European visitors are at first startled, then amazed, and then terrified by the aggressiveness with which cars pop out from all directions and zip past on both sides, usually clearing their fenders by $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a whisker or less.

After endless debate, Parliament finally passed a corrective code in '59. For the first time in history, legal speed limits were established. Trucks were banned on Sundays; free parking accommodations were set up near public monuments; drivers were required to remember the ABC truths that a right lane is a right lane, and a left lane is a left lane.

While the 147 provisions of this code have mildly decelerated some of the cowboys whose normal pace in downtown traffic was 60 m.p.h., and while the more timid jockeys are now staying on their own side of the street at least part of the time, the over-all pattern has so far shown little change. You'll still be risking your life, skin, and kneecaps whenever you climb behind a wheel in Italy this year, so be prepared for the worst.

Self-drive? The Italian State Railways now operate a rental service in association with FIAT, the automotive giant. By reserving ahead at a special window or booth in any station, your late-model Fiat will be waiting for you on your arrival at the next major city. Rates are so low that it's probably the best deal of its kind in the country.

Private car with chauffeur? In *Rome*, a new, 100% trustworthy independent called The New Blue Line (Via Boncompagni 79; phone 470-744) will give you a more economical quotation than your hotel concierge can. Seven drivers, all English-speaking and all longtime friends, have pooled their equipment and services in this little enterprise; the cars are good, and the men couldn't be nicer or more eager to please. Alessandro Coti Zelati and Ugo Mattioli are outstanding; recommended. In *Naples*, we usually use a careful, sweet-natured veteran named Arturo Masere; he may be reached through the CIT office in this city. In *Milan*, we've had excellent luck with Ugo P. Parla (Via MacMahon 117), even though his immaculate Cadillac *is* too rich for an impecunious travel writer's blood; be sure to book this sterling gent early, because he's in great demand by his American clientele. In other spots, ask your travel agent or CIT.

Currently under construction is one of the most spectacular turnpikes of Europe—a 6-lane, 460-mile, \$300,000,000 superhighway stretching from Milan to Naples. It is called *L'Autostrada del Sole* ("Expressway of the Sun"). Several short stretches have been completed in the Po Valley, the Naples region, and elsewhere; further work is progressing

rapidly. What a godsend this will be, to the timid, tired, or frustrated foreigners on wheels!

Trains More and more overcrowded every year—a big headache for everybody. At least 1000 new coaches are badly needed; at this writing, less than 100 are being built. To pour salt in the wound, railway fares are scheduled to be boosted this Olympics year.

In First class, you'll generally get a seat—*but make sure of it by reserving in advance, wherever reservations are possible.* In Second class, there's an excellent chance that you'll stand; since much of the equipment here is old Third class with the name changed. First is definitely worth the difference. Incidentally, a new so-called "First Class Super," with arm-chairs and restaurant-service-at-your-seat is under consideration; let's hope they do something about it.

No drinking water, soap, towels, or toilet paper on anything but the best cars on the trunk runs. The quality of the restaurant-car food is deteriorating sadly, nearly everywhere.

On First-class, long-distance expresses, however, conditions are comfortable and good. You'll get there on time (barring unusual circumstances), and your ride will be pleasant.

Some of the new single-compartment sleepers are the best in Europe. They cost \$13, but if you can afford it, they're worth it. For budgeteers, 21 new 4-bed (First class) and 12-bed (Second class) roomette cars were put into service in '57; surcharge small, compared to regular sleeper rates. Ask for "Special Cars."

You may save money by buying a "free circulation" ticket (15 or 30 days of travel), a "circular" ticket (a minimum of 600 miles within 60 days), or a "Per Manifestazione" ticket (for visitors who come to Italy for expositions, fairs, or other special events). And don't forget to check into the Eurail-pass (see page 125).

Rail transport for your car? The pick-a-back operation between Milan-Rome (both directions) was suspended in '58—whether temporarily or permanently, we cannot now find

out. Check with CIT or your travel agent for last-minute information on this.

►TIPS: Book all seats 2 days *ahead* through CIT. Each costs roughly 30¢ extra (vs. 24¢ at the station ticket-window), but you'll never, never, never regret it!

For decades, space for Members of Parliament (whether used or unused) was automatically blocked off on all trains—featherbedding which enraged standees. From '57 to '59, however, a courageous Italian spent \$1000 to fight an 80¢ fine through higher and higher courts, until the verdict was reversed and the freeze was lifted. Now you may sit in any First-class seat which bears a tan reservation card, because it's as much yours as it is any parliamentarian's.

Airline Late in '57, Linee Aeree Italiane (LAI) merged with Alitalia to form a single, unified national carrier which was first called Alitalia-LAI and which is now called Alitalia Italian Airlines. All personnel, equipment, routes, and facilities were pooled, and the result is a large and important new network. In addition, they have become a member of Air-Union (see page 54).

The fleet now consists of DC-7C's, DC-6B's, DC-6's, Viscounts, Convairs, DC-4's, and DC-3's; 4 DC-8 jets are on order. Internationally, it now flies to more than a dozen points in Europe and the British Isles, to Tel Aviv and Bagdad in the Middle East, to Johannesburg and Nairobi in Africa, to Buenos Aires and Caracas in South America, and to Karachi and Bombay in Asia. From 4 to 10 all-DC-7C flights are now scheduled weekly on the New York-Milan-Rome route; London (from New York), Montreal, and Chicago have just been added as termini. Domestically, its operational tapestry is impressive, covering every corner of the Peninsula and all the important islands. A Naples-Capri-Iscchia helicopter service (10 flights daily in season) was launched in '59, under the name of Elivie, an Alitalia subsidiary.

The Italians are excellent pilots and aircraft mechanics. Balbo's mass flight to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 is an

example; the capture of several Schneider Cup trophies (world's speed crown) is another. So when you find a Roman or Milanese pilot or hostess on your run, remember that the national aviation of this country has a splendid tradition.

Cigarettes At this writing, American brands sell for about 70¢ in regular cigar stores, about 90¢ in night clubs, and about 50¢ on the black market. Filter tips run more: 10¢ (shops) to 20¢ (night clubs). Prices fluctuate with amazing rapidity. Take plenty along (you're allowed 400, but tuck in more if you're a heavy smoker), because you'll use every puff. And forget most of the Italian "tobaccos," possibly excepting Giubek (filter), Stop (filter), the new North Pole (menthol filter), Due Palme and a couple of other brands; a pulverized wet chestnut burns better and less odoriferously than most of them.

Laundry Absolutely marvelous. Low cost, fast service, beautiful work. Allow 1 to 2 days for the job. The average bundle (3 or 4 shirts, underclothes, socks, handkerchiefs, miscellaneous items) shouldn't cost more than \$3. *Don't send any nylon or synthetics to the laundress; she doesn't understand about the proper water or iron temperatures, and she'll probably ruin them.*

Dry cleaning? Trust *only* the best hotels or a company in Rome called Casa Bianca (Viale Aventino 30; phone 596-249). This outfit is run by B. J. Mills, an American, with U.S. equipment and processing.

Drinks Grappa, vermouth, and brandy are the national hard drinks. Grappa, popular in the north, is a raw, harsh, high-proof beverage made from the leftovers of the ordinary distillation process; it is considered horrid by most visitors, including us. By the terms of a Franco-Italian treaty, the brandy may no longer be called "cognac"; normally, it's as tasty as Listerine. Vecchia Romagna and René Briand are the only brands I can recommend. To the American who likes his Gordon's or Hiram Walker's, the gin is a magic carpet to the Al Capone days. Cocktails get progressively worse, province by province, from the Swiss border to Sicily.

Local whiskies lift the hair straight off the drinker's pate, but some of the liqueurs (notably Strega and Aurum) are extremely palatable. Oceans of imported liquors are now available; good Scotch runs anywhere from \$5 to \$7.50 per bottle.

Italy is a wine country, the second largest producer in the world. There are not many quality vintages, though, compared with France, Spain, and Germany; table wines are the specialty. But the prices! The finest bottle in the cellar might come to \$3, with everyday "cooking" varieties yours for fast 50¢.

✿ If we were forced to choose 3 wines in Italy—1 red, 1 white, and 1 rosé—and drink only these selections, to the exclusion of all others, here's what we'd pick:

For the red—Valpolicella

For the white—Soave Bertani

For the rosé—Bertoli

Bardolino (a red from Verona), Verdicchio (a white from the Adriatic slopes), and Rosatello (a rosé) are excellent alternates; some prefer these, in fact, to the trio which we've selected as a matter of personal taste. The Lambrusco from Emilia and the Ricciotto from Verona are sparkling reds which are also worthy of attention. Chianti, for us, is too harsh, too rough, and too acid for any dish containing less than 12 oz. of garlic per person; perhaps you'll disagree. Italian rosés, including Bertoli and Rosatello, are downright poor when compared to the products of southern France. Sparkling Asti Spumante is the closest facsimile of champagne; the dry types can be forced down pleasantly, but the sweet ones are so cloying they might make you shudder. Booby prize in this department goes to the so-called Moscato of San Marino, popular along the Rimini Riviera; it is the most repulsive wine that I have ever tasted.

✿ Try either a Carpano "Punt e Mes" (a characteristic bitter vermouth which we happen to find delicious) or a Cinzano (pronounced Chin-zano) with soda, ice, and lemon peel on a hot day; they're national favorites many travelers also like.

Or, for a brand-new taste, ask for an "Americano"—sweet vermouth, bitter Campari, a dash of soda, and a lemon peel. If you like tart things, you'll probably find this refreshing.

►**TIP:** The best tonic in the world for overeating, flatulence, gas pains, picking yourself up off the floor when you've mixed oysters and bananas—practically any stomach ailment up to chilblains or cancer—is an Italian bitters called Fernet Branca. The taste is horrible, but the effect is atomic. This hideous black liquid has saved my digestion and my temper on so many occasions that I now carry a small bottle of it wherever I go. Try any bar; 15¢ per dose.

Olympic Games When the world's mightiest athletes convene for the XVII Olympiad (August 25 through September 11), Rome will give them the most resounding welcome in its memory. They'll be dined, fêted, showered with adulation, and heaped with every creature comfort known to twentieth-century Italian civilization. Each of them will even be guaranteed an honest-to-goodness bed.

Simultaneously, the less-fortunate spectators will be engaged in a Junior Olympic Trials of their own. These are scheduled to be held in the lobbies and corridors of Rome's 736 hotels, pensions, and inns. If the United States doesn't develop a few dozen new sprint and middle-distance champions in the dash for available sleeping space, there can be only one excuse: subversive forces have been doctoring our Wheaties.

Here is the question which brings out the Milltowns: with a combined grand total of 29,488 beds in *all* public hosteleries, who's going to house the 300-thousand visitors to the Games?

Private homes? Only 90 thousand more. Camping areas? Another 20-thousand, at the limit. This leaves, therefore, perhaps 150-thousand strays (many of them local daily transients) who must sleep in their automobiles or on cots in public school dormitories. For the unlucky ones, there's always the street.

The situation is definitely critical. Hoteliers of the capital

have been bombarded with telephone, cable, and airmail entreaties since the spring of '59. More customers than the population of Liechtenstein have bid for the handful of corner suites at the leading establishments. Thousands more are storming the gates of the Grand, Hassler, Excelsior, Mediterraneo, Flora, and on down the line, begging for that "nice double room."

So here is our serious plea to every reader of this book: *if you don't already possess confirmed reservations when these words appear, swallow your disappointment and skip Italy from early summer to late fall.*

On August 19, a torch will be lit at Olympia, the historic Greek town on the Peloponnesus. A relay of fast runners will shepherd this Olympic Flame to a small port on the Gulf of Arcadia, from whence it will be carried by ship to Sicily, landing at the small island Ortigia (attached to the mainland by a bridge) in the Bay of Syracuse. Here, at the Fountain of Arethus, the torch will light the first tripod on Italian soil. Exactly 108 hours and 769 miles from here, this symbol of peace among men will be triumphantly borne by the final courier into Rome's Olympic Stadium, for the opening ceremonies. This living offshoot of the original Greek Flame will continue to burn until the end of the Games.

Money has been no problem to the governing Committee (C.O.N.I.). Steadily since World War II, it has been collecting 15% of the gross of Italy's *totocalcio* (soccer pool), in which the public picks 13 winners for first prizes up to a tax-free \$400,000. Because of this affluence, the entire physical plant will be finished ahead of schedule.

Teams and trainers will be lodged in the Olympic Village, a brand-new city which has arisen on the site of a former slum area. It is near the Via Flaminia Bridge and the Foro Italico, and it is the focal point of Olympiad activities. At the conclusion of events, it will become a low-cost housing area for Government employees.

This \$8,000,000 development contains 8062 rooms and 1500 apartments—most of them built on stilts which soar 14 feet above ground level. From 10 to 13 restaurants will feed the

hungry participants, and the cuisines will range from French to Oriental. The Japanese entrants will bring their own cooks.

Approximately 1500 motor scooters will be placed at the disposal of the athletes—1 vehicle for each cluster of 6. To facilitate hospital calls when they break their legs on these, the Committee has also thoughtfully installed an identical ratio of telephones.

Thousands of newsmen from all over the globe will be put up at the separate Press Village on Via Aurelia. They'll find 3000 desks, 54 long-distance phones, 26 acoustically isolated broadcasting booths, 2 post offices equipped with tele-types, and other streamlined facilities.

Most of the events will take place in 2 general areas: (1) in North Rome, at the Foro Italico sports grounds and the adjoining Flaminia and Acqua Acetosa arenas, and (2) in South Rome, at the World's Fair grounds. Rowing and canoeing trials will be held on the Lakes of Albano, 16 miles down the Appian Way from the capital. Yachting regattas will be sailed on the Bay of Naples, with Santa Lucia, the little harbor at Castel Dell'Ovo, as the headquarters.

In the North Rome area, known as the *Foro Italico Olympic Center*, the dominating structure is the Olympic Stadium, which accommodates 100-thousand people. Its alternate is the Tisiano Stadium, with a capacity of 55 thousand. Next in importance is the Marble Stadium for track and field events—a long, low, Grecian-style amphitheater which seats 20 thousand and is circled by a garland of 60 marble statues. The Swimming Stadium, with a 160-foot swimming pool and a 70-foot diving pool nearby, offers a huge panoramic terrace and plate-glass windows for underwater observation of the natators. The Palazzetto dello Sport, an arena with flying buttresses and roof of reinforced concrete, will feature some of the basketball, fencing, tennis, and gymnastics competitions.

In the South Rome area, designated as the *EUR Olympic Center*, the Palazzo dello Sport regally rules the roost. This enormous circular building, which vaguely resembles the

American Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, will provide boxing matches, major basketball, and other indoor contests. It will also contain refreshment facilities and other public amenities for use during intermissions. The Cycle Track, with a 400-foot wooden speedway, will attract European bicycle buffs by the thousands. The Congress Palace will house the fencing finals. Adjoining this is a 1400-seat, open-air theater, with a magnificent view of the EUR development and the Eternal City beyond.

An Olympic Road is under way, to connect directly the North Rome and South Rome areas—but whether the masses-moving municipal government will complete it by August is an open question at this writing. The EUR Center may be reached by subway from Termini (central railway station) in 12 minutes. Transportation to the Foro Italico Center will probably take double this time.

Last year's Parliamentary brawl about Mussolini's monument provides a curious sidelight. This 100-foot marble obelisk, bearing the inscription of "Mussolini Dux" ("Mussolini, the Ruler") and rising above a promenade paved with Fascist-sloganed mosaics, occupies a key site on Olympics territory. In a series of attacks through the summer and fall, the Communists and left-wingers fought to have it removed. Premier Segni's government refused to accede, on double grounds. It took the position (1) Fascism is now history, so Italy should be no more afraid of its memorials than of any other vestiges of its 3000-year-old existence, and (2) tens of thousands of dollars would be required to take it down, so why stick the taxpayers? Therefore you'll find it still there, intact—but what you *won't* see (for which everyone is grateful!) is the 300-foot statue of a nude Mussolini as an athlete, which the Dictator would have erected if the war hadn't interfered.

Tickets? Almost hopeless to acquire at this late date, despite the fact that more than 4 million were printed. Until the past January 1, applications could have been made through American Express, the sole official agency for the U.S. (CIT has the exclusive appointment for Italy). After

this cut-off time, however, the only authorized source became the Comitato Alloggi, Giochi Olimpici, Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, Piazza Barberini 21, Rome. Starting last year, the Committee laid down the rule that all applicants had to display advance proof of confirmed hotel, pension, private home, or campsite reservations—accounting, in great part, for the bombardment of hoteliers to which there is earlier reference. Prices range from a 50¢ minimum to a \$10 top (the best seats at the opening and closing ceremonies and the boxing finals). Actual deliveries of tickets were made in January and February. Since some cancellations are inevitable, a small allotment has now trickled into free-sale channels. But since you *must* have lodgings before you can now buy admission to the Games, your travel agent is the **ONLY** man who might, with luck, be able to help you. You can count on him to try his hardest, even though the odds against success are formidable.

A final point: Florence, Naples, Venice, and every important tourist target in the nation will bulge at the seams from July through October. The forewash and backwash of the Olympiad tide will bring critical overcrowding to all of these regions, as well. That's why we repeat the friendly but earnest warning that, if *all* of your arrangements haven't been nailed down ahead of time, to visit in Italy during these months might turn out to be the worst blunder of your travel life.

Sports Horse racing, bicycling, European football, boxing, automobile racing, swimming, yachting, sailing, motorboat speed trials. Tennis is at last on the upgrade, now that Italy is a Davis Cup finalist. About the only topflight golf courses are in Rome, Como, Fuggi, Varese, Monza (Milan), and San Remo. First-class race tracks are limited to Rome, Milan, and Naples; others exist, but they're pretty provincial. The Italians like to gamble; on an unofficial basis, card and dice games boom everywhere. In Rome, for example, almost anyone who is Anyone belongs to one of the leading private gambling clubs; if you're interested in some really fast action

(a gain or loss of 50-thousand dollars in one night is not uncommon), an invitation should be easy to arrange, once you get to the capital.

For winter sports, there are a score of outstanding high mountain resorts. Cortina d'Ampezzo, 2 hours from Venice in the towering Dolomites, is the beautiful and social St. Moritz of Italy. At Breuil, the highest funicular of Europe (about 10-thousand feet) permits easy and spectacular summer skiing. Sestriere is also extraordinarily attractive to aficionados of the birch-and-beeswax.

The Lido (Venice), needless to say, is one of the top bathing resorts of Europe. Fine beaches all along the Tyrrhenian Sea (Mediterranean side); for Rome, Fregene is social and chic, while Ostia is the jam-packed Coney Island. Skip the Adriatic (Yugoslavian side), below Ancona; the water is wonderful (when it's clean), but the shores are often rocky and bleak.

Tipping Aside from the hotels and restaurants, a nearly general 10%. Make it 15% or 20% when you can, because they need it to live.

Hotels automatically add from 15% to 20% to your bill for a "service charge." This is sometimes a racket, because the employees who have helped you don't always see it, in spite of accounting procedures by fellow employees and union laws which insist that they must. Give the concierge from 50¢ to \$1 per day extra (never exceeding a total of \$5), and hand small amounts in person to your maid, baggage porter, room waiter, and valet, if you use them. In restaurants, a flat 15% is added to the bill; give your waiter half of the service charge in addition, never exceeding 500 lire or 80¢.

Always tip everybody for small services, because Italians consider it gainfully earned income.

Personal Services Italy has the best barbers and beauticians in the world; by actual statistics, 1 out of every 84 people in the country is involved in these occupations. A good haircut costs from 70¢ to \$1.15, a shave from 30¢ to 50¢, and a shot of fancy after-shave lotion or hair tonic perhaps

65¢. Ladies can get "the works" (shampoo, wave, manicure) for about \$4; a permanent can be had for as little as \$5.

American gals who know say that Eve of Roma, whose sumptuous new headquarters are 1 flight up at Via Veneto 116, over Carpano's Tavern, "will make you devastating." Eve is one of Europe's best-known beauticians. She operates branch feminine-repair stations at Piazza di Spagna 51 in Rome (for the Italian trade), Naples, Capri, Milan, Trieste, Florence, Genoa, London, Rio, and Montevideo. Her work is superb, but some of the prices on her line of 120 beauty preparations seem just plain outrageous to a mere man (Nancy doesn't agree); I paid \$18 for 6 flea-sized bottles of eyedrops, for example, and my sister paid \$75 for 5 modest items—an awfully big whack, from this male point of view. But since Nancy doesn't think that Eve overcharges too seriously on these items and since women use this stuff, obviously you girls know much more about this market than I do. Attilio, who has the concession at the Excelsior Hotel, and whose headquarters are at Piazza di Spagna 68, is also reported to be in the top bracket.

Haircuts for kids? Il Parrucchiere dei Bambini ("The Children's Hairdresser") is a combination zoo, playground, and barber shop. Giraffe, elephant, and other "animal" chairs; toys; carnival atmosphere. Small fry love it. Address: Via Metastasio, between Piazza Campo Marzio and Piazza Firenze.

Tip about 200 lire to the hairdresser, 50 to 100 lire to the manicurist, and 50 lire to the others. That's plenty, so they say.

The hairdresser of the Grand Hotel is *not* recommended by any of my advisers. They all agree that they find his attitudes and his prices not to their liking.

Italian doctors are renowned throughout Europe for their excellence. The better ones are as modern in techniques and practices as your good family physician or surgeon at home; complete stocks of American, English, Swiss, German, and local medicines are available in profusion. I was tremendously impressed by the thoroughness, efficiency, and skill

with which Dr. Salvatore Mannino tackled an ailment of mine. I cannot embarrass Dr. Mannino by directly recommending his services to readers, because this would be a breach of his professional ethics; I can only say that if I should ever pick up anything from a hangnail to yaws in the Eternal City, he's 100% my man. New-York-trained, he speaks perfect English; his American wife is the daughter of a famous Manhattan restaurateur. His office is Via Archimede 179, and his phone is 877-756. Another top-liner is Dr. Nunzio Stallone, the only U.S. physician with a permanent practice in Italy. He has done more nice things for distressed members of the American colony than can be counted, and he is universally beloved. You'll find him at Via Ludovisi 39 (phone: 441-143).

Children's doctor? We also have profound respect for Dr. Giovanni Cocciantè, the well-known pediatrician, whose offices are at Via Rodolfo Lanciani 30, and whose phone is 258-421. He doesn't speak English, unfortunately—but illness knows no language, when it comes to diagnosing and healing.

Things to Buy Silk, silk, silk—then gloves, leather, silver, jewelry, glassware, art, religious items, straw, Ferragamo shoes, cameos, *haute couture*, kissproof lipstick, mosaics—and then *more* silk.

In Rome, the tiny but topflight Arbiter-Son & Man (Via Condotti 84) continues to offer what we feel are the finest silk accessories in the capital. This wonderful little shop has been our favorite since 1946, and it has never let us down on quality, taste, or reliability. About 20-thousand gorgeous all-silk ties at \$3.25 to \$5; for super-luxurious gifts, a patented, individually numbered series of brocades for \$10 each, which these experts claim are “the finest ties in the world, bar none.” Lovely dressing gowns in foulard silk at \$30 and in heavy damask silk at \$56; pure silk custom-made shirts (2 days) from \$15; set of 3 luxury silk scarves, each 6 feet long and 3 feet wide, at \$40 complete, for making into a dress. I haven't had very good luck with their men's tailor lately, but

their ladies' tailor makes strikingly stylish shantung suits for \$85 to \$110. Elegant and fine; the Neiman-Marcus or Bergdorf of its field, at prices that aren't cheap but are only slightly higher than those of the sharpies in this tricky industry.

For men's silk suits and related specialties, Brioni (Via Barberini 79) is the king among kings. Caraceni, Cifonelli, Litrico, and Cucci are all masters of Italian cutting, but Brioni goes further by (1) collaborating directly with the top textile manufacturers on exclusive materials, (2) creating a complete parallel line of shoes, ties, and accessories to blend with each model, and (3) influencing world style trends as Italy's only true High Fashion Center for men. If you want to be conservative, the 3 celebrated partners will make you look like the President of The Chase Manhattan Bank, at \$130 to \$145 for the finest silk or wool suit sewed today. But if you really want to wow them, choose one of their stunning dinner coats, silk blazers, slacks, shirts, pajamas, or other custom-made items which are their trademark. Normal 3-to-4 day delivery; Forwarding Department, too. Ask for Angelo or Aldo, whose English is excellent—and don't forget to send your wife to Brioni's *Boutique* (see below) across the street, if only to get her out of your hair. Super-super.

Fine budget-level tailors? There are 2 firms of such equal merit and reliability that we must list them alphabetically: Esquire (Via Gregoriana 4, down the hill from the Hotel Hassler), and Palermi (Piazza di Spagna 54, opposite American Express). Esquire, inaugurated last year by our old sartorial friend, Luciano Franzoni, is tiny, individual, and fashion-conscious; Mr. Franzoni's long career of receiving and understanding American clients in other shops now sets him above all local competition of this category except Palermi, as far as satisfying the U.S. visitor is concerned. Palermi, a larger and older house, has been our personal source for at least 20 suits over the years; when the inspired Maestro Palermi died in '58, we were afraid this establishment would decline—but it is now as meritorious as ever. Both charge about \$90 for a 100% made-to-measure job in

silk or wool, with plenty of hand-sewing; both will also deliver in 3 or 4 days—or sooner, in emergencies. Naturally, you won't get the exquisite styling or finishing for which Brioni charges \$45 to \$60 more—but the suits I bought for trial purposes in both these companies last year were, in each case, handsomely cut in the American way, comfortably fitted, and very good-looking indeed. You won't go wrong in either; this remarkable price is a \$200 value at home.

Silks and other materials by the yard? Galtruccio (Via del Tritone 18) has everything. This is the Roman branch of Italy's finest quality specialist.

Purely for yearning, Bulgari (Via Condotti 10) puts Cartier, Tiffany, and the rest of the million-dollar league to shame. It is one of the most famous and fabulous establishments in the world. Everything is here, from an Arabian sultan's ransom to dazzling pieces which do not exceed a few hundred dollars. They'd be delighted if you'd ask them to show you some of their famous treasures: the \$550,000 diamond pendant, for example, or the \$300,000 emerald ring. If you admire antique jewelry, old boxes, old jade, ancient figurines, or historic hardstones of various types, their collections are unique. In every price range, from our modest level to the level of kings, you'll see magnificent diversification in jewelry set with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and other precious gems, as well as antique silver, snuffboxes, and similar valuables—such beauty that even connoisseur Sotirio Bulgari, who founded the firm in 1881, would thrill if he were alive today. Your browsing is welcomed, even if you haven't the faintest intention of buying; the nice staff *likes* to show off these wonders to interested visitors. English spoken, naturally. So have a look—if only to give you happy dreams.

For gloves, we've long believed that the small, old-line specialist called Catello d'Auria (Via Due Macelli 55) does the best job on the Italian Peninsula. He's about 2 blocks from the foot of the Spanish Steps—and check the name over the door, because confusion with several inferior shops in the vicinity would be easy. Since everything is made on the prem-

ises, you can order any unorthodox style, color, material, or fillip which strikes your fancy, at no increase in price—and their prices are dirt cheap: \$2.75 to \$3.50 for ladies' daytime wear, from \$1.95 for wrist-lengths to \$9.60 for 24-inch lengths in white kid, up to about \$4.80 for men's items, and—best gift value of all—only \$1.40 to \$2 for tailor-made models for children from 2 to 12. Big mail-order business to the States; pleasant, friendly people. A real buy.

Leather? Perhaps you'll disagree, but we liked neither the high, high tariffs nor the down-the-nose attitude we found at Gucci; until we're convinced that there has been a big change, we will not recommend it to any reader of this *Guide*. Franzi (Via Del Corso 404) is our prize candidate; see "Milan" shopping notes below for details about this chain. M. Martinenghi (Via Condotti 76) is also good, and Antinori (Via Francesco Crispi 47) has a cheaper and less-elegant line. In purses, little 1-room L. Brunettini (Via Marche 60) turns out some of the most beautiful work we've ever seen in our lives.

For silver or gold gift items of classic Roman style and workmanship, G. Tutunzi (Via Sistina 21) is our favorite stamping ground. Here you'll find a flock of attractive compacts, lipstick cases, scrollwork or brushed Zippo lighter cases, cigarette cases of various types—all in these precious metals, because the Tutunzis won't give houseroom to the usual tourist-y junk of brass or tin. Exclusive designs in silver earrings and charm bracelets; impressive collections of gold brooches, rings, powder cases, pill boxes, charms, and similar items. One exceptional novelty is the do-all, fix-all kit, in solid silver, which these master craftsmen created for Linda Christian and Gene Tierney; this combination cosmetic-cigarette-money-perfume carrier goes from \$55 up. Gorgeous hand-made tea services, candelabra, flatware, and table accessories, too. In all the years that we've reported on this shop, not one reader has ever passed along anything but praise for the authenticity of its merchandise or the honesty of its business methods—outstanding in a field which is

famous for grafters. The U.S. Embassy recommends Tutunzi's to the traveler, and so do we.

One of the best-known women's accessory shops in Rome is Fantasia (Via Condotti 19)—blouses, skirts, nighties, and other things, at stiff prices. We've found annoyingly casual and disinterested floor service here, however, on each of several visits. The Brioni *Boutique* (Via Barberini 48), sponsored by Italy's number one fashion house for men, offers sweaters, jackets, slacks, and other ready-to-wears—plus Brioni tailoring on made-to-measure ladies' suits; small, reasonable, fine. An American merchandising expert whose judgment we greatly respect has reported that Funaro al Corso (Via del Corso 150) shouldn't be missed by style-conscious trippers; a chic line for gals, including that priceless find abroad—Italian-made "Cole of California" swimsuits; sounds excellent. Laura Aponte (Via di Gesu' e Maria 7) specializes in original knitwear. Myrica (Via Frattina 36) is one of the leaders for routine dresses and ladies' suits; so is Rosita Contreras (Via Condotti 91)—but we like the little La Tessitrice dell'Isola (Via Gregoriana 43), a branch of Baroness Gallotti's hand-woven-beach-and-country-wear shop in Capri, which also carries a few street clothes. It was the only place in Rome where we could find an American-style pure silk dress for under \$50.

Haute couture? The most famous houses are Aurora Battilocchi, Fontana, Fabiani, Simonetta (now divorced from Visconti), Zecca, Eleanora Garnett, Mingolini-Guggenheim, and 3 or 4 others. Capucci (Via Sistina) is young but rising fast, due to this man's striking originality. Emilio Pucci (Via Campania) is the designer of blouses and slacks. In these establishments, ordinary dresses run from \$150 to \$300, embroidered ones from \$200 to \$400, and evening gowns from \$250 to \$800. B-r-r-r-r!

Shoes? Ladies who don't see Ferragamo's superior stocks in Florence are mightily impressed by the Dal Co. (Viale Porta di Pinciana 16). Small stocks, beautifully chosen; American lasts; custom-made in 7 days, if desired; from \$20

for simple numbers to \$80 for souped-up fancy jobs. Modest premises but fine merchandise.

Paintings and art, for pleasure and investment? Gallerias Schneider (Robert Schneider), Odyssia (Mr. Skouras), Toro Seduto ("Sitting Bull" in Italian, named by part-Indian Jane So Relle), and 88 (Charles Moses) are owned and operated by Americans, and handle some of the top Italian painters. L'Obelisco, Barcaccia, and National Gallery of Modern Art are well-known. The nonprofit Rome-New York Art Foundation is run by Mrs. Frances McCann. In Del Gaizo, you can make the deal direct with the originator, which sometimes gives the buyer a better break.

Antiques? Be careful! The local Flea Market operates on Sunday mornings at Via di Porta Portese; Via dei Coronari is now expensive; Piazza Fontanella Borghese, at the end of Via Condotti, offers jewelry in addition to routine items. But watch out for counterfeits, always bargain, and always take along an Italian friend to protect your interests.

Richard Ginori, Via del Tritone 177, and Serra, Via del Corso 165 (best for gifts) are the Plummer's for exquisite porcelains. Vasari (Foto Brennero), Via Condotti 39, has the bargains in cameras and optical equipment. The Lion Bookshop, Via del Babuino 181, stocks more English and American reading matter than any competitor (look for the poster outside, then go through the door and search hard for the showroom). CIM, the top department store of the capital, has trainloads of tempting merchandise, a tearoom, and 2 movie theaters (one of which runs all films in the original language, with English predominant). U.S. and British pictures are also screened without dubbing or added titles at Cinema Fiammetta, Via San Nicolò da Tolentino, or (summer only) at the Metro Drive-In, Viale Cristoforo Colombo.

Toys? A wide selection of Italian, German, French, Swiss, and Scandinavian treasures for kids can be found at E. Guffanti Toys-Jouets, Via Due Macelli 59—one block from the foot of the Spanish Steps and almost across from American Express. Religious articles? Al Pellegrino Cattolico, Via di Porta Angelica 83, across from St. Peter's, has a

complete stock for the devout; they will have your rosaries blessed by the Pope and delivered to your hotel, at no extra fee. Drugs, cosmetics, and toiletries? H. Roberts & Co., Corso Umberto 417, has the largest American and English assortment in the capital.

In *Florence*, Via Tornabuoni is the Fifth Avenue, Via Porta Rossa is the 34th St., and Santa Maria is the Madison Avenue. Ponte Vecchio, the dramatic little shop-lined bridge, is limited to silver, embroideries, blouses, and specialty items. The San Lorenzo "Central" Market and the even more charming "New" Market (Porta Rossa and Santa Maria) are also good for strolling and casual shopping.

For one of the best fashion bargains on the Peninsula, Ditta Emilio Paoli (Via Vigna Nuova 26red) has terrifically smart skirts, hats, bags, shoes and other wearables in straw or raffia; a knockout full-length coat, for example, will cost you a top of 32 bucks; tablemats and household weavings, too; ask for Miss Wanda, Miss Alda, or Mr. Raniere; don't miss it. For inexpensive art reproductions, Alinari Brothers Ltd. (corner of Via Tornabuoni and Via Lungarno) has everybody licked; exceptionally fine; recommended. For amazing gilded wooden things—mirrors, trays, furniture, bric-a-brac, even \$4.50 triptychs (folding 3-compartment religious pictures) which play carols—400-year-old Fratelli Paoletti (Via dei Serragli 17) has floor after floor of treasures; stupendous! For leather, nobody can touch Franzini (Via Calzaioli), the Florentine branch of the famous Milan firm described below. Jewelry? Settepassi (Ponte Vecchio) is the pace-setter; Gustavo C. Melli (Ponte Vecchio) specializes in antique types; Serafini (Piazza San Felicità 4) is a small, high-grade studio where you may have your own pieces redesigned and reset, in a completely original way. Mosaics? Arte Fiorentina del Mosaico (Via dei Fanti 12) is increasingly popular.

Ladies' shoes? If you're (1) female, (2) grown up, and (3) ambulatory; it would be knavery against womanhood to leave Florence without owning at least one pair of the

world's most famous shoes. Here, at Via Tornabuoni 2, is the shrine of Salvatore Ferragamo, the greatest footwear genius since Hermes attached wings to the ankles. The "wedgie," "French toe," "Stage toe," "Roman sandal," and "Invisible shoe" are all samples of his personal contributions to *couture*. Clientele of royalty and Class-AAA celebrities; prices from \$25 up; 15-day delivery; comfort so amazing that you'll float. Independent branches at 424 Park Ave. in New York and 323 North Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills; also handled by Lord & Taylor (New York and Washington) and Neiman-Marcus (Dallas). The Rolls-Royce of foot apparel, for only Oldsmobile to Jaguar costs. Don't miss it.

Silver? We prefer Peruzzi Bros. (Borgo San Jacopo 43) to Ugo Bellini, because it seemed a lot less trumped-up and tourist-y; perhaps you'll disagree. Majolica ceramics? Cantagalli (Porta Romana) is a factory, so naturally there's a large selection; Soc. A. Menegatti & C. (Via Tornabuoni 79) is also a good pick. Embroideries? The Rifredi School of Embroidery (Via Carlo Bini 29), run by 2 nice gals, is a 10-minute ride from town; a favorite with U.S. visitors; worth a visit. Antiques? Via Fossi (cheaper) and Via Maggio (more expensive) are the best streets—but take care!

Linens and lingerie? Emilia Bellini (Via Tornabuoni 9) is beautiful but expensive: blouses \$10 to \$65, nighties \$14 to \$165, luncheon sets up to \$450; strictly luxury league; this establishment also operates a place called VT (Via Parione 11), with hand-woven country cottons replacing fine embroideries. High fashion ladies' dresses? V. Calabri & Figli (Lungarno Corsini 4) is tops, with its très-très plush salon and chic salespeople. Here's a tip: if you can wear models' sizes, you might be able to pick up a real bargain here during December, January, July, or August, when the lines are being renewed.

Since your chauffeur or guide will get a 10% rake-off on your purchases in Florence if you don't claim it (this does *not* apply in Ditta Emilio Paoli, Ferragamo, Calabri, Bellini, and one or two other top-drawer places, however), tell the shopkeeper firmly that "I've been sent by no one, I'm pay-

ing cash, and I expect the usual 10% discount!" And if you buy a hefty amount in any one store, always bargain!

In *Milan*, 3 establishments deserve the special attention of shop-hounds. Franzi (Via Manzoni 11) offers the finest leather goods that we've ever found in Italy—in calf, pigskin, crocodile, seal, morocco, ostrich, lizard, just about everything but the gently tanned hide of Lombardian infant. For nearly 100 years, this firm has operated its own tanneries and trained its own artisans; there are branches in Rome, Naples, Florence, and Genoa. Their most popular articles with American travelers continue to be the ladies' box-calf bags, beautifully finished and lined (\$25 up), the patented "Folio Bag," and the fine luggage. In Milan, see Miss Dalla Dea; in Genoa, Mr. Re. Mouth-watering merchandise; on the expensive side, but worth it.

Galtrucco (Via San Gregorio 29), on the central piazza near the Cathedral, is the combined Tiffany-Bergdorf-Macy for materials by the yard. Branch in Rome. Superb for its field.

Barratta (Via Monforte 2) dresses the lion's share of the most elegant men and women who patronize La Scala. This year he is easily the best in the north, and one of the top houses of the nation. Here's the only combined male-and-female wearables house that we've ever run across. Also branch in Rome. Pozzi & Co. (Corso Vittorio Emanuele 31) has good taste, too, in its suitings (\$70 to \$90), pajamas (about \$35), and accessories; recommended.

La Rinascente, the big department store, is exceptional for values, especially in its dress department; lots of tempting things here. Pirovano operates a high-class *boutique* and a higher-class *haute couture* center, respectively, at Via Monte Napoleone 1 and 8; husband-divorcing prices. Nicky Sport and Harmony (Via Alessandro Manzoni 3 and Via Monte Napoleone 5) are lesser *boutiques*; worth a glance. Laveno (Via Manzoni 12) has enchanting ceramics, with ashtrays from 95¢ up.

If you go out to Como (Lungo Lago), Moretti is the best.

known shop for silk materials, and Ravasi (Piazza Garibaldi) is renowned for its finished silk products.

Naples, an essentially poor city, offers limited pickings. Via Chiaia, which can be walked in comfort, has the best merchandise; Via Roma, a busier artery with which it forms an "L," is second choice. In spite of the comparative dearth of displays, there are a few superior establishments: Trionfo della Seta (Via Chiaia 198) has excellent silks, silk-cottons, and silk-velvets for a song—so reasonable that it's hard to put the brakes on the bankroll. M. Tramontano, down the street at #193, has a fascinating stock of buttons—at least 125 thousand on his shelves, all sizes, all shapes, and all basic ingredients. His brooches and "jeweled" buckles are interesting, too. Fun. S. Balbi, at #260, carries a full stock of the renowned Borsalino hats, one of Italy's best buys; men's styles run from \$6.40 to \$19.20, the standard prices, and women's hat bodies are only \$4.80 to \$6.10, in felt, antelope, or velour. This line is unbeatable.

For gloves and bags, there are 2 unrelated shops named Barra; our preference is for the one on Via Partenope (Hotel Vesuvio), although the other has a fine reputation, too. Every glove skin and every design under the sun, from \$2.40 to \$15 for ladies and from \$4.50 to \$8.80 for men. Reliable and good. Antiques? Start at the National Museum and walk up Via Constantinopoli, scattered along which you'll find dozens of holes-in-the-walls. Occasional values; no guarantees on reliability; remember that you must always bargain your head off with these Hetty Greens.

Excursion to *Pompeii*? The highway is loaded with souvenir shops and cameo vendors, most of which are not only second-rate but trashy. Only 2 places, as far as we know, offer top-class stocks and are reliable. While M. & G. Donadio is the largest and oldest, with a good reputation, the price tags here alarmed us—much too high, in one strictly personal opinion, to recommend it to our bargain-loving readers. You might disagree, but we'd much rather go down the road to G. Apa, at Torre del Greco. This venerable house,

more than a century in business, is primarily a factory-wholesaler; because of this, and because of the fact that they go direct to Brazil to buy their amethysts, topazes, tourmalines, and other gems, they impress me as being about 50% under the prices of most of their competitors. At sunlit benches, you may watch 80 masters peel off layer upon layer of Madagascan and Cuban shells to get down to the base for their cameos; a good one takes 5 days to carve, a bad one a few hours. Cameo rings in solid gold, \$13 up; large and fine cameo or intaglio (reverse-carved) cuff links in silver mountings, \$7 to \$15; coral or cameo earrings, \$4 to \$10; tortoise-shell articles in profusion; exclusive pink-and-white shell cameos (see these for sure!), in 14-carat gold mountings, from \$13 to \$40; tortoise-shell compacts, vanity cases, and other models in profusion; wonderful ladies' and men's semiprecious rings, from topaz at \$15 up, to amethysts at \$18 up, to monstrous aquamarines at \$200 ceiling. Ask for Mario or Giovanni Apa in person, or for their obliging colleague, Ralph Vozzo. New branch in the Hotel Suisse, opposite the entrance to Pompeii. Highest recommendation.

Venice is teeming with guides, concierges, gondoliers, and other fast operators who are hungry for their commissions on your purchases. The usual bite is 20% to 22% on glass, and 15% on lace. As in Florence, don't even tell the concierge of your hotel where you're going, because (excluding the Gritti Palace and a very few of the leaders) he'll climb on the phone when you're out the front door, tell the merchant that he sent you, and claim his rake-off on *your* money. Thus, inform any glassware or lace shopkeeper immediately that nobody directed you to his establishment (except a guidebook or other disinterested source), that you're paying cash, and that you want the above scale of discounts for yourself. In this rotten, graft-infested community, the poor store owner is forced to pay somebody, in order to exist—so why shouldn't it be you?

Pauly & Co. (headquarters at Ponte dei Consorzi, plus 3 branches in center) and Salviati & Co. (San Gregorio 195)

are world-famous for their fabulous glass; both are worth a buying trek from Timbuktu. In each you will find a fairy-land of chandeliers, centerpieces, bowls, dishes, vases, and everything that shimmers except Gypsy Rose Lee's girdle. Pauly has 20 different show rooms: ask to see the 9-dozen-piece set of blue stemware overlaid with cameo, which they'll gift-wrap prettily for you for only \$6000. Glassmaster Alfredo Barbini now works exclusively for Pauly. Salviati's pride is Maestro Livio Seguso, the glassmaker who created the much-talked-about special collection for the firm's Centennial Exhibition in '59; there's a museum here which contains some of the most matchless and exciting displays of ancient artistry in existence. Both firms are 100% reliable; both will guarantee safe delivery to your home in America, but it's wise to get freighting and brokerage estimates, even rough ones, in advance. You can spend nothing, \$1, or \$10,000—but don't miss a trip through these pleasure domes of Xanadu.

Ma Boutique (Calle Largo San Marco 282) gets 5 stars—one of the most elegant shops of its type in Northern Italy. It's very small, and limited in variety, but everything on display is exquisite. Our enthusiasm runs high for this find. Ladies' handbags? Our good friend Stanley Marcus, President of Neiman-Marcus, has written us warmly about Roberta of Venice (S. Maria Formosa 6123). Each room in her charming little house dedicated to a different type; to quote this top-rank merchandiser, they're "original, expensive, and beautiful." Lace? Try Jesurum (Ponte Canonica) first, then Olga Asta (Piazza San Marco 127). Personally, we're more than sour on the subject, because we're convinced that this Venetian industry charges such ridiculous, outrageous prices that they're taking the U.S. visitor for a terrible ride. Look if you like, but we'd strongly suggest that you save 50% or more by buying in places like Maria Loix in Brussels. Codognato (San Marco-Ascensione 1295) is celebrated for its antique silver and jewelry; Artigiano Veneziano (Calle dei Specchieri 634) sells the interesting brass horses which are used to decorate gondolas; Vogini (4 shops

on 4 corners of San Marco-Ascensione) runs the gamut in fine leather goods.

Space limitations prevent further general listings in smaller centers, but here are super-special bets where we considered the values extraordinary: In *Genoa*, A. Alioto (Via Ippolito D'Aste 7-5) is the king of Florentine jewelry and charm bracelets. Nothing we saw in Florence or the rest of Italy can begin to touch his craftsmanship in this line. Everything originally designed and handmade; big charms with 20 to 25 stones, \$4.80 to \$5.60; massive solid silver slave bracelet with 1 large turquoise and 6 smaller stones, \$27; other silver bracelets, \$4.80; handsome brooches, \$4; terrific earrings, \$3.20 to \$8. Private 3rd-floor studio-apartment (No. 5), with door marked "A. Testa"; difficult to find, but a place which shouldn't be missed under any circumstances. Marvelous!

In *Capri*, La Tessitrice dell'Isola (Via Camerelle 67) is a small women's casuals shop which also rates a special palm. Cotton dresses, \$23 to \$38; skirts and silk blouses, \$50; square silk stoles, \$24; other items, all exciting. Any gal's dream.

In *Taormina*, Danco (Corso Umberto 126) is one of the leading handicrafts exponents of the nation. Clothes, linens, tiles, bottles, prints, ceramics, belts, the works; one specialty is the Sicilian donkey cart, child-size or for garden use at \$80, or with burro and harness complete at \$600. Superior from start to finish.

Other cities? Ask the local CIT Director *in person*, if he's available—not your hotel concierge, and most particularly not your sightseeing guide.

► **TIPS:** Shopping hours differ. Wherever the *siesta* custom is observed (Rome, Naples, the south), most stores are open from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 4 P.M. to 7 or 8 P.M. In the central and northern regions, however, there are so many local variations that it's wise to check first with the concierge of your hotel.

Generally speaking, Venice and Milan are the most expensive cities in Italy. Genoa and Turin are ordinarily the next

most costly. Rome and Naples usually run higher than Florence. Bologna is often surprisingly low.

Kissproof lipstick? There's a terrific "French" product called Voirnet on sale in major centers, which I suspect is of Italian origin—but whether it's from Paris (as marked) or from Milan, it's absolutely the damndest lipstick I've ever enjoyed testing in what might be termed a vicarious way. In Rome, you can find Voirnet at either Antonangeli Frederico, Via Lombardia 13 (around the corner from the Excelsior) or Bruanca, Piazza di Spagna 78 (foot of the Spanish Steps); in other towns, check with the nearest cosmetics shop. About 15 different shades, all the way from primary-school pink to polygamous purple; \$2.04 each, plus 96¢ per refill. Get plenty of refills, if you like the stuff; personally, I think it's the best deal since the female zipper replaced the female button.

If you buy an Italian silver case in scrollwork for your Zippo lighter, remember that (1) no matter how pretty it looks, the operating design is generally terrible; (2) it's liable to break sooner than you might think; and (3) you won't be able to ask the Zippo Co. to fix it. Why should they underwrite other workmen's products, when all of their own so proudly carry that unique Zippo No-Charge Lifetime Guarantee?

Touring in Naples? In this least-honest large city on the Continent, you might want a reputable guide. If so, Sig. Gaetano Cimmino, Via Rossini 43, is a gem—28 years in the business, and as straight as a string. Write direct to him, or book him through CIT; his agency gets the fee (about \$5 per day), so tip him by how much you like his work.

Things Not to Buy Expensive "jewelry" (much of it is fake), except in reputable stores such as Bulgari or Sheffield in Rome; "antiques" or "old paintings" in small establishments (forgery is a thriving trade, and you must be a specialist); mechanical gadgets such as fountain pens (they break); women's shoes (except Ferragamo's or American

lasts or casuals); cotton goods, except hand-blocked prints (they shrink and reshink); perfumes (too high) and liquors (often cut); anything containing sugar (too expensive); ready-made articles in general.

Local Rackets In any small shop selling fancy goods, *never take the first price*; offer them about half what they ask, and bargain from there. The larger and more chichi establishments are fairly well regulated; the "quaint" places are the ones geared to take advantage of tourists.

By the same token, restaurant checks are sometime padded; smaller hotels will make "mistakes" on telephone calls you never made. *Add up every single item on every tab, wherever you go in Italy.*

Pickpockets are common. Whenever you walk through an Italian train to the dining car, keep one arm over your wallet; these light-fingered gentry are so prevalent this year in the crowded corridors of Second-class coaches that the police have had to set up permanent patrols on international expresses. Watch yourself in trams, buses, elevators, and all other crammed places.

Counterfeit lire have been distributed in quantity within the past several years. If there's a distinguishable watermark inside the white circle of the 500-lire or 1000-lire note, or if it is noticeable on the left end of the 5000 or 10,000 note, you are generally safe; to date, they haven't succeeded in forging this imprint.

As author Cele Wohl once put it, whenever you're approached by street arabs to change your dollars into lire, "Say NO in loud English. It's the same in Italian." Exchange swindles are notably on the rise, and lots of innocent travelers are being stung.

On 3 occasions during our latest Roman rounds, we ran into a new racket: substitution of Spanish pesetas for Italian lire, in returning the change for a banknote. The object, of course, is to confuse the visitor into accepting Spanish money for Italian money—at a horribly disadvantageous rate.

The "gold watch" con game is back, too. If anybody asks

you to "hold" 2 or 3 watches as "security" for a few moments, run as fast as you can for the nearest cop.

Sam'l Steinman tells us of one they tried to pull on him in Naples: the menu switch. He ordered from one card, checked his bill, protested it—and was promptly shown a *second* menu, with a different scale of prices! When in this area and uncertain about any restaurant, require that they leave the original on your table.

Of all the groups of surly, devious, tip-hungry ruffians we've met in our travels, the Venetian gondoliers take our personal booby prize. Make your deal in advance, watch them like eagles, and *don't be bluffed into giving in on any excess demands*.

At the gates of Pompeii, last trip, a hawker sidled up to me and offered sets of photographs of the pornographic murals which are rarely shown to the public. If you're curious (and who isn't?), simply laugh at his first price of 10,000 lire (\$16); I got him down to 3000 (\$4.80), and *still* paid too much! He'll also offer you small metal copies of Pompeian phallic symbols. The purpose of the things? "To wear in the lapel, sir!"—and he was serious!

Be careful when you buy tortoise-shell objects. There is a clever plastic imitation in supposedly reputable shops. The test is this: when held up to the light, portions of the plastic are nearly transparent, while the genuine article is always uniformly opaque. Neither material burns, although unscrupulous merchants will tell you that plastic is inflammable—and then apply a match to "prove" that you're getting the real McCoy.

By and large, the Italians are much more honest than many Americans think. The great mass of people are simple, open, friendly, with a soft spot for the United States and her travelers. Every country has crooks; so has Italy, but you won't find many in proportion to the number of upright, guileless, God-fearing people.

San Marino In thumbnail form, here are some jottings about San Marino, the world's oldest and smallest republic.

Since we haven't had time to trek up here as recently as we'd have liked to, some of this information may be a little stale, sorry to say: *Location?* In the Apennines, entirely surrounded by Italian soil, 35 minutes by car from Rimini and the Adriatic Sea. *Altitude?* More than 2200 feet, with glorious view as far as the Venice lagoon and Yugoslavian coast when the sky is clear. *Population?* About 15 thousand. *Government?* Anti-Communist for the first time since the war. In the general elections of September 13, 1959, the voters handed the Reds their initial defeat at the polls, at the same time giving both women and San Marinense residing in the United States the right to vote. It was a solid blow for democracy, and an important setback for the Italian Communist party, strongest outside the Iron Curtain. *Currency?* Italian lire. On request, you may buy San Marino's copper, silver, and gold coins, which are minted for collectors. *Language?* Italian. *Connections from Rimini?* Road only; separated highway under construction; plenty of buses and excursions; train service might be resumed shortly. *Formalities at border?* Absolutely none; no passport or credentials demanded, but they'll give you a souvenir visa on request, for 16¢. *Number of foreign tourists?* Roughly 900-thousand non-Italian sightseers per year; in High Season, between July 15 and August 15, approximately 10 thousand per day. *Gambling?* The \$1,000,000 Casino was closed by Italian pressure in '52; it's now an art gallery. *Hotels?* Good. Hostelrys are (1) Tre Penne (new, modern, spotless; magnificent vista; only 10 rooms and 5 baths; \$3.50 to \$4 in season; operated by a pro-American whose children were schooled in Long Island; enthusiastic readers tell us that this "Three Feathers," though small, is superior to everything in the Republic), (2) Diamond (also small; modernistic décor; every room with bath; First-class restaurant and convenient location), (3) Titano (largest, with 50 rooms and 50 baths-or-showers; roof restaurant, interior dining room, bar, the usual amenities; loaded with overnighing, conducted-tour groups from many countries; central situation; the Bellevue, its annex, is *not* recommended), (4) Quercia Antica (new building in

charming spot beneath the Towers; modest in concept; private parking). Pensions are (1) Bolognese, (2) San Marino, and (3) Barbieri. *Restaurants?* La Taverna del Pianello, recently enlarged, is still by far the best; food and service excellent; colorful atmosphere; a new partner, Danny, spent 4 years in Connecticut. La Grotta e il Nido del Falco is less elaborate and very cheap; ask for the cave section. Il Bolognese, Il Garibaldi, La Stazione, and Il San Marino are all typically regional; unfancy, but sound cookery. *Night club?* Exactly one—the Nido del Falco, built on high rocks, with a sweep of the Adriatic sea. *Things to buy?* Stamps (at least 5 or 6 new issues annually, totaling 40 or 45 units; for best prices, get them direct from the Philatelic Office or Post Office); lovely ceramics (try Maria Mariotti first, then Norri; this industry engages 400 local handworkers, and more than 60 shops sell it); Moscato wine (horridly sweet); Torta Tre Monte cake (delicious; packed in convenient boxes; don't miss it); U.S. cigarettes (15% under Italian prices); an interesting green liqueur called Titanium. *Things to see?* First and foremost, the glorious panorama. Then, the fifteenth-century Government Palace, where original letters of Abraham Lincoln and F. D. Roosevelt are on display; the fifteenth-century Rocca Fortress (Ancient Arms Museum here), where 2 towers are connected to a third by paths and bridges which are suspended over terrific drops; the Museum of Natural History; the picture gallery in Palazzo Vannoni; the San Marino Cathedral, and the San Francesco and Capuccini churches. *National ceremonies?* April 1 and October 1 are the biggest days, with folklore by the basketsful in the Change of the Captain's Regent. During July and August, there's a special pageant given on an open-air stage, in a beautiful setting. The San Marino Painting Exhibit, which draws popular Italian artists, also runs in summer. From time to time, the Arbalisters' Race is presented; participants are dressed in multicolored costumes of historical lineage. *Further information?* Write or call upon the handsome, alert Manager of the State Tourist, Sports, and Information Office, Giordano

Bruno Reffi, at Via Bramante 33. He's a delightful gentleman who is doing an outstanding job for his tiny Republic.

Liechtenstein

Liechtenstein, like Andorra, Luxembourg, Monaco, and San Marino, is a storybook land which frequently seems to get lost by European cartographers. But more and more Americans are discovering it every year, because this matchbox Principality is one of the last gentle, happy, unspoiled paradises on the face of a tired and cynical continent. Here are some rapid-fire jottings:

Vaguely the shape of Idaho, this midget elysium sprawls between the east bank of the Upper Rhine (near Lake Constance) and a towering range of 7000-foot peaks; it is the historic buffer state which separates Switzerland from Austria. St. Gall is only a hop-skip-and-jump from the capital; Zürich is an easy morning's drive, and Innsbruck (Austria) isn't much farther by crack train. The main railway line to Vienna, one of central Europe's greatest arteries, cuts across the heartland and then passes on Austrian soil within rods of the bordering river (international transfer point: Buchs, Switzerland).

Founded in 1719, it has proudly cherished its complete independence for nearly 250 uninterrupted years; the benevolent and popular Reigning Prince, Franz Joseph II, succeeded his uncle in 1938. The national language is German, the national religion is Roman Catholic, and the monetary unit is the Swiss franc. There is no standing military might; 14 policemen and 1 dog do the job of the army, navy, air force, and marines. There are no labor unions, no divorces, no poverty, and practically no taxes (to discourage Internal Revenue fugitives and financial angle-guys, however, citizenship papers cost a minimum of \$20,000). Crime is virtually unknown.

Industries include postage stamps, textiles, false teeth (a big deal in the economy!), midget calculating machines, and optical instruments; agriculture predominates. The postage stamps boast some of the finest engraving in the world; oddly enough, they have the same value to philatelists whether they're canceled or uncanceled.

Vaduz (pronounce Vah-dootz), the capital, crams 3017 living human beings (national census: 15,000) into one mammoth, teeming metropolis, if you can imagine such staggering overpopulation. Schaan, the national (not international) railway station, and handsome little Triesenberg are the only other villages of importance.

Hotels? Here's how we'd rate them: (1) Sonnenhof, (2) Wald, (3) Real, (4) Vaduzer Hof, (5) Löwen, and (6) Adler. The Sonnenhof is small, capably managed, and tranquil; pleasant view, good food, bucolic charm; ingratiating for a rest. The Wald is the largest; steepest rates (about $\frac{1}{3}$ less than Swiss counterparts); swimming pool; not bad, but not up to the Sonnenhof. The Real, smack in the center, is a new hotel extension of Liechtenstein's most celebrated restaurant; fine for overnight, but perhaps a bit too noisy for a longer stay. The Vaduzer Hof is newly decorated, and more baths have been added (although still not enough!); Espresso Bar in pseudo-ancient local style; music and dancing in summer. The Löwen is Victorian and charming, if tradition is your dish. The Adler has a simple décor and a good chef. For an attractive, immaculate pension, try the Villa Säntis; private swimming pool and attractive, immaculate prices to match; Frau Meyer is an exceptionally pleasant hostess. High in the country, the inn at Masecha is perfect for students or bottom-budget vacationers; direct bus service from Vaduz. The Gasthof Samina in Triesenberg, operated by Herr Kranz, is also an enchanting little spot at the same modest price level. Finally, the just-opened Motel Liechtenstein is situated on an impressive site between Vaduz and Triesenberg, commanding a stunning panorama of the Rhine Valley. About 80 beds; swimming pool; functional rather than luxurious.

Restaurants? The Hotel-Restaurant Real, on the main square in Vaduz opposite the Post Office, is definitely the first in the land. (Its rival, Chez Fritz, is just across the border.) Our dear friend and colleague Paul Gallico, the world-famous author, traveler, and gourmet, lives in Liechtenstein and dines here regularly; on a day-in, day-out basis, he calls it one of the most consistently sound kitchens he has found in Europe. Small, sweet, not fancy; one of the working Real family of 3 will greet you with a smile and "Gruess Gott!" Patron Felix Real brings his Maxim's-of-Paris experience to the skillet and stove. Fixed meals at \$1.05 and \$1.40; à la carte perhaps \$2. Expanded into a hotel in '56. Recommended.

Chez Fritz, less than 15 minutes by car from Vaduz, is at Buchs (Switzerland). This one is a treat: amiable décor, immaculate cleanliness, cheerful service, and a menu of such versatility and virtuosity that it could hold its own in any capital on the Continent. Rijstafel selections from the Dutch planters' traditional Javanese "Rice Table" are the specialty here, but you'll also find a flock of French, German, Austrian, Italian, and Swiss prides, all of them appetizing. The Fondue Bourguignonne (Do-It-Yourself steak bits which *you* cook at the table) is especially worthy. It's a 3-minute walk from the main station, in case you're planning a rail stop-over at this junction. Extra-good; cheers and bows.

The Burg Café, next to the Real, was opened in '57 by Master Pâtisserie Maker and Confectioner Joseph Schädler; his cakes and goodies are so scrumptious that they rival the best work of Hanselmann of St. Moritz. Small bar downstairs; no full meals served, but if you like sweets in the snack line, this is it.

Schlössle is sometimes a lively spot for regional food and drink—the only place that fringes on after-dark gaiety in the Principality. The Hotel-Restaurant Engel, which will open **this summer**, will also feature a cellar with local musicians; the *Liechtenstein Polka*, of which the residents are so proud, will probably be rendered every 6½ minutes. Informants tell us **this** will be the trysting place where lonely male may find

lonely female, when the moon comes over them thar mountains.

The Hotel Lattmann or the rejuvenated Grand Hotel Quellenhoff in Bad Ragaz, across the Swiss border, are also happy targets for a dinner excursion; take your pick. A beautiful new golf course has been opened here, too. Both of these hostleries offer good cuisine and attention; both are expensive, too. Thirty minutes by car.

Things to buy and things to see? Go to any of the 3 outlets of the wonderful little Tourist Office Quick before spending one nickel or investigating one *schloss* on a lone-wolf basis—because you're almost sure to find what you want at this fountainhead for foreign visitors. The 2 main shops are practically across the street from each other in Vaduz, and the branch (handy for making your change; open routine hours, lunch hours, week ends, *and* holidays!) is located on the Liechtenstein-Austrian border opposite Feldkirch. The proprietor, Baron Eduard von Falz-Fein, is supercharged with enthusiasm for his work and hospitality for his guests; this lively nobleman has fingers in every pie in the land. You'll find postage stamps, cuckoo clocks, lovely silver, all sorts of attractive local memorabilia, various Swiss watches, and cameras and photo accessories at German prices. The most fascinating item on display is a pocket-sized calculating machine, as tiny as a pepper mill, which sells for \$150 in the States but for only about \$90 here; it is made in Vaduz and the Prince Franz Joseph holds the patents. Or if sight-seeing is your interest, the Baron will organize a visit to the Stamp or Art Museums and other high points, a drive up to Masecha for lunch on the lovely terrace of the Gasthaus, and later a mountain excursion to the lofty winter-sports resort of Malbun (5000 feet). As a warm-day alternate, he'll recommend a plunge in the ultramodern swimming pool between Vaduz and Schaan which was inaugurated last fall. Whatever you need during your stay, he either has it, will find it, or will fix it; Americans on tour often suggest that he change his name to "Baron Liechtenstein."

Cost of living? Considerably less than in Switzerland, but

not as low as in Austria. Full pension in a good hotel runs from about \$4.50 to \$6 per person per day; good restaurant meals can be had for as little as \$1.

As a final word, we're lastingly grateful to Paul Gallico for his friendly guidance and assistance during our most recent visit.

Luxembourg

Luxembourg is a Grand Duchy, a never-never land of castles, turrets, swords, gold braid, a twentieth-century Camelot with toy trimmings. There's a romantic sort of aimlessness about it, a feeling that nobody works (far from the truth!), that Kirk Douglas or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will dash around the next corner on a white charger, velvet cloak flying behind. It's a happy, serene, fat little land of 300-thousand people. Until last fall, it boasted the easily remembered acreage total of 999 square miles—but it has just given back 1200 acres to Germany, to settle the Kammerwald border dispute, and its size has now been reduced by .2% to 997 square miles. One-third of its inhabitants raise crops or cattle; everybody seems to get rich on the steel mills (seventh largest in the world). There is no unemployment, and no illiteracy. The country is 99% Roman Catholic, but there is such complete freedom of worship that all faiths joined hands with the Government recently in helping a new rabbi set up his synagogue. The operative language is a jawbreaking dialect called Letzeburgesch; this became the official tongue in 1939. But French is common, and English is fast becoming the third language. Spend a few days in the capital, untouched by 12 wars, and you'll find yourself living the pages of an Anthony Hope novel.

One of the most striking vistas in European travel is the after-dark illumination of the Petrusse Valley bed, which

winds its way crookedly through the heart of Luxembourg City. Every night in summer and every week end in winter, hundreds of cleverly placed spotlights and floodlights give the medieval bridges, the massive ramparts, the towering spires, and the greenery an ethereal glow like the magic of a Victorian fairy-tale illustration. Here, in this capsule, is one of the loveliest creations of nature and man.

The U.S. Legation became a full-fledged Embassy in '55. Affairs of State are conducted in an ancient, handsome building with a spacious terrace, overlooking the best part of the valley. Our diplomats here are doing a bang-up job.

Currency In the Grand Duchy, the Luxembourgian franc (1 franc = 2¢) is interchangeable with the currencies of Great Britain, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy and the U.S.

Customs and Immigration A quick glance at your passport, and you're smilingly waved through. If you want it stamped, as a souvenir, you'll have to ask for it!

No baggage inspection, either (or maybe we were lucky). The recent semiopen border agreement among the Benelux countries has eliminated practically all formalities for travelers within the framework.

Hotels The major face-lifting program for Luxembourg's hotels has just about been completed. As a result, the quality has been improved and the choice widened. In Luxembourg City, the Cravat has pulled so far ahead of all competition that there's now no question about its leadership. Comfortable, tastefully decorated new wing, surprisingly elegant for this bucolic land (try to reserve here); cozy ground-floor café, charmingly done; popular bar, at which the good Charly reigns with his warming smile. Controlled in every detail by the dynamic Cravat family, seasoned international hotelkeepers; absolutely the best. The Alfa, next in line, is known as the "Home of the Generals"; mention this one to Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, W. L. Wilson, or most any officer with 3 to 5 stars on his shoulders, and you'll see a

grin of nostalgia. More commercial and barn-like in dimensions than the Cravat, but ably managed by the experienced Mr. Theisen. Good. The Grand Brasseur, formerly the greatest name, isn't the same as it used to be—or perhaps it is and that's the difficulty. It's a creaky, routinely comfortable antique with high ceilings and ante-bellum furnishings; famous Gus Tops, for years the number one host of the capital, has been lured away to the International Club in Brussels, but his former protégé, Armand, has taken over its Old Inn Bar with a flair.

Others, in order of desirability, are Kons (totally refurbished with American tastes in mind), Continental, Hôtel de Paris, Empire, and Central. The Central and the Empire are family-type houses, with rates about 30% below the top of the list. All of the above are clean and reasonably comfortable, but none of them are fancy in any way, shape, or form. Don't expect a Palace or a Ritz, because only the Cravat can be called even faintly luxurious.

If it's country life you're after, the Heintz Hotel in the lovely little town of Vianden is a fine place to lunch *in season only* or—in simple surroundings—a fine overnight stop. It's about 45 minutes from the capital, and it's now the proud possessor of the only chair lift in the Grand Duchy—a 40¢ ride to a forest-type chalet, where you can have a drink on open-air terraces to egg along the mild intoxication of the view. The Heintz is a former monastery, one of the nation's oldest and most interesting buildings; clientele of celebrities; Mme. Hansen, the friendly owneress, prepares all of its fare in person. If this is closed, the tiny Hotel Hiertz in Diekirch served us an outstandingly fine lunch during a recent visit; not up to the Heintz in polish or charm, but a good alternate which keeps its stove going the year around. For other rural hostleries, check with the Tourist Bureau or our Embassy.

Single rooms average from \$3 to \$5; doubles run from about \$4 to \$9. Private baths are available, but they are at a premium.

►**TIP:** Many of the minor hotels lock their front doors by 11 P.M. (pulling the sidewalks in, in the process!)—and if they don't have a night porter, you're out of luck. To our astonishment, for example, one small establishment in the capital told our English hired-car chauffeur that he "must be in before 10 o'clock"—creating one of the funniest real-life tableaux which we've ever roared at in our travels.

Prices All commodities are plentiful, at fairly expensive levels. For \$3 to \$6, you can have a meal which would cost \$10 in France. Don't expect bargain travel, as in Greece; on the other hand, don't expect quite the U.S.-level tabs of Paris.

Night Clubs Charly's now gets our number one vote; small show, dance partners; the décor, talent, and atmosphere are still reminiscent of the sticks, but it currently rules the after-dark roost in the city. The Plaza has come up, too; second-choice to Charly's. Third is Chez Nous—and watch out for monkey-business on your check here (they pulled a fast one on mine); solo strippers, acrobatic singles, and intermittent performances. When we saw it last, the St. James was pathetically patronless. Scotch runs from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per drink everywhere. You can find girls in any of these, but none of them can leave before closing time.

Cover these slowly and carefully, savoring each minute—because when you've finished, you've had your whirl. Even though most residents of this little Duchy go to bed with the chickens, so many Americans from nearby military bases crawl this circuit that these jernts are sometimes quite lively—particularly on week ends.

Taxis Get them at the station. Standard rate is about 40¢ per mile, and they expect a tremendous tip at the end of each ride. Cars are recent and good U.S. models. Drivers are generally more courteous than they used to be.

Trains International trains excellent, especially the air-conditioned, hostess-staffed TEE which pauses at Luxembourg on the Amsterdam-Zürich run; local trains generally horrible. Take an automobile or bus for sightseeing; my ride

to Wiltz was one of the biggest travel mistakes I made in Europe.

Cigarettes Plentiful. American brands, at this writing, run between 46¢ and 54¢ a package. But try the local "Maryland" or "Africain" brands (about 20¢) before you leave, because they're Virginia tobacco and not bad.

Laundry Fast, clean, cheap. They'll do your bundle within 48 hours. Dry cleaning is about \$3 per suit, and it takes several days; if you want express service, you can get it done in 2 hours for the unbelievable price of 10 U.S. dollars! Most work is good.

Drinks Luxembourg is one of the few countries in the world where genuine, honest-to-goodness absinthe is still legal; a drink costs about 60¢, and a full quart about \$5. Most cocktails and whiskies are 80¢ per drink; good Scotch is currently \$6 per bottle. The beer is magnificent; 20¢ for the biggest glass in Europe (and for celebrants, the biggest hang-over, too). They've now stopped marketing Luxembourg wines as such—but there are still some bottles of '53 and '55 around, which were the best of recent years. The country makes its own liqueurs, such as quetsch, kirsch, prunelle, and mirabelle (try this one). Worth noting is the fact that the cocktails are often so terrible that it's wise to stand by the bartender and make him do it your way, if you have to club him.

People The men are handsome, well built, on the robust side. Frequently those in the south, of Italian descent, marcel their hair; in Luxembourg this has no connotation of effeminacy. Despite the noticeably powerful recent impact of Brigitte Bardot and American femininity upon the women, most of them still aren't too attractive by our standards—due, possibly, to their historic aversion to cosmetics. When a traveling companion once bet 5¢ that I couldn't find him one, just one, strikingly beautiful girl during our 350-kilometer ride, I ogled all day but lost the nickel. The people are jolly, friendly, hearty—and they like Americans more

than almost any group in the world; my comment is completely without malice, for their abundant kindness more than makes up for their shortage of good looks.

Travel Information The U.S. wayfarer in search of further information will be welcomed by Cornelius Staudt, Delegate of the Ministry of Tourism of Luxembourg, 441 Lexington Ave., N.Y. Or, as a second and kindly source, young and energetic Consul General Adrien Meisch, whose consulate occupies new offices at 200 East 42nd St., N.Y. The Luxembourg Embassy in Washington is not geared to cope with inquiries of this nature.

Food and Restaurants You'll dine very well in Luxembourg, almost anywhere you might go.

Strictly for quality and not for looks, Au Gourmet walks off with the palm. The cuisine is the best in the city—but the service is terrible (2 waitresses only), the décor is dull, and the spirit is colorless. Prices are fairly high.

Second-ranking this year is the Rôtisserie Ardennaise—which, as far as we've been able to find out, bears no relation to the Brussels establishment of the same name. Extensive menu and careful preparation; recommended. The Cordial has moved to another location, and we believe that it has suffered in the transfer. We haven't seen the Pavillon Royal, a new-ish entry, but reports are satisfactory.

Restaurant Stuff, the most famous, still bills itself as the "Temple of Gastronomes"—an indignity to the noun "Temple," according to my loyal but (alas!) deluded wife. In '46, when we first stopped here, it was outstanding—but every meal since then has been poorer than the last one. Service is so snail-like that your 45-minute lunch might stretch to 2 hours. Attractive country-tavern atmosphere and regional charm in décor; otherwise, in our opinion, a miserable deterioration of a once-fine establishment. Not recommended.

The Second-class Schintgen (rue Chimay) offers an excellent light meal (soup, meat or fish, potatoes, 1 vegetable, and salad) for about \$1.50; wine is 20¢ per glass. Solid, unglamorous, dependable; good for its category. The Roma, an

Italian newcomer, is said to be adequate. The restaurant at the Café du Commerce is renowned for its *moules*.

The dining rooms of the Cravat, Alfa, and Grand Brasseur are all worthy—especially the first.

Suburban or rural expeditions? For regional atmosphere and fine beer, our old friend Joseph E. Gurley, a director of Luxembourg's Board of Industrial Development, tells us that Mme. Freylinger's oasis in Limpertsberg is great fun; we've never seen it, but it's top of our list for next time. The previously mentioned Hotel Heintz in Vianden, 45 minutes out, is convenient and pleasant for a short dining safari. Gaichel, a hamlet-in-foetus near Steinfort and the Belgian border, boasts 3 buildings; 2 are combination restaurant-hotels—and they're both so worthy that Michelin gives them each 1 star! Our nod here—a close one—goes to Bonne Auberge, where the proprietor doubles as chef, where lobster is cooked 5 different ways, and the *homard au cayenne* is the pride of the house. Especially recommended. Speaking of delicacies, knowledgeable travelers never intentionally miss a trip in summer to the Vallée de l'Eisch for sizzling brook trout or those wonderful, clawless little crayfish, 3 to 5 inches long, fresh from the river. Gaichel is a good starting point in the search for small restaurants which offer them (they seldom reach the cities). The round trip is perhaps 30 miles, and a car for the journey costs from \$12 to \$15.

Two additional possibilities: many dining places on the Moselle River are delightful, and king of them all is the Hotel Simmer in Ehnen. The simple, family-run Hotel Halterbach in Haller (northwest of Echternach) is also special; the patron rattles the skillets, and live trout are stored in his little aquarium.

Check these and all other country places before leaving the capital, because most of them close down when business is slow.

Be sure to treat yourself to some wild game in fall and winter. The supply of partridge, pheasant, venison, and wild hare is usually ample. The hare is smaller and sweeter than the Belgian variety. My favorite is roast saddle of hare; the

Luxembourgeois seem to like theirs cooked, ears and all, in red wine. But the delight of delights—a dish fit for a palace—is partridge canapé—a fat little bird served whole on toast, with baby mushrooms and a sauce of pan juices to crown it. Just flip me that bunch of grapes, Juno, and move over!

If you want a week end of forests, brooks, trails, peace, and quiet, you might like the Hotel Bel-Air in Echternach. There's stream fishing and hiking for active souls, loafing for others. The building is on the massive and depressing side, but the locale is gorgeous and the reception is warmly hospitable. For transients, about \$5 for a superb meal, including a sound local Moselle, coffee, and a liqueur.

►**TIP:** Coffee is inordinately expensive in Luxembourg—often twice the price of a piece of pie.

Capsule Junkets Here are some suggestions for covering some of the less-known treasures of this little land. You can pick up a map when you get there, and these strange names of these off-trail places will make sense. All of these are 1-day junkets, based on residence in Luxembourg City:

Drive to Clervaux, take lunch at the Hotel Koener, continue to Wiltz, and backtrack to Vianden to have a delicious dinner at the Heintz Hotel (season only). You'll be back home about 45 minutes after your coffee.

Or visit the Hamm Cemetery, where so many of our soldiers are at peace—continue to the Moselle River, have lunch at Simmer's in Ehnen—and get back to the capital in time for tea at Namur's, a ceremony which you shouldn't miss.

Or amble out to Echternach, where on Whitsun Tuesday there's a renowned Dancing Procession which might be called the New York Garment District rumba (3 steps forward and 2 steps back). Splendid basilica, eighth-century tomb of St. Willibrord, and handsome forested surroundings. Then proceed to Esch-Sur-Sure (from its amusing name, known to local wits as "The Seventh Martini Village") and return.

For single-track gustatory excursions: Try for lunch or dinner (1) the Hôtel Grand Chef at Mondorf-les-Bains, (2) the Hôtellerie de Vieux Moulin near Septfontaines, on the Valley of the Seven Castles route, (3) the stops listed above.

At least take a look at Larochette, if you can. This lovely village is in the approaches of what is called the "Little Switzerland of Luxembourg," a beautifully wooded and hilly region with striking rock formations, between Consdorf, Echternach, and Beaufort. Here's a perfect example of the toy charm of the Grand Duchy.

Monaco

Monaco, 9 miles east of Nice, has a higher population density (over 38,000 per square mile) and a smaller total area (370 acres, or 0.58 square miles) than any other nation except Vatican City. It is just about half the size of New York's Central Park. The correct pronunciation is "MON-a-co," not "Mon-AH-co."

It has been an independent state—almost unbelievable in Europe—since 1415. The remarkable Grimaldi family—"Seigneurs" until 1621, when they became "Princes"—has reigned for 545 years. Louis II died in 1949; his successor is a 37-year-old grandson whose name is now familiar in deepest Idaho, Nepal, and the Congo—Prince Rainier III. This handsome young nobleman was called the World's Most Eligible Bachelor until his storybook romance and marriage with Grace Kelly. Little Princess Caroline was born in January '57, and even greater rejoicing was manifested by their heredity-conscious subjects when the heir to the throne, Prince Albert, Marquis des Baux, howled his way into the world on March 14, 1958.

The Principality is now divided into 4 distinct sections: Old Monaco (a tiny antiquated village which sits on The

Rock), La Condamine (home of many amiable Monégasques), Fontvieille (the new, expanding industrial complex) and Monte Carlo. Don't confuse the last with the others, because Monte Carlo is a very small part of a very small land.

One and a half million tourists come to the terraced hills and azure waters of Monaco each year, to play golf or tennis or to laze in the gentle sun by day and to dine, drink, dance, or gamble by night. The Monte Carlo Golf Club, on the 2700-foot cap of neighboring Mont-Agel, was redesigned by Henry Cotton a few years back. Its 18 holes are scattered in the mountains in such a spectacular way that if the player carelessly stepped off the fairway to make a niblick shot, he might suddenly find himself doing a slow breast stroke in the sea. The Monte Carlo Country Club offers 17 championship tennis courts, several squash courts and practice courts, an attractive clubhouse, and the fabled "Easter Tournament," one of the outstanding sports events of the year. For sailboat, motorboat, water-skiing, fishing, and skin-diving enthusiasts, the Yacht Club de Monaco has major interest; for skeet fans, the Shooting Stand Rainier III is the best within miles. A \$28,000,000 modernization plan was started in '57, backed by the Prince's government and local private capital; some of the features contemplated are 50 acres of new construction (1/6th of the country!), a new Grand Promenade, the reclaiming of more than 1-million acres of undersea land for a new 1/2-mile sand beach, and a 2-mile tunnel which will eliminate surface railway tracks from the landscape.

Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis has enormous holdings—and enormous influence—in this little Principality. He controls the mighty *Société des Bains de Mer*, which owns and operates the Casino, the Sporting Clubs, the top-flight Hôtel de Paris, several other hotels, and many more projects.

Monaco is possibly the only country in the world which has no national debt. Not only is the budget in balance, but the Treasury's reserve, sufficient to cover at least one year

of administration, tots up the books in heavy black ink. Unemployment is nonexistent. There are no income taxes, no inheritance taxes for near relatives, and no direct personal or corporate taxes. *Laus Deo!*

The economy has recently blossomed into a diversity which old-timers find hard to believe. Chemicals, food products, plastics, precision instruments, beauty products, glass, ceramics, and printing are now so important that they contribute between 25% and 30% of the total state revenue. Tourism contributes 5%, stamps 8%, and taxes on tobacco and liquors, plus registration fees, the lion's share of the rest. The intake from the gambling concession, contrary to popular belief, makes up only a 4% share—even when there's a good winning year.

The wheels of the world-famous Monte Carlo Casino have been spinning since 1856. Lately, for their own diverse reasons, both the government and the Onassis-controlled *Société des Bains de Mer* have been playing down this establishment as a tourist attraction. Compared to the lush *kur-saals* of Ostend in Belgium, the Lido in Italy, Viña del Mar in Chile—even to the neighboring municipal enterprise in Nice—it is now noticeably less glamorous. But it's still a *must* to every visitor, because in its heyday there was nothing in the world which approached it. It's the only Casino in Europe, incidentally, where U.S.-style crap games may be found.

Radio Monte Carlo and Télé Monte Carlo, the national broadcasting and television stations, are powerful voices which are heard or seen throughout the Continent.

Festivals, fireworks, dog shows, "Battles of Flowers," opera, ballet, fencing tournaments, international yacht races, swimming championships, lectures, the latest plays from Paris, religious pageants—these are but a few of the many activities and attractions.

Auto trials seem to hold a special fascination for the Monégasques. The *Grand Prix de Monaco*, first sponsored in 1929 by the national Automobile Club, continues to be the top-ranking race of all the *Courses dans la Cité*. It is run

in May, and it counts toward the official world's driving championship. The *Rallye*, an annual event held around the last of January, is a particular favorite with Americans. Stock U.S. and European cars start from different points—Stockholm, Glasgow, Lisbon, Florence, and Paris—and “rally” along the way. Each has a handicap which brings him into the pack as the finish is approached. It is a contest of delicate timing and precision roadwork, not of speed. At the barrier in Monaco, climbing contests are then held on the Principality's steepest highways.

Water skiing is enormously popular; snow skiing may be enjoyed in the French mountains, a few hours away by car.

Hotels The top hotel of the Principality, as venerable and as firmly established as the Casino, is the Hôtel de Paris. In this rambling Edwardian structure are housed sumptuous apartments complete with servants' quarters at \$57 per day, the Empire Room restaurant dominated by a colossal Gervais mural painted in 1909, lavender, old lace, and a cellar of 180-thousand bottles of fine wines, including 25-thousand bottles of vintage champagne. Three additional stories of luxury suites (“La Rotonde”) have just been completed, and the brand-new Grill, on the 4th floor, is so airy and sumptuous that you'll think you're dining in the most elegant salon of a transatlantic liner. Much of this original structure has been suavely renovated in the immediate past—but much of it is still as antiquated as a mustache cup and as mellow as ancient brandy. With bath, singles run about \$10, and doubles in the neighborhood of \$14. Superb administration by General Manager Jean Broc and Manager René Vuidet; you're almost sure to be comfortable, because there's a wonderful aura of charm about this old girl.

The Nouvel, connected by tunnel under the avenue Princesse Alice, might be called a 100-room annex of the Hôtel de Paris—even though this is not officially correct. Every accommodation with bath, except the maids' rooms (which unfortunate clients are sometimes given in emergencies); all of them face the sea; since the rates are identical, and since

guests must make the long hike to the de Paris dining room, Grill, or bar for their sustenance, many American travelers aren't too happy here.

Next come the Hermitage (also owned by Mr. Onassis' *Société*) and the Métropole. The former is old-fashioned in a stuffy sort of way, but its physical plant is superior to the Métropole's. The latter, on the other hand, has a young, up-and-coming manager named M. Scheck, who is fighting hard to overcome the handicap of poorer facilities—so it's almost a tossup between these 2 with a bare nod going to the former. Rates in both vary between \$3 and \$13 per person per day, without meals or those ever-vicious extras.

The Monte-Carlo Palace, an independent, comes fifth—and a poor fifth it is, with its present necessity for a good housecleaning and refurbishing. The staff, however, couldn't be more friendly or pleasant; Joseph, at the bar, is a Friend In Need whenever a traveler needs a friend. You'll pay \$2.86 to \$7.15.

The Mirabeau is strictly routine. Both the Old Beach and New Beach Hotels (*Société* enterprises) are open in summer only; about 40 rooms each; very noisy.

In Second-class, we'd rate them (1) Balmoral, (2) Bristol, (3) Alexandra. Tariffs run between \$2 and \$9 in these three.

Smaller hotels and pensions charge as little as 95¢ to \$2.86, but they're generally much, much too rugged for Americans.

Restaurants Most spectacular, of course, are the Cabaret in the Casino (winter only), the International Sporting Club (also winter), and the Summer Sporting Club. Others offering music at least part of the year include the Sea-Club (see next section), des Ambassadeurs, and Oscar's. Among worthy hotel candidates, the above-mentioned Empire Room and the new Grill of the de Paris are both outstanding, and the Hermitage is adequate. Monte Carlo Beach also has a luxury restaurant with a pleasant atmosphere.

For straight dining, Rampoldi has the finest cuisine, but those prices—wow! We had 1 order of boiled salmon with hollandaise, 1 order of sole meunière, 1 bottle of Château de

Selle rosé, and neither a crumb nor a drop of water more—for a big, fat \$8.64. Shades of Paris!

Many Americans prefer the more relaxed atmosphere and lower tariffs at Oscar's. You can find a full meal here from perhaps \$3.50 up—but don't go for sandwiches or snacks, because it's a restaurant and not a tearoom. If you show interest in Oscar's musical ability, he'll compose a special song for you—but watch out for the kiss he will demand from the ladies of your party, in payment for it! Amiable ambiance, good host, deservedly popular.

Bec Rouge is third; excellent kitchen; slightly sterile décor softened by sufficient flowers; good. La Rascasse, Le Tip-top, and Le Vesuvio (Italian) are typical. Less expensive ones include César (very satisfactory for the money), Pallanca, Castel-Roc, Longchamp, and du Stade. Several attractive (sometimes plush) spots offer snacks; try the Bar at the Hôtel de Paris, Royalty, Brazil, Le Club, Le Versailles, or Le Costa Rica, for the pick of the crop.

Pissaladiera, Socca, Pan Bagnat, and Tourta di Ge are among the food specialties. The "blonde" Monaco beer, 4-quart steins of which are sold near the Gate of the Royal Palace, is known for its excellence all over the world.

Night Life The Summer Sporting Club, on a terrace over the sea, is by far the most chichi oasis during the warm months. During the galas, 1200 guests are accommodated in this handsome (and expensive) social center. Its counterpart, the International Sporting Club, is opened on December 24, for the winter season only. The Cabaret at the Casino draws the elite of 6 continents. The Empire Room of the Hôtel de Paris is also smart, swank, and glittering. Chez Ali Baba has an interestingly naked floor show; Le Knickerbocker is medium-priced (for this league) if you want to dance. Larvotto Beach becomes the very smart "Sea-Club" after dark, where you can dine and mambo under the moon and palm trees. Finally, the new Open Air Cinema, beside the sea, proudly advertises that it shows "100 films in 100 days"—but

who wants to go to the movies in Monte Carlo (except movie-starved roving correspondents like us)?

Day Life The ubiquitous fêtes, galas, and sports already mentioned; the Prince's Palace (open to the public from June to Oct.; tapestries, art treasures, view of the bay); the Oceanographic Museum (one of the world's oldest, finest, and most important, directed by Commandant Cousteau of underwater-exploration fame, with an extraordinary aquarium and a magnificent collection of sea wonders and nautical freaks); the Zoological Acclimatization Center of Monaco (Prince Rainier III personally founded this project in '54, and it remains his favorite); the Observatory Grotto (entrance in the Exotic Garden, 325 feet above the sea); the Museum of Prehistoric Anthropology (also entered through the Exotic Garden). The National Museum of Fine Arts (Flemish, Italian, cubist, and Dadaist masters) is temporarily closed, and part of its collection put on display in the old chapel on the avenue de la Porte Neuve entrance of Monaco-Ville. Finally, the gardens of the Principality are famous all over the globe for their beauty—Casino, St. Martin (bordering the Oceanographic Museum), Parc Princesse Antoinette (olive trees millenniums old), and the strange Exotic Garden (thousands of plants from semidesert countries which cling to the slopes of the mountain, flourishing in their new environment).

Car Hire The Sporting Garage, 6 boulevard de France, is an excellent bet for self-drive automobile rentals. Several styles and price brackets; typically, a Simca convertible for 1200 kilometers (750 miles) or 15 days costs (at last quotation, subject to change) around \$100 plus gas plus oil. The pleasant M. Pierre Jacquin will take good care of you; his cars and his policies are both reliable. And what a lift this can be to a holiday!

Things to Buy We always do our shopping in Nice or Cannes, rather than in Monaco, because the selection on the

French Riviera is far greater, and the prices are almost exactly the same.

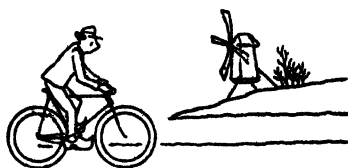
Monte Carlo's main shopping street is boulevard des Moulins. It's loaded to the scuppers with souvenir junk.

The top Paris houses (Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels, etc.) are cozily snuggled within the folds of the Casino—just right for that diamond bracelet, when you Break the Bank.

One store we rather like is Lou Cantoun de Mistral (41 boulevard des Moulins), which features typical items from Provence—printed skirts (around \$20), quilted jackets (around \$28), sleeveless cotton beach dresses (around \$40), and similar regional lures.

Information on Monaco We're happy to report that the General Commissariat for Tourism, directed by M. Gabriel Ollivier, couldn't be more co-operative these days. It will give you full information about the Principality, and furnish you with a raft of well-prepared maps, brochures, and booklets about Monaco, its environs, and foreign tourist centers of importance. You may also buy all current local postage stamps at its Philatelic Office. Location: smack in the center of Monte Carlo, at 2A boulevard des Moulins.

Customs and Immigration None. Get a visa only if you want it as a souvenir in your passport; the cost is 90¢. Bring in a suitcase full of Luckies, a barrel of whisky, a fortune in gold, and they're delighted!



Netherlands

Holland is such a tiny country that West Virginia, our fortieth state, covers twice as much ground; multiply the population of Brooklyn by 4, and you'll have every living being within its borders. Yet this microscopic midget has enormous sinews; it's a major power, and still has some ties to its former colonial empire.

The mix-up on national terminology is still going on. They've been fighting about it since 1842, and there's still no decision in sight.

The Netherlands covers 11 national provinces, of which Holland is only one section; the Netherlands are the people-as-a-whole, while the Hollanders, Zeelanders, Brabanders, and other local groups make up the country. "Dutch" is a generic term which means precisely nothing; the Germans are "Dutch" too, and that's why so many local burghers shudder when the word is applied.

Yet—Holland and Dutch are so deeply rooted in the national culture that The Netherlands and Netherlands are applied only by purists and the official government. So here's our theory: While it's linguistically incorrect, common usage should be a better criterion. Let's call the nation Holland and its people the Dutch or Hollanders.

Nearly one-half of the land is below sea level. Water is the ever-present, ever-threatening problem—too much water wherever you look. The Dutch have partially tamed it with their fabulous chains of dikes; they've put it to work on their 5000 miles of canals; they've pushed it back in reclamation projects which make Hoover Dam a merit-badge project for aspiring Boy Scouts. Recovery of the Zuider Zee, 1350 square miles of salt lakes, was started in 1928 with the construction of the enclosing dike; many dams (the largest 18½ miles long), giant tidal sluices, huge "polders," and the latest scientific engineering, have changed the face of the entire countryside. In an area nearly as large as Rhode Island, entire new villages have been created; fertile soil valued at \$210,000,000 has been added to the national resources.

But the terrible specter of inundation is always there. During the war, and during the unprecedented catastrophe of January 1953, so many dikes were destroyed that their replacement has called for year after year of furious effort. In the course of history, Holland has lost 2-million acres to the North Sea; to date she has reclaimed about 1,850,000. Take the glorious drive around the Zuider Zee, inspect this

fantastic engineering miracle for yourself, and you'll see why they say "God made the earth, but the Dutch made the Netherlands."

The rivers play a big part in the culture and economy, too. The Rhine winds to the sea through Holland; the annual 85-million-ton traffic makes it the world's busiest inland waterway. Three-fourths of this immense load goes through the port of Rotterdam. And let's not forget the Schelde and Maas rivers; Antwerp, the key to Belgian economy, would be high and dry without the Schelde.

The Dutch climate is on a par with Ireland's. It's about as unattractive, for year-round living, as London or New York. There is a fair amount of sunshine—witness the phenomenal growth of a wide variety of plants—but when it's not making honest rain, you can bet a guilder to a dubbeltje that it's misty from the marshes or foggy from the sea. Average humidity is high; to me (but not to a Dutchman!) the sunbeams seem about as virile as a glass of French beer. Winters are colder than those in eastern England; Utrecht, roughly in the center, has a January mean of 35°, a July mean of 63°. You'll be thankful for your tweeds about 300 days in the year.

They call the government a "constitutional monarchy," but, like England and the Scandinavian countries, it's a free-speaking, free-thinking, free-voting democracy. Entire liberty of worship and conscience is guaranteed. Military service is mandatory for all able-bodied males—18 or 21 months of active duty at either 19 or 20, reserve status thereafter. All legal disputes are tried before judges at 6 separate levels; the heart-balm and breach-of-promise racket doesn't get far, because there's no such thing as a jury in Holland!

The situation at the Palace is slightly complicated. Queen Wilhelmina, benevolent matriarch of European royalty, ruled her country from 1890 to 1948. She's 80 years old, is a direct descendant of the Dutch George Washington (William the Silent), and continues to be overwhelmingly popular. Her title is now Princess Wilhelmina. Her successor is

her daughter, Queen (formerly Princess) Juliana, who is married to Prince Consort (formerly Prince) Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld, a gay and democratic young man who likes fast cars, good entertainment, and American-style living—and who does a remarkable job internationally as his nation's most effective Ambassador of Good Will. The House of Orange, to which the Queen and Princess belong, is one of the oldest and most respected hierarchies in the world; it has set an example in humane, upright, honest government.

The Dutch national economy springs from the soil. From a total of 6½-million acres, 2½ million are cultivated, 3 million are pastureland, and 1 million are flower gardens and forests. The average farm is small; if it's over 250 acres, it's practically an earldom. Dairying is tops; milk, butter, and eggs are state-controlled.

Holland is famous for its many flowers, which bloom until late in the fall; the best season is April to June, and that's the time to go. This year brings the World's Fair of gardening to Rotterdam—the so-called “Floriade” (description in “Things to See”). The village of Boskoop, with 600 nurseries, is the largest horticultural center in the world. Aalsmeer, 10 miles from Amsterdam, has weekday floral auctions which draw scores of fascinated tourists (also “Things to See”). Within 20 miles of The Hague is the tulip center, and you'll find more good bulbs there than the combined output for 1960 of General Electric, Mazda, and Westinghouse. Don't miss the Keukenhof Flower Exhibition if you're in Holland between approximately mid-March and mid-May (dates subject to weather); it's a comfortable, 1-afternoon expedition from Amsterdam.

♫ Dutch girls, American version: bucolic, roly-poly, thick-legged, apple-cheeked, not too bright, jolly-like-Santa-Claus. Far from it. Many travelers find that the legendary stolidness, seriousness, and lack of humor are male characteristics, while the ladies take the honors in the firecracker department.

Last, don't forget that the Netherlands is a cradle of fine art. You'll find Rembrandt, Frans Hals, van Ostade, Jan Steen, van Goyen, Potter, van de Velde, Vermeer, van Gogh (yes, he was Dutch, too), and scores of other famous Dutch painters. In Amsterdam, The Hague, and Rotterdam there are enough Rembrandts to warrant a holy pilgrimage.

Cities Amsterdam has much in common with Boston, Massachusetts. It's the same size, has the same twisting little streets, funny little shops, and rococo buildings; but most striking of all is its blend of old and new. You can step from the Kalverstraat, the Beacon Street of Holland, and find yourself in sleepy by-lanes a few feet wide; in 3 or 4 seconds, you'll lose 3 or 4 centuries. Canals intersect the city at dozens of angles—so don't be surprised if you see a barge or two politely waiting for a traffic light at the local Copley Square. Limited (but excellent) hotels, plenty of fine restaurants and gay night clubs, crowded transport, attractions like the State Museum, Rembrandt's House, Royal Palace, diamond-cutting workshops, pushcarts with raw herring, streamlined department stores, broad *grachten* lined with elms, the House of the Sculptured Heads—a wonderful panorama of color and beauty in majestic old Amsterdam. It's the financial center, the shopping center; don't miss it.

Rotterdam, the chief port, used to be as lusty as San Francisco. Hitler's infamous "lesson" to the Dutch people—destruction by bombing of 25-thousand buildings within 20 minutes, without waiting for their answer to his ultimatum,—carved it down temporarily to the size of Duluth, Minnesota. But the hard-working burghers have now completed their mammoth reconstruction program, and the results are astonishing (and humbling!). Excellent accommodations, excellent restaurants; a splendid zoo; Boymans' van Beuningen Museum (new, very important van Beuningen collection just acquired, plus works of Rembrandt, van Gogh, modernists); Scheepvaart and Luchtvaart Museums (first section, ship models; second, aircraft models); outstanding modern statuary, including the recently unveiled prize win-

ner by U.S. sculptor Naum Gabo; 4 one-mile-long tunnels under the Maas River (2 for vehicles, 2 for bicycles and pedestrians), any of which make the Lincoln or Holland tubes look dingy; Groothandelsgebouw, the largest building in Western Europe, with 250 shops (nearly all wholesale companies), a 500-car garage, and a 1-mile air-conditioned interior roadway; claimed to be the second biggest harbor in the world, which both London and Antwerp dispute; \$43,000,000 Europort project, now given the green light by municipal authorities, will clear the Nieuwe Waterweg for 100-thousand-ton ships by 1965. Commercial and nautical atmosphere. Not as interesting as Amsterdam, but definitely recommended for a visit.

The Hague hasn't Antoine's or the Sazarac cocktail, but it has the same number of people as New Orleans. Here is the seat of the government; Amsterdam is often called the capital, but national laws are made in The Hague. The world-famous Peace Palace (meeting place for the Permanent Court of International Justice), the International Institute of Social Studies (in the former Royal Palace), the Palace in the Wood, and a number of royal retreats are all at The Hague. Good hotels, fair restaurants, the U.S. Embassy in its spanking-fresh Korte Voorhout building, crowded streetcars, conservative night life, the inevitable museums, canals, and century-old elms. Scheveningen (pronounced Skay-vah-nin-gun) is lots more fun. It's the big resort section on the beach, part of the municipality, about 10 minutes by car from the center. Concerts, golf, swimming, riding, night clubs, soda-pop stands, seasonal hotels—the works. In many ways, it is the Atlantic City and the Virginia Beach of Holland—wide open in summer, but dead as a herring in winter. As a steady diet, you'll prefer this gay annex to its parent. Like Washington, D.C., the Dutch national capital is a city of strangers—so unless you're a lobbyist, a celebrity, or a businessman with an ax to grind, you'll probably twiddle your thumbs with the other bewildered tourists. Go to The Hague for culture and to Scheveningen for laughs.

Utrecht, fourth ranking, is the geographic center; it's one of the oldest cities in the land. New Haven, Connecticut, has the same population. A railway junction, a hub for religious life, science, communications, trade—some Dutch prefer it to its larger sisters. Americans often don't, because many find it somber and dull. Famous Industrial Fair in March and September; among museums, (1) the Gold, Silver, and Clocks, (2) the Organ, and (3) the Railway exhibits are the best-known of its 14 candidates; in addition, 6 castle museums are within Utrecht Province. The cathedral is magnificent, and the Vismarket (fish market) is so unusual that no one should miss it. Sound and Light Spectacles near Duurstede Castle at Wijk bij Duurstede nightly from June 15 to September 15, 1 hour after sunset; eel fishing excursions on IJssel Lake, with 4:30 Friday afternoon departures from Spakenburg, May through September (return at 6 A.M. Saturday). Finally, De Kweekhoeve at Woerden (5 miles out) is the only breeding farm in Europe for black-necked swans, rare geese, wood duck, and other ornamental waterfowl.

Haarlem, population 168 thousand, has its points for some sightseers—the Frans Hals Museum, a great cathedral (St. Bavo), pure Dutch architecture, colorful gardens, and the beach resort of Zandvoort. Personally, our enthusiasm is lukewarm.

Other important centers are Eindhoven, Groningen, Arnhem, Nijmegen, Maastricht, Leeuwarden, Breda, Leyden, Hilversum, Delft, Dordrecht, Ede, Venlo, and Amersfoort. Most of the rest are below 50 thousand in population, and many of them are charming. For further details, consult the Netherlands National Tourist Office, 1 East 53rd St., New York 22, N.Y., or in any major capital of Europe.

Money and Prices The Dutch use 5 names for money; forget about 3 of them (the equivalent of nickels, dimes, and quarters in our currency), and concentrate only on cents and guilders.

668 NETHERLANDS

Purely for curiosity, here's the current *approximate* value of their currency (subject to change):

| <i>Dutch</i> | <i>U.S.</i> | <i>Dutch</i> | <i>U.S.</i> |
|--------------|-------------|----------------|-------------|
| 1 cent | = 1/4¢ | 1 kwartje | = 6¢ |
| 1 stuiver | = 1¢ | 1 guilder | = 26¢ |
| 1 dubbeltje | = 2 1/2¢ | 3 1/2 guilders | = \$1 |

The plural of guilder (also called the florin) is *gulden* in Dutch, *guilders* in English. This is the unit you'll want to remember. The banknotes are among the most tastefully designed in the world. Artistically, they make our greenbacks look as graceless as Epstein's statues.

Prices on practically everything have jumped 5% to 10% during the past year. As in France, food is the most expensive item (see "Restaurants"), but hotels, taxis, trains, drinks, knickknacks, and tips are still more reasonable than their Chicago, San Francisco, or New York equivalents. Compared to your outlay in Belgium, Italy, Sweden, the Riviera, or Switzerland, you'll continue to spend less in Holland.

Language English is the number one foreign language, especially with the new generation. You shouldn't have the slightest trouble in any hotel, bank, sizable shop, city restaurant, night club, or sightseeing attraction. Otherwise your chances of being understood are excellent—but don't count on it, particularly with taxi drivers.

Attitude Toward Tourists Spiritually, a huge welcome mat, in neon lights. They want American tourists, not only for dollars, but for the deep kinship they feel with the American people. Unlike France and certain other countries, they're openly grateful for our part in their liberation; they like us as friends.

The Netherlands National Tourist Office (ANVV) is one of the best-managed and smoothest-functioning agencies of its type on the Continent. Typical Dutch efficiency, attention to detail, and kindness are reflected by its distinguished General Manager, Jonkheer Willem Boreel, by Henry Calkoen,

Director of the International Division, and by Otto van der Gronden, Director of the Inland Division. This is the high-level fountainhead of Dutch tourism; there are branches in every European capital. In New York, the address is 1 East 53rd Street. Former Director F. H. W. van der Laan, good friend to the American traveler for so many years, retired on January 1, and was succeeded by Mr. Onno Leebaert.

Working with ANVV are more than 600 local offices scattered throughout the Netherlands, supported mainly by local contributions. These are called VVV, and there is one for every Dutch hamlet which can show the census takers a population of more than 2 human beings, 3 dogs, and 5 cows. You'll find these offices everywhere, and they are an enormous help to the wanderer. If you're motoring through the country, be sure to take along the specific booklet the ANVV has published for this purpose (free of charge, of course). Amsterdam's VVV's are at Rokin 5 and the Central Station—both in the highly capable hands of J. N. Strykers; the Rotterdam branch, operated by a handsome young fireball named Tim Schutter, is at Coolsingel 113; the one in The Hague is at Parkstraat 38, and there's a special office at Scheveningen on the central square (summer only) which is run by a charming lady.

The big tourist season is from June through August—but, if you're wise, you'll avoid the crush (and find still greater beauty!) by planning your trip for late spring or early fall.

People Industrious, clean, honest, dependable; often heavy, humorless, slow-moving, methodical; perfectionists in arts and crafts, with careful attention to the finest details; tremendous national pride beneath a quiet, undramatic surface; stubborn, willful, tenacious, undiscouraged by adversity; neat housekeepers, shrewd politicians, clever horse-traders; thrifty with money, but so generous and hospitable that they shame the tight-fisted Frenchman or Luxembourger; hearty eaters, hearty drinkers, lovers of music, painting, and substantial entertainment; far-sighted, fair-minded organizers and administrators; like the turtle, slow, earnest, plodding,

inflexible—but always certain to get where they're going, come hell-fire, brimstone, or break in the dike.

Customs and Immigration Pleasant but thorough, in a mechanical routine. At present you're allowed 400 cigarettes free of duty (or up to 1000 duty-payable, without possession of an Import License), 1 bottle of liquor, and the ordinary concessions which are granted all over Europe—but in practice they will rarely bother any U.S. visitor with *reasonable personal* variances, as long as they're obviously for his own use.

The final restraints on the importation of currencies, both foreign and domestic, were abolished in '59. But nonresidents may export a maximum of 1000 guilders *unless* they have declared more than that sum on entry.

These Dutch inspectors are so well-trained that in one glance they can normally tell whether a passenger is an innocent tourist or a not-so-innocent smuggler. To the former, they are the soul of kindness and helpfulness; to the latter, they are death incarnate. If they like your looks, you might get through without unzipping a single bag; most of the time, they'll quickly examine 1 or 2, as a matter of form. But you have nothing to fear, because they're so nice that you'll probably glow with their welcome.

Hotels Crowded, clean, rather high; plenty of space in winter, but jammed to the rafters in the summer. *Reserve in advance during bulbtime in Western Holland, and throughout July and August everywhere.*

Furnishings are generally old, and baths are at a premium. But you can be almost sure that your room was scrubbed minutes or hours before you got there, because the average Dutch hostelry shines like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Plenty of hot water and towels now, but bring your own soap always; few places pass it out free to guests.

Rates have risen not only sharply but staggeringly. This year, you'll pay from \$5 to \$7 for a good single with bath, \$9 to \$12 for a good double with bath—plus 10% to 15% for

service. Second-class tariffs for the same categories average \$3 to \$6 (bath and breakfast included).

More and more Dutch hotels are offering a choice between demi-pension or full pension *only* to their visitors in season, on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. It's a deplorable racket to soak a guest for meals, whether he eats them or not—and any self-respecting hotelier (of which the Netherlands has plenty) should blush in shame at this legally larcenous trend. The damage to international relations is disastrous and should be stopped—fast!

Here are my ratings, in order of desirability: Amsterdam: (1) Amstel, (2) de l'Europe, (3) Victoria, (4) Carlton, (5) American, (6) Krasnapolsky, (7) Doelen, (8) Schiller. Good Second-class houses are the Park and the A.M.V.J. Centraal Hotel (owned but not operated by the YMCA). The poorly planned Motel Amsterdam is now operating on the airport road (see below). The 60-room, medium-bracket Slotania opened after our latest visit.

The Hague: (1) Wittebrug, (2) des Indes, (3) Central, (4) Terminus. The Hoornwijck Motel is on the outskirts.

Scheveningen: (1) Palace, (2) Kurhaus. The fine little Bali is in a special category (see below). Second-class family hotels with full pension are Rauch and Savoy, both clean and inexpensive (about \$5 per day with meals). In Tourist-class, the Grand is it.

Rotterdam: (1) Atlanta, (2) Park, (3) Central, (4) Rhine, (5) Laurens, (6) Regina.

The new Hiltons? Our mutual Cousin Conrad plans to open the 11-story Amsterdam Hilton and the 9-story Rotterdam Hilton early next year; the former will probably be launched first. Both will have Dutch architects, Dutch financial guarantees, and roughly 280 rooms, many of studio type, in typical Hilton style. Although suites and other attractions will be offered, the general level of amenities will be First class rather than De luxe. Each will cost more than \$5,000,000.

The Amstel, in Amsterdam, is the most famous hostelry in the Netherlands. In spite of its radical current modernization program (\$250,000 is being spent on its bedrooms

alone), the Grand Tradition is always carefully maintained throughout this Grand Old Lady of ninety-one. High ceilings; classic décor in public rooms; many renewed accommodations with wall-to-wall carpeting, all in exquisite taste, and all with same theme but different colors and details; new kitchen; spotless cleanliness; fine cuisine; one of the friendliest staffs in the business. All-glass bar in stunning greens, blues, whites, and tartan, perched on the bank of the Amstel River, where Arnold and Theo will restore your soul; open Garden Terrace for cocktails and tea on the lawn below; here's the smartest gathering place for sophisticated tourists and local society. Veteran General Manager Dick de Bes rates even more salutes than ever for his latest cosmetic wizardry with this dowager, who grows prettier and zippier every day. Tops.

The de l'Europe is perched on one of the capital's busiest and most colorful canals. With its thorough recent overhauling, it is now the unchallenged next choice. Attractive glassed-in dining room, with striking proximity to the boats and barges which silently parade in full view; superior cuisine, above-average rooms, sympathetic and cheerful service. Firmly recommended.

The Victoria, with its handsome modern plant, seems to have pulled out of its recent slump; marked improvements on all fronts, especially service. Biggest feature is the attractive restaurant, with eye-catching flower arrangements, a string trio, and an interesting, well-prepared assortment of international specialties. Good.

The Carlton's 35 rooms all have private baths; 22 come with sitting rooms, and 20 with kitchenettes. Classic Dutch décor, slightly heavy on the damask and old lace; convenient but noisy location; happy for long-term visitors.

The American tries hard to offer U.S.-style accommodations and atmosphere; poorly situated, for light sleepers, at the junction of 2 tram lines; tidy, standardized rooms (mostly with bath), medium rates, so-so. The Krasnapolsky's new wing, to be inaugurated this April, will raise its capacity to 300 rooms and 225 baths—making it the largest.



hotel-restaurant undertaking in the nation until the Hilton twins become operative. Suites will be available; every accommodation with radio; here's an up-to-date, comfortable budget house for the economy-minded traveler, with savvy administration by Director J. F. Staal. The Doelen has a fine plant, but until disappointed reactions from American readers stop coming in, ours must continue to be wary.

The Schiller has long been a favorite with our servicemen abroad; reasonable, plain, central, and an exceptionally good value for the bracket.

The Second-class Park offers every room with bath, most doubles with radio, a nice old dining room opening to a new café, simple but satisfactory furnishings, and the largest billiard room in the country. A sound bet for anyone who must watch expenses.

After inspecting the Motel Amsterdam, built by the International Wagons-Lits Co. on the Amsterdam-Hague Autostrada near Schiphol Airport, we're not so hot about this much-touted newcomer. Two-story, V-shaped building; small restaurant and snack bar; 80 cramped, impersonal sleeping units with toilets and showers; roughly \$5.25 for 1 or 2 persons in season (Apr. thru Sept.); open all year. Poorly conceived and cheesily constructed; we're surprised that the normally intelligent Wagons-Lits directorate didn't do much, much better.

In The Hague, the Wittebrug ranks as one of the 2 greatest hotels of the nation (Amsterdam's Amstel is the other). Five minutes by taxi from the center of town, in a tranquil, tree-lined section, there's almost a middle-Connecticut aura about the setting, the lawns, the garden, and the architecture; inside, however, there is urbanity and polish which matches practically anything in the north of Europe. Modern, luxurious rooms, all with fine baths; handsome dining room, and cozy bar; superior service from top to bottom; popular with the Peerage, Stern Old Dutch Families, KLM executive echelons, and the demanding voyager. Proudly on display in the lobby is an inscribed memento to the friendly director,

J. G. Meijer, from an old traveler named Dwight D. Eisenhower. This "White Bridge" is a joy.

The Hotel des Indes, in the heart of the city, is both dated and ageless. Fine redecorated grillroom, many recent renovations; very good, but not quite in the class with the Wittebrug. The Central and Terminus are run-of-the-mill; both are adequate.

The hotels of Scheveningen are typically resort style: baronial, built for the vacation trade, with an aura of gaiety and an air of nonpermanence about them. The Palace is the leader: huge rooms, rambling corridors, sprawling seaside terrace, moderate rates, excellent for its type. The Kurhaus, next door, isn't quite as satisfactory; clientele not as discriminating; open all year. The Rauch and the Savoy rate lower; family-style, routine. The Third-class Grand, with its 503 beds and all rooms with showers, is by far the largest hotel on the North Atlantic or North Sea coast; it's a mass-production beehive that will give you a place to sleep and 3 meals for a \$4 minimum per day, which is an excellent value. My preference here is for the tiny (less than 20 rooms), unostentatious, early-century-Dutch Bali Hotel, which is run in conjunction with the celebrated restaurant. Modest rooms, spotless cleanliness; unattractive rococo exterior; fine bar, with Bob presiding; extremely friendly service; about \$3 per night, including the most sumptuous, eye-popping breakfast I've ever seen in all my years of travel. Aside from these fantastic breakfasts and rijstafel (Indonesian cuisine—see later), no other meals are served; since most travelers prefer to explore for themselves for lunch and dinner, this isn't a drawback. There are no public rooms or lobby, and no private baths, due to design limitations—but each hall bath, clean as a whistle, serves perhaps 5 guests. *Reserve in advance* through Lou Elfiring, the Director; this little haven is so popular that it's almost always fully booked weeks ahead.

The Hoornwijck Motel, just outside The Hague at Rijswijk on the Rotterdam road, offers 46 small units with plain furnishings, small showers and toilets, and kitchenette privileges; 18 are doubles, and the rest are designed for 3 to

6 persons; rates are \$3.20 per night, plus 80¢ for each bed used, plus 15% service. You may dine in the comfortable and agreeable adjoining restaurant, or you may buy light groceries in the motel-operated shop and cook for yourself. Nice proprietor and staff. Better than the Motel Amsterdam, but not up to its average U.S. counterpart except for dining facilities.

In Rotterdam, 3 new hotels are under construction to alleviate the shortage, including the Hilton. Since final completion of all is scheduled within 2 years, 1 or 2 of them might already be perking by the time you tumble off the ship into Holland's waiting arms. Sorry we can't give you a run-down, though, because none was going at press time.

Currently, discounting the above, the very modern Atlanta rules the roost—with architecture which is almost arrogantly dramatic in places. Every one of its 110 bedrooms (total baths: 95) is equipped with a wall clock, a telephone, a reading lamp, an interior-lighted shaving mirror, an automatic alarm system to wake up the guest, and other advanced features. There's a lovely dining room—stunning!—where music is played every evening except Monday. Americans make up 80% of the Atlanta's foreign clientele, for good reason: it has special appeal for the U.S. visitor. Highly recommended.

The Park is a mixture of new and old; the refurbished section of 35 rooms, has some handsome oversized windows and an unusually pleasant décor. The old section, however, is adequate but no more. The Central has a nice feeling about it—sort of an old-fashioned kindness and warmth. Not luxurious or flashy, but not bad at all. The Rhine ("Rijn-hotel" in Dutch) opened its doors in '59; 140 small, modern, functional-style rooms, all with bath or shower; separate wing, with accommodations for 75 male travelers, managed by the YMCA; prospective guests may select their sleeping quarters by inspecting color slides; neo-U.S.-efficiency-hotel-keeping in Holland. The commercial-class Laurens, a '58 newcomer, is an 80-bed house; 7 of its double rooms come with bath, and all the rest have shower and toilet. Simple, practical, unglamorous décor; breakfast-only here, but 10%

discount given all guests in the affiliated Cafeteria and In de Keuken restaurants. The Regina has good-sized public rooms but very small bedrooms; only 5 out of its 59 total are now without either bath or shower. Frankly utilitarian and plain—but tolerable for a 1-night stopover before climbing aboard the steamer.

Six miles out, at Vlaardingen, the modernistic Delta Hotel is a new entry. Maas-riverbank situation, literally extending into the water; bright, up-to-the-minute, comfortable; not for the Old School.

Interested in delightful country living less than 60 minutes from Amsterdam? Then one of the Jaspas Buurke Gooil and Company's trio might be just the thing for you. Star of this family-owned chain is a castle—Kasteel De Hooge Vuursche, at Baarn—which is straight from the pages of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The building, elegantly replanned as a De luxe hotel, lies in the center of a 70-acre estate; the interior is 100% modern. Every room with bath or shower; bar and grillroom straight from Park Avenue; superb cuisine by Master Chef Sanders; lovely terrace with plastic top, concealed infra-red heating, blue tablecloths, and Venetian-iron chairs was constructed in '59 for lunch and dinner dancing in season; tennis courts, midget golf (real links 1 mile away), horseback riding; unrivaled scenic beauty. You'll probably spend \$10 to \$15 per person per day, including meals, drinks, and tips—very expensive for Holland, but worth it. Open all year, but very quiet in winter. Don't miss this "Castle of High Fires" if you can possibly help it; all-out recommendation for this jewel of hostelry.

The Hamdorff at nearby Laren, 16 miles from the capital, is the drinking center, letter box, club, and social headquarters of practically every painter, sculptor, and writer of the province. Lots of action—particularly on Saturday or Sunday nights in summer. Some redecorated rooms; some still traditional. Not expensive; unusual. The Grand Hotel Gooiland at Hilversum (4 miles from Baarn and 3 miles from Laren) has an 800-seat theater, a roof terrace, a striking rotisserie grill with black, white, and strawberry-colored

tables cozily arranged, a suavely redecorated dining room, a bright modern bar launched last year, and 1965-style bedrooms; music nightly until 2 A.M. Town, rather than country atmosphere; medium prices. For folders and information on these 3 unique houses, write direct to Mr. Buurke, the Managing Director, at the Hilversum address.

The Bouwes at Zandvoort (15 miles from Amsterdam, near Haarlem) is the pride of Holland's nightclub king, N. W. Bouwes. It's one of the nation's most popular seaside spots; every room with private bath and radio, ultramodern décor and tone, main and terrace restaurants, midget golf, an excellent beach, and dancing and cabaret daily in its Extase annex. Open the year around, but summer is the time to go. Merry, pleasant, and fun in season, but don't expect to find superior cookery, because you won't.

Good reports from kindly readers have come in about the Hotel De Plasmolen at Mook and the Groot Berg en Dal at Berg en Dal (both near Nijmegen). We haven't yet visited either.

The one redeeming feature about Volendam is the Hotel van Diepen, which is thoroughly honest and legitimate, and which serves the local specialties better than any place else. More about this in "Things to See."

Food The Dutch relish their food; their cuisine, at its best, is delicate, savory, and full of unexpected nuances. At its worst, however, it's turgid, greasy, overrich, and as heavy as U-235.

Under ideal circumstances, breakfast offers a choice of various breads, butter, cheese (always), tea or coffee, and sometimes a boiled egg or meat. The famous "Dutch Coffee Table" (sometimes a warm dish, then cold meats, cheese, fruits, and beverage) is the national lunch. Many people have a light afternoon tea, and dinner is always the heaviest meal of the day.

Typical Dutch dishes are also typically American: steak with French fries and salad, asparagus with egg and butter sauce, boiled beef. More exotic are minced beef (*rosbief*)

with fried apples and, in winter, curly cabbage and sausage, hotchpot, and that famous, wonderful pea soup.

Oh oh OH, that delight of delights, Dutch pea soup! Let the good local burghers save it for ice-skating time; I like this magnificent erwtensoep about 364 days of the year. It's loaded with spicy sausages and pork fat; it's as thick as diesel oil, as rich as super-condensed cream, as inert as infantry pancakes, and as indigestible as green sawdust—but is it good! Nearly everybody goes for this H-Bomb of the Lowlands Kitchen.

Some of the specialties of the Netherlands are herring (try Hollandse Nieuwe—"new" herring with onions—late spring and summer only, as an appetizer), smoked eels (excellent), oysters, mussels, and other fish; cheese; Deventer gingerbread, currant bread, small sugared fritters (poffertjes); a special caramel candy (haagse hopjes), and an unusual egg-flip concoction (advocaat). Most of them are delicious.

The best bet of all—something no American should miss—is the world-famous rijstafel (pronounced rye-staffel, and translated as rice table). This, for want of a more descriptive phrase, was the ceremonial feast of the Dutch colonists in Indonesia. The cuisine is like nothing most of us have ever sampled—vaguely Chinese, but with such major departures that it is unique in the annals of dining. The most recent ones I staggered through, at the Bali restaurants in both Amsterdam and Scheveningen, consisted of 36 separate platters—platters, not dishes—and, washed down by a couple of steins of good Holland beer, it was worth all the dreams that later plagued me. The total cost for 4 people, including the beer, came to \$8.80. Starve yourself all day; permit yourself only one order of Sateh Babi (spit-roasted pork on a stick in a delicious hot sauce) with your cocktails; when you sit down to face the dizzy array, put 2 spoonfuls of rice in the center of your plate and *limit yourself to one small taste of everything*. Otherwise, you're licked from the start. Highest recommendation of all for any visitor.

Skip lobster in Holland; 95% of the supply is imported

these days, and it costs up to \$5 per serving. Fresh or smoked salmon is in the same category.

If you're hungry at an odd hour of the day, try an Uitsmijter sandwich (translated as "Bouncer"). It's one of the 4 national types: roast beef, ham, veal, or shrimps (take your choice), with lots of trimmings, and a fried egg on top. Wonderful as a bedtime snack, too, if you have a stomach like a Bessemer converter.

Restaurants Expensive. In average places you'll pay \$1 to \$2.50 for a routine meal, but in the de luxe restaurants (which you won't want to miss), it's easy to double or triple these minimums.

For your run-of-the-mill fare, stick to the smaller establishments, the little ones without music or floor shows. First-class hotels are steep; top restaurants are often sky high. If you're watching your pennies, there are many snack bars which serve good cafeteria-style food at low prices. The Rembrandtsplein in Amsterdam and Spuistraat in The Hague are full of them. You can point at the food instead of fighting the menu, a help in language difficulties.

An interesting experiment was launched some time ago by the "Horecaf" group of Dutch hoteliers—a luncheon-coupon system that enables the tourist on American Plan to take his "Dutch Coffee Table" (see "Food") without extra charge at his choice of the 230 hotels in the Association. This gives him a range of 98 cities, towns and villages to roam in. For coupons and details, check with the concierge of your hotel.

Amsterdam? The most famous restaurant in the Lowlands, The Five Flies, was taken over by its creditors in '58. Although it is still operative, at this writing, it is a far cry from its greatness of the mid-and-late '40s, when "King Nicolaas V" Kroese won friends from every major free nation in the world. With deep personal sadness, we cannot recommend this landmark in its present depressing slump.

A real *must*—captivating to the average American traveler—is the previously mentioned Bali restaurant at

Leidsestraat 95. Opened in 1952, this twin to the Scheveningen operation is even better than its world-famous sister. I've already reported my enthusiasm for its astonishing 36-plate rijstafel in the section on "Food"; anyone who leaves Holland without enjoying this unique adventure in dining has missed the chance of a lifetime. One flight up; 2 modern, airy, pleasant rooms with orange awnings and bay windows; cozy Balinese Bar, where prize-winning Lou, the champion mixer of Holland, offers his celebrated specialties; Javanese waiters in colorful headdresses; 10 Javanese cooks in the immaculate kitchen. Max Elfring, the virile, gentle-hearted owner, operated the renowned Hotel Selabintanah at Soekaboemi, Java, before his 5-year incarceration in a Japanese prison camp. Ask Mr. Elfring for "the works"; for about \$2, he'll give you 2 weeks' worth of vitamins in 2 hours. And when the meal is finished, order one of Lou's "Bali Mystery" cocktails (iced coconut milk, rum, and secret ingredients, 75¢)—perfect for cutting and complementing this gargantuan repast. *Reserve in advance* (early the same day). Marvelous fare; an unforgettable experience; highest possible recommendation.

The upstairs operation of Dikker & Thijs, Leidsestraat 82, is the most expensive, most sophisticated, most epicurean restaurant of the Netherlands—and, with true Dutch stolidity, the atmosphere is as heavy as Pumpernickel Rossini. Cream and rose *fin de siècle* décor in pleasant canal-boat French; delicate cookery and deft service; very, very dull at lunch and merely torpid at dinner. Its street-level bar-restaurant, however, is a more cheerful story. Same food but lower prices than in its stuffy big brother; clientele which not only twitches but which has even been heard to laugh aloud. Gourmet food shop adjoining.

Port van Cleve, Nieuwe Zijds Voorburgwal 178, is more moderate and a lot more fun. Two floors: Bodega Bar for journalistically inclined visitors on one side of ground floor, opposite a big, barren, cafeteria-like chamber where waiters hawk your order to the counters like thirsty steers; somber, traditional dining room upstairs, where you should go to hear

yourself eat. The specialty is beefsteak—24 separate varieties, from rump steak at 85¢ to double sirloin at \$2.50—and WHAT steak! They've been individually numbered in sequence since the foundation in 1870; yours, if you try one, will probably bear a tag in the neighborhood of 4,990,000—and cross your fingers that it ends in triple zeros, because then all of your wine is on the house. Cocktails very poor, service rushed, atmosphere plain; don't let this throw you, because here's a \$1.50 to \$2.50 meal which is worth double. Fine erwtensoep (Dutch pea soup), too; get another liver to match your present one, though, before tackling this leaden dainty.

De Boerderij (which we *think* means The Farmhouse—our Dutch at best is 1-cylinder) is conveniently situated on a corner of the Leidseplein—and American travelers generally love it. Intimate ambiance of banquettes, mosaic tiles, fireplace, copper skillets, and piped music; 2 floors, each with 7 tables; small *rôtisserie*; fat, genial Proprietor Wunneberg, a Commander of the Cordon Bleu and the best portable advertisement for his own cooking, wanders around in his chef's cap to attend to the comfort of each guest. Medium-high prices and particularly appetizing food. Recommended with cheers.

The Carlton Corner House, on Muntplein, is a gigantic project which runs the food and price gamut—the "Help Yourself" snack bar on the ground floor (serving hot dogs, sodas, milk shakes, sandwiches, and pastries from 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.), is topped by a chichi cocktail bar, a luxurious restaurant, and banquet rooms at higher levels. Opened in '52; more than 1000 customers can be accommodated simultaneously. Most Americans enjoy the snack bar more than the other facilities; there's a large menu and a distinguished wine list upstairs.

Dorrius, Spuistraat 287, is moderate, traditional, and substantial; my 4-course lunch for \$1.75 was more than a bargain. Closed Sundays.

De Olde Binnenhofje (The Old Courtyard) and Swarte Schaap (Black Sheep), both former Nicolaas Kroese prop-

erties, were also taken over by his creditors when they assumed control of The Five Flies. We don't know how satisfactory they will be this year.

Chow mein, chop suey, and the like? Stay away from it in Holland, because it's almost sure to disappoint you. The "Chinese" restaurants are not Cantonese (the type we know in the States); most of them cater to Indonesian trade, by featuring the Indonesian-Chinese approach. Sure, you'll find attempts at chow mein, eggs foo yong, and other Cantonese specialties—but every plate I've ever ordered has been limp, tasteless, and gooey with heavy grease.

And let's not forget about 2 hotels of Amsterdam, where the cuisine is often the finest of all. The Amstel is tops by several miles; vastly improved, definitely the leader. The Excelsior Room in the Hotel de l'Europe, one of the most sophisticated spots in the capital, is also a joy to good palates and appetites. Both exceptional.

In The Hague, the House of Lords is the local "21"—gourmet fare, suave service, stiff prices, the rendezvous of socialites and celebrities. Closed Sundays. The De Kieviet (see below) is its only real competition in the De luxe bracket. The Saur, famous for its fish specialties, is a runner-up; less costly, slow service, plain appointments. The newish Copper Kettle Grill in the Hotel des Indes has 10 tables with check-plaid tablecloths, a tiny bar, and a cozy feel about it; quick snacks, sandwiches, and a full meal, too; nice. The Royal is rather dull; ultraconservative surroundings, a venerable reputation, as giddy as lunching at the Union Club. The Chalet Suisse, Noordeinde 123, is part of a chain; Swiss cookery in the Swiss manner, at medium tariffs; popular with business people and shoppers. A savvy American diplomat stationed in The Hague writes enthusiastically about In den Kleynen Leckerbeck, at Noordwal 1; he advises that "It's very, very tiny, but the food is invariably delicious!"; sounds interesting. The once-fine Château Bleu, which slipped badly after the death of its former owner, has now opened an Indonesian Garden setup; we haven't seen this rebirth, either.

In Wassenaar, 3 miles from The Hague, the De Kieviet has become a top favorite with the U.S. Embassy group and American residents in this part of Holland. Completely rebuilt after being razed by fire; modern tavern décor, specially attractive in summer; glassed-in-grill-fireplace *rôtisserie*; daylight terrace-dining in warm weather; ask for Proprietor Luigi Gandini. Extra good fare at very high tabs; always reserve in advance.

In Scheveningen (beach resort of The Hague), the Scinpost gets our vote for straight fodder; open all year. The Palace Hotel and La Corvette in the Hotel Kurhaus also draw residents and visitors by the score.

But if you have time for only one meal in this part of Holland, make it a *rijstafel* at the aforementioned Bali Restaurant and Hotel (see "Food" and "Hotels"). This is the twin to the newer Bali in Amsterdam—the original venture of the brothers Elfring, the most famous Indonesian restaurants in Europe. You'll find the same 36 platters (not plates) of the same exotic delights—bland or pungent, sweet or spicy, light or filling, according to your personal tastes—for the same \$2. The bartender, Bob, is a wizard; terrace-dining in summer. Ask for Lou Elfring, the genial and knowledgeable Director. Always crowded; reserve the same day, for sure. Top recommendation to this institution.

In Rotterdam, the Coq d'Or (Van Vollenhovenstraat 25) is for the sophisticated diner, the Old Dutch (Van Vollenhovenstraat 25) for the atmosphere-lover, and the Eurotower Restaurant for the sightseer whose tummy doesn't contract, accordion-style, when unnaturally poised over 300 feet of ozone.

Coq d'Or has a special flair. In summer, there's a serene garden for alfresco repasting. Inside there's a chic, bar-like counter where medium-light dishes are offered to clients-in-a-hurry (goulash, chicken stew, tomato soup, and so on); a blackboard lists the choices (20¢ to 92¢). Extending from this is the candlelit dining room; evening is the nicest time to go. Excellent.

The Old Dutch, founded in 1928, is the meeting place of

Everyone Who Is Anyone in Rotterdam. It's large, busy, and exceedingly popular; the décor, very Old and very Dutch, is warm and friendly. Ground-floor coffee-room and balcony dining; substantial, well-cooked, well-presented food, at higher-than-average prices. Hors d'oeuvres are sealed in transparent plastic before being passed out à la Free-Lunch style; music (no dancing) at night. Jam-packed for both lunch and dinner; be sure to make reservations always. A plus mark for this one, too.

The brand-new Eurotower will be the apex and crowning glory of the 1960 "Floriade" (International Horticultural Exhibition). After a 350-foot concrete cylinder was erected, a 240-ton circular restaurant was then inched up its surface by a team of 60 experts, in the same manner as a metal "washer" would be eased up a perpendicular pencil. Now it resembles a gigantic champagne swizzle stick rising from the ground. A capacity of 800 diners will be accommodated; on clear days, they'll be offered a 60-mile view. Like the Brussels' Atomium Restaurant at the conclusion of the Belgian World's Fair, it will remain a permanent attraction. We don't know about its prices, specialties, or standards of cookery, because it's not scheduled to open until March—but we *do* know that this engineering marvel shouldn't be missed by any self-respecting visitor to Holland (excepting, of course, ground-loving scairty-cats like me).

In de Keuken (In the Kitchen) and The Cafeteria upstairs offered an interesting package when they opened—but now our enthusiasm for them has chilled. Not the same.

The ultramodern Holbein (Coolsingel 65) occupies the Holbeinhouse premises, where Dikker & Thijs used to be. Streamlined aura, institutional food, moderate prices.

Beurs Café-Restaurant (Coolsingel-48) is like the Telle-Telefanten combination of Oslo, Norway—a huge café at one end, a dining room adjoining, and a 300-seat night club (rebuilt and renamed "Pompadour" in '59) to complete the circuit. If you should decide to eat here, don't miss the special pea soup, pride of the house; it comes in a triple-sized, handsome cup, with delicious black bread, for 53¢. And if you

talk fast enough, they might let you buy this behemoth of chinaware as a souvenir!

The Restaurant Erasmus (Coolsingel 108), 2 flights up a circular stairway, is the favorite mecca of Rotterdam businessmen. The Chef was commandeered by The Queen during the Coronation celebration; the kitchen is French with strong Dutch influence. *Décor* pleasant but not outstanding. More for the tycoon than the average tourist.

The Chalet Suisse branch (Kievitslaan 31) offers park surroundings, Swiss food, and medium tariffs.

The Witte Paard (White Horse), on the outskirts, compares unfavorably with a "country" restaurant in the suburbs of New York, Chicago, or Washington. The exterior blends rusticity, antiquity, and Dorothy Draper in properly eye-catching proportions—but the interior, at least to us, is a letdown. Not to our taste.

Genuine "country" atmosphere and charm? Two suggestions, both calling for a restless spirit and a lovely day. First is the enchanting 'tKoetshuis (The Coach House), a large chalet-style restaurant in the woods bordering the road between Rhenen and Veenendaal (look carefully for the sign). The setting is a dream; inside there's an enormous stone fireplace, a rustic bar, wooden tables, rafters, wrought-iron knickknacks, rosy-cheeked waitresses straight from the farm, and old-fashioned provincial cookery which melts in the mouth. Two fixed-price meals, or *à la carte* if desired. A long haul from Amsterdam (about 1½ hours), but just the target and refueling spot for a summer or winter luncheon excursion. Second is the better-known De Beukenhof, in Oegstgeest. It's a more elaborate and more expensive version of The Coach House; tap room, gardens, dining room, converted hay loft for larger parties, and the Beech Tree, for which it was named. Closer to Amsterdam, but not as fresh and delightful as its rival. It is operated by Dikker & Thijs, the Amsterdam restaurateurs who cater to the wealthier and more stolid Dutch burghers. We also used to like De Lage Vuursche, near Baarn, but it is no longer recommended.

If you must go to Volendam, the city of the itching palm,

the Hotel van Diepen serves an adequate meal. Best thing to order is fried eel, of which they are proudest; it sounds terrible, but you'll be surprised how flavorsome this delicate white meat can be.

For the rest, why not explore? I've tried at least 4-dozen restaurants on our visits to Holland, and while some were better than others, none was dirty and few were disappointing.

►**TIP:** "Rekening" ("Reckoning") is the Dutch word for your check, bill, or accounting.

Night Clubs Plentiful. Everything from Cub Rooms to Times Square tourist traps to neighborhood taverns to honky-tonks—the galaxy. You can sip champagne in your evening clothes at swank membership clubs, or you can drink beer while clutching your wallet in one of the most wide-open bordello districts in Europe.

When you start out for an evening on the town, be sure to take your passport. In some places you won't need it; in others, it will be your only means of entrance. As in England, many of the best places operate on the "private club" principle—a frank evasion of the strict Dutch laws concerning hours and licensing.

In Amsterdam, Extase (Leidseplein 3) remains the top dancing spot. Open 4 P.M. to 1 A.M., with afternoon and evening floor shows; 66 tables and 2 big bars; 2 orchestras; 25¢ door charge, and most drinks 80¢; mixed clientele of cheap spenders, oafs from the barnyard, and socialites. Broadway-ish.

The Casino (Leidseplein 27) is the biggest and most lavish; along with the 44 Club Femina, it accommodates the chicken-hunting nighthawks by staying open until 4 A.M. You'll probably be asked to flash your passport here, since at this writing it is operating on the "private" basis described above. Fast floor show, Latin Quarter atmosphere, butter-and-cheese men with fat wallets and fatter stomachs earnestly enjoying themselves at the ringside tables. It doesn't happen to be my glass of *jenever*, but flashy spenders have a good time here.

The 44 Club Femina (Rembrandtsplein 44), under the same management as Extase, has greater appeal for most U.S. visitors. The décor is New School Airline Ticket Office, with Spanish overtones; floor show nightly; Question Mark Bar adjoining, where you can often pop your own \$10 question to the young lady seated on the next stool; 25¢ admission and 75¢ to 90¢ per drink. This hot spot really jumps sometimes, say around 3:30 A.M.; go about 12:30 A.M., if possible.

The Blue Note (Leidseplein area), which had its opening downbeat in '58, is for the Younger Set. Tiny dance floor; 3 cozy bars; adequate bands; small cabaret; if you're 19 and in love, you'll find plenty of similar couples who share your bittersweet anguish. This one earns the parental okays of the local mammas and papas.

The most exclusive rendezvous in the capital is the Groote Club—but this you'll have to crack through channels of your own. It is the biggest, finest, and most distinguished. Your Dutch friends will probably have to get embossed papyrus edicts from the whole royal family to take you past the door, but it's worth all the fuss if you get in.

Most fun of all, if you're bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and young in spirit, is to bar-hop through Amsterdam's more typical small *bistros*. If you're a man and if you're alone, you should particularly enjoy this circuit—although wives usually get a great kick out of it, too.

La Cubana (Leidsestraat 52), for many years our favorite stop, has just been sold by Max Woiski, who has taken his famous smile and his super-terrific West Indian musicians to the sunnier pastures of Palma, Majorca. We don't know who has it now, or what's baking.

Lido (Leidseplein area) is an outstanding dance-bar, with Italian-Spanish music. Relaxing rather than lively ambiance, which is pleasant if you're with the right girl in the right mood; sit downstairs for sure; recommended. Also in the Hand Holding Department, the atmosphere at the Corrida Club (Wagenstraat 2) turns peons into matadors. Tête-à-tête drinking; subdued and slightly faded décor; piano virtuoso Gé van Toorenborg plays the *Warsaw Concerto* or

Night and Day better than *Liberace*. Closed Sundays; still good. The Golden Steps operates on 2 levels: a bar and pianist upstairs (where young ladies may sometimes be garnered), and another bar, featuring a small floor show, downstairs. Agreeable but not distinguished. Across the street, the new Zirbelstube has the air of a ski-resort tavern; knotty pine by the kilometer; no tablecloths; piano and zither splos by the Viennese owner; clean, animated, and attractive for a pause, except for its terrible ventilation. De Doofpot, a supposedly smart nightery on the Rembrandtsplein, had no appeal for me, even though I went back 3 times for a re-check. The staff gave me the impression they had no use for foreigners.

Looking for companionship? Try Scheherazade, Trocadero, Casablanca, Astoria, or practically any gin mill on the Rembrandtsplein or in the Seamen's Quarter. Scheherazade (2 blocks from the Rembrandtsplein at Wagenstraat 5) is currently the pick of the lot; 2 orchestras, dim lights, Dutch zoot-suiters and American G.I.'s, much jitterbugging, whisky which tasted to me as if it never saw the Scottish sunrise, and dim, humid, seraglio lighting. No cover or minimum, but drinks run into money. Plenty of hostesses, and some of them fairly cute. Trocadero, open until 1 A.M., is also a favorite of visiting G.I.'s; lots of lonely hearts here, too, many of whom seemed to run to the gold-toothed side. The Casablanca is a rowdy *botte*: colored entertainers, blaring music, crowds of sailors and their girl friends. In our best Canarsie manner, quite appropriate to the subject, leave us let this jernt lay: it ain't genteel.

The Seamen's Quarter is as blatant as New Orleans used to be—and, in the same way, an interesting and curious anachronism. Along Oude Zijds Voorburgwal and in the neighborhood of Oudekerksplein (ironically, Old Church Place), are low-grade bars adjoining really low-grade cribs. Some of the cribs actually sport red lights. If you wish to see this spectacle, as so many tourists do, the safest thing is to drive slowly through the district, but stay in the taxi. If you want a closer look than this, take someone along with you

(don't try it alone!)—and be careful with your wallet and with what you drink (bottled beer, opened before you, is best). It's a rough, tough, lusty district—the last of a social phenomenon that vanished elsewhere in Europe 25 to 50 years ago.

The Hague? We'd split first-place honors this year between Savoy (center of town) and Copacabana-Palermo (in Scheveningen). The former is a lively blend of high class-low class, with palms, mirrors, striped valances, casual entertainment every 20 minutes, \$1 Scotch, and All-Europe Gold Medalist Barman Gerard Laanen. Tired businessmen's companions galore, many of whom seem to have a VERY cultivated eye for what our Trinidad friends would call De Yankee Dollaire; no raves for this place, but amusing if you strike it right.

Bouwes' Copacabana-Palermo offers a floor show, striking decorations, and inexpensive drinks in the Copa section, and a quieter atmosphere in the Italian-resort-style Palermo, which adjoins. Closed mid-September to mid-May; spirited only if crowded.

Trocadero (center of town), another N. W. Bouwes enterprise, has black patent-leather walls and neo-Cuban-Carnival trimmings; large raised bar almost spans one end and offers full view of all proceedings; sunken dance floor, thirsty girls, a show of sorts. Fresher than Savoy, but not as animated. The 7 Club, up 1 flight, seemed sleazy and faded on our latest look; not worth the effort, in our opinion. Charlotte Chérie is a cozy, 25-watt-bulb bar, made to order for hand-holding; tiny band, tiny dance floor, nice bartenders, gals, gals, and more gals; pleasant drop-in stop for a quick drink. Les Etoiles maintains the ground floor for teen-agers and a separate section for adult nighthawks; solid, danceable music; fairly good, but far from outstanding. Palais Danse (Scheveningen) is open only in tourist (and hunting) season.

For cocktails, the Het Jagerij Club, Jagerstraat 8, has been a favorite of ours for 10 years. Go any time between 6 P.M. and 10 P.M., and tell Owner Jacques Hollander that you're a friend of this *Guide* (introductions are necessary to

this private establishment). Simple, excellent meals if desired; Jean Battiste is one of the nation's best barmen; reasonable prices; closed Sundays. This "Little Hunting Man" Club can be a delight, when you're in the mood for it.

Jacques and Hariette Hollander also operate a good late spot which is open to the general public—t'Malichuys, at Maliestraat 8. Candlelit tables, wine barrels, wrought iron, pewter; dancing; no meals; cocktails and highballs average 65¢; ask for Jean Henri and go late (closings at 3 A.M., except Saturdays at 3:30 A.M.). Also pleasant.

In Rotterdam, there are 6 major night clubs: (1) Cascade, with 2 bars, a large dance floor, a floor show, and plenty of lonely lassies, which is the best on the list; (2) Casino de Paris, with 2 dance floors, a floor show, and an undersea-style bar, which is also popular; (3) Habanera, with the Cascade facilities minus the floor show, which draws a younger and livelier crowd; (4) Ambassador, a less attractive Cascade; (5) the revamped Pompadour, mentioned under "Restaurants," which has improved; and (6) the brand-new, French-style Embassy Club, with a floor show and small-ish dance floor, which we haven't yet crawled. Go late always—not before 11:30 P.M. on Saturdays and 1 A.M. on other weekdays. So-called "respectable" bars—the take-your-wife variety—include Top Hat, Atlantic, Plaza, and Coney Island—the last offering more than 20 different brands of American whiskies, a rare collection for Holland.

Among the more intimate spots, La Roulette Bodega-Bar (Schiedamsevest 146) offers watered-down Reno-type surroundings; the Scotch Inn (Witte de Withstraat 14) features Scottish adornments on both walls and glasses; La Bonanza (Van Speykstraat 152) is proud of its mambo-rumba band, its Latin-American entertainment, and its light-hearted, personality-charged director named Lou Hidalgo; Oase (Schilderstraat 24) also has music; El Amra has Egyptian overtones and Perth dew-of-the-heather.

If you're looking for riotous local color, a quick junket to Katendrecht ("The Cape" or Chinatown) is it. In this Sailors' Quarter, you'll find music, lights, and the fastest



kind of action—after all, since a whole ship can be unloaded in a couple of hours these days, how long can a poor seaman be ashore to finish his fun? In the Brooklyn Bar, the Happy Times Bar, the Neutraal Bar, the Pacific Bar, Tsong San Lao's chopstick emporium, and dozens of similar old-style saloons or cafés, you'll find dancing, boozing, and skylarking in the raw. Lots of harpies on tap for company, and some of them are perfect caricatures of Sadie Thompson. See this before midnight, if you're interested, with the swing through the legitimate night clubs planned for later. Watch your watch and bankroll, drink bottled beer, and don't act like a tourist who has come to view the animals; they can be very rough indeed if they decide to make trouble.

For further entertainment information on other cities, consult the ANVV or the VVV.

► **TIP:** If you want to be certain about admittance to private clubs in the larger centers, particularly in Amsterdam, go to the VVV office during the afternoon and ask them to arrange it for you. They can do it nearly everywhere, including places where your passport alone will not gain you entry—but don't expect any luck with the management of the Groote Club, because this one is fussier than Phi Beta Kappa.

Taxis We used to nourish the illusion that Dutch cab drivers were more honest and more trustworthy than their colleagues in most other European lands. But now we don't. On repeated recent visits to the Netherlands, they cheated us blind—or tried to!—at least one-fourth of the time. It's both shocking and disappointing, in a nation of such solid moral values and such legendary integrity.

For a gratuity, the driver will *expect* 10% but sometimes *ask for* 25% or more; give him about 15%, and tell him to whistle. On a recent round, for example, the petty racketeer at the wheel of a car in The Hague demanded "10% for me and another 10% for the company"—lying through his teeth, of course, about the "company's" mythical share. If your man has a meter, be sure that the flag is pulled down at the beginning—and at the end, be sure that he doesn't roll the tabu-

lations back to zero before you have a chance to *see for yourself* what they read. If he doesn't have a meter, always find out the cost before climbing aboard.

Rates (and practices) differ from city to city. There are no special supplements or extra charges for night calls in most (not all) centers. Wherever you go, you may be sure that it's pleasantly cheap, provided that you're paying the correct totals.

If your hotel porter can't get you a cab (allow him about 15 minutes at peak traffic), take a tram or a bus. The cost is 6 American pennies, the service is frequent, and you'll be reminded of the New York subway at 5:05 P.M. Everybody speaks English; you won't get lost.

Otherwise, you're left with a boat, a bicycle, a self-drive car, or 2 overworked feet.

Trains Fast service, accurate schedules, high frequency. Among the world's most modern rolling stock, now 100% electric or diesel—but equipment still isn't sufficient to cope with the enormous traffic demands. During rush hours, you might stand up all the way. Ride First class wherever you go in Holland, because distances are short, the price difference is trivial, and Second can be uncomfortably overcrowded.

Electric trains run from Amsterdam to The Hague every half hour, and more often during the traffic peaks; most of them have coffee bars. Express and "D" trains (the latter are always international) have adequate dining cars. Fares are extremely low. "D" trains charge an extra 25¢ per passenger, and they're worth it.

Watch out for the inland round-trip ticket. There's a 1-day variety which expires as soon as the last train on the timetable of that night pulls out. When the second half is invalid, take it to the window where you originally bought it. Maybe just maybe—you'll be given satisfaction.

The best bet for serious riders (unless you have your *Busrailpass*—see page 125) is the 8-day season ticket which is valid all over the Netherlands Railways network, on The Hague-Amsterdam bus, and on the Enkhuizen-Stavoren

ferry. Use it until calluses appear on your nether regions—as often and as much as you like—for a flat price of \$19.74 in First or \$13.68 in Second class. Available in all Dutch railway stations. *Bring a passport photo!*

Porters are found only at the larger stations. Generally they are robbers. You must pay a set rate per piece, plus a tip—but don't give them more than a 20% gratuity, even if their bleats can be heard all the way to the Hoek-of-Holland. They may be ordered in advance through a special postcard furnished by the railway. As we oafishly stare at the Dutch text and unintelligible blank spaces on the sample in front of us now, however, we've decided that it's bar-bell lifting for us, starting tomorrow at dawn.

Airline At Cairo I spent a stimulating evening with one of America's best-known, best-loved fliers, an expert whose opinions on international aviation have been sought after by 35 separate countries. I asked him flatly if any airline stood alone, head and shoulders above all others, in personnel, equipment, maintenance, dependability—all phases of operation.

His answer was immediate.

"KLM," he said. "I have no hesitation in saying that they're the greatest airline flying today."

That's one man's opinion, of course. Whether or not you'll go that far is something else—but nobody denies that KLM is a colossus of aviation, with a sterling reputation and a magnificent record.

The Royal Dutch Airlines (this is the proper name) was founded in 1919 by Flight Lieut. Albert Plesman, late President of the corporation. From 1920 to 1940, 1-million passengers were carried 193-million miles with such precision and safety that the record is still unchallenged. On its Fortieth Anniversary Jubilee last fall, officials paused to contemplate its amazing progress: from the original roster of 1 plane and 12 employees, KLM has now mushroomed to nearly 100 aircraft and 16-thousand workers.

Pick a major city almost anywhere in the world, and

chances are good that KLM flies there. In addition to covering 42 separate points all over the European continent, they blanket the Middle East, the Far East, Africa, Australia, South America, Central America, and the West Indies. New York, Miami, and Houston are its United States termini. If you're watching the skies in Bagdad, Moscow, Guayaquil, Rangoon, Tel Aviv, Kristiansand, Kano, or Biak, New Guinea, sooner or later those Flying Dutchmen will be there.

The KLM fleet consists of DC-8 pure jets, Electra prop-jets, Super-Constellations, Constellations, DC-7C's, DC-6B's, DC-6's, DC-3's, Viscounts, Convairs, and 1 DH model (for photo-work only). In this grand roster of modern aircraft, note the absence of outmoded junk at the bottom of the pile. You can fly the worst, shortest, most remote route of KLM and still be sure of an airplane that is rocking-chair safe.

Maintenance is superb; pilots must pass a rigid 3-year special course; 2000 qualified crew members are on tap. Most runs have hostesses (*very* pretty, too); some have male stewards, as well. Food is typically Dutch; even on the far-flung Singapore and Argentine runs, where we recently flew KLM, it is more appetizing than on the majority of lines.

If you should ever find yourself tangled up with scheduling problems or other emergencies involving this fine carrier, take them to Ed Murphy at KLM, Fifth Ave. and 49th St., N.Y. He's from the same emerald Dutch sod as Pat O'Brien and Jim Farley—and there's a twinkle in his eye that has made friends for KLM (and for himself!) all over the world. Or if he should happen to be out of New York when you need him, the amiable Hans Fischer will take good care of you, too.

Recommendation: A magnificent carrier. KLM has my complete respect, confidence, and admiration.

Cars Every major city has a flock of Drive-Yourself agencies; look in the phone book or ask the concierge of your hotel.

Obviously, the rate scale varies with the size and age of the car. Since Holland is tiny and flat, its trunk roads are super-

highways, its gasoline is costly (by U.S. standards), and a Chrysler or even a Chevvie is an unnecessary luxury. Most travelers who tour this land by motor are happily satisfied with the European puddle-jumper—and they save a great deal of money.

On a recent visit, The Hague happened to be our Dutch base-of-operations. We found its Javabrug Garage (Balistraat) highly recommendable, after cussing our way through 2 miserable cars (and 3 breakdowns) foisted on us by the insouciant people at the Tromp Garage (Trompstraat). Javabrug charged a few guilders more, but the difference in comfort and peace of mind was worth a hundred times its slightly higher tariffs.

►TIPS: A tax-free automobile showroom was opened in '58 at Schiphol, Holland's international airport, through the collaboration of the Netherlands Government (who cleared the permissions), KLM (who gave the concession), and a U.S.-Dutch agency called ShipSide. Upon debarkation, intercontinental travelers (*not* travelers from other European points) may take their pick from a large selection of foreign-made cars and *drive away within 15 minutes*. This fleet has been provided in advance with ownership cards, other documentation, and license plates. All that remains is to (1) fill in your name and address wherever necessary, in the presence of a Customs Officer, (2) disgorge the necessary dollars from that secret recess in your wallet, and (3) roll your shiny new acquisition away. End-of-trip U.S. delivery or European repurchase plans. Here's a unique facility which saves a pot of money, the only one of its kind now available on the Continent. Intriguing catalogue may be had from ShipSide, 15 East 40th St., N.Y., or from your nearest KLM office.

The *Carnets des Passages en Douane* is no longer required in Holland.

Radiator mascots and other protuberances were banned from *all* motor vehicles by Dutch authorities in '59. If you're caught, the gadget will be confiscated and you'll pay up to a \$20 fine. Too many cyclists have been unnecessarily maimed

in recent collisions—and this is a country with more bicycles than fleas.

Cigarettes Holland has plenty of American cigarettes, but their prices are murderous. You'll pay up to 63¢ for your favorite brand.

The best thing to do, of course, is to bring your own supply. You may import 400 without any duty; since your bags are seldom opened at the border, 3 or 4 cartons for your personal use will probably get by.

If you run short, there are now many local brands which sell for 1 guilder (26¢) and are a pretty good substitute. Among these, Lexington is the best I found. The cigars (Sumatra leaf) sell for 6¢ to 12¢; some of them are perfectly wonderful—next to the Ducados of Denmark, the best I've found in Europe.

Laundry You can get your bundle done in most leading hotels in 2 or 3 days; others take longer. The work is up to the fine Dutch standards. Give it to the maid as soon as you arrive, and make sure she understands your deadline for delivery.

Drinks A bonanza. Unknown brands of Scotch can be bought for about \$4.50, with proprietary brands running up to \$6; imported ryes, bourbons, gins, rum, Canadian Club, and others are well represented these days in all of the better shops, bars, and restaurants, at decent prices. And the good Heineken and Amstel beers, bless their soothing souls, are 10¢ to 15¢ per mug.

Dutch gin (they call it *jenever*) is like olives or oysters—for taste buds which can flash a college degree. It's colorless, volatile, aromatic, slightly bitter—a flavor you'll find in no other bottle in no other land. Drink it from a shot glass, in one gulp; when you blow out your breath, be careful of that stranger's cigarette 20 feet away. And never attempt to make a Martini of it, as I did; the results curled my scanty locks. It is not made for any kind of mixing.

The liqueurs are interesting; over 40 varieties are now on

the shelves. Ask for Bols products; they are always dependable, while some imitations are not.

►TIPS: When the drinks are on you, say "Let's have a *borrel*!" It's the universal Dutch invitation; in Americanese, it translates "Got time for a short one, brother?"

Since brewers are usually given exclusive contracts, most Dutch restaurants sell only 1 brand of beer.

Sports Cycling, swimming, sailing, rowing and canoeing, water-skiing, fishing, skating, tennis, European football and riding. Plenty of golf. It originated in the Netherlands as "Kolf," and there are good links at The Hague (Wassenaar), Noordwijk, Zandvoort, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hilversum, Utrecht, Domburg, Eindhoven, and smaller centers, where guest cards are available for foreign travelers. Better check the Nederlandsch Golf Comité (Netherlands Golf Union) offices at Herengracht 199, Amsterdam—or, in a pinch, the local VVV office.

There's horse racing of a sort, nearly every Sunday in season, at Mereveld, near Utrecht.

Fishermen should contact the Netherlands Angling Club for information (N. J. de Wit, Chairman, Kon. Wilhelminalaan 33 at Voorburg, near The Hague; phone 859266); private fliers can get all their dope from the Air Tourist Office, Jozef Israëlsplein 8, The Hague.

But don't forget that bicycle. In Holland it's the sport of queens, kings, bankers, and plumbers.

Things to See Before offering any positive suggestions on this subject, I hasten to interject a negative one: the once-classic tourist meccas of Marken and Volendam are not recommended today. The Dutch Government has been laboring valiantly to knock some manners into these rotten-spoiled villagers and to root out the phony-baloney sham that has flummoxed so many foreign visitors—with some success in Volendam, and less in Marken. The latter ceased being an island in '59, incidentally, when a new dike linked it with the mainland. Our advice still remains: skip these traps and

go to Spakenburg instead. Here's a hamlet where the folk-dress and charm are genuine—and it's only 1 hour from Amsterdam. Or go on from Zwolle to Giethoorn (called "The Dutch Venice") and Staphorst, which is straight from a quaint old print. These are the real stuff, not a hammy theatrical display.

Holland's star attraction this year is the "Floriade," the first World's Fair of Gardening to be held since the war. Between March 25 and September 25, an estimated 5-million green-thumbers will swarm through this greatest of horticultural exhibitions. More than 125 acres in the center of Rotterdam have been set aside for the doin's, and the area will be dominated by the 350-foot Eurotower (see "Restaurants"). At least a dozen nations will participate. This show marks twin commemorations: the 400th anniversary of the introduction of tulips to the nation, and the centenary of the Royal Netherlands Society for the Culture of Flower Bulbs. It ought to be a magnificent spectacle—but make your hotel reservations early!

A second special event this season will be the revival of the Dutch Passion Play, which is presented every fifth year only. Tegelen, in the Limburg region, will again be the site; there will be 31 performances between May 26 and September 4. It is given in a 6000-seat open-air theater, and the duration is only 4 hours (Oberammergau is 8). Naturally, the players are all townspeople. See your travel agent for tickets and details.

In Amsterdam, the first thing you should do is to take a boat ride around the city—especially during the Festival (see below), when everything's ablaze with special illumination from 8:30 P.M. to midnight. For 45¢ you can travel for 1½ hours, and you'll treasure the barge pilot's view of the most intriguing canals. Along the Rokin, the Nassaukade, and the Damrak you'll find 4 or 5 lines, all controlled by the municipality. Try to get the *MS Wilhelmina*, if she's in; she's one of the very best. If she's not, other boats leave at 15-minute intervals; most of them have glass roofs. Here is a junket that is

really fun. You'll see everything from the Blue Bridge to the Brewer's Canal to the red-light district.

A new after-dark feature which amused scores of American visitors in '59, its initial year, is Playhouse International—the only live theatrical show on the Continent in English. Backbone of the cast is British, with a few local luminaries sprinkled through the acts to give it spice. Last summer it was a comedy called "Going Dutch"; in '60, it will be something else. There'll be 2 nightly presentations (7:30 P.M. and 10 P.M.) and 3 Saturday turns (5 P.M., 7:30 P.M., and 10 P.M.) from June through September; on Tuesdays, however, the house will be dark. Tickets range from 92¢ to \$2.63; seats may be obtained at the Bellevue Theater, 400 Marnixstraat (phone: 30561), or through your hotel concierge. An unusual diversion for European soil.

For puzzled trippers who can't make up their minds about their day's activities, there's a new "Informaphone" service in the VVV information booth opposite the Central Railway Station in the capital. Special telephones at the booth give 2 minutes of recorded suggestions in a choice of 4 languages (English, French, German, or Dutch). The bulletins are changed daily and are geared to the weather. On rainy days, for example, indoor events are stressed. After the transcription, a drawer at the base of the telephone opens automatically, dispensing folders, maps, and other helpful data for sightseeing. These gadgets are coin-operated, and the whole ball-of-wax will cost you the opulent sum of 2½¢. There are even 2 headsets, so that couples may listen, at no extra charge!

From mid-June to mid-July is the Holland Festival, an enterprise sponsored by Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, Delft, and Scheveningen; this is a good time to plan to be in Holland. Most of the Festival revolves around music: alternate or simultaneous dramas, concerts, opera, or ballet in various cities—something big every night—with an occasional film exhibition to change the pace. The ANVV offices abroad can make reservations for any of these, but the more direct and satisfactory way is to write the Booking Office,

Holland Festival, Gevers Deynootplein 30, Scheveningen, Netherlands—or call by phone or in person.

There are many interesting excursions within shooting distance of Amsterdam. Alkmaar on a Friday morning between Easter and late September is a very happy one, if the weather is good: the huge cheese market is running full blast; it's colorful and surprisingly odorless. Aalsmeer, only 10 miles out, is the permanent flower center, both physically and financially; hundreds of thousands of blooms from the surrounding countryside pour into this funnel daily, where they are sorted, selected, and sold at auction in 2 gigantic wholesale markets. Exquisite colors and varieties, many of them brand-new to the U.S. amateur gardener; a lovely spectacle, which must be viewed before 11 o'clock in the morning on any seasonal weekday (not Sunday); Saturdays are poorest, and Tuesdays and Thursdays are best. Haarlem, except for Zandvoort Beach, is a waste of time as far as we're concerned. Except for the memorabilia of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the ethnological museum, Leyden is nothing special, either. The Hague has a couple of excellent museums, the lively beach resort of Scheveningen, and a fairy-tale wonder for kids and adults alike: Madurodam, the most amazing miniature city in existence. This modern-day Lilliput, covering more than 18-thousand square yards, is a complete community of castles, churches, homes, shops, docks, airport—everything imaginable. And all the thousands of details are a perfect 1/25th of their normal scale. It's open from late March to mid-October, including Sundays; admission is 26¢ for grownups and 12¢ for juniors less than 16 (10-year-olds or under must be escorted); 11 P.M. closings in summer; restaurant on premises; don't miss this unique attraction, whether you're 7, 17, or 70. Rotterdam, slightly more than an hour from Amsterdam, has some glorious river views, some excellent harbor installations, and some wonderful people. Try the VVV Sightseeing Tour, operated several times daily from April through September at 56¢ per person. It takes 1¼ hours, and fans out from the VVV office (Coolingel 113); this is the best. Or try one of the well-

known Spido cruises of the fabulous docks—1½ hours on the briny for 50¢, with frequent departures in both summer and winter, and water-taxi service every hour on the hour in winter, all from the Willemsplein Landing Stage. As an alternate, excursions by car to the Mill District were inaugurated last spring. The Blij-Dorp Zoo perhaps the most modern in Europe, is also a treat for Bronx Park fans—and who isn't? And the new "Lijnbaan" Shopping Center brings cheers from even Texas, California, or Florida gals. Further suggestions for Rotterdam may be found under "Cities."

If you are wandering near the German border, around Arnhem and Nijmegen, you might find a detour of an hour or so to the War Museum at Overloon interesting. Here, on the site of one of the greatest tank battles of the war, a 40-acre park has been set aside, on which has been assembled every conceivable type of armored vehicle, artillery piece, small arm, automatic weapon, mine, and war-making device that was used in the liberation. The section on booby traps is especially noteworthy. Admission is about 25¢ (children, 6¢), and there are 2 fairly good restaurants in the woods surrounding the exhibits.

The finest trip in Holland—one of the most stimulating and rewarding holidays in Europe—is the circuit of what we'll still call the Zuider Zee (the official name is now the "Ijsselmeer"), with a stop-off at the wild and beautiful island of Texel. The Zuider Zee, as you know, is a gigantic stretch of salt lakes that indent the center of Holland's coastline all the way down to Amsterdam; now blocked off from the sea by an 18½-mile dam, hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable land have been recovered from it. American Express offers a 3-day "Lure of The Netherlands" group tour by private car for \$48.66 per person (omitting Texel). Departures every Friday from April to September; a minimum of 3 seats must be filled by you or other bidders; rooms without bath, all meals, all entrance fees, and guide-driver tips are included. With other agents, they also operate a motorcoach tour of the same circuit, on a request-only basis. Generally speaking, we don't happen to care much for American Ex-

press sightseeing on the Continent—but this one is so well-planned and carefully managed that it gets our vote as the best excursion in the nation.

If you're driving your own automobile, you can make the Zuider Zee circle in 1 day of hard pushing—again omitting Texel, of course. This isn't recommended, however, because the pace will knock you out. If you can spare 2 days, you must still skip Texel; in this case, by far the best place to spend the night is the Hotel van Gijtenbeek in Zwolle. Though deep in the rural district, its comfort is good. If you can spare 3 or even 4 days, you are in for a junket which you'll never forget, for here's the real heart of Holland.

Two points to remember: The ferry schedule to Texel should be checked before leaving Amsterdam, because it changes according to the season. And motorists who wish to take their own cars to this remote, wind-swept kingdom of birds must book their transportation with Texel's Eigen Stoomboot Onderneming, Schilderseinde 40, Den Burg, Texel (phone: Texel 22).

Spakenburg, for my money, is the most picturesque port in Holland. The alert and reliable Bergmann Travel Service (Prins Hendrikkade 47a, Amsterdam, tel. 46665) run especially satisfactory private-car trips here, with Bunschoten thrown in; they're a fine value. The inhabitants wear their regional dress all day every day, with special ones pulled out of the mothballs for Sundays. How the women manage their high buckram shoulder-boards is beyond me—and how they ride their bicycles in clumsy, yellow wooden shoes is even more of a mystery. The little 5- or 6-year-old girls in their regalia are precious; I fell in love with at least 12 of them during my visit, a love which was shyly returned as soon as they spotted my Life Savers. There's a tiny harbor in the center, full of boats that are like the local footgear on a larger scale; there's also a fish-smoking plant where you can watch the herring turn a golden russet in the ovens. If you visit this village, particularly on a Sunday, be sure to ask permission before you take photographs of the people. Easy 1-hour drive from Amsterdam.

Harderwijk, Giethoorn, Staphorst, De Cocksdorp, Sneek—Holland is full of delightful little hamlets as intriguing as their names.

Boating in Holland There are several ways to see the Netherlands by water. The most carefree and enjoyable, if you're a sailor, is from the deck of your own chartered boat. This can be arranged through the official agency, Netherlands Boat-Owners' Association, Eilandswal 3, Alkmaar. For a relatively modest price, they will furnish you with one of several types of craft and a skipper, should you need him. There are no "conducted" routes; you're on your own, to wander where you like on the thousands of inland waterways. Rates run up to \$170 per week for July and August (lower during other months), plus gasoline (available everywhere at canal filling stations), lubricating oil, and chow for the hired help. Charts are provided; mail is forwarded; Water Consuls in all villages will keep you from getting lost, if you need their advice. Write to this Association for details. What a way to see *any* country!

The once-famous Rhine cruises from Holland aren't worth the bother of most U.S. wanderers today, sad to say. The Alpina-Rhine Line, a Swiss outfit, operate 2 dinky steamers to Basle on a once-per-week basis, and the Rhine Cruises Co. make 11-day runs to Germany, as well as 8-day sailings through the Dutch countryside. Several other companies have also come into the picture. But the hook is this: since most of them are specifically designed for the British traveler, who constitutes 99% of their traffic, usually you've got to buy the whole English package, in order to get aboard—which means, of course, that your starting point must be London. It's a shame, because this used to be such a popular and delightful travel experience.

Tipping Hotels take 15% automatically on stays less than 5 days (slightly lower for longer visits); this includes bar bills charged to your room. Give taxi drivers 15% of the fare; 50 Dutch cents is generous for a short ride. Waiters get 15%, theater ushers nothing, washroom attendants 20 Dutch

cents, hairdressers about 20%. Railway porters make their own fees; they expect 15% to 20% more than the set rate per bag. Give the hall porter in your hotel a few guilders when you check out; he works hard for you, and it's the usual thing to do. Give the maid or other staff people a few guilders, too, if you have had any special services.

In general, the Dutch (not counting the taxi drivers) are far less grabby than the French, Italians, or Egyptians, but not quite so unmercenary as the Norwegians, Swiss, Spanish, or Danes. Use your judgment, and you'll get along famously.

Things to Buy Diamonds, Delft porcelains, Dutch crystal, Dutch silver, handicrafts, art, antiques, and bric-a-brac are the top specialties here.

In *Amsterdam*, the best shopping streets are Kalverstraat and Rokin—either of which can be covered in perhaps 15 minutes of walking. Antique hounds will find about 30 establishments on Nieuwe Spiegelstraat for happy browsing.

While diamonds are a terrific bargain, they can also be tricky to buy. That's why we suggest that you head straight to the oldest and most solid gem merchant in the Netherlands—the house of Bonebakker (Rokin 88). The premises of these people are as elegant as those of Cartier or Bulgari—but don't let this scare you, because their prices are strictly standard and fair. Your local sightseeing guide will probably insist on leading you by the ear to various "factories"—some good, some tourist traps. As curiosities, they're interesting. For any actual buying, however, we'd personally prefer to discuss our transaction with experts like Charles or Adrian Bonebakker, who put the 168-year-old reputation of the firm on the table every time they display a stone. Tops.

Delft china also has its perils for the unwary. Scads of claptrap imitations are being peddled all over Holland for the real thing. But if you go to Focke & Meltzer (Kalverstraat 152), traditional leader in the Lowlands and now the most modern china-and-crystal shop on the Continent, you can be damned sure that what you'll get is the genuine "De Porcelayne Fles" line. Since the 1823 founders of this

shop were Bohemian glassmakers, it has also always proudly carried the largest collection of fine crystal in the country—beautiful hand-blown, hand-cut pieces from Leerdam, The Kristalunion, and other Dutch institutions, plus the most celebrated lines of 10 additional European lands. Ask for Mr. Meltzer, Jr., who speaks good English and who is fond of Americans. Strikingly handsome branch at Hoogstraat 5 in The Hague; second branch, just opened, in Scheveningen; same original “De Porceleyne Fles” (anno 1653) in both.

Dutch-style gold and silver souvenir items? Carel G. H. van Pampus (Kalverstraat 56) is the perfect problem-solver for the wanderer who wants overseas mementos which (1) won't break, (2) won't cost too much, and (3) won't take up too much space or weight in the luggage. Colorful silver-and-enamel tulip brooches, attractive Dutch-style silver jewelry, Old-Dutch-pattern silver pieces—all bearing ornate but effective reproductions of paintings by Rembrandt, Jan Steen, van Ostade, and other masters; sweet gold charms, starting at \$2; nice but not too expensive jewelry in gold; Omega watches; silver-topped bar corks and other unusual gifts. Here's also the ideal establishment in which to pick up a small diamond or diamond article. You'll find all sorts of souvenir possibilities in this small, friendly establishment—and Carel van Pampus, the third generation of his family to operate this reliable house, will greet you in person with a warm smile. Recommended.

Antique jewelry and antique silver? Premsela & Hamburger (Rokin 120) has been *the* dealer in the capital since 1823. Lovely, lovely pieces; they made our mouths water. Cheers for this one!

Handicrafts? Ina Broerse (Nieuwe Spiegelstraat 57) offers handmade dolls, wooden objects, painted boxes, tea cozies, scarves, and other regional work. Nice little shop, with good taste in evidence.

Art? E. J. van Wisselingh & Co. (Kalverstraat 78) has a big name and an impeccable reputation; he's expensive. Silver, copper, and gold costume jewelry? The original

pieces at Atelier Schiavetto (Kerkstraat 142) are stunning; we've never seen anything quite like the handwork which Mrs. Schiavetto, a Dutch artist who studied in Italy, turns out. Rings, \$15 to \$75; necklaces, \$20 to \$40; bracelets, \$16 to \$50; earrings, \$7.50 to \$30; other things even lower. For the adventurous gal who likes the unusual.

Indonesian bric-a-brac? M. L. J. Lemaire (Leidsestraat 29) sells figures, masks, daggers, old Batik, all sorts of East Indian trophies. It's striking stuff—but wear your blue jeans and plumber's cap when you go, because we have the feeling that the patron here sets the prices from the cut of his customers' clothes.

Flowers? The stalls and shops which line the Singel Canal.

In *The Hague*, Spuistraat and a second unbroken street with 3 separate names (Venestraat, Hoogstraat, and Noordeinde) are the hubs. Noordeinde has the better-quality antiques, with old pewter a specialty.

Silver and jewelry? E. Aardewerk (Lange Poten 43) is an outstanding antique-jewelry shop which also carries china; dependable repair work and resetting; nice family who run it. Jeweler Schaap (Noordeinde 86) stocks gems, antique silver, and some modern silver; Persian Gulf pearls are its pet feature; friendly personnel here, too. Bergeer Van Kempen en Vos (Plaats 2) is a solid establishment for modern silver and plate, but we have the impression it's more adapted to Dutch taste than to American.

Crystal and glass? Pace-setting Focke & Meltzer (see above) has branches in The Hague and Scheveningen; tops. A. Van Leeuwen & Zoon (Oranjestraat 1) leads the pack in antique varieties; this mellow and reputable quality dealer also has such items as china and music boxes. Antique furniture? H. Pander & Zonen N.V. (Wagenstraat 21) will buy or sell in this field for U.S. clients and guarantee shipments to any part of the world; decorator's things available here, too. Old prints? Martin Veeneman (Noordeinde 100) has an intriguing selection.

Handicrafts? Tesselschade-Arbeid Adelt (Noordeinde 92) is a happy little center for tea cozies, dolls, children's dresses,

tablemats, hand-painted canisters, smocking work, and the like; Amsterdam branch on Leidseplein; both are philanthropic institutions. Linens? VBV-Van den Briel & Verster (Noordeinde 96) is very Dutch and not expensive. Bric-a-brac? Brabantsche Antiekhandel (Spekstraat 2-4) is so jammed with copper, brass, pewter, and other goods hanging from the ceiling that it's hard to leave the place without a crick in one's neck; very amusing little spot. Eatables? Famous Mijs-Plein (# 17 on the Square) ships those marvelous Dutch cheeses, chocolates, candies, cocktail crackers, and other goodies all over the globe, while Maison Krul (Noordeinde 44-46) will put pounds and pounds on you, with its scrumptious patisserie creations. Yum YUM!

In *Rotterdam*, all good shop-hounds now head for the Lynbaan, which is a big American-type shopping center. Otherwise, the 2 most rewarding streets for prowling are Binnenweg and Hoogstraat.

De Bijenkorf (The Beehive) is the leading department store, ensconced in a handsome new building designed by U.S. Architect Marcel Breuer. Excellent for just about anything the traveler might need.

Don't bother about antique hunting here, because you'll find far more exciting possibilities in The Hague and Amsterdam.

In *Utrecht*, the one place not to miss is Jeweler Schaap (Steenweg 63). In this branch (headquarters in The Hague) you'll usually find the most desirable second-hand silver in the nation—because here's where the lion's share comes when big estates are broken up for taxes. Most of it is hallmarked.

In *Delft*, "De Porceleyn Fles" factory (makers of the genuine Delftware) will welcome your visit between April 1 and October 31 to both their demonstration section and showrooms. Tourists not admitted in winter.

Shopping hours? Variable. *Most stores are closed until 1 P.M. on Mondays*; on other days, they're usually open from 9 A.M. to between 4 P.M. and 6 P.M., including Saturdays. Sometimes hairdressers pull down their blinds on Tuesday

afternoons; tobacconists, grocers, and flower shops most often take their siestas on Wednesday afternoons.

► **TIP:** The much-touted Tax-Free Shopping Center at Schiphol Airport (Amsterdam) is still a big disappointment, because only liquors may be sold to outbound travelers headed for other countries in Europe (Benelux lands excluded). For all other purchases, the center is opened only before *intercontinental* flight departures for *intercontinental* passengers. These Schiphol people should smarten up by following the lead of their Shannon, Copenhagen, Frankfurt am Main, Düsseldorf, Paris, and Nice rivals, who make their wares available to *all* voyagers to *all* foreign lands, European or otherwise. It's time they did so, because this one could be a godsend to the peripatetic American.

Things Not to Buy Furs (only rabbits are raised in Holland); routine costume jewelry (expensive and dull); fine gloves (the heavy ones are okay, but the dress-up variety cost a mint for poor quality); perfumes (much cheaper and better in France); fine wines (astronomical); shoes (a different last from the American foot).

Otherwise, there's a torrent of good merchandise, for practically all of your needs.

► **Reminder:** Watch Delft china, for reasons described above.

Local Rackets The Dutch are square shooters. You'll like them, because 99.99% of them are too dignified, too decent, and too big to stoop to petty chicanery. Aside from the occasional larcenous taxi driver, Marken, Volendam, and the Seamen's Quarter in Amsterdam or its equivalent in other cities (even good Hollanders ask for trouble when they try to find amusement here), you'll encounter honesty and integrity. In the Netherlands, if you leave your bankroll and your Rollei-flex on a table in your hotel room by mistake, you come back 10 times over and find both untouched. Try this for size in some of the Latin countries, and you'll see the contrast.

Northern Ireland

(see also Ireland)

Northern Ireland is a tidy, prosperous, humming little land that bears almost no resemblance to its southern neighbor. The people, the architecture, the customs have a Scottish or British stamp; the Scottish influence so far outweighs the Hibernian that outsiders find it hard to believe the 2 live on the same island. Ulster, the traditional name, is generic but inaccurate. The reapportionment of 1920 gave Eire 3 of Ulster's 9 counties; while this label persists, the correct term is Northern Ireland. Outlawed I.R.A. units are still blowing up an occasional truck convoy or military warehouse, in protest against what they call "English" territorial holdings on "Irish" soil (they never harm tourists in any way); the 2 governments involved deplore this nuisance both officially and unofficially.

The North Irish feel a close kinship with Americans—and it shows in the warmth of their reception. Of the 33 men who have held the office of President of the United States, at least 10 have been direct descendants of Orangemen.

From the Statesider's point of view, tourism amenities are still sadly underdeveloped. It's a lovely country, with rolling scenery reminiscent of the finest of Connecticut, with wonderful motoring on a network of superb roads, with charm, with grace, with some of the most courtly citizens on the map today. Yet, as in Scotland, the general level of hotels, restaurants, and entertainment is far below the standards the visitor would expect to find in such a progressive and highly mechanized culture.

Here's a quick dose of salient facts and observations, compressed to 1-bottle size for the convenience of the traveler-in-a-hurry:

Population? Roughly 1¼ million. Belfast, the capital, claims nearly a third.

710 NORTHERN IRELAND

Terrain? Smack in the center is Lough Neagh, 153 square miles of lake; around this hole-in-the-doughnut are strung the counties of Down, Antrim, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh.

Climate? Surprisingly mild for the latitude, thanks to the Gulf Stream; the vegetation is a study in contrasts.

Government? A Parliament for local legislation, and a 12-member representation in the Houses of Parliament in London. Money, postage stamps, taxation, and living habits are British.

Industries? Plenty—and they're booming. The per capita income from the giant shipyards, linen factories, rope works, tobacco factories, and other enterprises is the highest in the United Kingdom.

Travel Information? Nutts Corner Airport, at Belfast, is the U.K.'s 3rd busiest air terminal, with frequent services to London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and 5 other British or Scottish points. It is serviced exclusively by BEA, BKS, Cambrian, Silver City, and other British carriers; no foreign airlines operate to the country. Fast ships make the sea-crossings between Belfast and Liverpool, Heysham or Glasgow, and between Larne and Stranraer. For motorists, during the summer, there's also a "drive on-drive off" sea ferry between Stranraer and Larne.

Customs and immigration? No formalities if you come in from either England or Scotland, because identical regulations blanket these 3 working partners. If you enter from the "foreign" land of Southern Ireland, however, you'll undergo the routine (but painless!) inspection.

Sports? Splendid salmon and trout fishing; not as much shooting as in Eire, because industrialization is far heavier up here.

Things to see? The Antrim loop (about 200 miles) is the most popular and probably the most rewarding, as well: Belfast to Belfast in 8 hours of lazy driving, with all the stops you'd normally want. Main "sight" is the highly touted Giant's Causeway, which, from the car, is just one more big jumble of rocks; to view it properly, you're faced with a

2-hour walk or a 1-hour boat ride (both of which, I blush to confess, we've always finessed). Take the inland route north (Antrim, Ballymena, Ballymoney), lunch on the simple but hearty fare of the Bayview Hotel in Portballintrae (north of Bushmills, near Giant's Causeway entrance), and return along the coast road (Ballycastle, Cushendall, Larne), breaking the trip for tea whenever you like. Fine excursion for sampling the flavor of the countryside.

The coastal drive southward from Belfast through the Kingdom of Mourne ("where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea . . .") is next best for a 1-day outing. Follow the coast road all the way (Bangor, Donaghadee, Portaferry, Clough, Kilkeel), then circle back inland and northward via Newry and Banbridge.

Londonderry also has some glorious bays and headlands; the western part of Fermanagh is studded with islands of enchanting beauty; bridgelands to the interior are bright with glens, more mountains, lakes, and rivers; the least interesting region is in the center of the "doughnut" to which we referred earlier.

Transportation? Ulster Transport Authority buses cover every town, village, and hamlet; in season, scads of bus tours are operated to the key beauty spots—at reasonable rates. Diesel rail cars are now making their appearance in quantity, and train services, which need plenty of improvement, are gradually being modernized.

Hotels? We much prefer the suburbs for living, because most of *Belfast's* hostelrys are grim and depressing. If you plan to overnight in the capital, we strongly recommend that you consider 2 hotels only. First is the Midland, by far the best, with good appointments and a private bath with nearly every room; make your reservation early, because it's generally full. The Grand Central is an indifferent second choice; 6 newish suites which already look badly maintained; strictly commercial in tone and so-so in comforts. Double occupancy, bath, and breakfast cost \$9.80 in both.

Our top vote in the Belfast area goes to the tiny and charming Old Inn at *Crawfordsburn*, 12 miles out. Only 17 rooms,

each individually named instead of numbered, and each with its distinctive décor; separate Pantiles Cottage, nicest of all, with its own private and happy amenities for living; reasonable terms; delightful for a tea or dinner excursion from the city; Mrs. White, the friendly, hard-working proprietress, deserves high praise for this attractive haven. *Book as far ahead as possible, because she's always sold out.*

A possible new alternate which we haven't yet seen, the Conway House Hotel, has recently been opened 7 miles from the center. We're told that it has 10 bedrooms, a pleasant situation in 18 acres of park land, an outdoor swimming pool, and very good cuisine.

Bangor, past Crawfordsburn, is about 30 minutes from the capital. It's a smaller Atlantic City, frenetic and on the second-rate side; poor beach; 2 golf courses within its metropolitan limits. The Royal, very clean, has private baths in its 4 front suites; the other 46 rooms have running water only. Television room; bar; routine furnishings; pick of the lot!

On the Antrim Coast Road, across Belfast Lough from Crawfordsburn and Bangor, Dobbin's Castle at *Carrickfergus* (10 miles out) is now recommended only for meals or Sunday tea, not for lodging; 12 rooms, 3 baths; bed-and-breakfast \$3; friendly place for food, but the accommodations these days leave much to be desired.

The Candlelight Inn (formerly Ballygally Castle), 30 miles up the Antrim Coast Road, is Northern Ireland's best-known country inn. The building dates from A.D. 1625; 3 individually named suites, 24 rooms, and 15 baths; comprehensive, imaginative menu, with lunch at \$1.75 and dinner at \$2.20. Except for the dining room and the Dungeon Bar, this structure is a decorator's nightmare; try to get into the old section, because the new rooms are an excruciating hodgepodge of Conrad Hilton, Dorothy Draper, purple rugs, shocking pink, cyclamen, robin's egg blue—and bright cherry ceilings to nail the client's eyeballs to the mat for good. Literally, this riot of colors and stylings must be seen to be believed.

Outside the Belfast environs, most Americans head for the *Portstewart and Portrush* area, about 60 miles north-

west of the capital on the upper coast. Here's where they find the best swimming, golf, and summer resorts in the nation.

Portstewart has a beautiful 2½-mile beach on which you can drive your car, plus 2 fine golf courses (1 championship). The Strand is the biggest, best-located, and busiest hotel; the Windsor and the Montagu Arms are more serene; the Montagu Arms has exactly 2 private baths, and the other 2 have none. Season only.

Portrush, much larger than Portstewart, is a bus terminus and fun-at-the-fair type of resort, with merry-go-rounds, boating, high-diving, and swarms of boarding houses. The Royal Portrush Club links, steeped in tradition, are among the most superb in the world. Try to stay at the Northern Counties Hotel, with its indoor pool and extra-good kitchen; 103 rooms, 12 private baths; about \$6.30 for a double and breakfast. Incidentally, check which of the 2 beaches you should swim from, because one of them often has a dangerous undertow.

Kiln-an-oge Inn, just outside *Portrush*, has a gorgeous view, spotless cleanliness, Spartan furnishings, and 2 baths for 24 rooms. The elderly proprietor recently died, and it hasn't been the same since. Okay for European tastes, but not so hot for the average U.S. visitor.

At *Portballintrae*, north of Bushmills and 15 minutes from the entrance of the Giant's Causeway, the little Bayview Hotel is very friendly but plain, and the fare is hearty. Young Mr. & Mrs. R. Brian McMillen have instilled a warm family-type feeling here; inexpensive, and recommendable. Golf course 5 minutes away.

At *Londonderry*, to the west, the Northern Counties Hotel was reopened in '59 after major reconstruction and refurbishing. It now offers private baths with most of its 52 rooms, plus partial air conditioning; television is available in every accommodation. Here's a long-needed addition to this hotel-poor city. The City is the pick of the rest of the glamorous lot.

The artist's colony of *Cushendun*, 54 miles from Belfast on the Antrim Coast Road, offers (1) the Glendun, (2) the Bay,

and (3) the Cushendun—none of which is special in any way. The National Trust owns the village itself; its nineteenth-century Irish-slate-roofed houses, most of them white-washed, remind this traveler of the charm of rural Holland. If you're making an excursion in this direction, it's great fun to pack a high tea and to enjoy it while sprawling on the sands of nearby *Cushendall*—providing, of course, that the weather is smiling.

With the blessings and help of the Northern Ireland Tourist Board, who are eager to develop the lovely *Lough Erne* area into an attraction comparable to England's "Lake District," the Killadeas Manor House Hotel at *Enniskillen* has been given a shot in the arm. Renovated Victorian mansion, with large bedrooms and imaginative décor; huge dance floor in adjoining building, which was the wartime mecca of U.S. troops stationed in this land; rough shooting, boat fishing, shore fishing; yachting available within 10 minutes; chalets under construction which will soon offer motel services. Our salutes to the success of this ambitious project.

A second Tourist Board hopeful is the new Drumsill House Hotel near *Armagh City*, the ecclesiastical capital which boasts 2 archbishops to make its Irish scene complete. It's a 150-year-old building with an attractive walled-in garden and a trout-filled stream running in front of its doors. Home-grown fresh vegetables; ponies available; old-fashioned architecture and charm.

Additional stops to round out the picture are the Londonderry Arms in *Carnlough* (Antrim Coast), the Imperial and the Boulevard rivals in *Newry* (border), the Roxboro House and Ballyedmond Castle in *Rostrevor* (Carlingford Lough resort), and the Lake Hotel and Melvin Hotel in *Garrison* (Lough Melvin angling center).

For other hotel suggestions, consult the Tourist Board (see below).

Restaurants? Far below general international standards. As in Scotland, few independent restaurants exist, because local citizens prefer to take their meals in hotels whenever they dine out.

In *Belfast*, Thompson's has just undergone a complete face-lifting, and the result is so agreeable that it surpasses any similar establishment in the British Isles. First-floor Wimpy-style hamburger feedery, for well-prepared, inexpensive snacks; 2nd-floor Hawaiian Bar and U.S.-type Grill-room, with excellent cuisine and a galaxy of carefully mixed drinks; 3rd-floor dance palace, with another bar and plenty of room to gyrate to the rock'n'roll band; additional restaurant on the top floor. Don't miss it, because there's nothing else in its league. The Windsor Café (9 Donegal Square South) has a kindly staff and a venerable décor; good solid food at inexpensive tariffs, with steaks the feature; inclined to be hot when crowded. The cellar portion of Kelly's Cellars (Bank St.) is a *must* for any newcomer to the capital; here's *the* "pub," with atmosphere a foot thick; outstanding. Less interesting Tudor Lounge and Cocktail Lounge above.

Out of town, the previously mentioned Dobbin's Castle at *Carrickfergus* (10 miles) is attractive and startlingly low-priced; a steak dinner with 4 vegetables can be had (at this writing, at least) for less than \$1.50. Finally, the Stagecoach Inn, 6 miles out, is a "pub" which serves light food rather than full meals. Thatched-roof-pewter-and-china-dog atmosphere. Adjoining, you will find the impressive rose gardens of the internationally known growers, Samuel McGredy & Son Ltd.; well worth a visit, in season.

Car hire? For self-drive Vauxhalls, A. Clendenning (110 Joy St.) charges \$5.60 to \$8.40 per day, depending on the season and model. For chauffeur-drive, Melville & Co. Ltd. (Townsend St.) gets from \$14 to \$16.80 per day for minimum mileage.

Hairdresser? Rottger (Bedford St.). Raymonde (Donegal Place) is *not* recommended to U.S. trippers.

Things to buy? Shopping hours in Belfast are 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. from Mondays through Fridays. On Saturdays, the central stores close at 1 P.M.; in the outlying areas, however, they remain open on Saturday afternoons, closing Wednesday afternoons instead.

Main shopping streets: Donegal Place, Royal Avenue,

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High Street. Leading department stores: Robinson & Cleaver, The Bank Buildings, and Anderson & McAuley.

Flea market? Smithfield Market, a block to the rear of the General Post Office, is its nearest equivalent. Books, antiques, old shoes, jewelry, stuffed flatfish, the works. Haggle your head off, of course.

After making the rounds, we found 3 outstanding merchandise bets in Northern Ireland—tweeds, hand-knits, and hand-woven linens.

For the first 2, take the delightful 9-mile drive out to *Newtownards*. James Mairs Ltd., the best-known tweed house in the country, offers an enormous selection at prices which are slightly higher than in Dublin; 45 looms at work; a treat. Next, don't fail to stop in at the Newtownards factory of Anny Lewinter Ltd. It's stunning! Nothing is sold on the premises, but you can spot what you like in the galaxy of lamb's wool, fisher-knit, or evening sweaters (\$12 to \$20), stoles (about \$15), knit dresses (\$40 to \$50), or other articles, and later have the Robinson & Cleaver department store deliver it to your hotel. Superfine.

Hand-woven linens are almost extinct—but we finally tracked down the Last of the Mohicans at a tiny factory named May & Co. Robinson & Cleaver now stock this line, and it's *exquisite*. It costs plenty—hand-woven, hand-hemstitched sheets from \$80 to \$90 per pair, shadow-appliqué French-puff pillowbacks at \$11.25, other examples in the same luxury range—but they are rare treasures.

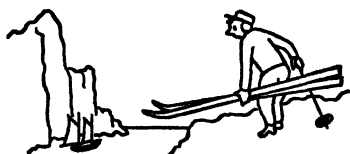
Gifts? Hogg's (10 Donegal Square West) has been recommended by sharp-eyed, experienced friends as the top china and gift house in town. Sounds good.

At this writing, there is no Purchase Tax on goods shipped out (not carried out!) of the United Kingdom, but changes may soon be expected in the export regulations.

Touring information? There's a crack national travel office which goes under the combined names of "Northern Ireland Tourist Board and Ulster Tourist Development Association"; the address is 6 Royal Avenue, Belfast. For instant, courteous, and efficient attention to any query or problem

that might arise, get in touch with Director R. J. Frizzell or Secretary I. M. Williams. These good-natured and energetic gentlemen know their country inside out. Their job is to make your stay so pleasant that you'll want to come back—and they do it superbly.

Go to Northern Ireland if you can—best of all, in your own car. No travel permits, passport stamps, currency restrictions, or Customs barriers to harry the traveler from England or Scotland—just a warm welcome, a picture-postcard countryside, and an escape from the mechanized, rubber-stamp tourist cultures of the more heavily trammelled circuit.



Norway

Few of us realize the magnificent stretch of Europe's most northerly country. It's only the area of New Mexico, but it's so long and thin that the distances are amazing. From top to bottom it stretches from New York to Omaha, Nebraska; from side to side, however, the average breadth—60 miles—can be covered in 2 hours' easy driving. The famous Skagerrak (same latitude as Scotland) separates it from Denmark; the northern tip rises far beyond the Arctic Circle. Because it has the profile of an anemic fashion model, the country counts more heavily than most upon air travel.

There aren't many Norwegians—only $3\frac{1}{2}$ million, about the population of Chicago—but, like all Scandinavians, they're dyed-in-the-wool Nordics; 98.7% are of pure local stock, 0.8% are the 20-thousand Lapps, and 0.5% are miscellaneous; intermarriage is rare. Most of them are blond, stocky, muscular, healthy—with a zest for living rivaled only by the Danes.

Dent by dent and crook by crook, the coast line measures 12,500 miles—half the circumference of the earth, all twisting and turning through a 2-by-4 area—and most of it

is islands and fjords. There's wonderful fishing everywhere—you can drop your hook off any of 150-thousand separate islands!

The ideal way to see Norway is to visit all 4 types of terrain: the fjords, the mountains, the valleys, and the plains. The fjords (as if you didn't know) are giant cracks in the earth's crust, where the sea runs along rock-walled corridors which are often a mile deep and a mile high. The big ones are on the west coast, facing Iceland, Greenland, and Canada. The mountains are scattered wherever you go; the valleys nestle peacefully in their shelter and in the depths of the great serrated plateau. The plains you'll find from Oslo up to Lake Mjøsa, but the country is so rugged that only 3½% of its land can be cultivated.

King Olav V succeeded the late and beloved King Haakon VII to the Norwegian throne in '57, and, as always, they continue to call this nation a constitutional monarchy. Actually you won't find a more zealous democracy on earth. Social legislation includes unemployment relief, sickness and accident insurance, old-age pensions, housing projects, care of mothers and children, schools for the deformed, and heaven knows what. There's universal suffrage for every citizen over 21 years old. Education is free and compulsory from the ages of 7 to 14, and illiteracy is virtually unknown. Transmission of venereal infection is a criminal offense. The endowed state religion is Evangelical Lutheran (96.8%); the centuries-old ban on Jesuits was lifted in '57; now all Christian faiths are tolerated. In beneficent social progress, the Norwegians are at a point which Americans hope to reach perhaps 10 years from now.

Don't worry about raccoon coats and red-flannel underwear; the Norwegian climate is duplicated in parts of Massachusetts. The Gulf Stream keeps it warm: in the summer, 60° at Oslo, 50° on the Arctic Circle; and in the winter, 24° at Oslo, 10° where Santa Claus comes from. The mid-night sun above the 66th parallel makes daylight last for weeks; since Daylight Saving Time was introduced in '59,

there's now no real darkness, even in the south, from April to mid-September. On the coast it rains so much you'll think you're in California. Lots of flowers and cool green forests, too.

Norway and the Norwegians are fun. Even without its magnificent scenery, this land would always be a perfect country for tourists.

Cities Oslo is the biggest, gayest, most pulsating, and most colorful. It's the capital, chief port (which is saying a lot, in this maritime nation), and hub of society. The population is 450 thousand; in area it is one of the largest cities of the world. Picture Norway as a human finger pointing downward; Oslo is on the inside tip, up from the crook of the first joint. Good hotels (still crowded but improving), excellent restaurants, 2 major airlines (SAS and Braathens S.A.F.E.), fine trains, mild climate, handsome men, beautiful women. Maritime relics range all the way from original Viking ships to the Kon Tiki raft. There's so much elbowroom that the annual Holmenkollen ski race covers a 35-mile run and 2000 cows graze on tidy farms—all within the city limits! The landscape is gently rolling pasture land and plain—not typical of the nation as a whole, which is rugged.

Bergen is at the base of the fingernail; it's on the Atlantic side, directly across from Oslo, and its population of 140 thousand makes it the second largest city in Norway. Don't miss this city, if you can possibly arrange a visit; its medieval charm will captivate you. There's a funicular to a mountain top called Fløien from which you see one of the most spectacular panoramas on the Continent; there's a live-fish market where you can select your own dinner while it is still swimming; there are turreted bastions, crazy little houses built before 1800, the Edvard Grieg shrine, the new Orion to brighten a previously indifferent hotel picture, good restaurants, and good comfort. Shipbuilding, trade, and harbor activities keep most of the people busy; don't believe the legend that "it always rains in Bergen"—it is only 99% true, and then only in 10- or 15-minute spells. For local informa-

tion, call on the Office of Tourism for Western Norway (TTK), on the square near the Bristol. Here's a clean, quaint seaport with a great deal to attract the American traveler.

Trondheim, which the British so heroically tried to liberate with their ill-fated invasion, is third in importance. It's up the coast from Bergen, nestled in the wrinkles of the skin back of the first joint. Decatur, Illinois, is larger; timber, fish, and shipping are the chief industries. The cathedral is the finest of its kind in Scandinavia. Geographically, you'll find the setting delightful. It's on a fjord; the old name is "Nidaros," which means "Mouth of the River Nid"—and that's just what it is.

Stavanger, capital of the sardine industry and the size of Laredo, Texas, is fourth. It now offers Viking-ship excursions on the Havsfjord, in a true copy of the famed Gogstad ship, plus outings to canyonlike Lysefjord by "Fjord Clipper" (motor launch). While the situation is rapidly being improved, this year it is not as touristically interesting as some other centers. Neither is Kristiansand. The rest are towns, villages, and hamlets of 25 thousand or less, characteristically Norwegian.

Money and Prices The Norwegian currency units are the öre and krone. There are 100 öre to the krone; one krone is currently worth about 15¢.

American money has an extremely high purchase value in Norway. The need for dollars is great; because of this, your budget will stretch like rubber. Norway today is astonishingly cheap for the U.S. vacationer—one of the cheapest lands in the Western Hemisphere. Like so many other visitors, you'll probably be startled at how little you'll spend for luxurious living.

Under a '59 ruling, you may import or export up to 1000 kroner (approximately \$140), but all bills must be in units of 100 kroner or smaller. *These limits are rigidly enforced.*

Language There are 2 official Norwegian languages. Norway, Denmark, and Sweden all have their separate tongues—but like the Poles, Russians, and Yugoslavs, they under-

stand each other like a 3-headed calf. Don't worry about your ignorance. English is taught in all the schools; because education is compulsory and illiteracy is unknown, practically every man, woman, and child in the tourist centers has a working knowledge of English.

Attitude Toward Tourists You, as a tourist, are part of a whopping source of income (in sixth place on the national budget). Nothing is spared to give you pleasure and to make you comfortable. The Norway Travel Association (Landslaget for Reiselivet i Norge, L.R.N. for short) is a large, efficient, beautifully managed organization subsidized by the government and by commercial companies (hotels, airlines, etc.) who derive direct benefit from your visit. It publishes scores of free posters, booklets, and hotel guides; it turns the heat on the Parliament any time an existing law is a hardship for the traveler. (Through L.R.N. the bluenose liquor regulations were changed from a predominantly dry, local-option setup through a broad beer-and-wine concession to the current beer, wine, and spirits allowance in nearly all the popular tourist hotels.)

They want tourists, and they're all-out to get them. Their target is now an annual 400-million kroner (\$56,000,000) from foreign visitors by 1961—and, if tireless application means anything, they'll make it.

The Norwegian Information Service (facts about the country) and the Norwegian National Travel Office (facts about travel) share offices at Norway House, 290 Madison Avenue, New York. The officials at both will flash typical north-country smiles at you and take care of all your questions promptly and efficiently.

People Handsome, gregarious, healthy, industrious; fond of parties, gaiety, good living; rich in wit and humor, with love of practical jokes; honest, hardworking, meticulously sanitary; tough moral fiber, honed through centuries of battling the elements and an essentially barren landscape; rugged, courageous, inventive soldiers and sailors; 2-fisted

eaters and 5-finger drinkers; fast friends and joyous, uncomplicated companions.

If you aren't immediately impressed by—and quickly devoted to—these warmhearted, hospitable, clean-living people, I'll be surprised.

Customs and Immigration Unusually courteous and cooperative, even on railroad trains. Even though he takes his job seriously—and he's stern about important violations—you should get along famously with the average Norwegian inspector. The legal limit is 400 cigarettes, but an extra carton or 2 will probably get by, as they seldom count your supply. There should also be a duty on your chocolate and playing cards, but 5 gets you 10 that it won't be enforced. Only 1 bottle of spirits or 2 bottles of wine will pass, so stick the rest of your stock in your overcoat pockets or in the conductor's lunch box. One freak which qualifies for the What's-That-Again Department: technically, decks of playing cards are subject to levy, but if you can show the man a complete canasta set, he'll pass it in the category of lotto or tiddlywinks!

►**TIP:** In '60, all you'll need to drive across the Norwegian frontiers—and stay for 1 year, if you like!—is your U.S. automobile registration, your U.S. driver's license, and liability insurance which is valid within the country. If you're touring in a hired car, they'll ask permission to glance at your copy of the rental contract, to make certain that you didn't "borrow" it in the dark of the moon. All other documents and red tape have now been abolished.

Hotels In Oslo, there are 3 leaders. Two of them (Grand and Bristol) cater so heavily to their Scandinavian clientele that sometimes they're the devil for transient Americans to get into. The Grand, like New York's Plaza in the pre-Hilton days, made its name in The Spacious Tradition—and it has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of the '57 blaze which destroyed more than 1/3rd of the building. By the time you read this, its fireproof, tasteful, 120-unit new wing will be functioning; this will bring the capacity up to 220 rooms and

200 baths. Its famous old Speilen, long the capital's most dignified restaurant, is being up-dated; a modern grill, modern bar, and refurbished banquet rooms are simultaneously being created. Not a Ritz, but a gracious old-timer with an appealing new face, where Managing Director Gaston Larsen, Assistant Manager Gunnar Holm, and their staff will give you the warmest of Norwegian welcomes. We're very fond of this house and its friendly people. The Bristol is handsome and fashionable; best accommodations wonderful, average ones fair, 6th floor not so good; only 60% of accommodations have private baths. New building under construction (completion target: '61), which will raise its roster to 200 rooms; renowned Grill, massive Moorish Room, and intimate bar; Director Arne Jansen an urbane host; very good *if* they'll accept your reservation, which many times they can't or won't. The Continental, first remodeled along American lines in '50, is currently in the throes of another expansion program. By next August, 200 bedrooms will be in service; some of the 150 newcomers are already in use. Most of the older ones have been attractively redone, a proportion with light teak furnishings. The present lobby and public rooms, excluding the café-lounge and restaurant, are unimpressively small, the bathrooms (especially the splash-everything showers) are foolishly designed, and the Rube Goldberg telephone installations on the bedside tables are maddening for unmechanical idiots like us to operate—but these minor drawbacks are more than offset by the general living comfort, the superior cuisine, the warmhearted service, and the smooth and professional management of Mrs. Ellen Brochmann. A favorite with U.S. voyagers.

Next in line is the clean and attractive K.N.A.; 140 rooms with bath or shower; simple, unglamorous, and satisfactory for the more placid traveler. The fifth-place Carlton, a recent entry, is small; disappointing reports from last year's readers about its service and food. The Astoria, one of the most pleasant Second-class houses since its redecoration, is sixth.

The Viking, Scandinavia's largest hotel, was built for the '52 Olympic Games. When Harald Grieg-Martens, Jr. gave

up his managership of worldwide Passenger Flight Service for Scandinavian Airlines System and took over the direction of this political football, it was an administrative horror; by installing former SAS pursers, most of them 35 or younger, in such key positions as chief of reception, concierge, restaurant maître, chief accountant, and others, he has pulled it up to the point where, for its type, it's a spectacular success. All 350 rooms with individual toilets and 50% with bath or shower; 70 larger doubles with bath now being installed; remaining accommodations shoebox-size but brightly furnished; talented chef; 2 orchestras for nightly dancing; delightful roof café; 130-car underground garage under construction. I take off my hat to Mr. Grieg-Martens and his SAS Whiz Kids; for a mass-category operation, they now offer a good bet at a good price.

The Stefan, a Mission Hotel, is bone dry; fairly nice rooms but indifferent cookery. For motorists, the Helsfyr is the closest thing to a U.S.-style "motel" in Norway. Operated by the Workers' Travel Association, it's occupied by students in winter and tourists in summer; 70 rooms, no private baths, modest but cheerful décor; only \$1.80 for a single and \$2.60 for a double. North of town, 15 minutes from center; pretty Spartan.

The Holmenkollen Turisthotel offers such specialized appeal that it must be considered separately. It's 20 minutes by electric railway from Oslo's bright lights, on the mountain-side bordering the celebrated ski jump; magnificent view, excellent cuisine. A few of its 75 rooms have just been modernized, with unimaginative taste; only 16 have private bath. If you're a winter-sports fan or a nature lover who plans a visit of 5 days or longer, this might be just the dish; the average traveler-in-a-hurry, however, generally prefers to stay in the city.

Tariffs vary with the seasons. From May 1 to September 30, the top period, rates for the *leading* establishments in Oslo—Norway's most expensive city—are roughly \$7.50 to \$9 for a single, \$10 to \$16 for a double, and \$15 to \$25 for a suite—all quotations *with* bath. Breakfast (\$1.75) and serv-

ice charge (15%) are additional, of course—but no bandit “extras” as in Sweden. A special discount for children under 12 and a further one for those under 7 were universally adopted in '58. The speed with which hotel prices have spiraled is flabbergasting; until recently, lodgings in the capital were as much as 50% less. In the hinterland, however, your dollar will stretch miles further. Almost all the best-known provincial hostelries will still give you a room and 3 meals for \$5 per day—and in the north, they'll charge you even less.

In Bergen, a '57 debutante named the Orion leads the pack. Built, owned, and operated by the Bergen Steamship Line, to adjoin its new headquarters. Reminiscent of the Three Falcons in Copenhagen, with 126 modern, well-equipped, well-furnished—but small—rooms priced from \$3.50 to \$6 in High Season; dining salon, cafeteria, bar, lounge; connected annex with more modest accommodations for budgeteers. Definitely the best in this city, in spite of rather cramped sleeping quarters. The second-place Bristol, which used to be uninspiring, was taken over in '59 by this same steamship company; redecorated and improved; okay, but still not up to the Orion. The Grand Terminus is newer and friendlier than the better-known Norge; the latter has brought complaints from *Guide* trippers about surly personnel. For those who prefer efficiency-style living at reasonable tariffs, the Neptun (opened in '53), the Slottsgaarden (opened in '55), or the '58-vintage Alrek (200 singles, no private baths, a students' hostel in winter but superior for the category) should fill the bill.

Stavanger boasts the handsomely appointed and immaculate Atlantic; stay here if you can, because most travelers feel that it's worth the price difference from the local competition. Its new Mortepumpen and Seilhusloftet Restaurants are also tops for the district. The K.N.A. Ocean Hotel, a 6-story venture which has just marched onto the scene, offers smaller rooms, a less-desirable location, and a less attractive ambience; nevertheless, it's better than adequate. Toilet plus bath or shower with all 120 rooms; Grill; pleasant penthouse res-

restaurant with dancing nightly; owned by the Royal Norwegian Automobile Club.

In Trondheim, we'd rate the Britannia and the Prinsen in a tie for first honors—followed, successively, by the Astoria and the Phoenix. All are on the simple side compared to their more cosmopolitan confreres.

Mountain and sports hotels? We've had highly enthusiastic reader reports on the Holms in Geilo and the Finse in Finse—both, incidentally, belonging to the same forward-looking company. They're both on the Bergen-Oslo railway, roughly halfway between Norway's 2 largest hubs—convenient stopovers for any traveler who wants a touch of fresh air, exercise, and healing beauty on this popular route. The Holms, nearly 3000 feet above sea level, is world-famous for its skiing in winter (6-minute chair-lift to Geilohøgda), and for its magnificent walks and lazing in summer. Modern accommodations for 130 guests; good cuisine; orchestra and dancing; Turkish bath; an amazing \$5.32 per day *with 3 meals included* (15% extra at Christmas and Easter). The attractive young couple who manage it, Bernhard and Lise Johannessen, speak perfect American and couldn't be nicer or more friendly. A fine bet for nature-lovers, at a wonderful price. The Finse, 4000 feet up, is above the tree line; many mountain and glacier tours available; also renowned as a ski resort; occasionally snowed-in in winter, which could be a delightful adventure; same price range; also recommended to outdoor folk.

For our other selections, we've turned to our dear friend Preben Holten, the international sportsman and gourmet, for frank counsel and advice. His favorites, beside the previously mentioned Holms and Finse, are the Gausdal in Tretten, the Skeikampen in Tretten, and the Fefor in Vinstra—and, slightly below these, he rates the Bergsjö in Aal, the Bolkesjö in Bolkesjö, the Eidsbugaren in Eidsbugaren, the Dalseter Fjellstue in Espedal, the Nevra and the Sjusjøen in the hills above Lillehammer, the Opdal in Opdal, the Rauland in Rauland, the Solfonn in Seljestad, and the Vatnahalsen in Vatnahalsen. These are the cream-of-the-cream of their cate-

gory in Norway; their average all-inclusive price is about \$5 per day, except when the 15% holiday supplement is charged by country hotels throughout the nation. Rarely would I dare to endorse even a hot-dog stand in Europe without a personal inspection—but, so flawless is Mr. Holten's taste, I'll back his ratings to the limit, sight unseen.

The Norway Travel Association (L.R.N.) has a fine hotel guide; you can write for one direct, or pick one up at a dozen points in Oslo.

Norway now has more beds for the traveler than either Sweden or Denmark. Yet, from sad experience, we cannot overstress the importance of advance reservations in season. Oddly, June and September are the most difficult periods, followed by July and August. On one visit, we cabled Oslo's Bristol 5 weeks ahead; when we arrived, the harassed clerk laughed at our naïveté and refused to take us, suggesting that next time we make it 5 *months*!

Food To the traveler's jaded palate, Norwegian food is simple, wholesome, and, in general, well prepared. Because it's a maritime nation, the accent is on fish—hundreds of varieties, hundreds of tricky recipes—but that doesn't mean that they don't know a good beefsteak when they see one.

Besides what might be considered the most savory fish in the world, Norwegian specialties you may like are ptarmigan (mountain grouse), flatbread (crisp cracker thinner than a dime), multer (delicious, all-purpose dessert or jam, made from yellow mountain berries of a unique flavor), tyttebaer (known as "lingon" to Swedes, this is a small, tart, red berry—a cranberry with a difference), local cheeses of Port du Salut type (not the goat's milk cheese which looks like kitchen soap and tastes like peanut butter), kreps (succulent, 2-inch fresh-water crayfish, sold by the dozen for \$1.50 during the early-Aug. to mid-Sept. open season), reindeer steak (dark red, fine flavor, less than \$1.50 per portion), and the Norwegian "sandwich," which will haunt you pleasantly wherever you go. Unless you order otherwise, your breakfast will consist of smoked salmon, herring with onions, cheeses,

and other hardy delicacies served open-style on their fine bread—with one boiled egg and coffee on the side. It sounds like rugged fare, but you'll be surprised at how smoothly it cranks up your gears for the day.

Norway is a coffee-drinking nation; as in America, the tea is mediocre.

In the flossy restaurants, luxury meals are extremely expensive. Dinner for 3 (wildfowl, wine, the fanciest selections to be had) cost my host about \$35—but if our selections had been routine, it would have run from \$12 to \$15, without wines.

In the average restaurants, food costs are the same or less than in the United States. Hotels, trains, and other basic expenses are gratifyingly low, in general; the inner man will consume the largest part of your bankroll.

Restaurants and Night Life The best cuisine in Norway, in most opinions, is found in Oslo's elegant and delightful La Belle Sole (Drammensveien 42). Owner Hans R. Larsen, Past President of the 900-member Norwegian Restaurant and Hotel Association, has spared nothing to make this the number one gastronomic center of the nation. Clean-lined, attractive Norwegian-modern décor; sole pattern predominates linens, murals, everywhere; service normally smooth. You may select your fish from the aquarium forming part of one wall, or you may order your choice of meat or fowl; menus are in English and Norwegian. There's one specialty here which is a *must*: Filet of Plaice La Belle Sole (\$2.25). With its magnificent sauce, simmered for 20 hours, of lobster, shrimps, fresh mushrooms, chives, cream, and a touch of white wine, it's a gourmet's dream. Reservations mandatory if you're dining by local hours (4 P.M. to 8 P.M.); piano music evenings; tiny bar. You'll pay from \$3 to \$6 for your meal, but it's worth every penny of it. Highest recommendation.

Blom (Karl Johansgate 41, 2 blocks from Grand Hotel) is a remodeled wine store which caters to artists, writers, and as many tourists as they can pack in. Big sandwich table

with 30 varieties (20¢ to 90¢ each), daily from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M.; other dishes, including 9 specialties, run an uneven culinary gamut from excellent to poor. Quaint, colorful, and fun; most visitors like this one.

Stephens (directly opposite the Grand Hotel) is the newest venture of massive, gregarious Siegfried Stephens, founder and proprietor of Blom. This one is regal, spacious, and rich in tone, with a soft piano, a huge mosaic mural, flowers, and an unusually attractive semicircular terrace for clients who like to watch the busy streets as they sip or savor. Our dinner was good.

Georges, long a favorite of the diplomatic corps, was closed in '59, when the Bristol Hotel bought the site.

The Lanternen ("Lantern"), on the Bygdoy waterfront, is a new contender which we haven't yet tried, and about which we know nothing except its own canned publicity statements. Open May 15 to August 31 only; harbor situation, with view of surrounding mountains; 2 sections, with the terrace portion enclosed in iron grillwork fashioned in the shape of a Viking ship; moderate prices. It is represented as being "the only place in Oslo where you can get a good hamburger" or other American specialties. Sorry, no comment appropriate until we can check its claims.

Skansen, a mammoth institution by local standards, is now emphasizing mass turnover and volume business to the point where I'd personally prefer to eat sawdust. Lovely terrace, but last time we were so appalled by the food and the slow service that we wouldn't recommend it on a bet.

If time hangs heavy on a Friday, an entertaining place for lunch is Tostrup-Kjelleren, opposite the Parliament Building, where many of the Ministers dine when the weekly Palace conference is over. Tempting Norwegian sandwiches; also open for dinner.

In *good weather only*, there are 2 lovely spots which shouldn't be missed. Dronningen ("The Queen"), is the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club headquarters; it's at the end of a long floating bridge in Oslofjord, 10 minutes from the center. Built on piles, it's like the dining salon in an ocean

liner; same management as La Belle Sole, but cuisine merely fair, not Great; liked by King Olav and Oslo society; closed early September to mid-May; expensive, but glorious setting and chic clientele lessen the pain of that average \$5 tab. Froggersaeter, 25 minutes by funicular or 20 minutes by car up the mountain, is a municipally operated sports-restaurant with a stunning panorama from 2 tiers of open terraces; if you can tear your eyes loose from the succulent white grouse on your plate, you can see at least 20 miles down the Oslo-fjord on a clear day. Authentic Norwegian log house, interestingly decorated; fixed 3-course meal at about \$3; crowded with skiers in winter and tourists in summer; gorgeous when the sun is shining or the stars are out.

"The King" (Christiania Rowing Club) is about 300 yards from "The Queen," directly across the bay. It was taken over in '54 by Entrepreneur Telle of local night-club fame (see below) and completely remodeled. Now it's aimed at sophisticated trade rather than the beer-drinking youngsters of yore—but it's still a lively and interesting spot, occasionally, for predatory gents in search of the Oslo subspecies of San Quentin Quail. Same price range as the neighboring monarch.

Ekeberg sits on a mountainside over the city. Although it has recently been refurnished, we'd still put it way below "The Queen" and "The King."

As for hotels, the Bristol Grill is especially recommended for steaks and *rôtisserie* specialties; other dishes are just routine, in quality and preparation. The Continental, in my opinion, has the best kitchen of any hostelry in the city. The redecorated Speilen and new Grill should perk up the Grand; the Viking and the Carlton both have praiseworthy chefs.

Night life? Until 1959, the Oslo Restaurant Workers' Union was so hog-headed that citizens of the capital were forced to do most of their dancing, drinking, and yapping in private homes. Its tight 1 A.M. curfew, which blanketed the city, was intolerable. First martyr to public interest was

former Director Patterson of Georges Restaurant. In '57, after fighting for 6 years to get the necessary permissions from the Municipal Council, he coolly launched the only spot in the nation to stay open until 4 A.M.—but the battle was lost when this Union pulled out its men. The cudgels were then passed to Director Hans Telle of the Telle enterprises (see below)—and last summer, to the delight of local sophisticates and visitors alike, he managed to effect a temporary compromise with this stubborn labor monopoly.

In return for guarantees of a 15% service fee plus free transportation for all waiters to their homes, permission was granted for a 2 A.M. closing to 13 leading establishments, and for a 4 A.M. extension to the largest—which happened to be Mr. Telle's.

This arrangement was limited exclusively to warm-weather months. Only beer and wine could be served during the late hours.

Whether or not the Socialist Government and the Union will allow the experiment to be repeated this season is uncertain. Observers familiar with the impact of tourist income—and the obvious dangers of driving foreign vacationers to Copenhagen or other centers, where such silly, outmoded, bluenose regulations do not exist—predict that they will. In any case, 1959 brought the first fun in history to night owls of Norway's largest metropolis—a welcome (and *long overdue!*) step forward.

During the earlier portion of the evening, the Moorish Room of the Bristol, with its graceful arches, fragile frescoes, big dance floor, and 35-foot ceiling, packs in the more restless ones in both summer and winter; next to "The Queen" and perhaps "The King," it's the most cosmopolitan spot in town. Cabaret from time to time, mostly July or August; fixed dinner about \$2.75; beloved by local residents.

The Telle Café—Telle Restaurant—Rainbow—Tellefanten combination, under the same roof and run by the above-mentioned Hans Telle, is an amusement octopus, with 4 tentacles of assorted attractions to catch the bemused idler. The oval Tellefanten Bar, administered with utmost good

cheer by Norway's most celebrated barman, Arne Normann, is where people (male gender) sit and stare wistfully at other people (female gender); occasionally this unequal state of social affairs is reversed, to the relief of everybody. The Telle Café, designed like the interior of a nineteenth-century Norwegian sailing vessel, offers a self-service sandwich table during lunch; enclosed sidewalk terrace adjoining; upper-bracket businessmen's haunt which closes at 7 P.M. The Rainbow (Regnbuen) is a cavernous, Broadway-style night club, with 3 tiers of tables, semiprivate balcony booths, a big dance floor, and a show which might charitably be called just plain miserable; typical second-class Times Square joint with third-class clientele. Best of all is the Telle Restaurant, open every day except Sunday; check its operating hours with your hotel concierge, because they vary.

For a tough, low-down outing, Rosekjelleren (Klingenberg 5; 1 block from the Continental Hotel) might be made to order. This is the magnet for Norwegian sailors on the loose; they put on their best suits, belt down several quick snaps, and then stalk through its doors, loaded for bear (or bare?). Cellar location; sunken dance floor; surprisingly attractive décor for the category; beer and wine only; \$1 minimum; floor show, usually featuring seminudes. Perfectly safe for foreigners, as long as they behave themselves—but dynamite for anybody who's looking for trouble. And stay away for sure, if either the American or British fleet is in port!

Finally, there's a wonderful beer cellar for the Norwegian student trade called Dovrehallen (on Storgata, 5 minutes from the Grand Hotel). This is where the youngsters let off steam, and it's most definitely worth seeing—particularly between mid-May and mid-June, when they're all sporting their striking red caps. See if you can arrange through your hotel director or travel agent for admission to this members-only attraction, because it's worth the effort. Beer is the sole beverage, at 30¢ per glass; students' orchestra, occasional students' floor show, even students' "police" to keep order; drop in between 7:30 P.M. and 11:30 P.M., if you can work it, and you're in for a treat.

For feminine companionship, the Rosekjelleren, Rainbow, and Tellefanten Bar usually offer the best opportunities in winter, while "The King" and Skansen are the favorites in summer. Between 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. are the customary hours.

In Bergen, nothing touches the Bellevue, perched on a mountainside 5 minutes by car from the center. Bright, clean-lined dining room with decorations by Per Schwab and oversize windows, where dancing and an occasional cabaret are offered at night; Norwegian-style Peisestuen Room featuring less elaborate atmosphere; open terrace for sunny-day patronage; magnificent panorama; dinner from noon to 6 P.M., supper from 7 P.M. to 11 P.M., and snacks served all day from 11 A.M. onward; closed Sundays except during the Bergen Festival; management by the same family since 1899. Highly recommended. Other dependable stand-bys are Chianti (most chic after the theater), Stjernesalen (dancing), Fløien (atop the funicular, new management, completely refurbished), and the dining rooms of the Hotel Bristol and Hotel Norge. Uggla ("Owl") is the student hang-out, and it's a lot of fun if you're in the mood to explore. During the annual municipal celebration, an official "Festival Club" is open opposite the theater; a 70¢ membership fee admits you to its restaurant and lounges for the duration of same. The nation's only night club is also permitted to operate during these weeks. The name is Papegøyen ("The Parrot"), and its clientele is strictly second-class.

Trondheim's bid to fame is the renowned Britannia Palm Garden (Palmehaven); dancing, spirits and wine, and the leading kitchen in this part of Norway. Astoria and Bristol are popular-priced.

Stavanger's Atlantic Hotel recently opened 2 knockout dining spots in regional motifs: Mortepumpen ("The Had-dock Pump"), where you sit surrounded by wooden "houses" in a "square" of Old Stavanger, and the upstairs Sjøhusloftet ("Sail Storage Loft"), which will take you back to the days when other operators besides Pan Am skimmed the 7 seas with their Clippers. Outstanding.

Meal hours are cockeyed to American travelers. The

natives eat a heavy New England-style breakfast at 8 A.M.; at noon they munch sandwiches at their office desks, working without interruption; at 4:30 P.M. they sit down to their big dinner, and from 9 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. they polish off their day with tea and more sandwiches. You can follow your own schedule, of course—but if you should be brave enough to try things the practical local way, hark to that rumble in your stomach until it's adjusted!

►**TIP:** Both ladies and gentlemen usually check their coats and hats in Norwegian restaurants.

Taxis Most taxis are modern and comfortable. Look for the word "Drosje" on the license plate; if you are in a hurry, ask your hotel porter to call one before you come downstairs, and allow 5 to 10 minutes for arrival. Fares are cheap.

Trains Very good and not so good. Except for the iron-ore run from Narvik to Sweden, they're mostly confined to the southern half of the country. There are about 2000 miles of track, entirely nationalized, in part electrified. The remainder of the main lines are operated with diesel-electrics. Excellent service and food, streamlined cars, clean compartments, polite conductors on the overnight run to Stockholm; on some of the short local hauls, excellent food and service, polite conductors, but sketchy equipment. They're improving rapidly, and should eventually rival the less flossy type of American railroad. Fares are low.

Airline DNL, formerly an independent entity as the Norwegian National Airline, is one of the 3 co-founders and partners of the Scandinavian Airlines System (see page 785). Its individual status has been dissolved, as has Sweden's ABA and Denmark's DDL; all now operate as a single, larger unit.

Main airports of Norway are Førnebu (15 minutes from the center of Oslo), the new Flesland (25 minutes from Bergen), Sola at Stavanger (stupendous layout of great military value), Vaernes (near Trondheim), Bodø (the new

Vigra off Alesund), and far-northern Bardufoss (3 hours by bus from Tromsø).

If you run into any SAS problems in this land, take them to Oslo and the line's efficient, energetic Norwegian Director of Public Relations, Odd Medboe, or his charming, patient colleague, Mrs. Emo Goll. They're the perfect answer for any troubled voyager.

Cigarettes For the first time since World War II, American cigarettes are now on sale in Norway—but their price of 90¢ per pack is lethal. If you wish to save a little money, the local brand called Frisco is an excellent substitute. Should this not please your taste buds, try South State, Blue Master, or Black Prince, which are also U.S. types. British blends include Craven A, Gold Flakes, and others. You'll still pay about 50¢ for 20, whatever the brand.

The cigars, unhappily, continue to run a 99% alfalfa filler.

Laundry Greatly improved. In most (not quite all) of the better hotels, you'll get back your bundle within 24 hours; a very few places in Oslo even offer 4-hour emergency service! One-day dry cleaning has also returned to the largest cities. Even though I haven't tried this here, I'd take a chance with routine stuff from my own beaten-up travel wardrobe—but darned if I'd experiment with any lady's fancier or more fragile numbers, because what husband likes being eaten alive if he's wrong?

Drinks There's a government beverage control in Norway called the Vinmonopolet, and some of its vagaries are the most mysterious in the travel world. The State tells you how, where, when, and what you can drink; the regulations contradict themselves backward, forward, and sideways. Here are the rules, and please don't ask me to explain them. Over-the-counter drinks are dispensed *only* in Oslo, Bergen, Trondheim, Stavanger, 7 small towns and—since the summer of '56, bless the tenacious lobbying of the Travel Association—in the most popular tourist hotels of the hinterland. No spirits may be served before 3 P.M. on any occasion.

if you order a highball at 11:45½ P.M. instead of before 11:45 P.M., you won't get it, ever; not a single drop of anything stronger than wine is obtainable in any city on Saturdays, Sundays, holidays, or even the day before holidays (sic!). We shed buckets of tears for innocent travelers to Norway at Eastertime; since *every* day during this period is either a holiday or a day before a holiday (nearly a week of merciless drought), poor lambs who arrive unprepared often drop in the streets from dehydration. (Certain mountain resorts are given Easter permissions, however.) Bottles up to any number, on the other hand, may be openly purchased in Vinmonopolet stores (big cities only between 11 A.M. and 5 P.M. on Monday through Friday, and between 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. on Saturday). *Buy all liquor for week-end consumption or for any-day-off-the-beaten-track excursions before leaving Oslo or the key cities*; otherwise you're liable to be limited to beer and wine. And buy it during these special hours, because at any other time your hotel would be forced to charge 45% above their normal bottle price.

Imported whiskies and liqueurs cost about \$9 per fifth; imported gins, \$7; aquavit, \$3. The selection of Scotch and liqueurs is large. For the first time since the war, U.S. ryes and bourbons are available in fair quantity.

If you're a Dry Martini hound, Gordon's gin is twice as expensive a base for your cocktail as local Golden Cock gin.

Best bet for the adaptable traveler is Linje Akkevit or aquavit, the pride of Norwegian distillers, and a distinctly palatable beverage to most visitors. "Linje" means "line," in this case the Equator, and every bottle of this brand has been mellowed on a ship that has crossed the Equator. The action of the sea supposedly softens and matures the aquavit. Always drink it with beer; this process "keeps away the red nose," as the Norwegians say. (The Danes say the opposite!)

The most popular local liqueur is St. Halvard, a Bénédictine type worth trying. Claret is the national favorite in wines, and the stocks are now fairly good. Beer drinkers should order the export type; the lighter ones are thin.

If you are on very good terms with a restaurateur, he may break the law for you by serving aquavit before 3 o'clock—but don't be surprised if it comes up purple. That's just the drop of Dubonnet he has added to fool the other diners!

The L.N.R. and other travel interests are working to have more of these ridiculous regulations repealed, but it continues to be an uphill fight. Norway is the only major country where visitors are still denied the simple pleasure of a glass of spirits when and where they choose. By doing so, the country loses both dollars and the good will of many tourists.

Sports No people in the world are as sports-minded as the Norwegians, which is not surprising of a nation that boasts of Nansen, Amundsen, Sonja Henie, the Ruud Brothers and Torger Tokles. They ski as we fly, skate as we ride, ride as we walk; between times, they sail, swim, row, throw the discus, and run through 6 sets of tennis, just to limber up a little.

In addition to the above, there's some of the best fishing on the European continent. You can lease your own salmon river (a mere \$250 a month) and catch them up to 50 pounds (18 pounds is average); the season is June through August, and a comfortable lodge is included. For a small fee, you can take your choice of 200-thousand lakes, and pull up fighting trout which will stir every drop of your sporting blood. There's pike, grayling, char, and dozens of other varieties awaiting your rod and reel; a few small hotels offer room, meals, tax, tips, and free fishing, at an all-inclusive rate of \$3 per day. American tackle will do, but local equipment, designed for local piscatory palates, will often tempt more fish.

Hunting starts in September. Plenty of reindeer, elk, stag (restricted); some wild duck, woodcock, willow grouse, ptarmigan, and other game birds. Mild restrictions on some species vary from year to year. The license for heavy game takes arranging for foreigners; it must be obtained in advance through the L.R.N. or other travel organization.

Ever shot a polar bear in Santa Claus territory, less than

1000 miles from the North Pole? Nope, I haven't either—but the diesel-ketch *Havella*, built in '52 specifically for Arctic cruising, offers 7 trips per summer from Tromsø to the hunting grounds along the coast of Spitsbergen. Further particulars may be had by writing to Odd Berg, Tromsø, Norway, or by inquiring at your nearest Scandinavian Airlines office.

Norway is a sportsman's dream. If you want anything from hopscotch to whaling, L.R.N. in Oslo (or Norway House, 290 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 17) will gladly give you the necessary information.

Things to See Everything you can. Get away from Oslo, which is beautiful but not typical; go north to Finnmark or west to the fjords, because you're not even scratching the surface of a magnificently scenic country if you don't.

And remember, if you're driving your own car, that Norwegian mountain roads (e.g., Bergen-Oslo) can be hair-raising to vacationers who are timid about heights.

Your first step might be to check all your plans with Norway's best travel agent, Winge & Co., in Oslo. Without cost, this excellent bureau will run over your schedules and set things right according to up-to-the-minute local data. Ask for Erik Magelssen, the Director, or Geir Rosenberg, his assistant, both of whom are often my lifesavers when I need advice there. And then, get into a plane, train, bus, or boat which will take you out of the capital and allow you to see some of the most exciting terrain in the world.

One of the very best bets for the first-time visitor is Winge & Co.'s exciting, luxury "Norwegian Fjord Line Tours"—3 days for about \$70 or 6 days for about \$115, all-inclusive (prices subject to slight alterations). Travel is by motor-coach and fjord steamers; stops are made at the number one mountain and fjord hotels, most of them offering private baths. In addition to the fantastic scenery, there are all sorts of fascinating special events which the ordinary traveler misses; on the longer circuit, for example, there's a picnic on a glacier, a "black-cup" (strong coffee, brandy, and sugar) beside a campfire on a mountain lake, a visit to the

home of Nobel-Prize winner Sigrid Undset, bannock cakes and sour cream in a shepherd's mountain hut, and many more. Route? Between Oslo and Bergen, or Bergen and Oslo; itineraries are duplicated, from either point of origin. So are departures: between mid-June and mid-or-late August, both 6-day trips leave on Mondays, and 3-day versions start on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The latter are extra fine, of course, but the 6-day junkets include so much more that they're even better. For further details, write direct to the straight-shooting, universally beloved Messrs. Magelssen or Rosenberg at Winge, or see your U.S. travel agent; they'll see that you're given the absorbing Winge booklet with all of the particulars. Warmly recommended.

Or, if you wish to strike out alone, the Oslo-Flåm-Stalheim-Norheimsund-Bergen-Oslo circuit is possibly even more spectacular and rewarding for unescorted vacationers. This round trip can be done in 4 days, by train, boat, and bus, but extra time in Bergen would make it happier; logical en route stops would be the Fretheim Turisthotell at Flåm and the Stalheim Turisthotell at Stalheim (the latter, now being rebuilt in steel-and-concrete after its catastrophic '59 fire in which so many travelers perished, will be fully—and safely, this time!—operative by June). This can be done for about \$75, including everything—and it's a tour you will never regret having made. *If you drink, bring your own liquor supplies for week ends and off-beat stops on both of these itineraries.*

Finally, for visitors with limited time, SAS now flies summer "Fjord Flights"—1-day excursions by plane from Oslo over the heart of the Fjord Country to Bergen and Stavanger, with sightseeing programs in these towns. Return by land transportation (3 days total) is optional. Your SAS office or travel agent can furnish full details.

The Gold-Plate Special is a tour of Finnmark—but please note that *this must be arranged long in advance*. For less than \$200, you can take a 5- to 10-day look at the top of the world—the land of Grimm's fairy tales, where Kriss Kringie stops.

each year to pick up his reindeer, and where the sun shines at midnight during the bountiful, green summer. If we sound like a Burton Holmes illustrated lecture, it is because our enthusiasm for this particular junket is boundless. Hammerfest, 944 miles above the Arctic Circle, is the "highest" town in civilization—and in '56, the ultimate was reached with the opening of a 22-mile highway from the world's most northerly village of Honningsvåg (new Grand Hotel and new restaurant on the plateau) to the North Cape itself. *Seasonal only.*

Stops can be made at comfortable, immaculate, and charming Guest Houses built and operated by the Norwegian Government. You can spend your nights in the best tradition of the American hunting lodge—wines and spirits excepted—with good beds to sleep in, tempting food to eat, a pleasant but simple décor, and good plumbing. During the day you can turn the clock back some 200 years; you can seek out the roving Sames (Lapps to the Swedish) in their migrant tent villages and watch them lasso their reindeer; you can drive on good roads over the treeless Vidda (highlands), the stark beauty of which is matched only by the steppes of Russia. You can drop a line in any stream and catch fresh-water salmon up to 50 pounds, trout up to 25 pounds, and several varieties of game fish which were completely strange to me.

An excellent independent itinerary is Oslo-Tromsø-Alta-Karasjok-Hammerfest; it may be done in 3 different ways. One tour of 6 to 8 days is by SAS big plane to Bardufoss, by bus to Tromsø, by SAS small plane to Alta, by hired car (about \$20 per day for long hauls) to Karasjok and eventually to Hammerfest, from there by Norwegian coastal steamer (clean, comfortable, cheap) to Tromsø or Trondheim, and by SAS plane back to Oslo. Karasjok is the Lapp capital, a few miles from the Finnish border; if the weather is pleasant, you can hire a wonderfully colorful river canoe with an outboard motor, as I did, and cruise through the wilderness to this remote frontier. If you have your car with you and enough time, another possibility would be to follow Route 50, the coastal highway, all the 1517 miles; this gets so

monotonous toward the end that it's not particularly recommended. And the third way is to relax on a boat for 12 restful days; the ships are small and spotless, and the food and service are good, but don't expect frills or gewgaws.

With the exception of rented cars, prices in Finnmark are ridiculously low. The Guest Houses will perhaps cost \$4 per night, meals and tips included. Carry whatever liquor you will want—from Alta up, you won't find any either sold or served. You'll need a warm coat, walking shoes, cap or beret, heavy socks, and (if female) a pair of woollies. The summer weather is generally warm and lovely, but sometimes that wind can be straight from the North Pole.

For those who prefer group to independent travel, Winge & Co. (see above) will this year inaugurate the first high-standard conducted tours in the history of the region. The quality will resemble its previously mentioned "Fjord Line Tours": best hotels, private baths wherever available, special menus, picnics, deep-sea fishing, off-track motorboat excursions, a drive to Finland, visits to Lapp encampments and a whaling station—all sorts of special features. Departures from Oslo every Wednesday from June 10 to July 29; SAS flights to and from the jump-off points; 8-day round trip, all-inclusive, for \$250 (\$10 extra for singles). Sounds terrific.

In any case, no matter how you go, please don't try to cover this area without advance arrangements, because space is so tight that it's virtually impossible on short notice. Last year, for one example, summer bookings on the coastal steamers were closed out completely by early April.

Actually, if you wish to see a lot of this fabulous terrain in a hurry, SAS now schedules special Midnight Sun Excursions almost daily during the season. In one long, well-wined-and-dined night, this superior airline will fly you north from Oslo, cross the Arctic Circle with 21-gun ceremonies, land at remote Bodø, run you by car to the top of Mount Rönvik for a gambol in the fantastic "broad daylight of night," and return you to Oslo, stuffed to the gills with food and drink and V.I.P. care, by morning. Price? Currently \$70 for one of the most memorable junkets in the travel industry.

Among the national festivals are the May 17th holiday, Midsummer Night's Eve (June 23), Easter (5-day observance, rough on visitors because everything shuts tight), Christmas, Whitsun and St. Olav's Eve (July 29). Outstanding events are Return of the Whaling Fleet (Sandefjord, Tønsberg, and Larvik, last of May), the International Regatta (Hankø, June-July), National Winter Sports Competitions (Oslo, Feb.-Mar.), and Sun pageants (Rjukan and the Far North, when the sun first appears in March after winter darkness). And let's be sure to mention the exciting Bergen International Festival, held for the first time in 1953—such a roaring success that it is now an annual fixture. Music, drama, folklore; artists such as Menuhin, Otto Klemperer, Edwin Fischer; the time is late May and early June. The Holmenkollen International Ski Races are held in Oslo, around the last of February; this is one of the most heralded and most thrilling events in the country. Perhaps the biggest excitement next to Christmas is on May 17th, Constitution Day, when everybody celebrates for a solid 24 hours, with flags on every mast from Cape Lindesnes to the North Cape.

But go to Finnmark or see those fjords further south, no matter what. The Hardangerfjord, Sognefjord, Sunnfjord, Geirangerfjord, and Nordfjord are so wonderful that any one of them will take your breath away.

Tipping Unlike some of the itchy-palm countries, there's comparatively little tip-hunger in Norway. Hotels add a service charge of either 10% or 15% (depending on category) which covers everybody except the hall porter (50¢ per day is generous) and possibly the maid (20¢ per day). Barbers get 4¢ or 5¢ on a 65¢ haircut; hairdressers get 10%; for waiters, if they have been especially nice, an extra 5% above the service charge on the bill is a good tip. Taxi drivers rate about 10% and the hatcheck girl gets 5¢ to 14¢.

In '59, baggage porters were permitted by their Union to charge 21¢ for hauling suitcases from the hotel lobby to the room. This amount is added to your bill. At check-out time, however, you must pay this extra trifle in cash.

Things to Buy In Oslo, most U.S. shoppers now seem to head for David-Andersen and the Schmidt Co. first, because that's where they find the twin national specialties which seem to have the greatest appeal for visitors.

Norwegian artisans have developed fine enameling to the point where not even Venetian or Florentine craftsmen can successfully compete with them. Their work is exquisite—and the prices are so low that the values are marvelous. David-Andersen (Karljohansgate 20), considered by many to be the leading house in the country, wrecks our budget on every trip to Oslo with their irresistible enameled demitasse spoons (\$1.60 to \$3.10)—but that's individual softheadedness, because their enameled jewelry (\$1.25 to \$30), enameled ice-cream spoons or cake forks (\$4.30 to about \$5.50), and enameled solid-silver salt-and-peppers (\$7.20) are equally tempting. They've also got a fascinating original collection of eleventh-century Viking jewelry facsimiles—brooches, rings, earrings, pendants, and cuff links, from \$1.85 to \$7.90 per item—plus their famous hand-crafted sterlingware for the home. Discount of 15% on all U.S. shipments over \$17 in value. In enameling and silver, ask for Miss Dickens or Mrs. Bjørnebye, and in jewelry, ask for Mrs. Moi, Mrs. Ollestad, or Miss Austin—all nice gals who know the whims of us Yankee buyers. Branch in Bergen. Tops for gifts—to friends or to yourself.

Tostrup, across the street, also has an enviable reputation and sound merchandise—but we don't have quite the same enthusiasm for their displays as we do for David-Andersen's. Perhaps you'll disagree.

William Schmidt & Co. (Karljohansgate 41) has everybody licked in regional souvenirs of genuine Nordic flavor. This place couldn't be further from the typical "Olde Souvenir Shoppe" trap which plagues the tourist, because nothing on its shelves is mass produced. The stocks are high-quality, tasteful, and intriguing. Most popular purchases are the wonderful sweaters and pullovers in old Norwegian patterns: for ladies \$17.75 to \$22.40, for men \$20 to \$24, and for children (the biggest seller) \$7.85 to \$14.25. For all

youngsters' garments, matching caps (\$2.50), gloves (about \$2), and scarves (\$2 to \$3.50) are available. Every stitch is hand-knit; all are shrink-resistant, colorfast, and moth-proofed. Suède jackets and coats (\$40 to \$105) are the next most sought-after; Schmidt proudly displays the largest selection of this specialty on the Continent. Then there are the sweet little hand-carved wooden figurines (\$2.50 to \$5), hand-carved smiling Trolls (\$1.70 to \$19.50), dolls in native dress (\$5.50 to \$12), sealskin wearables, Tynset jackets for women (styling too local for many American gals), pewter, and scads of other interesting things. Flat 10% purchase-tax saving on all these kinds of items mailed out of Norway; deliveries guaranteed. Ask for Director Fretheim or Mr. Fretheim, Jr., who are most obliging. Highly recommended.

Marius Eriksen (Akersgate 21) is *the* sports shop; best hickory skis, \$43; Mr. Eriksen, a champion skier, has such a friendly personality that his establishment has become the favorite of Norwegians and Americans alike. The "Husfliden" (Den Norske Husflid Forening) has the biggest name for household-variety of arts and crafts, but we're more and more disappointed by it every year; it's got the stuff, but to us it just plain doesn't jell these days. Christiania Glass Magazine (near "Husfliden") has a whopping selection of the nation's finest glassware, including Hadeland; not as stupendous as Swedish glass, but not as expensive, either. Kaare Berntsen (Universitetsgate 12) sets the pace in antiques, both for quality and price; smaller Wangs Kunst (Kristian 4 Des Gate 12) and Hammerlunds Kunsthandel (Tordenskioldsgate 3) sometimes offer good poking, as well.

Steen & Strøm, the number one department store, is excellent—worth a visit, for a nearly complete cross section of what's available.

Bergen has 2 department stores, (Sundt; Kløverhuset), some fine silver and pottery establishments, and the best "Husfliden" (formal name, Vestlandske Husflidslag) in the country. Among the arts and crafts assembled here are hand-sewn native costumes (\$50 to \$80); fruit and nut bowls painted in the striking and unusual Rosemaling tradition

(\$10); 100% Norwegian wool ski sweaters in bright patterns (about \$18 for women, about \$23 for men); gorgeous hand-loomed rugs (\$60 to \$85); table runners and cushion covers (\$7); hand-woven aprons (\$1.50); linen doilies (\$1.50); children's winter caps (\$1.40); skillfully wrought candlesticks and trinkets of iron (\$1 to \$4); and woodcarvings of all sizes, shapes, and functions. These prices are approximate, not exact.

Finally, there's a fascinating new Arts and Crafts Colony at Fredrikstad (59 miles south of Oslo, en route to Göteborg, Sweden). Within the walls of this old fortress town you will find designers and craftsmen creating their specialties. The ancient buildings, the venerable workshops, and mellow ambience will take you straight back into the historic days of the Guilds. Don't miss it, even if you have to detour to see it.

► **TIPS:** Shopping hours in most of the larger cities are 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. on weekdays and 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. (summer) or 4 P.M. (winter) on Saturdays, with no noontime closings.

If the value of your Norwegian purchases exceeds \$425, you'll need an Export License (visitors of European origin are allowed only \$50). Any store can procure this document for you.

The purchase-tax discount on all goods mailed out of Norway varies from about 10% on soft goods to 15% on jewelry.

Things Not to Buy Practically everything except the things listed above. Furs are a bad investment, even in Tromsø, the capital of the North, because (1) they are Norwegian in workmanship, glass eyes, and general appearance, and (2) the U.S. Customs duties are staggering. If you cannot be dissuaded, however, you'll discover silver foxes at about \$50 per pelt, marten at \$65, and platinum foxes at \$60. Textiles seem second-line, in general; leather goods are expensive and not worth it. Stick to the arts and crafts, and you won't go wrong.

Local Rackets I found none, wherever I went. The Norwegians are too proud to be petty.

Poland

Three cheers for this courageous, forthright nation; may her devastation, misery, and suffering as a Soviet satellite soon be at an end.

Portugal



Portugal is a land of cork farms, rugged mountains, rolling plains, fourteenth-century hamlets, and cities of tomorrow. It is a land where gambling is permitted but where on many beaches skirts on bathing suits are mandatory, where suburban trains have 3 classes but beggars receive state assistance, where blue-ribbon horses live in better quarters than many of their grooms. It is a land with a glorious past, a thriving present, and a whopping national inferiority complex.

You'll seldom find a boastful Portuguese; Senhor Doe, the citizen on the street, is a proud, sensitive, independent man, but toward foreigners, particularly Americans, he shows a curious mixture of timidity and humility. But he is subservient toward no one on earth. You'll like him: he's affable, quick, warmhearted, eager to please—but semiapologetic about his native land, an attitude which, with all his bounties, is hard to understand.

The government is technically a corporative republic, with a president, a congress, and a socioeconomic legislative chamber. Actually it's a political dictatorship—not a sinister and evil one, as in wartime Germany or Italy, but perhaps the most benevolent suzerainty in the world. Dr. Salazar, the

Premier, is a man of character, integrity, and honesty; he has made a great contribution to the peaceful advancement of his country. Opposition is officially repressed; some phases of national life are strictly regimented. Despite these inequitable principles, he has always tried to serve his people and not himself. Most Portuguese back him wholeheartedly; a small minority does not.

Military service is compulsory for all able-bodied males; the initial training period is 18 months, and the program was accelerated when Portugal became a member of the Atlantic Pact. The dominant religion is Roman Catholic; there is complete freedom of worship. Despite 4 universities, 3 university schools, 45 lyceums, 54 technical schools, 6 art colleges, and about 8000 elementary schools, illiteracy is high; nearly half of the Portuguese people can't read. Education is now mandatory; the government has given priority to a nation-wide program, and they're pressing it hard. Agriculture (corn, wheat, rice, olive oil) keeps 60% of the population busy. Wolfram seems to be the most valuable mineral product; there's a little coal, iron, tin, manganese, and other metals to be found, but not enough to send the Denver Chamber of Commerce into emergency session.

Oh, that port wine! It's enough to have beguiled the late Andrew Volstead into the nearest speakeasy. The Douro Valley, in northern Portugal, is the only region on earth where the genuine article is made; anything outside its rigid, delineated borders is strictly an imitation. A fact unknown to most of its devotees is that port is always fortified with brandy. At the Instituto do Vinho do Porto (Port Wine Institute) in Lisbon, a type of government agency that is all too rare, you'll find 600 varieties of this wine waiting for you, at 9¢ to 48¢ per generous portion.

Hear a *fado*, if there's time. Americans sing hillbilly tunes, the French their simple chansons, the Irish their ballads, and the Portuguese these unique laments ("April in Portugal" was originally a famous *fado* called "Coimbra"). Of the 2 general types, both tragic in motive, the Lisbon

version is more hair-raising than a nickelodeon mellerdrammer, while the Coimbra version is sweeter, more haunting, and more sentimental. Since so many of the national traits are touched upon in this characteristic form of expression, it can be a valuable clue to the visitor. To hear real *fados* in native surroundings, go to one of the taverns listed in "Food and Restaurants"—and try to find the shy and beautiful Amalia Rodrigues, who is the star of them all.

Cities Lisbon (Lisboa to the Portuguese) is one of the most international and charming capitals of the world. It's relatively small for its importance—only about 900-thousand people, since its flood of refugees moved elsewhere—and there's a small-town air about it, particularly in the winding little streets of its main shopping center. The contrasts are striking: luxurious hotels, a magnificent airport, fabulous food, shops overflowing with luxury goods from 5 continents—and century-old poverty between the cracks in the plush façade. You'll still find plenty of wealthy foreigners basking in its warm sun; more languages are spoken here than in almost any other city on the globe. Prices are high; the arts abound. Politically, socially, industrially, nautically, artistically, it *is* Portugal—because the nation has room for only one nerve center. Newest jewel in its crown is the towering monument of "Christ the King," dedicated in '59; this huge figure, arms outstretched, rises on the left bank of the Tagus facing the metropolis, as a symbol of thanksgiving for Portugal being spared the ravages of war. If you ferry across the river, preferably at sunset, to dine on the balcony of one of the seafood restaurants of Cacilhas on the opposite bank, you'll be struck by the beauty of this city.

Porto (Oporto) is second. This is the port-wine center in the north; larger than San Antonio or Providence, there's plenty of bustling activity in this gateway to the sea. The town is built on a dome-shaped hill; exits of a fine 2-tier bridge hit the riverbank at both top and bottom levels. Local color abounds in Porto, too; the scale of living is far simpler than it is in Lisbon. As a base of operations for the traveler,

it's ideal; excursions through the wine country, to Bom Jésus, to Braga, to Guimaraes, and to dozens of fascinating villages can be made with a minimum of discomfort. Especially popular in autumn, when the grapes are in harvest.

Funchal, the capital of the Madeira Islands, is third in importance. It is situated on Madeira itself, the principal island of the group. This flowery, peaceful, and colorful haven, which Sir Winston Churchill has so often found a happy retreat, currently has no scheduled air connections to the mainland or England; with the '59 demise of both Aquila and ARTOP flying-boat services, visitors must now proceed by steamer until the new airport can be built (completion target: 1963). Its joys remain almost undiscovered by the American tourist. In spite of its tranquil aura, however, take your dinner clothes, spats, tiara, and diamond choker if you go, because on Wednesday nights (dress nights), life is more "poona" than in British India of 50 years ago.

Coimbra, the fourth city, is ancient, beautiful, and serene. It spreads itself lazily over one big hill, rising from the banks of the Mondego River to a dominant clock tower at its cap. The University is here; like Princeton, New Jersey, the town is a serene supplement which has been built around its institution. If you are interested in extra academic credits, this should be for you. My friend David Wilkins, novelist and educator, took 2 summer sessions—a special course, exclusively for foreigners—and he tells me that it was a magnificent experience. His entire tuition for each 6 weeks, believe it or not, was \$12!

Setúbal, fifth in size, is a sardine-factory center within easy ride of Lisbon. The Church of Jesus, in which the pillars are twisted like fishermen's ropes, is so curious that it shouldn't be missed. Pleasant half-day excursion from the capital along a lovely coastal road—but the Sintra trip is more civilized.

Estoril, Cascais, and Figueira da Foz are the best-known international seaside resorts; further information follows in "Hotels" *et seq.* The rest of Portugal is mostly small villages and hamlets.

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Money and Prices The monetary units are the centavo and escudo. Forget about the former. The largest coin, 50 centavos, is about 2¢; 100 centavos make 1 escudo. The escudo itself is worth 3½¢; there are coins in units of 1 (3½¢), 2½ (9¢), 5 (17¢), and 10 (35¢), with notes for all larger denominations. The method of listing is a mild shock to new American visitors; the symbol, generally "\$" but sometimes "£," is placed *after* the escudos and *before* the centavos. Thus, 2 escudos and 50 centavos becomes 2\$50—not \$2.50, but the humble sum of 9¢. Sometimes the first glance at the right-hand side of a menu is more than slightly confusing to the newcomer.

Lisbon prices are high, higher than in Scandinavia, lower than in Switzerland or France, slightly above those of Holland or Germany. If you live in style at the Ritz Hotel, your expenses (everything included) will probably run from \$15 to \$25 per person daily. *This is not true of the provinces, however.* Away from the bright lights, Portugal is dirt cheap; you can get along famously practically everywhere for \$3 to \$8 per day.

All banks and all the little Exchange Houses scattered along the main streets of Lisbon will give you the *official* rate on Portuguese escudos and the *open market* rate on all foreign currencies. *This is the perfect place to pick up your softer monies for the balance of your tour*, in case you haven't already done so before leaving New York. In Turkey or Yugoslavia, for example, this might save you a mint.

Language French and Spanish are spoken more commonly than English, but in the principal centers you'll have no trouble getting along. Use your wits but be sure to have the hotel porter write your destination on a slip of paper, wherever you go.

As for Portuguese, it's a difficult tongue, quite different from the version spoken in Rio de Janeiro. You'll hear the courteous "Obrigado!", which is "Thank you!", perhaps the most frequently (women say "Obrigada!" with the feminine final "a"). A harmless joke played by male visiting Yankees

is to substitute the phrase "Gobble-gobble!" Likewise, say "Lone Ranger" in commanding tones, and the nearest waiter will come running with an orangeade ("Laranjada"). Mutter them both fast, though!

Attitude Toward Tourists The S.N.I.—Secretariado Nacional da Informação (National Secretariat of Information)—is the official government tourism organization. This agency, under the hard-working directorship of Dr. Cesar Moreira Baptista, publishes voluminous travel literature, maintains a string of Information Offices, and assists the visitor in all possible ways. One of its major triumphs—and responsibilities—is the construction and maintenance of the renowned Portuguese *pousadas*; these are the simple, plain, strategically located series of resthouse hotels which are especially designed for foreign traffic. They are scattered in such a manner that travelers on normal routes may usually sleep at one, take lunch at another, and spend the night at still another, thus avoiding the rigors of routine back-country lodgings; all are clean, comfortable, and cheap. In New York, Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Ave., is the national representative. Commander José Cabral, World War II hero and the Lindbergh of his country's aviation, resigned his European advisory position with TWA in '59 to take over the directorship of this organization. This gentle, generous friend of the traveler, our oracle for nearly 15 years, is the perfect advisor for any prospective visitor to his land.

With Customs snarls or other headaches at the Lisbon airport, TWA Operations Director Stanley F. Swank is the man. He'll charge to your rescue like a battalion of Marines.

Visiting journalists, photographers, radio commentators, authors, film producers—anyone connected with the dissemination of information—should also run, not walk, for the counsel of Dr. Ruy Leitão. This brilliant young aristocrat, one of the smartest Public Relations minds east of the Atlantic, is the Portuguese Representative of New York's Peabody & Associates—the firm under government contract to publi-

cize Portugal throughout North America. He is the national alpha and omega to all footloose members of the U.S. press.

People Proud, sensitive, melancholy, impulsive; baseless but haunting sense of inferiority; quick on their feet, good athletes, marvelous horsemen; often seem serious-minded to foreigners, because most humor is based on word-plays rather than on slapstick; great personal charm and urbanity; reverent of glorious national past, almost to the point of worship; gracious to equals, abrupt to inferiors, with Old-World courtesy an outstanding trait; morally exacting, often hypocritically so; warmly hospitable and kind to strangers; unpunctual, with the Latin sense of time; hard workers; ever gracious, thoughtful, good friends.

Customs and Immigration The laws are the craziest in the world, but the men who carry them out are models of efficiency.

It's a "tolerance" system—with unique variations. Big items are charged by weight and not by classification. (TWA, for example, paid an import duty of \$1400 for a 1400-lb. rolling staircase.) Inspectors often wink at minor infractions by the friendly traveler, but if anyone is foolish enough to get nasty, he can be slapped down with a king's ransom in duty on all of his belongings.

The following items are tricky: matches, excess cigarette lighters, playing cards, lottery tickets, contraceptive devices, spirits, plants, and parrots. They allow 400 cigarettes or 500 grams of tobacco, portable typewriters, portable radios, and cameras for personal use; they "tolerate" small quantities of spirits (if the seals are broken). Most of the others are the kiss of death. Fees are up to the inspector's digestion—and whims. One friend of the *Guide* reports that she was charged \$2.90 to leave Portugal—because, said the official with a shrug, "Today is Sunday." (!) Personal search is rare.

In former years, anyone who neglected to take out a special license for his cigarette lighter was subject to a \$20 fine and a jail sentence. But visitors need no longer risk Housemaid's Knee from furtive fumbblings under the table with

their Zippos, because this law—which springs, incidentally, from the national match monopoly—now applies only to residents.

Dogs must have rabies immunization certificates, in case anybody cares.

Visas On arrival, the U.S. visitor is given a passport stamp valid for 2 months at no charge. If you wish this extended, your concierge will send your passport to the proper office, whether you are in Lisbon or a rural area. But *visas are mandatory for tours* (not transient passages) *of the Azores*. These can be picked up at any Portuguese Consulate or in Lisbon within 24 hours (one day to the next).

Hotels A few excellent ones in the cities.

In Lisbon proper, here's our very personal ratings of hotels—an evaluation with which a lot of good Portuguese and American friends might disagree: (1) Ritz, (2) Avis (special category), (3) Imperio, (4) Tivoli, (5) Flórida, (6) Embaixador, (7) Mondial, (8) Eduardo VII, (9) Condestável, (10) Vitória, (11) Avenida Palace, (12) Miraparque. The Flamingo and the Infante Santo are considered separately. Low-budget establishments are the Europa, Borges, and Métropole.

The Ritz rocketed onto the scene in '59—and it has stunned the travel world. Here, with London's Savoy and Claridge's, is *the* masterpiece of big-time hotelkeeping. This ultra-lavish newcomer is the lifelong dream—and crowning personal triumph—of the great Georges Marquet, President of Les Grands Hotels Européens, whose Madrid Ritz, Madrid Palace, Barcelona Ritz, Brussels Palace, and other landmarks have borne his stamp of distinction for decades. Architecturally, its 300 rooms and 300 beautiful baths are sweeping in dimensions; all are air-conditioned, and nearly all have private terraces; every wall, ceiling, and door has been soundproofed. Technically, it is a miracle of engineering. In décor, the rich fabrics, the 15-thousand tons of special marble, the \$100,000 collection of tapestries, paintings, and sculpture from Italy, Belgium, France, and Spain, and the clean-lined,

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colorful furnishings blend in a sumptuous contrast of old and new which you'll find in no other modern hotel in the world today. Since 6 different decorators employed their art in the sections assigned them, standardization of accommodations is at a minimum. Some are executed in ancient Portuguese style; others are *nouvelle école*; all are subtle and exquisite. Big, plush dining room with green velvet armchairs, soft lights, a wall pool, and turn-of-the-century opulence; the hand of Pierre Gachet of Paris' Tour d'Argent fame gives it the top cuisine of the nation. Rates are frankly expensive: \$10 to \$17 for singles, \$15 to \$26.25 for doubles, and \$30 to \$45 for suites (all including service, taxes, and Continental breakfast)—but harbor your pennies elsewhere so you can splurge here, because nowhere else on your tour may you enjoy this unique combination of elegance and taste. Expert management by veteran Antonio Foerster. All-out recommendation as one of the finest hotels we have ever inspected.

The Avis (pronounced Ah-veesh), a once-regal oddity among hostelries, now gives us the impression of deterioration. Rumors persist that the Rugeroni brothers, its proprietors, wish to sell it. Whether that is true or not, it is obvious—and sad—that a minimum has been spent lately on its maintenance (not to speak of improvements). The lobby, restaurant and ground floor of this former castle are expansive, but the sleeping capacity is only 26 rooms or suites. Also costly; advance reservations usually mandatory. In its present state of shabby gentility, we can recommend it only to tradition-loving antimodernists.

The Imperio, a downtown hostelry without glamor, likewise has more appeal to traditionalists than to the avant-garde. Pleasant rooms, kindly service, adequate food; without pension, singles are \$7 and doubles are \$11 in the regular category. Nothing special, but sufficiently comfortable in its amenities.

The Tivoli, newly refurbished and expanded, shows heartening improvements. This Portuguese version of an American or Scandinavian mass operation is commercial in tone,

but its airy public rooms and its conservatively modern accommodations are now so attractively done that impersonality is minimized. There will be 160 rooms when the new addition is completed this year, bringing its capacity to 300 guests—all rooms with bath, radio, TV outlet, and air conditioning, and all very clean. There's a 13th-floor terrace-restaurant-night club combination which is also being redesigned. One suite per floor, with TV, personal safe, bathroom scale, and combination bed-sitting room plus salon. Director Alfredo Coelho Fernandes merits bows for his up-grading of facilities and service. Lots better.

The Flórida is far from pretentious, but if you want something simple, intimate, and fairly inexpensive, this might be it. Quiet, residential situation; good standards; every guest is practically part of the family, and this friendliness is what makes U.S. trippers repeat their visits. If you don't expect a Grand or a Palace, you might find it surprisingly agreeable.

The Embaixador (Ambassador), launched in '56, was again a major disappointment to us on our latest round, in spite of the number of travelers who might disagree. In reply to our reportorial estimate in the *Guide*, Proprietor J. Teodoro dos Santos was kind enough to send us perhaps 100 photostats of testimonials from clients who found complete satisfaction during their visits. Though our opinion might be in the minority, we're honor bound to venture our most honest personal evaluation on this and on all similar matters throughout this book. There's a total of 104 rooms, all with bath, shower, and radio, so small that their dimensions startled us, and so functionally overefficient that they left us cold. Partial air conditioning; pleasant vista from 9th-floor restaurant and 10th-floor "Grill Boîte," where there's a friendly maître; an over-all aura which we found commercial, and over-all service which gave us the impression that they couldn't care less. Differences in taste are what make the world go around—and, as far as the Fielding family is concerned, the Embaixador still isn't our Lisbon home-away-from-home, and that's for sure.

The Mondial, launched in December '58, is very central—

almost too much so, from the standpoint of noise. This \$1,400,000 project caters to tour groups and to business people; it is well adapted for these specialized types of clientele. Although new, it already gives the impression that it has been used hard. Its 146 rooms, all with bath, are slightly larger than those of the Embaixador (which isn't saying much); don't pay the extra money for one of its "suites," because they're a very poor value indeed. Nice roof-garden restaurant, with a panorama of the castle and the Old Town. We'd rate this one as only fair, unless you're part of a conducted party.

The Eduardo VII, 10 minutes from the center, is also very new. Private baths with all 95 rooms or suites; self-styled American Bar, plus full restaurant, on the 10th floor; some of the terraces open to a scenic spread of the city. Routine. The Condestável, handily situated, also has baths and radios for every guest; partially air-conditioned; not the greatest, but not bad. The Vitória intrigued us little. The Avenida Palace is a grim old institution overlooking the most central (and noisiest) square. For an even lower outlay, the Miraparque, a converted apartment house which operates pension style, offers clean but austere accommodations. We haven't seen the Flamingo, which has 30 rooms with bath, and which charges minimums of \$3.16 for a single and \$4.74 for a double. Two new entries are under construction; they're Carlos I and Vera Cruz, both reportedly will be De luxe class; sorry, no further information is available at this writing.

The little Infante Santo (Rua Tenente Valadim 14, at the marginal road to Estoril) has 27 rooms, all with bath and radio. It would be quite sweet, in its beguilingly functional way, if Lysol, Janie Spot Remover, and soap were applied with more enthusiasm. We made the catastrophic error of entering it from the rear, and the approach to that door still makes us hold our noses; inside, the furniture was adequately clean, but some rugs and the uniforms of the staff were atrociously filthy. Not recommended to any American, until somebody learns the facts of life about sanitation.

The Europa, Borges, and Métropole are all adequate, if you're a student or young and sturdy.

For a holiday in Portugal involving sun, swimming, dancing, all sports, old-fashioned loafing and/or big-league gaiety, Lisbon isn't your dish of tea. The experienced traveler, particularly during the hot months, splits his time between the capital and its suburb, Costa do Sol Estoril (Estoril for short). With this compromise he can cover his requisites in the metropolis, then move along to sample the delights of this pleasant resort. Exiled Kings (Italy), Regents (Hungary), and Pretenders (France, Spain) lived here; enough Archdukes, Princes, Counts, Barons, and lesser fry laze in its soft climate to fill a special supplement of Burke's *Peerage*. The beach is good, the hotels are adequate, the people fun, and the prices surprisingly low to the vacationer from the United States. Cascais, next door, is quieter, cheaper, and less chichi; pleasant atmosphere, rapidly vanishing local color, only so-so as a base. Sintra, further out, has the distinguished Hotel Palácio de Seteais (see below).

Hotels in Estoril, in order of desirability, are: (1) Estoril Palácio, (2) Atlântico, (3) Cibra, (4) Monte Estoril, (5) Paris, and (6) Londres.

The Estoril Palácio is just what the name would imply to an old-time Ludwig Bemelmans' fan—palatial, imposing, majestic, turn-of-the-century. This hostelry has been one of the busiest (and dizziest) hotbeds of international intrigue in modern history; even the waiters could be straight from the pages of Eric Ambler or E. Phillips Oppenheim. Every room has an outside exposure, in many cases facing the lovely Estoril Gardens. Fair kitchen, fine service, handsome Terrace Bar. Still being face-lifted, with the dining room and 4th floor to be renovated by late spring and the 5th floor to be converted into staff bedrooms. The prestige stopping-place on the Portuguese coast, though it is not, itself, on the water. Recommended.

The Atlântico is somewhat fusty to the naked eye, but it has private terraces on its penthouse floor which overlook a large chunk of ocean, a fine swimming pool—and it offers

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direct access to the beach. Medium-sized, friendly, and good. The new Cibra is modern, and every room has a bath, radio, and sea-view balcony; pleasant vista from roof-top restaurant which smelled of cooking oil even with the windows and doors open; the facilities are so aggressively functional in both dimensions and execution, however, that they aren't worth to us the luxury-category rates which clients must pay. The Paris, 30 years old, is a curious mélange of 2 schools of decoration: (1) the Airline Plastic School and (2) the Armenian Plush-and-Cretonne School; in spite of this eye-gouging mixture, the direction and employees are kindly, and so many recent improvements have been made that the Old Girl is now okay. The little Londres, opened in '59, made us sad; the manager is eating his heart out to get it on the tracks, but its long distance from the sands, its unscrubbed look, its dining-room odors, and its third-rate British patronage by backwater Blackpool types seem too great a handicap; not recommended, sorry to say.

The best pension is Das Pimenteiras (Rua José Viana 4), a favorite of junior members of the diplomatic corps.

In the Cascais area, Concessionaire J. Teodore dos Santos of the Estoril gambling franchise has broken ground for a 300-room hotel in Palmela Park which will have a night club, Turkish baths, a swimming pool, a 1500-seat auditorium, and other attractions. We hope that it will be better-conceived than his Embaixador (Ambassador) in Lisbon (see previous comment), which it surely should—and we wish him all success with this ambitious project. Next in line is the Solar Dom Carlos—a tiny pension in the Old Quarter which is better known for its garden restaurant. Actually, "pension" is a misnomer; it would be better to term it a charming sixteenth-century house which takes in boarders. Capacity is 2 suites (\$10.50), 2 twin-bedded rooms with bath (\$8.41), and 4 accommodations without bath (\$6.83); these quotations are for 2 persons. Meals without wine are \$1.58 per diner. A good bet for older folk, but we fear that younger couples might die on the vine. The Rico and the Avenida rank below it.

At Guincho Beach, 4 miles out, the Hotel do Guincho finally became a reality in May '59. It is a fourteenth-century fort which has been converted—and attractively, too, as long as you don't draw the court side. Dramatic location, on the rocks over the sea; tennis courts and private pool planned, when capital becomes available. No singles; 2 suites; a total of 36 rooms, all with bath and balcony. Since the undertow is so strong that you won't be able to swim at Guincho Beach, and since the site is hell-and-gone from practically everywhere, we have the hunch that this well-done oddity among inns will not have too much appeal to the average U.S. tripper.

In Sintra, the Hotel Palácio de Seteais has a wonderful setting, gorgeous gardens, lavish furnishings, and food that is exquisite; the French chef is such a master that it is a perfect target for a lunch excursion from Lisbon or Estoril. This former summer residence of the King (not the Castle itself) was converted by the government into what was hoped to be a super-luxurious country inn. While the Old Portuguese décor is flawless, the tone is so formal and so museum-like that it lacks even a spark of warmth and livability—at least, as far as we are concerned. With a clever woman's touch to bring gaiety to its chill, this could be one of the rural jewels of Europe for the discriminating seeker of serenity. Expensive; *reserve well in advance*.

In Porto it's the Infante de Sagres, called (with provincial differences) the "Avis of the North"; Director Soleiro is a crackerjack operator. This is followed by the traditional-style Grande Hotel da Batalha and the Imperio—the latter a businessman's haven under the same management as its Lisbon namesake.

In Figueira da Foz, the booming halfway point between Lisbon and Porto, it's the million-dollar, air-conditioned, streamlined Grande, opened in 1954 across from the broad beach. A double with bath, balcony, view, and 3 meals is less than \$9—quite a bargain. Nothing else here is much good.

In Setúbal, it's the Restaurante Clube Naval; in Coimbra, it's the Astoria, with beds on a dais; in Viano do Castelo, the

excellent new government-operated Santa Luzia; in Ericeira, the new da Ericeira; in Abrantes, the new de Abrantes, every room with bath; in Curia, the Palace; in Espinho, the Palácio; in Luso, the Grande das Termas; in Matosinhos, the Porto de Mar; in Vidago, the Palace; in Santarém, the poor Abidis.

In Madeira (Funchal), impressive old Reid's walks away with the honors; 11 acres of gardens; swimming, tennis, dancing; unfortunately, the food and service seem to have slipped badly here, a pity in such a famous landmark with such a special flavor. The Savoy is next, and the Miramar is third.

In the Azores, tops in Ponta Delgada is the Terra Nostra, and tops in Furnas is the Terra Nostra Furnas.

Through the foresighted efforts of the S.N.I. Turismo Department, all hotels in Portugal now offer the visitor 3 plans: (1) Complete Pension (Pensão), (2) Room and Breakfast (Alojamento), and (3) Room only (Dormida). One catch: *the patron must always specify his choice, or he might be socked with Pensão.*

Incidentally, you should check with your hotel concierge before starting out on a sightseeing expedition, if you are on the full pension plan; special luncheon arrangements can often be made in outside restaurants in such cases, and all you have to pay then is the tip.

Rates in the better houses are roughly \$7 to \$11 per day for single room, bath, 3 meals, and tea; \$3 to \$7 per day for single with bath, without meals; \$5 to \$9 per day for double room with bath, without meals; \$10 to \$20 per day for suites with 3 meals and tea. The Ritz and Avis are higher than this; at the Palácio, on the other hand, these are the prices most of the year.

Always make reservations in advance. The High Season is May to September, and the most desirable places are filled up early.

►**TIP:** If you're driving through rural Portugal, be sure to get a list of the government *pousadas* before departure from

either your hotel concierge or the S.N.I. These 12 small, clean, attractive country inns, spotted from one end of the country to the other, are such a success that they're now building 12 more for motoring vacationers. The average price *including meals and private bath* (scarce) is \$3.45 single and \$5.85 double. Most are far superior to any hotel within miles. What a value!

Food and Restaurants Portuguese cuisine is delicious. It's not fiery, as one might expect on the Iberian Peninsula; neither is it doughy, with the accent on *pasta*. The French influence is pronounced; the eye is as important as the palate, and each course is garnished and presented to the diner in its most tempting and appetizing form. The cooking is good, if a bit on the bland side; the variety is bewildering, and the portions are typically huge.

In some dining spots, mostly the regional ones, the cook has the habit of delicately pouring a 20-gallon drum of olive oil into the pan before dropping in your lamb chop. The taste isn't too bad, but it's as rough as a corn cob on uninitiated stomachs. While we're on this subject, let's also face the fact that a few of these backwoods Escoffiers also pop whole garlic cloves into their creations as freely as walnuts. Whenever you step out of your international hotel or your chichi restaurant, remember 3 phrases: *sem olio* ("without oil"), *com manteiga* ("with butter"), and *sem alho* ("without garlic"). You'll need them!

Since Brazil is a cultural offshoot of Portugal, coffee is a pillar of almost everyone's diet. To the Yankee palate, the local version has the same pungent overtones as that dark, glistening substance which is found at the bottom of the vat after an 800x15 Goodyear Suburban Snow Tire has been boiled in acid for 3 days. Actually, the quality is higher than can ordinarily be found in the U.S.A.; they simply don't blend it, that's all. Some travelers find the "Carioca" style the least lethal—equal parts of coffee and hot water; others like it *com leite*—coffee and milk, 50-50; after a heavy meal, most of us take it "solo"—but the wise ones always follow the na-

tional custom of filling almost one-third of the cup with sugar before application of the fluid to the larynx.

Cheese? Serra, snappy and tangy, is outstanding, with plenty of character. *Queijo fresco*, a butter substitute with the overtones of cottage cheese, is liked by many U.S. visitors.

The city water of Lisbon, Estoril, and Porto is sweet and potable, *but do not trust it elsewhere*. Agua de Luso is the best-known bottled brand.

In Lisbon, there's a big choice of restaurants. While surprisingly few establishments merit Great or near-Great cuisine classification, the general standard is good and the prices are acceptable.

On our most recent round, the food at (1) the Ritz in Lisbon and (2) the Palácio de Seteais in Sintra was so superior to all competition that they are in a class by themselves. The former, catered by the previously mentioned Pierre Gachet whose touch was acquired in Paris' Tour d'Argent, is elaborate, expensive, and exquisite; ask for Maître Rodriguez, and tell him that you are a friend of this *Guide*. The latter is the ideal rural target for lunch; also plush, also expensive (by local standards), and also exceptional. Below these 2, we'd rate the Avis—still fine in its fare, in spite of deterioration in other departments.

Tavares (Rua da Misericórdia 35) long maintained its tradition as the capital's leading restaurant, but in late years we think it has skidded sadly. Conservative and costly; we'd call it merely so-so for its bracket.

Tágide (Largo da Biblioteca 19) seemed to be better than ever. The restaurant section of this twin enterprise is polished, sophisticated, and civilized; quiet, graceful modern décor; sound but not brilliant cookery; fairly stiff tabs. The upstairs night club (same name) is the number one cabaret of the capital. Especially popular with socialites.

La Gondola (Avenida de Berne 60) also serves a savory selection, with emphasis on Italian dishes. Nice little summer garden; good cellar; worthy choice for a tranquil, unhurried lunch in serene surroundings. We've long been fond of this one.

Montes Claros, atop the hill of the same name, sits in a lovely park 10 minutes out, and offers a beguiling view. Severely modern décor; narrow terrace; handsome to look at and to be in, but we found the food tasteless and poor. Swell for a cocktail at noon or for afternoon tea, but not recommended for serious dining.

Chave D'Ouro closed last year.

A Quinta ("A Farm") gets our enthusiastic vote as the average American's best average-priced bet in the capital. It is perched at the top of the famous Santa Justa outdoor elevator; to get there, the visitor pays about a penny to ride in this amusing but hideous landmark. Host, greeter, proprietor, and Guardian Angel is the celebrated Fred Wulff—a great-hearted, delightful character who is known universally as The Mad Russian. For decoration (and to drive away self-boredom), he has assembled such oddities as live chickens, free-flying tropical birds, waitresses in provincial costumes, and a formidable assortment of souvenirs from guests. Prices are very low; the menu is limited to Mr. Wulff's personal favorites; the cookery is superb—absolute tops for his particular selections. Small but adequate portions are served on airline-style trays; if you're intensely hungry, a refill still costs practically nothing. Most dishes are 77¢, including mouth-melting Hungarian goulash, steak-and-kidney pie, home-cured corned beef, and the puffiest, lightest, tastiest omelet east or west of Paris; all cocktails with local ingredients are 40¢ each; Vodka Martinis are the house feature. No pretensions, no crystal chandeliers, no heel-clicking headwaiters—just a friendly reception, a simple atmosphere, delicious food, and the charm of Fred Wulff. Closed Sundays. Highly recommended to every visitor; don't miss it.

Negresco (Rua Jardim do Regedor 39) draws businessmen at lunch—and segments of Portuguese café society after 10 P.M., when it's turned into a night club. Smooth service; kitchen on-and-off; tea dancing Saturdays and Sundays; fairly stiff tariffs. Avalade (Campo Grande) also draws its share of hungry travelers, but its main fame also rests on its after-dinner activities.

Aquário (Rua Jardim do Regedor 34), across the street from Negresco, is renowned for its seafood—lobsters, shrimps, fish, a galaxy from the nearby Atlantic. Try the Centola Gratinada, the best deviled crab in the city—and order it warm. Piano and drums after 9 P.M.; cozy; medium-priced; a value.

Cortador (“Butcher Shop”), also known as “Oh Lacerda!”, used to be one of our favorites—but no longer, sad to say. On our last look at this steak house in which the clients pick their own cuts of meat, the atmosphere reeked of such contrived tourist-y “quaintness” and our meal was so substandard for the price that we’re not going back. Too much a commercial proposition now, in our opinion, with too sharp an eye cocked for the Innocent Abroad.

The new Lorde (Rua Victor Cordon 14-A) is a welcome addition to the restaurant picture. Oak-paneled room with large chimney and miniature bar, reminiscent of a London businessman’s club; excellent cookery; so jammed by its male trade that unescorted ladies often feel overwhelmed by too much masculinity; gracious staff which doesn’t know much English. With no irreverence intended, the maître d’hôtel at Lorde happens to be named Jésus. Open Sundays; *always reserve in advance.*

Ramalhete (Rua Dom Pedro V 56), operated by 2 elderly and sweet ladies named Adelina and Francelina, occupies a pleasant old house with an agreeable view. Only 10 tables; cute little bar at midstairs; good home-cooked specialties. We liked this little place.

Budget dining? Oh Farta Brutos (Travessa da Espera 20) translates as “Feed The Brutel”—and this one is almost sure to intrigue anyone who seeks authentic regional color. Exactly 4—repeat, 4—tables, which you’ll probably share with a mixture of Lisbon society figures and humble tram workers; amusing décor which is a jumble of comic tiles, serious tiles, birdcages in cretonne, photos of family friends, and zany gimmicks; owned by the wife of a local Sportswriter, Da. Albertina Machado (she also does the cooking); ask for “O Margarida,” the waitress-receptionist-assistant factotum;

an unspoiled Greenwich-Village-type *bistro*, Portuguese version, where prices are low and where most visitors have fun. Recommended. A Primavera (Travessa de Espera 34, farther along the same street) is about as tiny. This one has 2 long tables and 1 small table, tiled walls, an open kitchen, and stools for seats. Closed Sundays; a whopping meal (including wine and service) in down-to-earth surroundings for perhaps \$1.25; excellent for the type. Novas Velhas (Praça da Alegria 19) and Oriental (Rua São Julião 132) are also worthy for the league.

Snacks? Snack bars? Lots of new ones. The standard landmark is Mariscos (Rua Jardim do Regedor 34) which might be called super-de-luxe. It has counter stools, 20 double tables, indirect lighting, and a clean, modern, handsome look. Quick lunch or full meal; same management as Aquário, which adjoins it; Portuguese version (not very close!) of American dishes. The Terminus is somewhat the same. Outstanding entries of the newer crop are Derbi, around the corner from the Pan Am office, the Pique-Nique (an appalling variation of a nostalgic English word), and Discoteca (taken from the adjoining "disc" or record shop) in the basement of the Eduardo VII Hotel. By Howard Johnson standards, they're all pretty far off the mark, but by local criteria, they do the job. Bénard (Rua Garrett 104) is a handy coffee shop for that break in the shopping routine; it has saved the dispositions of thousands of abused and beleaguered husbands, including me.

Last but far from least, no lively traveler should leave Lisbon without visiting one of the world-famous *fado* restaurants—birthplace and home of the heart-rending folk music so beloved by the people. These are the "taverns" (for want of a better word) where the young girls in aprons or the pot-bellied characters in sweaters will suddenly burst forth in these formalized, haunting, provocative laments. Informal atmosphere; adequate food; songs which will never leave you; generally (but not always) inexpensive. *Reserve early everywhere.*

Most fashionable at the moment is Toca de Carlos Ramos

(Travessa dos Fieis de Deus 34). Senhor Ramos might be called the masculine Amalia Rodrigues, because he's the star male singer of the nation. In voice, he's a Perry Como of the happy type of *fado*; in physical appearance, he's almost Greek-longshoreman in ruggedness. You may order a full meal here (we went only for the music). Entrance which looks plush, but interior of glamorless white tiles and bright lights; 3 musicians; announcement of \$1.05 cover charge placed behind the front door, so that you can see it as you leave (!); prices average; no pretensions of any kind. You may buy his records here, but they're cheaper in the shops. Leading recommendation. Viela (Rua das Taipas 14) bears the great Rodrigues name—not Amalia, monarch of the field, but her sister Celeste. Cellar ambiance with lovely modern stained-glass window of Virgin and child, plus graceful arches to complete the ecclesiastical effect; performances by Celeste, a fine guitarist, and 2 unexciting soloists; dinner served from 8 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. (again we dined elsewhere). Good. Tipóia (Rua do Norte 100) has poor food but superb singing. A Parreirinha (Largo do Chafariz de Dentro) and Mesquita (Rua do Diário de Notícias 107) are relative old-timers; Herminia (Rua da Misericórdia) belongs to a popular artist named Herminia Silva. As for Machado (Rua do Norte 91), the most famous of all, we now consider it completely unacceptable, and our advice is to run, not walk, in the opposite direction. Sad to confess, this *Guide* has been partially responsible for its transformation. In the 15 years since we first saw it and raved, it has evolved from a simple, charming regional tavern to what currently impresses us as a slick, commercial, tourist-motivated operation, with table-to-table souvenir vendors and all of the gimmicks we loathe to see in a supposedly authentic inn. And those prices! Our check for 7 Portuguese brandies and water (not French cognac or imported stuff) came to the outrageous total of \$35. *Not recommended under any circumstances.*

Across the river, 10 minutes by ferry, there are many small establishments which pride themselves on unadulterated Portuguese atmosphere and fare. Our fondest choice here

is Floresta, a large house and terrace offering a fine sweep of the Tagus and the capital. Turn right when you disembark and you'll find it only a short walk. Primitive, noisy, cheap, and interesting; order Caldeirada if you like bouillabaisse—and remember that 1 portion of almost anything here is usually ample for 2 stomachs, U.S.-species.

In Estoril, the Palácio Hotel and the Casino offer the highest quality cuisine. Tamariz, on the beach, is pleasant on a sunny day—especially since the installation of the pool and locker rooms. Attractive dining-terrace, plain interior; magnificent lobster; things often seem slightly on the grimy side here, but not enough to throw you. Santini's immaculate Ice Cream Bar adjoins; 10 flavors of the smoothest, creamiest varieties of Martha Washington's legacy on the Iberian Peninsula. The Estoril Country Club, open to Palácio Hotel guests, is the luncheon favorite of golfers; wonderful view, lovely surroundings, fair food, waiters who couldn't be more surly.

Cascais, next door to Estoril, is the home of Fim do Mundo ("End of the World")—so careful in its cookery that Danish authority Preben Holten and many other leading international gourmets rate it next to the Ritz as the best in Portugal. Tiny room, pleasantly but not luxuriously furnished; tiny bar to rear; indoor dining only. If you ask for the director, José Barreto, he'll see that you're fed regally—at a price guaranteed not to shock you. Reserve in advance; sophisticated in an unsophisticated way. Canoa (Rua dos Navegantes), inaugurated in '59, is also a charmer. In a fisherman's ancient home, with trees still growing through the original openings, they've created a beguilingly chic atmosphere with yellow-and-white striped chairs, a colorful little bar, and other touches of gaiety. Open from June through October only; *fado* singing a feature; Brazilian and Italian orchestras alternate for dancing; 8:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. daily, with lunch *not* served; cover charge of \$1.75 during the week and \$2.10 on Saturdays and Sundays. While the tables are a bit too close together, and while the cookery isn't in the Fim do Mondo class, here's a delightful bet on a benign evening in

season. Club Naval is typical of the good Peninsular yacht clubs. It has the standard nautical aura, the standard setting over salt water and small craft, the standard inexpensive but adequate fare, and the standard spell for fresh-air lovers on lazy weekends when the sun is sparkling. We made it a point *not* to check if its facilities were limited to members, and no one ever quizzed us. Especially happy for travelers with children. Laura, the only other local eating place of note, is agreeable for a terrace cocktail but depressing for meals. With imaginative management, this could be a show place—but the owner misses the boat.

On the road to Sintra, the historic Queluz (pronounced "Kayloosh") Palace is a peanut-sized replica of Versailles. In its ancient, enormous scullery, the owners have built a full-scale restaurant called the "Cozinha Velha" ("Old Kitchen")—and that's exactly what it is. You'll see the original spits on which whole oxen have been roasted for hundreds of years—plus enough utensils and gismos in fine old copper to arouse larceny in the soul. Interesting and unusual; cookery adequate rather than exceptional.

At Guincho Beach, north of Cascais (please remember that the undertow along these beautiful shores is so murderous that bathing is next to impossible), the combined Muchaxo Restaurant and A Barraca Bar are drawing knowledgeable excursionists from Lisbon and miles around. It's a simple, shanty-ish, family-style place atop the sands, with lobster, clams, and other fruits of the sea the specialties. Modest tariffs; packed to the scuppers when the weather is right; eminently recommendable. Mestre Zé is noted for its chicken-grilled-with-peppers; for the local trade, not outlanders. As for Faroleiro, the third entry here, it stank—literally—at the time we inspected it; no, with ringing sincerity.

Porto offers the Escondidinho as its number one restaurant (high prices, so-so food) and the Infante de Sagres as its number one hotel dining room. The Grande Hotel da Batalha will never set the world afire with its culinary artistry, but it's fairly passable.

That's just about all for the country, as far as distinguished dining is concerned. Elsewhere (including the Azores and Madeira), the traveler is usually safer if he sticks to his selected hotels and *pousadas* rather than risking the oil-heavy, garlic-heavy ministrations of more primitive tables.

►TIPS: In most hotels and restaurants, a liter of *vinho tinto*—red table wine—is included in the price of your meal. If the waiter “forgets” this particular item, prod his memory with the nearest hatrack.

Portugal is one of the few countries in which chauffeurs or hired-car drivers are often guests of the house for their midday meals. They normally lunch wherever their client lunches—but without charge, in many establishments, to them or to you.

Night Clubs The most famous after-dark spot in the nation is the Casino at Estoril. It has just been redecorated by its new concessionaire—rather gaudily, we thought, with an eye toward cutting financial corners wherever possible. Yet it's still attractive when the sun is down. Imposing dining room over landscaped terraces which drop almost to the sea; elevated orchestra; floor show in season; satisfactory food and reasonable prices; still worthy. The adjoining Wunder Bar, also newly face-lifted, offers ho-hum gin-mill facilities and an indifferent cabaret to the supper set. There are tournament rooms (bridge, chess, etc.), a movie auditorium, and plush lounges. The state-sponsored gambling wings (*take your passport!*) feature roulette and French Bank (no U.S. “craps”), plus an often creepy harvest of Charles Addams' characters who flinch at every turn of the wheel or card. Minimum play is very low, and the atmosphere seems more cheery in the inner sanctum of the average U.S. funeral parlor. Absolutely dead from October 15 to January—and depressingly grim at some other periods, too. Worth a visit, nevertheless, if only to tell your home-town friends about this landmark.

In Lisbon, Tágide (Largo da Biblioteca 19) is now far ahead of the rest of the pack. Up one flight; square, dimly

lit, tan-and-cream room, with backless benches hugging walls and dance floor in center; attractive sea-foam, coral, and white terrace adjoining, with awning, latticed rail, and movie-set view of the illuminated city; \$2 minimum charge, Scotch 90¢; clientele chic and international. In co-operation with the Government Tourism Organization, authentic Portuguese regional ballets, folk dances, and *fados* are presented from time to time throughout the year; the ancient costumes are treasures, and the performers talented. Routine floor show nightly, in any case, at midnight and 1:30 A.M.; advance reservations mandatory on week ends; ask for Manager Juvenal. The leader.

Negresco (Rua Jardim do Regedor 39) switches from a restaurant to a night club by the simple expedient of clearing the tables from its small dance floor. Red banquettes, 4 musicians, fairly quiet atmosphere; bar to rear, where thirsty young ladies can often be found from midnight onward; pleasant but not extraordinary. Alvalade (Campo Grande, 1½ miles from the center) has ceiling-to-floor windows which open on a park and a lovely little lake; 6-man orchestra hair-raisingly awful on Dixieland and hot jazz, but quite passable on slow music for dancing; popular, crowded, less chichi than Tágide. Attractive modern bar leads off foyer; don't let jovial, New-York-trained Manager Julio trap you on the big sign which reads "I.I.T.Y. W.Y.B.M.A.D.???" ("If I Tell You, Will You Buy Me a Drink??"); open until 4 A.M., so go late.

Aquário (Rua Jardim do Regedor 34, across the street from Negresco) is the teen-agers' hangout—and it's sometimes lively, especially on Saturdays. Intimate L-shaped room, with 2-man band on a dais; indirect lighting, kind to all hollow-eyed travelers; soothing marine mural covering entire rear wall. Here's the place where trim Portuguese youngsters dance, hold hands, drink beer, and have well-mannered fun; when you watch them, you're going to feel at least 86 years old. Warmly recommended on the right nights.

Pasapoga (Avenida da Liberdade 137) caters to the lonely

businessman who is yearning for feminine companionship. The premises teem with "hostesses," many of whom could easily be entered in the Westminster Dog Show; none may leave before the 5 A.M. closing. Floor shows (flamenco, regional ballets, etc.) at 1:30 A.M. and 3:30 A.M.; \$1.21 "consummation"; whisky slightly less than \$1, and beer 70¢; head for the bar here, because it's the best vantage point for casing the menagerie; don't go before midnight at the earliest. Typical of its type. Bico Dourado (Rua da Misericórdia 12) is an inferior portion from the same platter; open 10:30 P.M. to 5 A.M. in summer, or 6:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. and 11:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. in winter; \$1.74 minimum charge and Scotch \$1.25; same ground rules for its B-girls. Nina (Rua Paiva de Andrade 11) is even more run-of-the-mill (especially its mill hands!). Due to the higher than average incidence of an historic social complaint in Portugal, I'd recommend that any long and serious evenings be postponed until the next country on the itinerary, notably Spain.

Out of town, the Ronda at Monte Estoril (halfway between Estoril and Cascais) is still rolling along. At first glance, its red-and-black geometric décor is the exact physical rendering of the Armstrong Linoleum Sales Manager's nightmare after 3 Welsh rarebits; after a couple of medicinal Constantino brandies, however, it suddenly and miraculously takes on the aspect of a Dorothy Draper job. Dancing to tolerable music; no cabaret, thank fortune; quiet bar adjoining, with a fine view of the bay. A good bet.

Cascais has the lovely new Canoa (see "Restaurants"), which leads the parade in Lisbon's and Estoril's suburbs; June through October only, as a reminder. The Palm Beach is used for swimming by day; after sundown, it is transformed into a night club. Outdoor terrace with colored lights and flowers; when this section is closed at 2 A.M., the clientele is moved en masse into the building, for more dancing and a floor show. Also recommended.

Otherwise, Portugal's after-dark culture is surprisingly tranquil.

Taxis The Portuguese taxi driver is the wildest man, with the exception of the Japanese, who ever held the wheel of an automobile. You will die 10-thousand deaths on a 20¢ ride. Take smelling salts, 3 Nembutals, and a leather-covered club.

Cabs are plentiful; all cars are metered; rates are cheap, for the plethora of free thrills. If you're planning a sizable junket (Lisbon to Estoril, for example), he's required to give you 2 minutes of free waiting time for each kilometer of travel. *Set your price in advance on all out-of-town excursions*; here you must pay *both* ways, from cabstand all the way back to cabstand. Tip 2½ escudos (9¢) for the average distance; if longer, 15% will do fine. He cannot carry more passengers than the number stipulated over the meter; don't force him to do so, because he's then a sitting (or skittering) duck for a big fine. No supplements or extras after dark.

Trains Improving—but we'd still recommend that you avoid the railroads if you can fly. On the credit side, there are now many diesel locomotives and an impressive number of diesel "auto-coach" cars. On the debit side, some wood-burners remain on rural runs; drinking water is seldom carried; restaurant cars are sporadic and sparse.

The ride from Lisbon to Paris is awful—not so bad in Portugal, but the Spanish segment will positively curl your hair.

It never hurts to take a supply of food and drink on domestic excursions—because you *might* get caught short without a diner, just when you're famished.

Airline Transportes Aereos Portugueses (TAP), the official airline of the Department of Civil Aviation, absorbed Aereo Portuguesa in '58—and it now rules the local skies unchallenged. The company was inaugurated in 1947 to provide regular carrier service to the provinces in Africa; it is privately operated, on a large percentage of government capital. Later, domestic schedules between Lisbon and Oporto were taken over from the now-defunct CTA. Current routes extend to various European capitals and to many African

points. Equipment consists of 3 new Super-G Constellations, DC-4's, DC-3's, and 1 Beechcraft; there are more than 25 pilots; all crews have been trained by BOAC and Iberia. Maintenance methods aren't up to U.S. standards, but they're better than those in many foreign fleets.

Aviation has a glowing record in this little land—and much of it is due to Commander José Cabral, Master Pilot of the nation and now Director of the official Casa Portugal in New York. He flew all sorts of perilous antiquies on the Lisbon-Tangier-Casablanca run, as a 1-man airline, for 15 straight years without an accident. This number one Air Hero set the pattern which is now being followed.

An underfinanced fledgling called ARTOP took wings in '58, with flying-boat service to Madeira. Due to lack of adequate capital to survive one ill-timed accident, it folded in '59.

In the Azores, there's an inter-island network covered by SATA, which operates 2 DH Doves. We've never flown it—but, for these short hauls, it is probably quite adequate.

Recommendation: TAP has an excellent record which gets better every year. It is now as safe and as dependable as almost any of the smaller European carriers.

Cigarettes Cheap and plentiful. Current prices for popular American brands are 35¢ per package. Load up on them—because elsewhere abroad you might pay more.

Laundry and Dry Cleaning The laundry is good, fast, and efficient. Rates are considerably less than in America. Give the bundle to the maid at your hotel—and count it before and after.

Watch out for dry cleaning. In Portugal they wash the entire wardrobe; they blithely toss everything from pantie girdles to pillowcases to velvet evening dresses to sheepskin coats into the same tub, and the same little man does the same little dance with his same little feet on the same big pile. The only place in which we'd put a nickel's worth of faith (excluding the Ritz Hotel facilities, which are modern as next year) is a new outfit called Texas. These people use

American methods, and offer 1-day cleaning and pressing jobs for the traveler-in-a-hurry. Don't be surprised, though, if your garments come back now and then with a button or two missing. This *Guide* offers no guarantees—but they're worlds' safer than all their independent competition. Otherwise, if it's cotton or linen, give it to the laundry; if it's silk or wool, buy a 25¢ stick of Janie and a 50¢ jar of Mum. You might ruin your best clothes if you don't.

Drinks Port is the major national wine, of course—and the canny Portuguese know how to cling to a good thing when they have it. Rarely will you find a superior type outside the country's boundaries; they export the poorer stuff, and keep the choicest varieties for themselves.

There are 5 kinds of port; Vintage, Crusted, Ruby, Tawny, and White. Vintage, which takes 20 years to reach its prime, is the best; Crusted, never dated, is excellent; Ruby and Tawny (favorite of most travelers) are blends of up to 40 separate wines; White, light and pleasant, is the only type served before a meal (the rest are consumed at the end, with the cheese). Two special recommendations are PPP (Porto Pinto Pereira) and Portugal Velho #2 (Real Vinicola); they're the ones I always take home for my cellar.

Madeira is the minor national wine—not as fashionable as it was when the clipper ships were sailing, but still as kind to the taste. It is the only one which thrives on motion, and has the longest life of any. The 3 best types are Bual (our personal preference), Sercial (dry, characteristic flavor), and Malmsey (on the sweet side).

Portuguese table wines are most often no better than fair—although a few are delicious. Our candidate for the leader is Buçaco, the supply of which is rather severely restricted. It comes in both tints. Otherwise, there's Dão (red and dry), Collares (both colors), Bucellas (white), Cerejeira (red and quite dry), and Mateus rosé (sparkling and second-rate). Espumante, the Portuguese champagne, is generally cloying and generally terrible. Last, there's always the wine of the country, in "open" servings; order this as *vinho da casa*, and

remember that the law requires that they furnish it with every table d'hôte (not à la carte) meal. Perhaps you'll disagree with this estimate, but I feel that the table varieties of this land are among the least interesting on the Continent.

All spirits except American whisky are available in profusion; all the King's Ransom Scotch you want for \$6 or \$7 a bottle, and less desirable brands for slightly less. Portuguese brandy has its special attractions for the adaptable palate. Constantino is the most soothing, potable type, and you'll save a bushel of money if you stick to this local distillate.

Ginginha, the cherry liqueur first invented and distilled by local monks, couldn't be more Portuguese. Characteristic, curious, and worth a try.

Perola Export and Imperial are the ranking beers. On our latest tour, for some strange reason, we had repeated troubles with Imperial. At the Hotel Palácio de Seteais we had to ask for 3 bottles before finding one that was drinkable; at the Avis, it took 2; at a third hotel, another two. Perhaps it's the fault of innkeepers who keep their supplies either too cold or for too long a period. When right, however, both these brews are excellent.

Two eyebrow-lifting tidbits: you'll find no genuine tonic water or colas in Portugal, because the authorities have made the profound discovery that (1) the quinine in the first and (2) the caffeine in the second are injurious to the national health (!). Synthetic substitutes are available (Nicol Cola *et al.*), but most of them are fierce. If you're a soft-drink fan, stick to those wonderful orangeades, which are at their peak in winter (harder to find in summer).

Sports The Portuguese are among the best horsemen in the world. A fascinating place to visit is the Estação Zootécnica Nacional (National Stud Farm) at Fonte-Boa, about 2 hours' drive from Lisbon. The Director, Sr. J. N. Barbosa, takes pride in his 1500 prize animals; the Alter and Lusitano strains, Portuguese in origin, are magnificent specimens.

Bullfighting differs from the Spanish version. The mount-

ed *rejonador* often takes the place of the pedestrian *matador*; the battle is fought from the backs of precision-trained horses. It's as exciting as football—and the bull is not killed! Season: May through October, usually on Sundays but occasionally on Thursday nights, too. Get TWA to buy your tickets.

Golf is popular in the large cities and resorts. Here is an unbelievable bargain for its devotees: you can shoot 18 mountain-top holes at the Estoril Country Club for less than \$3, the price including rental of clubs and balls, plus locker, shower, greens, and caddies' fees. To top things off, if you're registered at the Palácio Hotel on full pension, your lunch at the attractive clubhouse is without charge.

There's good swimming at undertow-free beaches along the coast (be careful to pick the safe ones *only!*), but the dress regulations are murder. At the nation's most international resort of Estoril last year, for example, a friend in our party was prohibited from wearing her bikini; if she had insisted, she would have been arrested and fined, amidst scandalized outcries from all the pious local citizenry except the constable who would have had the pleasure of making the actual pinch. And the worst part was that she couldn't rent a 1-piece suit with a skirt, which the law requires! Even gents must cover that manly chest with a T-shirt or, in emergency, a B.V.D. top. How silly can they get?

The most chichi bathing is at Tamaris (Estoril) and Palm Beach (Cascais). At the former, Manager João Mayer, an English-speaking socialite who is married to the daughter of a Marquis, knows and likes Americans; he'll assist you or advise you, if needed, in his warmhearted Portuguese way. Bathhouses, chairs for sunning, and liquid refreshments are available at both of these resorts. Freezing in winter, cold in spring, delightful from June to September. You'll also find a good pool at the Hotel Atlântico (Estoril).

Bowling? A new sports center, appropriately called "Bowling," has opened at Avenida de Roma 7-A in the capital. Six alleys at 17¢ to 35¢ per game, depending upon the time of day; billiard rooms, a snack bar, a coffee shop, and other services. Hours: 9 A.M. to 2 A.M.

Gambling? The Estoril Casino is the most renowned, of course. Next, 140 miles away, there's the smaller and sometimes livelier Casino Figueira da Foz, which operates from June through November only. Finally, the ban on gambling in Madeira was lifted in '58; at this writing, however, they haven't yet gotten around to reopening their casino.

Take your choice—deep-sea fishing, tennis, European football, horseback riding, duck shooting, the works. Just ask the hotel concierge, the S.N.I., or your travel agent.

The country offers an abundance of mineral baths and thermal establishments. Best known are Luso, near Buçaco, and Curia, near Coimbra.

The former site of the "Feria Popular"—where unclad *derrières* used to wave like flags in the breeze when brandy-brave characters jumped into the Amateur's Bull Ring to "fight"—was sold to the Gulbenkian Foundation in '58, for construction of a model museum and concert auditoriums. Since then it has been held, on a temporary basis, in the Jardim da Estrela. At the moment, no one knows when this uproarious tomfoolery will be transferred to a larger and more suitable location.

Tipping Tipping has been common in Portugal only since World War II; here, as elsewhere, Americans are far more lavish than others. Despite accusations that servants are "spoiled," the current level is well below American standards.

Give taxi drivers 2½ escudos; hairdressers, 5 escudos; washroom attendants, 1 escudo; hall porters, 6 escudos; station porters, 3½ escudos; and theater ushers, 2½ escudos. For waiters, 5 escudos is on the high side, because service is supposed to be part of the bill.

In general, the Portuguese themselves tip peanuts.

Things to See In our opinion, the most beautiful tourist sights in Lisbon and the suburbs are:

1. In Lisbon, the Coach Museum (one of the unique collections of vehicles in the world; open 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily but closed Mondays); the Old Moorish Castle, and that

part of the Old City adjoining the Castle. Go escorted to the latter, and do it in daylight; see the Popular Museum and a slice of life left over from the days of Columbus.

2. Sintra, about an hour from the capital. Drive out through Estoril, then take the spectacularly beautiful mountain road through a national forest preserve. When you near your goal, climb up and up through gardens and flowering camellia trees to the mammoth castle perched on a peak which is straight from an illustrated fairy tale. This was the home of the last kings of Portugal, and its medieval splendor is stunning. The road leads down past the older Moorish castle atop a neighboring crest to the little town in the valley. Some of the finest *quintas* (country estates) of Portugal are here, and they are a dream. Take lunch at the Hotel Palácio de Seteais in Sintra (or, if \$3 per person is too expensive for the budget, at one of the places suggested in the "Restaurants" section), and then stop for tea or dinner at the "Old Kitchen" in Queluz Palace on your way back to the capital.

3. For a shorter outing, Estoril. We think that the Riviera takes second place to this during the summer (not in other seasons, though)—less crowded, less frenetic, friendlier reception, and cheaper tariffs. Gambling, swimming, yachting, golf, horseback riding, trap shooting, tennis, fishing, thermal baths, dancing—the works. Half an hour by car or fine train from the center of Lisbon; dead in winter, spring, or fall.

4. The drive from Lisbon to Setúbal (see "Cities").

Elsewhere in Portugal your targets might be:

1. Nazaré (pronounced Nah-zar-ay), about 3 hours from Lisbon, is an extraordinarily colorful little fishing village and Portuguese summer resort of whitewashed houses, simple fisherfolk, and narrow streets which all run down to the sea. Legend ties their famous tartan costumes to a crew of Scotsmen shipwrecked here centuries ago; you may buy this unique hand-woven cloth along the beach. Wonderful swimming; fishing from sardine to fighting *carapão*; boats can be hired for a song. There's an elevator to the upper town, with its lighthouse, church, and glorious view; no hotels as

such, but a good *pensão* called Laranjo for roughly \$3.50 per day with meals. Go in June or July if you can, because it's so jammed with local vacationers in August and September that lots of the fun is lost. Highly recommended to anyone who loves the sea.

2. Fátima. Atop a mountain range called Serra d'Aire, this is the scene of the celebrated religious miracle—where the Virgin Mary appeared before 3 peasant children on repeated occasions during 1917. This current year is such a special one that it will attract more than a million pilgrims and sightseers; sometime during 1960, the secret of the last of the 3 revelations will be disclosed to the world. The site is 107 miles from Lisbon, a strenuous round trip which may be made in 1 day. If you can talk your driver out of his preoccupation with the horn button long enough to point out the brake pedal to him before departure, that's all to the good—because the roads are full of grades and curves. Or if you don't have a private car and don't like the frequent and easily available bus excursions (ask your hotel concierge about these), you may take the train which will deposit you within 15 miles of your goal, at a station now named Fátima, and run up the rest of the way by taxi. The Sud-Express (Paris-Lisbon) also stops daily at this point, and is met by shuttle buses. If traveling locally by rail, it's wise to pack a lunch and thirst-quenchers. You may stay at the new Estalagem de Fátima (we've not yet seen this one, but readers tell us it's the choicest), the new Beato Nuno (operated by the Carmelite Fathers; 8 rooms with bath, 60 with shower, 65 roomettes; many altars; English-speaking priest always on duty; rates from 70¢ to \$2.10 for singles, and \$1.40 to \$2.80 for doubles, plus 10% service), the Dominican Convent, the 5 small pensions, or one of the 2 tiny hotels in the hamlet. *Unless you understand the Portuguese language, don't go on the 13th of May, June, July, August, or September; on these dates, because of the crowds, the true spirit of the shrine will elude you, and you'll feel not only let down but lost. Magnificent new church and mammoth esplanade which will ultimately resemble the great plaza of Rome's St.*

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Peter's; spectacular healing miracles have occurred at the Shrine. It's Catholic, of course, but travelers of Protestant and Jewish faiths flock here, too; this should be seen by everybody, regardless of denomination.

3. The cathedral at Batalha, the finest Gothic structure on the Iberian Peninsula.

4. Évora, a sleepy little town near the Spanish border, with the Temple of Diana, quaint monasteries, all sorts of things dating back to the Romans.

5. Buçaco, in the north. The King's hunting lodge has been converted into a gorgeous hotel; excellent food, miles of fine walks, lovely location. Outstanding recommendation.

6. Figueira da Foz, the major seaside resort 123 miles north of Lisbon. Splendid beach; imposing promenade; facilities include a gambling casino, a big open-air swimming pool, scads of hotels, pensions, and restaurants (mostly modest), a theater, and the usual summer attractions. Cheap, informal, and animated in season.

7. The stark, terraced Douro Valley, the home of port wine.

These are merely suggestions. For further information, consult the Casa de Portugal, S.N.I., or TWA in Lisbon.

Things to Buy Gold is the best bet in the country. The law says that 18 or 19 carats is the minimum weight that can be sold over the counter. Of the many respectable shops in Lisbon, the most reliable and interesting is W. A. Sarmento, Rua do Ouro 251 (bottom of the Santa Justa elevator, directly below Fred Wulff's A Quinta Restaurant). Unusually fine display of intricate and beautiful earrings, brooches, and costume pieces, most of it in hand-worked, gold-plated silver—at prices which are a steal; big collection of 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ -carat gold charms, many one-of-a-kind. Natural sterling things, too (if gold is an anathema), made by Portuguese craftsmen whose techniques have come down through the centuries. Impeccable reputation; swell candidate for that \$2 to \$5 gift for Aunt Emmie which she'll find at a fat \$10 minimum if she

tries any comparative shopping stateside. Ask for the amiable Sr. Sarmento, who speaks good English.

Sereira, on the 2nd floor of Rua S. Bernardo 108, delights most clothes-conscious gals. In her chic apartment-showroom, Madame Sereira Amzalak has every type of skirt from sport to evening (\$12.30 up), blouses (\$7 to \$18), purses (\$5.50 up), stoles (\$6.60 up), tablemats (\$1 to \$3), tablecloths (\$28 to \$100)—lovely stuff, all hand-woven by Madame's craftsmen, or hand-worked. Closed on Sundays, but she'll generally open the shop if you phone. Excellent.

Grandes Armazens das Ilhas, Rua de S. Bento 126, is one of the finest basket shops we've ever come across in our shopping lives. There are 2 floors replete with all manner of specialties—chairs, baskets, lamps, mats, practically everything which can be woven except Panama hats. Great fun for machine-age Americans, as a contrast to industrial thinking—and swell buying values, too. Worth a visit.

Cork products are another favorite (and why shouldn't they be, in the country where the trees grow?). Local run-of-the-mill women's shoes have soles of this material; they're a great help on the hilly, cobblestone streets—and they cause lots of comment back in Dallas or Detroit. The variety and interesting uses of this staple at Casa da Cortiças, Rua da Escola Politécnica 4, is eye-opening—ice buckets, dolls, coasters, doilies, playing cards, bags, chessmen, dozens of knick-knacks, all presided over by a rotund, flamboyant, publicity-conscious gentleman known as "Mr. Cork." Strictly a tourist enterprise, but worth a look for its curiosities. "Mrs. Cork" has opened a small non-cork souvenir shop next door, called Metropolis; routine stocks when we saw it, but perhaps it has expanded since our visit.

In Madeira embroideries and organdies, Madeira Superbia, Avenida Duque de Loulé 75-A, now offers the top selection and variety. Delicate square organdies (6 mats, 6 napkins) start at \$18.38; regional tablecloths (linen napkins with organdy borders) from \$9.45 up; chair-cover or cushion needlepoint squares, an intriguing island specialty, from \$3.15 to \$10.50; probably a shade more expensive than its

competitors, but superior in every way. Ask Miss Georgina to help you. Branch in Hotel Ritz, where Mrs. Vera Seixas will smile her greetings. Highest recommendation. Pavilhão de Madeira, Avenida da Liberdade 15, is also dependable, but to us, not in the same class. The Madeira House, Rua Augusta 131, currently impresses us as having become so tourist-y that we no longer like it at all.

Ceramics and porcelains? Lovely, lovely stocks at Vista Alegre, Rua Ivens 19—worth the attention, in fact, of any foreign shop-hound. Small branch in the Hotel Ritz. Salutes to this one! Fabrica de Loica de Sacavem, Avenida da Liberdade 49-57, offers large tile pieces so handsome that you'll yearn; Fabrica de Faiancas e Azulejos Sant'Anna, Rua do Alecrim 91-97, features good-looking tiles of a different type—blue and white pottery bakings in majolica style.

For Portuguese handicrafts, try Casa Regional da Ilha Verde (Rua Paiva Andrade 4). Their gay little collapsible Christmas trees of foil, at \$2.63, are particularly sweet. Casa Quintão, Rua Ivens 30, is known for its Beiriz and Reiolos rugs. Those woven by women at the penitentiary aren't as desirable as the factory-made products.

Watches are an extra-smart buy. The merchants boast that their stocks are more complete than those in any comparable establishments in Switzerland—not true, of course, but an indication of the variety they offer. Outside of Switzerland, Lisbon is the best spot in Europe to find a good timepiece. Go to the previously mentioned W. A. Sarmiento, Rua do Ouro 251, or Leitão, Largo do Chiado 20, say—and don't bargain. Their prices are rock bottom, perhaps two-thirds what they are in New York.

Renaissance, Rua da Emenda 26, is an interior decorating shop which comes up with antiques, fabrics, tables, bric-a-brac, wastebaskets, and the like. Very good. It is run by Lady Ellis, who is English.

Department stores are Casa Africana, Armazens do Chiado, and Grandela. Any taxi driver will know them.

Sad to say, the shipment of port wine from Lisbon or Porto to America is so expensive and so complicated that

it's almost useless to attempt. With brokerage fees, import duties, transport costs, taxes, and all the rest, the bottle which runs \$1.25 locally will have rocketed up to perhaps \$7 before you're through. Either carry all you can by hand, or forget it.

Shopping hours vary slightly. You may be sure of one thing, though: everybody puts up the shutters for lunch—so you might as well scratch the hours between noon (or 12:30 P.M. for a few diehards) and 3 P.M. off your schedule, because practically everything stops then. In compensation, they don't nail down the doors again until 7 P.M. Saturday, thank goodness, is just about the same as any other day—a break for the traveler-in-a-hurry.

Things Not to Buy Anything American, because it's 2 to 4 times what it costs in the States. Fabrics are another; they feel fine and are attractive to the eye—but the quality is poor, and the dyes are often not fast. Most ready-made apparel for both sexes is inferior; the prices are tempting, but the clothes become shapeless and shoddy in 10 or 12 wearings. Leave perfumes of all descriptions strictly alone—and don't touch gems, no matter how tempting they might seem, except in the tiny handful of proven houses like Sarmiento. Women's shoes are improving in both styling and lasting qualities, but with Portuguese leather-curing methods, caution is still advised. And antiques are distinctly for the neophyte to Portugal. The entire crop has been thoroughly picked over; the few genuine pieces still in stock are the leavings, ugly, second grade, and terribly expensive.

Hairdressers and Things The most chic and costly beauty shop in Portugal is Pierre Gaucher at the Hotel Ritz. Lovely air-conditioned salon; expert Parisian operators in charge; massage available. Gaucher has branches in Paris, Nice, and Casablanca, and they know their business. You'll pay plenty, by local (not U.S.) standards. Armando Brito, Avenida da Liberdade 236, is less expensive, with work that is acceptable but not distinguished. A shampoo, wave, and manicure may be had for \$2.80; little English is spoken; ask for Mrs. Brunea, Renzo, or Avelina. As for Bruna & Renzo,

Largo do Directório 8, also popular among the foreign colony, my Nancy tried it last time and did not like it. Devotees of the Harriet Hubbard Ayer system may find it at the Palácio Azul, Rua do Ouro 139, up one flight; we have no further knowledge about this one.

Chiropodists (call them *calistas*) are popular in Portugal. They charge \$1 per session, with a pedicure included.

A shave costs the large sum of 10¢ in most barbershops.

Except in Pierre Gaucher's at the Ritz, don't bank on appointments. When a favorite customer drops in, you are apt to drop out with a minimum of ceremony—such irresponsibility that visitors are often furious.

Local Rackets As a whole, the Portuguese are a simple, independent people, unversed in most of the slick and shady arts of a few of their more distant neighbors; while it's good business to have a native along whenever you go shopping, don't worry about being fleeced if you go alone. They will respect you as an American, just as you will respect their birthright—and chicanery is an exception.

One practice approaching a racket is the excessive cost of formal sightseeing. If you go on a professional rubbernecking tour, you're almost certain to be hooked. Most national monuments—and there are hundreds—levy an admission charge, which is an unusual practice in itself. But when you get inside and are expected, even urged, to contribute a second sum for the restoration of that particular monument, it's more than slightly irritating. Use your own judgment on this legal squeeze.

A final word: Portugal has yet to be "discovered" by the mass of American vacationers. You'll find it an unspoiled, charming little country, where, away from the cities, the foreign tourist is a novelty. If you will keep in mind the glorious background, the fierce pride, the haunting inferiority complex, the mercurial sensitiveness of the people whom you meet, you might well make friends whom you will always keep.

Rumania

Here's a simple equation: prewar Rumania produced 50-million barrels of oil per year, all of which begged for cylinders. Postwar Russia now has more than 50-million cylinders which are begging for oil. Result: a political coup, a "Soviet-advised" army of 200 thousand, a Soviet occupation army of 400 thousand, a secret police the population of Colorado, and all the sweet pleasures of the Soviet Union.

In spite of the fact that carefully screened Americans may now be admitted as travelers, conditions are so appallingly grim throughout this captive nation that we haven't the slightest desire or intention to revisit it this year.

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

In 1346, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden got together to discuss a Scandinavian Union. Six hundred years later they did something about it when, in 1946, they launched one of the most startling experiments in the history of international trade.

They joined hands in the Scandinavian Airlines System—DDL from Denmark, DNL from Norway, SILA and ABA from Sweden—and it's just as remarkable as if Gimbels said to Altman and Lord & Taylor, "Let's plunk all of our merchandise on the same counter and sell it together!"

Credit is shared so scrupulously that 3 urchins couldn't divide a Hershey bar with greater solemnity or exactitude. The corporation chairmanship is revolved at yearly intervals; all crews represent 3 nationalities. The letterhead lists the partners in alphabetical order; the fuselage of each plane

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is emblazoned with 3 flags. As the supreme Solomon's Decision, English became the compromise official language!

The line now has 73 aircraft flying to 84 cities in 43 countries on 5 continents. Until April, when its new DC-8 jets will start flashing between New York and Scandinavia in 7 hours, its fleet will consist of DC-7's, DC-6B's, DC-6's, and Convair Metropolitans—plus 16 of the sensational pure-jet Caravelles, that 515-miles-per-hour medium-range newcomer which is so quiet that it almost shames the Boeing 707, the DC-8, and the Comet IV for airborne comfort. It won't be too many months later until the company is completely jet-serviced.

Trunk routes fan out directly from the 3 Scandinavian capitals to (1) New York, (2) Santiago, (3) Johannesburg, and (4) Tokyo, providing regular flights from the world's most northerly city of Hammerfest to Buenos Aires in the south, Los Angeles in the west, and Japan in the east. Continental, Middle Eastern, and African runs were given a big boost by the introduction of the Caravelles in '59; by blanketing 24 different points, SAS gained the distinction of serving more cities by jet than any airline in the world. With combined equipment, every capital of Free Europe is now reached; so are various satellite countries, and so is Moscow. The pilots, predominantly Scandinavians, are crackerjacks; in looks some of the hostesses are wholesomely rustic, while others beat Ingrid Bergman to a frazzle.

SAS carries more passengers across the Atlantic than all individual competition except Pan Am, TWA, and BOAC—an astonishing feather-in-the-cap for a company which is dwarfed in size by Air France, KLM, and other powerful neighbors abroad. The answer, obviously, is service, more service, and still more service to its ticket holders—the brand of personal attention which makes the traveler come back on his next trip for another helping. Its "Royal Viking De Luxe" schedules offer a caliber of comfort which, in our opinion, can't be touched on any other First-class operation over the ocean—consistently the finest we've ever found among the 37 international companies we've flown. On the

Caravelles, as another example of its ingenuity in pleasing the customer, it has inaugurated a nonstop, all-day menu, with each leg of the journey featuring a different dining or cocktail-ing course; as Columnist Naomi Barry puts it, "You may decide to nibble the whole distance, or you may prefer to hang the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on your lapel between Zürich and Rome and only break into the food chain between Rome and Athens." Its "Globetrotter" Economy-class schedules are also unbeatable in the standard budget category—but naturally, like all the 90 other IATA members, its hospitality here is somewhat hamstrung by the inhibiting specifications laid down by this world-wide air transport association (see page 51). Tickets may be purchased on the SAS Signature Plan across the nation; walk into the nearest branch office, fill out the form, and spread the cost of your journey over 6 to 24 months. Within Denmark, incidentally, there's also a special deal: only 1 adult in a family pays the full ticket price; the other members ride at half fare.

Against almost everyone's advice, SAS made history several years ago by pioneering the arctic routes from Los Angeles to Copenhagen and from Copenhagen to Tokyo—the first one skirting, and the second one spanning the North Pole. They were so successful that schedules had to be tripled almost immediately—and a flock of once-skeptical competitors have now jumped into the act, to grab all this rich new business they can get. In '58, the first direct regular service between Anchorage, Alaska, and Scandinavia was launched—and in '59, SAS opened its 4th North American gateway in Montreal, Canada.

SAS President is the capable Åke Rusck (Swedish). Other members of the top management include Viggo Rasmussen (Danish) and Nils Langhelle (Norwegian). If you're in Sweden and in trouble (or if you simply want to say hello to a Scandinavian legend), Gunnar Knutsson is Public-Relations Director in Sweden. This big, kind, cheerful Swede will go to any lengths to make your flight or your stay comfortable, or to bail you out of even the most personal difficulties. In Denmark his opposite number is Per Mortensen; in

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Norway, Odd Medboe. Any of these gentlemen will take in their stride what you can toss at them.

President of North American Operations is Tore H. Nilert, a vigorous executive who is doing a hard job well. The official who is in daily contact with the customer in the United States, and whom everybody with problems automatically seeks out, is George Hedman, North American Vice President of Public Relations for SAS. Mr. Hedman is one of the most warmhearted, able men, in or out of aviation. Through this unusually gifted administrator, SAS presents its best possible face to travelers like us.

Safety record: Practically perfect. Minimum-safety standards set by SAS are, in my opinion, maximum-safety standards on several other well-known carriers. They miss nothing, overlook nothing.

Recommendation: Complete. We continue to consider SAS unbeatable—and, just as we've reported for many years in this *Guide*, its passenger service remains to us consistently the most comfortable among all of the American or European carriers we fly.

Scotland



Scotland, second largest stockholder in the mighty business partnership of Great Britain Unlimited, combines so many contrasts on a single patch of earth that sometimes its visitors get the feeling that they're touring a Hollywood movie lot. Within an area roughly the size of West Virginia, you'll find fjords, glens, moors, mountains, flatlands, prairies, heaths, bogs, woodlands, rills, Alpine lakes, and even Gulf-Stream-nourished palm trees on its island of Arran—just about everything in the geography book except Himalayan ice bridges and Amazonian rain forests.

This scenic kaleidoscope, only 275 miles long and 150 miles wide, breaks down naturally into 3 divisions and several clusters of islands. The *Southern Uplands*, a brain-shaped wedge between the English border and the Edinburgh-Glasgow line, stretch in a number of moorlike ranges from south to north—the Lowthers, Moorfoots, Cheviots, and others. Sheep-rearing and woolens keep these hard-working folk out of mischief; the fishing is extra-fine, because the Clyde, Tweed, and many rivers rise here. The *Central Lowlands*, that narrow band which belts the waist of the nation, contains $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of Scotland's 5-million inhabitants and nearly all its heavy industries. Edinburgh, certain Clyde Lochs and resorts, and the small handful of its better attractions shouldn't be missed. Otherwise this crowded ribbon, ravished by factories, is generally joyless and dismal from the tourists' point of view. The *Highlands*, on the other hand, are among the most glorious holiday areas in the world. These granite mountains and plains, split across the center by Loch Ness and Loch Lochy, sprawl over more than half of the country's terrain. Inverness is the capital and Aberdeen is the major summer resort; grouse, deer, salmon, trout, ptarmigan, and hare abound in their purple moors, flashing streams, turquoise lakes, and cool forests. They're as different from the Central Lowlands as the lovely Pennsylvania Alleghenies are from the drab New Jersey industrial salt marshes. The Hebrides, Shetlands, Orkneys, Skye, Arran, Bute, and other islands—each different, each fascinating to the off-trail explorer—round out the picture.

Halifax visitors please note: "Scotland" springs from "Scotia," as in "Nova Scotia"—literally, "the land of a tribe of Scots." When the Romans tried to rename the nation "Caledonia," there was almost another Battle of Cannae. These proud, stubborn, tough-fibered northerners have always worshiped at the altar of liberty; their history flames with impassioned patriots like William Wallace, Robert Bruce, and John Knox. In 1603, when Scottish King James VI succeeded Good Queen Bess on the throne of England, a

Union of the Crowns was effected, which later gave the smaller nation a voice in the London government—but even today, many wearers of the plaid consider this a disaster ranking somewhere between the Great Whisky Famine of 1854 and Armageddon. If you should want first-hand evidence of this nationalist spirit, just ask the first Scotsman you meet to tell you how the Stone of Scone, his symbol of independence, was stolen from Westminster Abbey and smuggled “home” a few years ago—and watch a big, fat twinkie spread from earlobe to earlobe.

The Church of Scotland and the United Free Church (Presbyterian) joined hands in 1929, and their rigidly moral doctrines penetrate nearly every parlor from Lerwick in the Shetlands to Gretna Green in the south. As in Ireland, you won't find night clubs, bordellos, B-girls, or tolerated licentiousness in any form. On Sundays and religious holidays, you might as well be in Great Coco, Adaman Islands, as in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or any city here, because all that stirs is the electric current and dripping faucets. It's a constant source of amazement to Americans that the Scots can be brought up under such a bluenose code, in such a hard climate and in such cheerless, austere buildings—and still be among the warmest, wittiest, kindest, and sweetest people ever to walk on 2 legs.

Shipbuilding, woolens, worsteds, tweeds, linens, silk textiles, brewing, pottery, marmalade, bottled dew-of-the-heather—these are mere samples of this nation's powerful industrial complex. About 100-thousand men are employed in the coal and iron mines, alone. Herring, cod, and whiting engage a flotilla of fishermen. Agriculture, mostly mechanized, has immense importance. Scottish beef, considered by many gourmets to rival Chicago's best, comes from the famous Ayrshire, Angus Aberdeen, and Galloway short-horned strains; Clydesdale draft horses and Shetland, Highland, and Cheviot sheep now graze in pastures all over the globe. It's a working country, this one; from Ayr to Uyea, you'll find few loafers.

Finally, if you persist in referring to people, landscape, architecture, and local attractions as "Scotch," don't be surprised if your kilted companions lick their lips, consult their watches, and suddenly rush out of the room on forgotten appointments. It's "Scot," "Scotsman," "Scotswoman," or "Scottish," unless you're talking about (1) the whisky, or (2) one or two odd-ball euphuisms like "Scotch broth" that combine with a second word. Say "Scotch" only if you're thirsty!

Cities *Glasgow*, with nearly 1,100,000 inhabitants, is the commercial capital of Scotland and the third largest city in Great Britain. Shipbuilding and engineering make her wheels turn; her famous Fair dates back to 1189, her Cathedral to 1197, and her University to 1450. The Kelvingrove Art Gallery, City Chambers, Hunterian Museum, Provand's Lordship 1471 house, Botanic Gardens, and new Zoo are among her attractions; 50 public parks and 14 newspapers. Hotels drab and mercantile; mile after mile of "strip" residential blocks, with grim, grimy, identical gray sandstone dwellings in forbidding array. In spite of her delightful people, her antiquities, and her convenience as a jumping-off point for so many interesting excursions, depressing for many tourists.

Edinburgh, on the other hand, combines the old and the new with such charm that she's one of the most ingratiating cities on the travel map. Here's the political, judicial, and cultural capital of the nation. Her 510-thousand population vies with Seattle; so does her climate. Two-thirds of her history is tied up in the "Royal Mile"—nearly a straight line from world-famous Edinburgh Castle to the Holyrood Palace, incorporating such landmarks as the Shrine, the High Kirk (St. Giles's Cathedral), John Knox's house, the Canon-gate Tolbooth, Queen Mary's Bath, and a half-dozen of similar interest. Sir Walter Scott's "Dear 39" and the University of Edinburgh are musts. Princes Street, with its Scott Monument, National Gallery, Royal Scottish Academy, Scottish-American War Memorial, and smart shops is one of

the handsomest thoroughfares in the world. Quiet atmosphere, except at Festival time; hotel situation improving; enchanting pubs, sparse restaurants, no night clubs; matronly, serene, beguiling. Cut your Glasgow time to the bone and base yourself here.

Aberdeen, the size of Tulsa or Salt Lake City, successfully blends medieval mellowness with the gaiety of a modern seaside resort. She's situated on the banks of the Don and the Dee rivers. Between the mouths of these streams, a 2-mile sandy beach has been dedicated to holiday-makers—perfect for Polar Club bathers who sprout walrus hair on limbs, back, and shoulders. Outstanding University, 8 lovely parks, spectacular Rubislaw granite quarry, venerable St. Machar's Cathedral; don't miss the Fish Market, one of the most interesting in the United Kingdom.

Dundee, the marmalade and jute center, frowns down from a majestic site over the Firth of Tay; it's industrial. So is *Hamilton*, and so is unsightly little *Clydebank*, with its renowned shipbuilding yards. Attractive *Perth* and *Stirling*, both on the fringe of the Highland Hills, are standard favorites for antiquarians and sightseers; *Inverness*, capital and one of the key touring centers of the Highlands, couldn't be more typical as a tranquil provincial town.

Scottish architecture is so austere, angular, and utilitarian that few of her cities or villages are aesthetically gratifying. For warmth, color, and delight, look to her countryside and to the hearts of her people, instead.

Money and Prices In practice but not in theory, all of Great Britain's currencies are mutually interchangeable. Below the border, only the Bank of England is authorized to issue money; in Scotland, no less than 6 Joint Stock Banks jealously guard their right to circulate their own legal tender. These notes, in £1, £5, £10, £20, £50, and £100 denominations, are almost as bright and gay as Scottish tartans—a pleasure to carry and to use. The £5 English bill is technically not valid in Scotland—but any good Scotsman will change it, if only to be accommodating to you. The 2-shilling

and 1-shilling coins are currently the only separate mintings.

Prices are slightly lower than their British equivalents, with the most notable saving on food.

Language Put an Alabama plantation owner in a railway compartment with a Clydesider dock worker, and in less than 2 minutes they'll be frantically scouring the train for an interpreter.

Language scholars who should know better assert that English is spoken in Scotland—but damned if you'll believe it, especially along the West Coast. With their 7 or 8 separate dialects, their snare-drum rolling of the "r's," and their hot-potato Gaelic nomenclature, these sparkling Scots will sometimes baffle but always charm your ears.

Here's a basic vocabulary to help you with the road signs and more common usages:

| <i>Scottish</i> | <i>American</i> | <i>Scottish</i> | <i>American</i> |
|-----------------|------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| Alt or Ault | Stream or brook | Glas | A stream |
| Baile | Township | Glen or Gleann | Narrow valley |
| Beag or Beg | Small | I, Inch, or Ey | Island |
| Beck | Bank | Kirk | Church |
| Ben or Beinn | Mountain | Ken | A promontory |
| Blair | A plain | Kyle | A strait |
| Borg | A fortress | Loch | Lake or inlet |
| Bost | A farmhouse | Mor | Big or large |
| Brae | A slope | Provost | Mayor |
| Burn | A small brook | Righ | King |
| Creag | A cliff or rock | Ruadh | Red |
| Cunzie Neuk | Cozy nook | Strath | Broad flat valley floor |
| Druim | A ridge | Tighe | A house |
| Dubh | Black | Toft | A field |
| Dun | Old fort or castle | Uisge | Water |
| Eilean | Island | Vik | A bay |
| Firth | Open tidal river mouth | Voe | A small inlet |

Attitude Toward Tourists The Scottish Tourist Board, with headquarters at 2 Rutland Place, Edinburgh, does a phenomenal job for the traveler, in view of its limited size and budget. The British Travel & Holidays Association in London probably spends 25 times more money each year for results which, on a per capita basis, are 25 times less helpful to the visitor.

The 30-man Board is composed of eminent Scots from all fields and walks of life. Their services are donated to the nation's welfare.

Manager and Secretary is the capable, energetic William A. Nicholson, O.B.E., a touristic expert who loves his work and does it with a commendable flair. Assistant Secretary is the gentle and beloved Iain F. Anderson, whose scholarly background, encyclopedic mind, kilts, and twinkle gave us remarkably happy company on a recent tour.

A 5-year, \$14,700,000 improvement program for the 7 Highlands counties was launched in '59, with its main targets the increase or betterment of accommodations for the traveler and the lengthening of the tourist season. Crofters and cottagers are being encouraged to make rooms available for visitors; roads are being improved; natural resources are being further developed; ski lifts, additional fishing and shooting facilities, and other projects are under way. Somewhere in this legislative triumph, we can see the fine hand of the Scottish Tourist Board.

If you seek booklets, pamphlets, or off-the-cuff information on anything from Edinburgh's Royal Mile to Sule Skerry hotels to salmon fishing in Loch Lonachan, write, phone, or drop in at this center. These experts know everything worth knowing.

France, England, and Italy could all take lessons from this lively organization.

People Stubborn pride in land, clan, and traditions; austere, almost Spartan, in their living patterns and attitudes toward luxury; deeply religious, with a strong streak of puritanism from which this austerity springs; contrary to

all the "tight Scotsman" jokes, thrifty with a penny but dazzlingly generous with a thousand pounds; high sexual morality, inspired by church teachings; conservative, honest, and forthright go-it-aloners in business; earnest, tireless craftsmen and artisans, abhorrent of slipshod work; hearty male drinkers with affection for their dram; heavy eaters and superb storytellers; vivid like-or-dislike reaction to strangers, with magnificent warmth, wit, and hospitality poured out to those accepted and distant politeness only toward others; as prickly as their thistles if wronged or trampled upon; high-tempered, valiant, liberty-loving, secretive, gentle-mannered; quick minds, sinewy muscles, and hearts of solid gold.

Customs and Immigration See "England." The regulations are the same.

Hotels Dramatic improvements in key localities over the past 2 years, particularly among the top-liners—but, speaking in general, still stiff, stark, and down-to-earth. There's no nonsense about the average Scottish hostelry: it's a place to eat and sleep, just that. Coziness, color, soft lights, tasteful décor, and the graceful little amenities of transient living in other lands are too often lacking. When you walk into the typical hotel bedroom here, you'll find the bed, chair, table, dresser, and washbasin placed plunk! plunk! plunk! on the floor, without the slightest pretensions of harmony, intimacy, or warmth to the senses. Hideous phony electric-fireplaces mangle the open hearths and take all the charm away; overhead and reading lamps are as naked as *Godiva and her horse*; in all of the hotels we've ever inspected in this nation, we can't recall more than a half-dozen with pictures or decorations of any sort breaking the monotony of blank bedroom walls.

They're clean, all right—with friendly staffs, good plumbing, and good mattresses. More and more of the lobbies and lounges are being made passably bright and tasteful. But upstairs, in scores of cases, a dreadful air of barrenness, cheer-

lessness, and impersonality hangs like a pall and chills the stranger right down to his gizzard.

The British Railways are Scotland's busiest professional hosts, with "Station Hotels" in the major cities. The 2 largest houses in Edinburgh and the 3 best in Glasgow are operated by this transportation empire.

If you're under 107 years of age, stay away from all "Hydro" (hydropathic) hotels, with the possible exceptions of Peebles and Pitlochry. Too many of their clientele are elderly people and hypochondriacs; the pace is often so leisurely that even a turtle would seem fast in comparison.

You'll pay from \$7 to \$10 per person for bed-and-breakfast in the better group, and up to double this price in the Gleneagles league. Simple accommodations, especially in the rural areas, can be had for as little as \$3 per day.

In *Edinburgh*, we'd still rate the George as the leader of the pack—but only by the tip of its nose, because both the Railways-owned "N.B." (North British Station Hotel) and Caledonian are coming up so fast. Central location; some (but not enough) refurbishing last year; very kind staff; comfortable but surely not outstanding rooms. One star asset is its cuisine, which remains the best in the city; Manager Ned Fingland is a first-rank gastronome, and his passion for blue-ribbon cookery is evident. Weekday dining and dancing in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs until midnight; brand-new Perigord Grill and Bar, with separate street entrance, which U.S. visitors have already taken to their hearts; Georgian Bar for social drinking; Men Only Bar for serious students of the glass. Not at all plush by international standards, but the spirit is warm and the welcome friendly. The "N.B." gets our second-place vote this year, because its redecoration program has been completed ahead of the Caledonian's. The Director is a smart, interested, and knowledgeable hotelier; he has added a number of private baths, brought an amazing transformation in brightness and eye-appeal to many of the bedrooms, and opened a well planned Grill (dinner-dancing on Sat.), in which you may select

your cut—and lick your chops as you watch it being broiled. Pleasant La Caravelle section for snacks or casual dining, too. This commercial house is zooming toward the top. The Railways-owned Caledonian, opposite Edinburgh Castle, is the most widely known hotel of the city. When viewed from the exterior, its fortress-like building might be mistaken for a Scottish House of Usher. Inside, however, it is in the final stages of roof-to-cellar modernization on which no thought, money, and effort have been spared. Elegant new mirrored dining room, with graceful thistle-style chandeliers and an exquisite ceiling; new Cocktail Bar; numerous new baths; a welter of new, tastefully executed bedrooms; this vast re-fitting project will be wound up next August. Nightly dancing continues in its well-liked Pompadour Restaurant. There's an exceptionally capable manager here, too, who is trying his hardest to surmount the serious structural limitations of the building's long, gloomy corridors and the rumblings of the trains below. Far, far better than it ever was. The Roxburghe, 4th down the list, is a dignified artifact of another era; reminiscent of Brown's in London.

Glasgow's choicest is the century-old Central, with 200 rooms and perhaps 75 baths. At least one suite (the one we happened to draw) surprised us by containing (1) a grand piano, and (2) television! In conformity with the general redecoration program ordered by its Railways ownership, more baths are being added, more color is finding its way into the décor, and various other improvements are now perking. Not the Ritz—barely First class by U.S. innkeeping standards, in fact—but good people who are doing a competent job with a very ancient plant. St. Enoch is brighter and more homey than either the Central or the "N.B."; some recent up-datings, including badly needed new baths to supplement the 25 which formerly served 142 bedrooms; in our estimation, the undisputed number two. The Railways-owned "N.B.," like the Central, is also getting its share of alterations funds; it is so tomb-like in basic construction, however, that its architects and decorators face an almost insurmountable problem in attempting to instill coziness.

As for the *Ivanhoe*, informants tell us that it is finally being face-lifted. But when we saw it last—ugh! At that time, with its 74 rooms, 5 baths, and atmosphere which depressed us to our toes, our sympathy went to any U.S. reader who found himself ensconced there.

In *Aberdeen*, there's (1) the Station Hotel, which has a brand-new dining room and which has been somewhat modernized, (2) the Caledonian, which has good food and which has been recently touched up in certain sections, (3) the Gloucester, a mass operation with still-questionable service standards, which was rebuilt after the war, and (4) the Northern, on the outskirts.

Perth offers (1) the much-improved Station Hotel, with a fresh face and a fine new bar, (2) the Royal George, with tartan carpets, a beguiling atmosphere, but few or no private baths, and (3) the Salutation, which conforms with its name in noisiness.

In *Inverness*, (1) the Station Hotel is following through on the Railways' redecoration policy, with improvements proceeding at a rapid pace, (2) the Caledonian has only 6 or 7 private baths, and (3) the Cummings has even less.

Country hotels for golfing, bathing, or settin'? Now we're talking, because they're miles more pleasant and cheery than most of the soulless stone piles in the cities. Here, in descending order, are what we consider Scotland's 12 best bets from the American point of view—with the warning that you might disagree with this very personal estimate:

(1) *Gleneagles* at *Gleneagles*, Perthshire, 1½ hours from Edinburgh, is indisputably the number one stopping place in the nation. Wonderful pastoral setting and lovely gardens; some accommodations plush, while others have no private bath and are simple; two 18-hole golf courses; tennis, riding, fishing, shooting; heated swimming pool and indoor games room; dancing every weekday night to 2 orchestras; bar, massage parlor, the works. Bed-and-breakfast season rates start at \$10 per person and go up fast; even though it's the most expensive hotel in Scotland, nothing else touches it for

charm and urbanity. *Easter to October only*. Highest recommendation.

(2) The Marine Hotel at *North Berwick*, 20 miles from Edinburgh, is a De luxe seaside resort which draws wealthy clients from England, the States, and elsewhere. Seafront situation, on a broad and safe beach; turreted, old-fashioned, comfortable building; excellent golf courses; tennis, boating, fishing, riding, bowling greens, dancing; bed-and-breakfast about \$7 per person. Substantial and good.

(3) The Turnberry Hotel at *Turnberry*, Ayrshire, 50 miles south of Glasgow and 15 miles from Ayr, is the favorite of the "Burns Country" excursionist; it's also the favorite rest spot for scores of elderly trippers. Splendid position overlooking the Ailsa Golf Course, the sands, and the sea beyond; long, multichimneyed, summer-palace-style structure, with interior appointments of the traditional school; indoor swimming pool, children's play room, cinema, dancing, and other features; bed-and-breakfast begins at \$5.88, but expect to pay around \$9. For the tranquil. (The Cairndale at *Dumfries*, less expensive, also draws heavily among the Robbie Burns pilgrims.)

(4) The Marine Hotel at *Troon*, Ayrshire, a quick skip from Prestwick Airport and 26 miles from Glasgow, offers an unprecedented 20 miles of golf courses in a row. Rebuilt; adequate but not lavish furnishings; seaside location; friendly service; about \$6 to \$7, with your morning tea. Heaven for golf bugs.

(5) The Lochalsh Hotel at *Kyle of Lochalsh*, 80 miles west of Inverness at the ferry point to the Isle of Skye, features an admirable view across the strait, modern appointments, and, for a change, genuine Scottish flavor and color. Just 36 rooms, about one-third with bath; rates start at \$4.55; book long, long, long in advance, because this little gem is always crowded.

(6) The Buchanan Arms at *Drymen*, Stirlingshire, is 5 miles from Loch Lomond, 36 miles from Glasgow, and 50 miles from Edinburgh. Country-house style; tartan carpets, colorful lounge, charming enclosed terrace for dining; 26

spotless but utterly unimaginative rooms, none with adjoining private bath; so overrun with sightseers that the staff attitudes seemed jaded, at least to us. Professionally tourist-y but pleasant.

(7) The Golden Lion at *Stirling*, Stirlingshire, 1 hour from Edinburgh, has long been one of the most popular centers for excursionists to Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, and the Southern Highlands. This old and famous house has been partially modernized; radio in every room; Proprietor Adams, a gastronome, is proud of his French cuisine; no great shakes, but comfortable. (The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel at *Aberfoyle*, closer to the Trossachs, is more modest but also the choice of many.)

(8) The Dornoch Hotel at *Dornoch*, in oddly named Sutherland (odd because Sutherland, with Caithness, is the most northerly tip of the mainland) belongs to the Gleneagles and Turnberry operating group. Stark building with good amenities. We haven't yet seen Dornoch Castle, which opened as a resort hotel in '59; this former Palace of the Bishops of Caithness, overlooking the Firth, is said to have been attractively converted. Both offer the celebrated facilities of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club, plus loch-or-sea fishing, cold-water swimming, shooting, and deerstalking. Except during Highland Week (mid-May), when they buzz with activity, these are attuned to the nature lover.

(9) *Pitlochry*, Perthshire, offers 3 hotel choices that couldn't be more routine—but this jump-off point for the annual Games and for exploring the central Highlands can't be ignored, because of its key geographical position. We'd pick Fisher's, Hydro, and the Atholl Palace in that order, but none will make you dance with joy.

(10) If you're dead set on staying in the "Sir Walter Scott Country," the Peebles Hydropathic at *Peebles* is the logical selection—but we mention it only because there's nothing else better. Personally, we'd rather roost in nearby Edinburgh any day.

(11) Both the Alexandria and the Great Western in *Oban*, Argyll, have just been refurbished, and their ambiance and

prices are moderate. If you're off for the Hebrides or the Western Isles, you'll probably stop at either of these.

(12) The Sligachan Hotel in *Sligachan*, Isle of Skye, is renowned among mountain climbers. Sporting clientele; plain, informal, and flavorful; *April to October only*. (The 50-room Royal Hotel in *Portree*, open all year, is another favorite among Skye visitors.)

Reports have come in on 4 additional places which we haven't yet covered. First is The Gordon Arms at *Fochabers*, Speyside (main road to Inverness or Aberdeen), and it's said to be a jewel. More of a First-class pub than a hotel, with 20 rooms, a kitchen which has been described as "perfect," and extra-good shooting and fishing facilities. Second is the Roman Camp Hotel at *Callander* (38 miles due north of Glasgow, above Stirling), a turreted pastoral retreat which the wife of one of America's most distinguished newspaper executives sums up with the capitalized word "DIVINE!". Third is Ardmay House at *Arrochar*, Dumbartonshire (75 minutes from Glasgow, on Loch Long), where one becomes a personal guest of the Cordner family in their small Scottish country mansion. Home atmosphere; fresh food from Ardmay Farm; choice of pay-what-you-take or comprehensive rate of \$22.05 per person per day which includes all lodging, meals, wines, snacks, tips, and the use of Mr. & Mrs. Cordner's Rolls-Royce; full liquor license; capacity of 12 visitors (6 twin-bedded rooms), so write early for space in this unusual haven. Fourth is the Bridge of Orchy Hotel in *Argyll* (20 miles from Loch Lomond), launched in '58; fishing, mountaineering, and walking; a center for skiers in winter.

While an encouraging start has at last been made, most of the hotels of *St. Andrews*, *Dundee*, *Ayr*, *Wick*, *Thurso*, and *Rothsay* could still stand a great deal more refurbishing and modernization. Hundreds of American golfers stay in *St. Andrews* or *Ayr* every year, to give 2 examples—but this doesn't necessarily mean that they're pleased by the unimaginative starkness which greets them. It's time that the hoteliers of these centers snapped out of their Old Lace thinking, unwound their purse-strings a little more, and

offered the public the same fresh, up-to-the-minute standards of accommodation any traveler finds as routine today in nearly every European country. Scotland is too enchanting a land to show this disappointing face to its friends and guests.

Motels? A company called Motorinns Ltd. has announced that it will build a network of 6 at key touring points. The first, a group of 60 two-apartment chalets around a restaurant and bar, will be erected near Edinburgh. By working fast, they hope to have this one ready before the end of 1960. No further data are available at press time.

For information on other localities, consult the Scottish Tourist Board, or invest 35¢-plus-postage in *Where To Stay in Scotland*, their exhaustively complete annual guide to hotels, boarding houses, camping and trailer sites, restaurants, and garages.

►**TIP:** Traveling with kids? If you're looking for a safe and happy place to park them while you take off on your own, the St. Ann's Children's Hotel at *North Berwick*, 20 miles from Edinburgh, might be ideal. This youngsters-only project is operated by the chain which runs the neighboring Marine Hotel (#2 on the above list), the George in Edinburgh, and others. "Clientele" of about 40 juveniles, both transient and semipermanent; trained nurse, housekeeper, and specially qualified staff; 2 acres of gardens with swings, slides, and the like; organized games, nap-times, and supervised schedules. If the child is 5-or-under, your own nurse is required; rates for unaccompanied children are about \$27 per week, all-inclusive. *May to October only*. For further information, write to the Marine Hotel, North Berwick. A godsend for weary parents on their second honeymoon.

Food Never let misguided editors of international cookbooks tell you (1) that Scottish fare is heavy and coarse, or (2) that Scottish specialties of gourmet rank are sparse.

The Scots love the table, and their approach to it bears little resemblance to that of the English. It's a separate food culture—and to us, at least, a more stimulating one.

Few would deny that their vegetables are often lumpy and sodden. On the other side of the coin, they're pastry-mad—and any nation so famous for such scrumptious goodies must surely carry this delicate touch into other fields of cookery.

Specialties? No aspiring epicure should miss any of the following Scottish staples—and these are only a few: haggis (see below); Scotch broth; Cocky-Lecky (chicken and leek soup); roasted or stewed Scottish grouse or ptarmigan; fresh Scottish trout, salmon, haddock, cod, or sole; Arbroath Smokies or other Scottish kippers; fried Scottish herring in oatmeal batter, or grilled Scottish herring with mustard sauce; Scottish Findon (finnan haddie) with poached egg; Scottish scones; Scottish pancakes; Scottish oatcake; Scottish shortbread; Scottish heather honey; Scottish Black Pudding (oatmeal, blood, and seasonings); Scottish White Pudding (oatmeal base); Scottish Black Bun (chewy with raisins and ginger); Scottish marmalade; many, many more.

Meal hours: lunch, 12:30 P.M. to 2 P.M.; tea, 3:30 P.M. to 5 P.M.; dinner, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M. or later.

►TIP: No visitor can ever say that he knows the real Scotland until he has gone through the Haggis Ceremony—a little gustatory adventure that is an ironclad requisite for every traveler of spirit. This national festival dish of oatmeal, assorted chopped meats, and spices must be specially prepared, but that's easy: just call any good hotel on your itinerary 1 day before you plan to arrive, and ask them to give you a haggis with your dinner, in place of the fish course. Be sure to order hot mashed turnips on the side, and be doubly careful not to forget what the Scots call the "gravy"—straight Scotch whisky sipped between bites, the *only* liquid that complements this fascinating dish. Maybe you'll love it (as we happen to), or maybe you'll loathe it with a passion—but we'll flatly guarantee that you'll find it sufficiently intriguing for that 50¢ or \$1 gamble of buying it.

Restaurants Nearly every important independent dining place in Scotland is a member of the national Tourist Association. Thus, it's revealing to note that all this organiza-

tion's accredited restaurants, tearooms, cafés, pubs, oyster bars, and snack bars in the country's 30,405 square miles cover a mere 8 pages in the official directory.

When a Scot doesn't eat at home or at a friend's house, he almost automatically heads for a hotel. As a consequence, the Scottish restaurant, perforce, is a scrawny, undernourished institution.

In *Edinburgh*, the most versatile cuisine is found at Restaurant des Ambassadeurs and the new Perigord Grill at the George Hotel, with the Pompadour at the Caledonian Hotel second in line. All serve lunch, but dinner is livelier. Dancing at des Ambassadeurs and the Pompadour (Sun. excluded) from 8 P.M. to midnight. The previously mentioned Grill at the "N.B.," launched in '58, is also a winner; the Light Fantastic on Saturday nights only. The Café Royal & Oyster Bar, 17 W. Register St., specializes in seafood, seats 190, and is closed Sundays; traditional décor; satisfactory standards. The Aperitif, 24 Frederick St., is more intimate and relaxing; pleasant but not for raves. The Doric Tavern, 15-16 Market St., is on the Left Bank and might be a bit difficult to find; 12 tables with black-and-white-checked cloths; cozy, informal, "family" aura; food superior; our lunch for 3 persons, including wine, came to \$5. A salute to this one. The Epicure, Shandwick Place, is popular-style; medium cookery, medium tariffs, and medium interest. The Albyn is the poorest bet we've ever found in Scotland; they just about murdered our simple boiled potatoes, a culinary feat which we had hitherto considered impossible; not recommended at all. For snacks or medium-priced casual dining in modern, cheerful surroundings, the little La Caravelle in the "N.B." Hotel is just the choice; Manager Harold Wardle knows how to please his many American friends. The Abbotsford, Golf, and Beehive are covered below, in "Pubs."

Actually, the most delightful spot we found in the Edinburgh area is a little gem called the Cramond Inn, 5 miles (20 minutes by #41 bus) from the center, where the River Almond meets the Firth of Forth at Cramond. This 300-

year-old village tavern and adjoining pub is the hobby of one of Scotland's best-liked and most cosmopolitan tycoons, Lindsay Gumley; with loving attention, he has restored every speck of its charm. Peat fireplace, low beams, dark oak, gay paintings; sweet bar with 12 seating places; cozy, friendly atmosphere. Specialties include Steak & Kidney Pie (56¢), Chicken & Ham Pie (56¢), Welsh Rarebit (21¢), lobster, crab, duck, goose, and Gumley-smoked salmon which is the best we've tasted anywhere. Plain country-style cookery; Cramond bottled-and-labeled Burgundys, Bordeaux, and Champagnes imported direct from French vineyards; outstanding wine list. Caution: *8 tables and 25 persons are the dining limit here, so be sure to book your reservation before you go.*

In *Glasgow*, the Malmaison at the Central Hotel is the leader. No dancing; music of sorts; sound but unspectacular food; separate entrance; ask for Manager Luigi. Hardly the Savoy Grill, but the most highly regarded spot in the city. Guy's, 188 Hope St., is a straight restaurant without glamor of any kind; respected. Rogano Restaurant & Sea Food Bar, 11 South Exchange Place, is internationally famous for its fish, crustacea, and bivalves; recommended. Ferrari, 10 Sauchiehall St., offers continental-style dishes in a vaguely Bohemian atmosphere; sorry, but we feel that this one has slipped. Finally, the Whitehall, 51 West Regent St., has a happily agreeable dining room upstairs and a pub and lunch bar (cold snacks only) below; pleasant, popular, and reasonable.

Aberdeen's finest is reported to be the Atheneum, opposite the Town Hall; we've never tried it.

In *Braemar*, it's the Invercauld Arms; in the *Drumna-drochit* environs, it's the Lewiston Arms; in *Fortingall*, it's the Fortingall Hotel, with its excellent wine list, and outstanding cuisine (advance reservations essential here); in *Pitlochry*, it's the previously mentioned Fischer's, where the food is more appealing than the furnishings; in *Drymen*, it's the previously mentioned Buchanan Arms; in *Carrbridge Village*, it's the simple but spotless Carrbridge, particularly

for high tea; in *Perth*, it's the Station Hotel; in *Stirling*, it's the Golden Lion; in *Fort William*, it's the bright, pleasant Alexandra. Reports indicate that the Open Arms at *Dirleton* has improved to the point where it is now worth trying.

►**TIP:** All of the above restaurants (not hotels) are locked up as tight as Robert Bruce's Tomb on Sundays.

Night Clubs Zero. Weeknight dancing at some of the better hotels, but no cabarets, no B-girls, no hostesses, none of the ordinary after-dark action. Pickups must stay on the streets; they're not tolerated in even the less-respectable bars.

When the sun goes down in Scotland, you've got your choice of hotel dancing, pub crawling, or, in desperation, washing your drip-drys 5 or 6 times.

Pubs There's nothing jukebox-y, tearoom-y, or la-de-da about the Scottish pub. Like its Irish brother, it's where the hairy-chested male gathers for purposeful drinking. The oldest and best examples, physically unchanged for decades, are rich with color, flavor, and charm. The routine neighborhood-corner-tavern examples, on the other hand, are most often painfully plain and colorless.

Edinburgh offers several enchanting establishments. For the authentic feel of the Old City, the canopied rectangular bar and ornate woodwork of The Abbotsford, 3 Rose St., will transport you to mellow Victorian days. You may lunch here or nibble its snacks; noon to 3 P.M. and 5 P.M. to 10 P.M., and ask for Henry Kennedy; delightful. Equally beguiling is The Volunteer Arms ("Canny Man"), about a 15-minute taxi ride from the center at 237 Morningside Road. Its Public Bar is stuffed with mementos accumulated over nearly a century; on the sides, there are 3 small lounges for sit-down refueling. Here's where you'll probably be able to taste that curious and wonderful Glenlivet (see "Drinks"); ask Harry or Andrew to find a dram for you, because it would be a crime for any Scotch connoisseur to miss it. Go between 7 P.M. and 8 P.M.; Saturdays are best; a treat for lovers of atmosphere. Scott's, 202 Rose St., is another family institution

—this one for young businessmen, whose private pewter mugs are entrusted to the custody of its comely proprietress, Miss Scott. This lady sometimes gives special neckties away to favored customers. Drinks only; an exceptionally sweet spot. The Golf Tavern, 10 minutes out at Bruntsfield Links, faces the pitch-and-putt course of one of the world's oldest golfing centers. Sporting clientele; friendly Public Bar and higher-toned Cocktail Bar; separate entrance to the multi-storied "Restaurant the 19th" upstairs, where you'll find 2 small rooms with 5 or 6 tables, passable fare, and a bright-as-a-button little charmer named Marion. Lunch or beverages from noon to 2:15 P.M.; evenings from 5 P.M. to 10 P.M.; go Saturday, if possible. The Beehive Inn, 20 Grassmarket, also has full meal service, plus dinner-dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from 8 P.M. to midnight; not quite the tang of the others, but reasonably amusing.

In *Glasgow*, most of the pubs are so rough, tough, and rugged that you're liable to leave your front teeth with the sweepers. In a color-packed place called His Lordship's Larder, or in Lauder's on Renfield St., though, you'll not only be safe but you'll probably have fun. Ladies shouldn't try either alone.

Aberdeen is reported to have some extra-intriguing examples, but unfortunately we don't know them.

If you're a devotee of the great Robert Burns, Poosie Nancy's at *Mauchlin* (60 miles from Edinburgh) was one of his favorite haunts—and of course he regularly composed songs and tumbled with friends in the Globe Inn at *Dumfries*, down by the English border.

Taxis When the visitor first climbs aboard one of Edinburgh's high-button-shoe-era Oxford taxis and suddenly sees the driver pick up a microphone for short-wave broadcasting, it's about as unexpected as stumbling across a color television set on The Ark.

These Oxfords and most other cabs seat 4—but sometimes 3 passengers are the standard quota, and it's 7¢ extra for the fourth. You'll pay 35¢ for the first mile, and there's no sup-

plement for baggage *unless it rides in front with the chauffeur*. If the fare is 35¢, tip 7¢ (a sixpence); if it's from 35¢ to 70¢, make it 14¢ (a shilling).

Drivers are generally courteous, friendly, and honest.

Cars In '59, the Railways launched pick-a-back service for motorists who are road-weary or in a hurry. You may place your automobile aboard a train in *Glasgow* for transportation to Inverness, Thurso, Wick, Aberdeen, and Oban, or in *Edinburgh* for these same points plus Stranraer. Special rates for the car and driver, offered every day except Saturday, are \$16.80 to \$28 for the 1-way journey, and \$30.80 to \$52.20 for the round trip. Accompanying passengers must pay the normal rail fare.

Hired car? We've had fine satisfaction from Mackay Brothers & Co., 33 Hanover St., Edinburgh. The car was immaculately maintained, and the driver we drew, G. Todd, couldn't have been more thoughtful or helpful. Both thoroughly recommended.

The roads are good almost everywhere. Many are so narrow and twisty that you won't make much time—but who cares, in this scenic Valhalla? The surfaces, by-lanes included, are generally excellent, and even in the most remote areas of the nation, you'll always find a gas station within a 30-mile radius.

Motoring is especially agreeable here, because the character of the countryside usually changes every 20 miles or so.

Trains Since Scotland is now a link of the British Railways network, see "Trains" in the section on England. All facilities and equipment have been pooled throughout the United Kingdom. Since '57, the popular Thrift-Tour Tickets (\$31.50 First class or \$21 Second class, for 1000 miles of rail travel in Great Britain and Ireland) have been extended to include the noted Circular Tours of Scotland, and MacBrayne's Steamer Services in the west. *As previously stated, these are sold only in North America.*

Airline Scottish Air Lines, the former national carrier, lost its identity when it became a part of the British European Airways complex. For an evaluation of BEA, see "England."

Prestwick, on the Firth of Clyde about 30 miles south of *Glasgow*, is the international airport. It's one of the busiest flight terminals in aviation. The technical equipment is magnificent, and most of the jerry-built wartime buildings have now been either reconstructed or replaced. Good reception center; superior restaurant, urbane and elegant; friendly but simple hotel for late arrivals or early departures.

If you're covering ground in a hurry, BEA also flies to *Edinburgh*, *Aberdeen*, *Inverness*, *Campbeltown* (Kintyre, opposite North of Ireland), *Wick* (Caithness, on the northern tip), the *Isle of Islay*, the *Isle of Tiree*, the *Orkneys*, the *Shetlands*, and the *Hebrides*.

Boating Self-drive motor cruisers for exploring Loch Lomond have just been made available by 2 agencies. Highland Marine Charters Ltd. offers boats which sleep 4, 5, or 6 for between \$56 and \$140 per week, depending upon the choice of craft and the season. The Balloch Beach Caravan Co. operates a fleet of 2-berth outboard cabin types in conjunction with larger models which accommodate 3, 4, or 6; its tariffs run from \$42 to \$134 per week. Finally, the 70-foot yacht *Kyrlewe* will inaugurate 6-, 8-, and 13-day cruises among the Inner and Outer Hebrides and in the Firth of Clyde this year, at \$60.75 to \$153 per ticket.

Details of these projects may be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board.

Drinks For nearly 500 years, distillers all over the civilized world have tried to imitate Scotch whisky. Possibly the latest major effort was made by the giant Spritfabriker Company of thirsty, dollar-short, postwar Denmark, when vast supplies of Scottish machinery, peat, barley, and hundreds of tons of pure Scottish glen water were loaded aboard ship and transported to Aalborg. But even with identical ingredients and identical methods—for reasons which are still un-

clear—no foreign-produced product has ever come within hat-tipping distance of the original.

This Most Seraphic of Solaces of Gentlemen, as Samuel Johnson put it, comes in 5 types—4 geographical (Highland, Lowland, Islays, and Campbeltown) and the fifth chemical (grain spirits for processing). Each is as different in flavor as U.S. rye from Canadian rye. Americans overwhelmingly prefer the Highland category, because its peat-fire-dried malt adds the distinctive smoky tang to which their palates are accustomed.

After maturing in casks for at least 3 years (usually 4 or 5), top secret blending formulae are applied by each producer. The Scotch we drink in the States usually contains from 12 to 17 different whiskies.

The Royal Family of this kingdom are Glengrant, Glenfiddich, and Glenlivet—pure Pot Still Malt runs which are *not* blended, but which remain in their virgin glow. Like fine liqueur brandy, these are so delicate that they must always be taken straight—*never, never, never with ice, water, or soda*. If you appreciate superb whisky, don't leave Scotland without at least attempting to sample this extraordinary potable. You'll almost never find it outside the Scottish borders, and it's fit for the Gods.

Glenfiddich is now very rare. Your best chance is either Glengrant (now back in modern production) or Glenlivet—and perhaps Harry or Andrew at The Volunteer Arms in Edinburgh (see "Pubs") might scare up a trial for you there.

Ironically it's sometimes a chore to find one's familiar brands by the bottle in the nation of their birth. So much is exported that the local supplies get bottom priority.

Drambuie, that Isle of Skye nectar, is the national liqueur—proudly. Its base, of course, is Scotch, but the rest is a secret. For saving his life during his attempt to regain the throne, Bonnie Prince Charlie gave the Laird of Mackinnon the recipe, and it's been guarded like the crown jewels since 1745. Don't miss this one either, if you haven't shared its smooth zing. Glayva, a Johnny-come-lately which tried to horn in on this market, doesn't please our palate as warmly.

Scottish brewers build brass knuckles into many of their products. "Prestonpan's 12-Guinea Ale" (delicately referred to, if ordering, as "a wee heavy" or "a dump") is one of the strongest ales made; it's dark, thinnish, sweetish, and loaded with rubber truncheons as well. The cost is 21¢ in hotels or 17¢ elsewhere—and be sure that your hat is on tight!

McEwan's, the most popular export ale, and Younger's, the leading beer, are served on draft in the better pubs. Many Scots prefer mixtures of various types ("mild and bitter," "old and bitter," etc.) rather than drinking them straight.

They love their dram and their glass in this land—and why shouldn't they, considering what they put in them?

►TIP: When you drink with a Scotsman, say "Slans-Jevah!" (phonetic spelling) instead of "Cheers!"—and watch his eyes sparkle with surprise at hearing his traditional Gaelic toast from the lips of a stranger.

Sports Golf was born in the dark of night, of unknown Dutch parents in the Netherlands—but, gallantly ignoring the wee infant's Bar Sinister, the Scots snatched the waif to their bosom and raised it almost singlehanded to its distinguished maturity.

Today, this Hesperides Garden of golf is peppered from one end to the other with the finest courses in existence. The playing conditions are ideal—even the weather, which is rarely below 60° and seldom above 70° during the summer.

The caddies, middle-aged or frankly elderly, know every nuance of the game, and they never talk unless directly addressed. Their fees are perhaps \$1.50 for 18 holes—and that includes a generous tip. Greens fees are ridiculously low, and a ball costing \$1 in America goes for 56¢ here. To top things off, the off-course living expenses are usually so modest that even the most tightly budgeted traveler finds a golfing holiday within his means.

Where to go? The horseshoe coast of Fife and the Ayrshire seaboard are the most famous—but you can swing a club happily in almost any county of the land. St. Andrews

has the weightiest reputation, but its lodgings are far too old-hat for its world-wide prestige and distinction. Gleneagles, the nation's best hotel, offers 36 holes; the Marine at Troon boasts a 20-mile stretch of fairways; the Marine at North Berwick, the Turnberry at Turnberry, and the Dornoch at Dornoch, all upper-bracket choices, have been briefly described in "Hotels." Between Glasgow and Galloway there are at least a dozen options; elsewhere, there's Muirfield, Luffness, Royal Burgess, Gullane (3 courses), Carnoustie—the list is nearly endless. At all of them, Scottish golf bugs welcome their American brotherhood with open arms, hearts, and bottles.

Overseas-style football and ice hockey are the leading sports in season. Cricket, bowls, and tennis are common in the more populated districts, but the Scot is a better bowlsman than a cricketer or tennis player. Where he's *really* outstanding is in the so-called "heavy events"—hammer throwing, shot-putting, tossing the caber (a monstrous log), and other field trials for which the Highland gatherings are so famous. Don't miss the Braemar Games (early Sept.) or similar events, if they're handy to you during your visit.

Then, it goes without saying that the northwest mainland and the Hebrides offer fishing, shooting, and stalking which are second to none in the world. Almost any country hotel will arrange facilities for you, as an automatic part of their service—and all they ask is that you reserve your stalking practice for the glens instead of the Cocktail Bar. The salmon, the trout, and the grouse are magnificent.

Pony trekking (most often with Icelandic ponies) will be increasingly popular this year. Among the new centers are the Ballater Youth Hostel, Prestonfield House (Edinburgh), Carfraemill Hotel (near Lauder), and the Lauderdale Hotel (Lauder).

Want to learn a brand-new sport? The Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, backed by the Scottish Tourist Board, has set up a fascinating instructional program for first-timers or duffers which covers just about everything from mumblety-peg to rhinoceros lassoing. Experts will start at

the beginning and teach you to fish, golf, sail, ride, trail ride, rough shoot, deerstalk, ski, sailplane, mountain climb, water ski, pony trek, skeet shoot—you name it. By special arrangements with Western fishermen, you can also take what they call the Exploration and Sea Fishing Holiday—roughing it to the Inner Hebrides and catching your food along the way. If you'd like a brochure on this plan, drop a line to the Council at 4 Queensferry St., Edinburgh. New ski centers have just been opened by this organization at Profeits Hotel, in Dinnent on the Deeside, and at Gordon Arms Hotel, in Tomintoul.

For anglers, the official 116-page directory, *Scotland For Fishing*, is so complete that it practically calls every fish by its first name. It gives localities, formalities, species, charges, hotels, the works. Send 35¢ plus postage to the Scottish Tourist Board, 2 Rutland Place, Edinburgh, for this definitive aid—and write them about any other sports questions that interest you.

►**TIP:** *Never wander the Scottish moors without a competent guide.* They're so devilishly deceptive that many strangers get lost each year, requiring entire Lochs of free whisky to revive them!

Edinburgh Festival This colossal International Music and Drama Festival needs no introduction to any culture lover on the globe. Since 1947, it has firmly established itself as one of today's ranking artistic attractions.

Last summer, roughly 125-thousand visitors from 50 nations made the pilgrimage to witness 171 performances by more than 2000 artists. They were offered symphony orchestras conducted by such maestros as Otto Klemperer and Rudolf Kempe, the Jerome Robbins and National Ballet of Finland ensembles, the Old Vic Repertory, the Royal Opera of Stockholm, choirs, chorals, chamber music, other dramatic companies, readings by Dame Edith Sitwell, and more than 20 top instrumental or dancing soloists.

If you're planning to attend next August's spectacle, your chances of staying at the George, Caledonian, or other lead-

ing hotels are just about nil, because most of them were booked at least a year ago. The Festival Society, however, guarantees to find space for you in one of the smaller hostels or in an approved private home. The organizers stress that there's a vast reserve of accommodations which they've never yet had to tap.

See your travel agent about arrangements—or write to the Scottish Tourist Board, 2 Rutland Place, Edinburgh, which will pass along your inquiry to the proper channel.

If possible, place your ticket orders during the first half of April, when bookings are officially opened. It's first-come-first-served, so the earlier the better.

Things to See *Edinburgh* is the traditional base for the traveler's Scotland. Nearly every visitor starts or finishes his Scottish explorations here. Turn back to "Cities" for more details.

The lower end of *Loch Lomond* buzzes like a fly trap with excursion buses, trailers, campers, and a zillion tourists in season. *Balloch*, at the southern tip, is euphuistically called the "Henley of Scotland"—but, while fleets of small boats are in evidence, the ragtag people who man them wouldn't be given dock space at the English resort of this name. During the milder months, twice-daily steamer sailings across the Loch originate from here; it's a 2½- to 3-hour trip each way, and a lovely one *if* the voracious mob doesn't dampen your pleasure. This region shouldn't be missed, of course—but we urge most strongly that your overnight arrangements be made elsewhere.

Provincial Scotland breaks down into 5 main touring areas: (1) the Trossachs, called the "Rob Roy" and "Lady-of-the-Lake Country" (which, like lower Loch Lomond, is fast being spoiled by the hordes of sightseers), (2) the "Burns Country," dominated by Ayr and Dumfries, (3) The Highlands, lord and master of Scottish grandeur, (4) the "Sir Walter Scott Country," from Edinburgh to the English border, and (5) the Isle of Skye and the Hebrides.

Since most American visitors to the Land of the Heather

follow jet-propelled itineraries, we challenged our dear friend Iain F. Anderson, of the Scottish Tourist Board, to encompass the greatest cross section of landscape, history, beauty, and charm on the Scottish map into a 2-day trip, with a 1-day optional extension.

From his encyclopedic knowledge of every cowpath in the nation, he came up with an unorthodox route which you won't find listed outside of this book. Only later, after we'd climbed in the car and covered it together, did we fully appreciate the brilliance of his planning. In 48 hours, you may split the nation like a melon, sample every type of terrain, and view such major sights as Gleneagles, Loch Ness, Loch Lomond, Ben Nevis, and a score of others.

So here's our "Short-Kilt Special"—a wee peek that somehow adds up to more:

Edinburgh is the beginning and end of your loop, and *Inverness*, capital of The Highlands, is your midway stop. One day before departure, if you've never tried a real Scottish haggis (see "Food"), ask your porter to telephone the Station Hotel in Inverness and arrange that this traditional treat be waiting in place of the fish course of your dinner here; 24-hour notice is generally required, and the cost is perhaps 75¢ per portion. Then on the following morning, leave *Edinburgh* at 8:30 A.M., point the nose of your car toward *Stirling*, and get the lowlands along the Firth of Forth behind you as briskly as you can. At *Stirling*, there's an unthinkable ancient fortress-castle, if you're interested—but perhaps you'd rather push on to Gleneagles, Scotland's most fabulous hotel (closed Oct. to Easter) for a coffee break; this baronial country estate is something special. Then proceed to the Dewar's White Label town, *Perth*, for a friendly apéritif with Joe in the American Bar of the Station Hotel, followed by lunch in the dining room here; the food isn't very exciting, but it's the best in the area. Now cut northwest along the river valley through *Pitlochry*, *Blair Atholl*, along glorious *Glen Garry*, through *Drumochter Pass* and the *Forest of Atholl* down to *Dalwhinnie*, and onward. By tea-time, *Carrbridge* should loom up, and the simple, fishing-

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and-sporting Carrbridge Hotel will come up with home-made dainties that will melt in your mouth—a kilt-busting high tea for about 35¢ per person. One hour after you're road-bound again, you'll be in *Inverness*, where the austere but adequate Station Hotel—and your haggis, we hope!—is waiting.

The second day you take a totally different route, and it's even more spectacular. The start should be made no later than 8 A.M. After leaving the "Ceud Mil Failtél" sign (Gaelic for "100,000 Welcomes!") behind at the city limits of *Inverness*, you loaf along the *Caledonian Canal* until it opens into *Loch Ness*—and as you parallel the 29 miles of this Scottish landmark, keep every eye in the car peeled for the fabled Loch Ness Monster! *Loch Lochy* is next—and then, 2 miles before *Spean Bridge*, you'll pass the famed *Commando Monument*, a stirring sight in a stirring location. Now it's time for coffee in the pleasant Alexandra Hotel in *Fort William*. Refreshed, you then pass Scotland's highest peak, *Ben Nevis*, take the little ferry at *Ballachulish*, then swoop across the magnificent *Rannoch Moor* and *Black Mount* to stop for lunch at the Royal Hotel in *Tyndrum*—again unimaginative food, but the only spot worth considering in the region. After the turn off at *Crainlarich*, there's a sweet ride down *Glen Falloch* to the northern tip of *Loch Lomond*, and you now view in its entirety this Loch of song and story, all the way down to its termination at *Balloch*. High tea at the Buchanan Arms at *Drymen* will then be yours for the asking—and home you go to *Edinburgh*, in time for a well-earned dinner.

Less than 400 miles, round trip—with about 4000 miles' worth of scenery!

For the 1-day extension, on the second morning of the trip, instead of driving to the Caledonian Canal, continue west and north from *Inverness* to *Beauly*, *Muir of Ord*, *Gairn*, and the *Braemore Forest*; turn off on A-832 around *Braemore Lo.*, go through *Dundonnell*, follow along the south shore of *Little Loch Broom* (not to be confused with *Loch Broom* and *Ullapool* to the north), and then sweep in

a U-shaped hook through *Aultbea*, *Poolwe*, *Gairloch*, and back along the lovely shores of *Loch Maree* to *Kinlochewe*. Turn southwest on A-890 at *Achnasheen*, and follow it across the little strait at *Stromferry* to the turn off for *Kyle of Lochalsh*, which is your destination. This is the ferry point for the *Isle of Skye* and its capital, *Portree*. (Fair warning: this routing couldn't be much further off the beaten tourist-path, and a good part of the roads are secondary and small. But if you want unspoiled rural flavor and untouched scenic magnificence, this is it.)

On the third morning, take off early for the *Kyle of Lochalsh* ferry and continue along A-87 through *Dornie*, *Invershiel*, *Cluanie Br. Inn* (watch the turn here!) and *Tomdoun* to *Invergarry*. At *Invergarry*, pick up the same route down *Loch Lochy* described in our 2-day tour (to *Spean Bridge*, *Fort William*, *Loch Lomond*, and eventually to *Edinburgh*). The only thing you'll cut out is *Loch Ness*, but honest to goodness, you'll never miss it.

These are fairly stiff daily hauls, all of them—but in 48 or 72 hours, you'll have a better cross section of the real Scotland than most travelers can get in a week.

Things to Buy In *Edinburgh*, we now always head like beagles for the Export Department (1 flight up) of wonderful old R. W. Forsyth Ltd. (Princes St.), to ask friendly Export Adviser Mrs. M. Oliver to save us another helping of time, shoe leather, and wasted energy. Within the mellow walls of this world-famous landmark beats the Heart of Scotland—but there's still a warmth and "smallness" about it which is the hallmark of the truly great Prestige Establishment. Mrs. Oliver will parade a collection of Scottish sweaters for you which staggers most visitors: cashmere classics, dressmakers, and intarsias from \$11.94 to \$29.40, and Shetlands from \$9.80 to \$12.64. Fine leather goods, too. Ladies also like (1) the travel rugs, (2) the tartan materials, (3) the hand-woven classic topcoats in Harris, Orkney, or Shetland tweed, (4) the kilt skirts, (5) the children's woolens, (6) the tartan accessories, and (7) the eye-catching Celtic cor-

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tume jewelry. Men like (1) the luxury cashmere jackets at \$68.83, (2) the tweed jackets from \$32.34 to \$55.86, (3) the cashmere overcoats at \$145.53, (4) the shoes, both ready-made and handmade-to-measure, (5) the suède jackets, (6) the tartan robes, and (7) the famous Forsyth tartan shirts. They also have a men's barbershop. Another Forsyth in Glasgow, with identical merchandise and overseas-visitors' facilities. No purchase tax when shipped to terminus or home. Best bet in the nation.

Wm. Anderson & Son (19 George St.), Kilt Makers for the Royal Family and tailors of international fame, are also highly recommended for their wearables.

The Scottish Craft Centre (Acheson House, Cannongate) has lovely handmade products—baskets, jewelry, pottery, knitwear, printed textiles, stone carvings, the national gamut. You may even have your family crest made in tapestry here. Closed Saturday afternoons except at Festival time. The pleasant Miss Ferguson will assist you.

Hamilton & Inches (87 George St.), the leading jeweler, feature the striking local Cairngorm stones from \$6.30 up—a handsome curiosity. Brandy is the best color; you'll pay about \$60 for a large brooch in a gold setting. Tempting displays of Edinburgh thistle glass, Scottish silver, and English silver, too. Ian Inches is the expert to consult.

R. Tweedie & Co. (7 Frederick St.) concentrates on ladies' knitwear and tartans. A popular place which offers admirable blends of fabric colors.

J. & R. Glen (497 Lawnmarket) is one of the most specialized "music" shops we've ever seen—because it has bagpipes only. Manager Andrew Ross and his staff fashion the instruments right there—big ones from \$50 to \$150, and Practice Chanters with tutor book from 50¢ up. John McIntosh (52 Grassmarket), on the other hand, makes only clocks; Grandfather models (properly called "Long Case") are his specialty, and they're fine. R. G. Lawrie Ltd. (42 Princes St.) is replete with souvenir items—tartan-tied ties, tartan playing cards, sofa pillows with thistle design,

Highland dress, and other Tourist Circuit Specials; some interesting items and some junk; reliable store.

Antiques? In Scotland, most zealots look for Portobello pottery jugs, copper, and brass candlesticks; they're generally considered the prizes. Henry's (High St.) is *the* establishment for these and other treasures; Mrs. Henry is a colorful, lovable, and unpredictable authority who'll be grand to you if she likes you; most of her large chunk of the Farouk collection has now been sold. Wildman Brothers (80 Princes St.), operated by Sydney and Jack Wildman, is dependable for silver, wall pieces, mirrors, and the like. John McIntosh's daughter has a small room of mixed antiques at 60 Grassmarket, next door to the clock shop.

In *Glasgow*, where there's a somewhat wider selection and fewer moneyed buyers, it's the branch of the above-mentioned R. W. Forsyth Ltd. (Renfield St.) for extra-fine Scottish wearables and generalia, Wylie & Lochhead (Buchanan St.) for furnishings and bric-a-brac, R. G. Lawrie's main store for souvenirs (see above), Moffet Muirhead & Co. (132 Blythswood St.) for quality antiques, and McGowans Glasgow Ltd. (291 Sauchiehall St.) for furniture and potpourri items.

Sporting equipment? Lillywhites, the Abercrombie & Fitch counterpart for the British Isles and Europe, has a branch in *Edinburgh*; it's unparalleled. Grant in *Aberdeen* is the most celebrated Scottish laird of fishing rods. *St. Andrews* is the place for golf clubs; ask the Club pro for the Master Maker.

Perth is proud of its "pearls"—the seed-type, from the muskels of the River Tay; *Fort William's* Mairi Macintyre is one of the nation's most outstanding purveyors of tweeds and woolens; her pastels are marvelous. John Bell & Co., on Bridge St. in *Aberdeen*, is reported to be Scotland's number one antique shop, because the old houses of the north haven't been combed as those around Edinburgh and Glasgow have; high, high prices. *Pitlochry* has smart establishments, but their aura is definitely tourist conscious.

Shopping hours: weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., except Sat-

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urdays, 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. in the higher-class places. The second-class merchants stay open on Saturday afternoons, but take a half-holiday on Tuesdays to offset it.

Things Not to Buy Avoid nylons like the measles, look 3 times and then *still* be dubious about the phony "white heather" peddled as a "rarity" (I gives you 10 that it's doctored), shun the typical tourist claptrap worth about half what they ask for it—and you should have happy shopping in Scotland.

Hairdressers Greens', in a new location on Castle St., is tops in *Edinburgh*, and Stewart, on Buchanan St., has them all licked in *Glasgow*—according to informants who still have hair. We're also advised that instead of patronizing most rural hairdressers, it's better to tolerate that Wind-blown Shepherdess' Look until your return to the metropolis.

Local Rackets So startlingly unusual in this honest, decent, God-fearing land that when even a mild one pops up, the citizenry explode. We still smile at the memory of the red-hot newspaper hassle, some years ago, which raged about (we quote) the "revolting spectacle" of certain "disreputable-looking characters" along the Trossachs highways, who were fast-talking the tourists out of an occasional buck. "Dressed in a caricature of Highland clothing," one horrified critic stormed, "and playing the bagpipes badly, these individuals behave like Eastern mendicants!" This violent reaction against such minor chiseling is any traveler's guarantee of the high moral integrity he'll find among these wonderful Scots.

Spain



When my joints begin to creak and my bones grow weary,
I'm coming back to Spain for good.

Spain is California, Arizona, and Mexico on a huge canvas—with Colorado's towering mountains, Virginia's September sun, and Florida's dazzling blue waters thrown in for good measure. There's a balm, a warmth, a caress to Spain—a special *peace*, somehow; there's a constant feeling of being in a never-never land, where worry is part of the world left behind.

Catholicism is the state religion; General Franco turned back all confiscated church property the moment he took over. Education is free and compulsory between the ages of 8 and 14. Limited military service is now mandatory for able-bodied men. Girls, too, must work in social service for a 6-month period after they are 17 and before they are 35; married women are exempt.

Spanish clocks are all a few hours slow, according to American standards. Government officials and business executives get to their offices about 10:30 A.M. Lunch is usually at 2 P.M., "afternoon" working hours are from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M., and dinner is sometimes just before midnight. It's a delightful system (once you get used to it); the tempo is *lento* and nobody hurries about anything—except the Catalans, "the Yankees of Spain," who follow a semi-U.S. schedule. You won't end up with stomach ulcers in this country, but you sure as hell might get indigestion!

Try to see a bullfight before you leave. It's a must—and, if it's Big League, it won't be half as gory as you think. If you draw a top matador (ask any Spaniard you meet), you'll witness a truly magnificent art at its peak; if you draw a second-rater or a novice, however, you're liable to watch sickening butchery instead of high drama. This distinction is vital. April to mid-October is the season; be sure to sit on the *sombra* (the shady side of the ring), not on the *sol* (sunny side). Please remember, incidentally, that tickets *cannot* be purchased far in advance; you'll have to wait *until* you're there, and then ask your hotel concierge the week of the *corrida*.

Spain is a political paradox: A strong, inflexible, centralized authority governing a nation of stubborn individualists.

To a man, you can't push a Spaniard around; you can flog him, cajole him, toss him in jail, or give him pink champagne for breakfast—and he'll *still* go his own way, in his own sweet time. Personal pride and personal dignity reach their zeniths here: he'll receive you with warmth, inquire about your needs with graciousness, and serve you with magnificent natural courtesy—but he'll look you gently in the eye from start to finish, without groveling or bootlicking for tips. In his own eyes, he's an individual—never a fixed member of any group—a man divorced from the rest of the world. He will be enormously careful not to lower *your* dignity by encroaching upon *your* individuality, and he'll expect this same quiet, gentlemanly respect from you. Americans are his pets; he regards us with a mixture of unabashed admiration and fond bafflement. Nearly everywhere you will find a smiling face, a pleasant word, and the affectionate tolerance a mother would have for her favorite son—the slightly soft-headed one who was once kicked by a horse. Here is one of the sweetest, friendliest, most mannerly and graceful people on earth today—but so stubborn and so ornery in their own 30-million individual versions of how the world should be run that 30-million Missouri mules would be a lot easier to govern.

Before making this nation our home several years ago, we jumped to 2 common but erroneous conclusions: (1) that the Spanish worker is out-and-out lazy, and (2) that his standards of cleanliness, being Latin, are very low. Not so! There's plenty of lassitude and filth in the Indian-peasant segments of Mexico and South America—Spain's ex-colonies—but what you'll find in the motherland might be one of the greatest surprises of your travels, just as it was in-ours. Juan Doe's pay is meager, his conditions are poor, and his work week is staggering—but his dominating sense of independence, his old-fashioned conscience, and his colossal pride in craftsmanship make him one of the most industrious and persistent toilers on the map. Forget about the popular stereotype of the peon asleep in the sun, with his sombrero over his eyes; in today's

hopped-up economy, the siesta is completely ignored by millions of citizens, while others take it only during the hottest days of summer. As for the hygienic aspects, the Iberians are almost always meticulous about bathing, neat in dress, and spotless in their kitchens; in this regard, they're so far ahead of the French and the Italians that the last are simply not in the same class. Columnist Robert Ruark, who has resided on the Costa Brava since the early '50s, and whose hard-hitting honesty and candor are unassailable, reported last year that "I do not believe that I have ever seen a dirty Spanish child or a dirty Spanish home, no matter how humble. Clothes may sometimes be patched, but always they are clean." When you run across tattered, scabrous, lice-ridden families from time to time, as you probably will, chances are overwhelming that they're gypsies, not Spaniards. These nomads, who rarely wash and rarely work, are the tramps, beggars, and thieves of the country; a true Spaniard would rather chop off his hand than beg, or die than steal. In many ways, Spain is a poor country—but in others, it's rich. Nearly everybody, excluding the gypsies, has simple but (to them) adequate lodgings, plenty of food, a job to go to, a Sunday suit to wear, a strong family life, scores of friends, and enough *centimos* left over for a glass of wine. More important, they've got something that has almost vanished from this complex, high-pressure civilization of ours: the time to reflect, the capacity to find joy in reflection, and the peace of mind that only mental tranquillity can bring.

Diplomatically, the United States has special cause to be grateful for its representation in Spain. Ambassador John Davis Lodge, who assumed office in January 1955, has captured the imagination and affections of everyone from highest officialdom to the man on the street. In an almost continuous round of personal visits to every corner of the land, he and his radiant wife have chatted informally with tens of thousands of villagers—always explaining to them, in their own language (which both speak flawlessly), the benevolent

attitudes and good wishes of the U.S. people and the U.S. government. By diligence, charm, and a rare sensitivity toward the Iberian mentality, Mr. and Mrs. Lodge ("Meestar an' Meecease Lowhay," as they are popularly and phonetically known to Juan Doe) have brought about a new era in Spanish-American friendship. Theirs is one of the most remarkable Good Will accomplishments in our relations with this nation since the days of Washington Irving.

In 13 years the annual number of American visitors to Spain increased about 8000%—3700 in 1947 against nearly 300 thousand in 1959. This should permanently allay any lingering fears of unpleasant tourism conditions there—because *that* many smart U.S. voyagers simply can't be fooled. Spain is under a dictatorship, with some of the trimmings, but you can go exactly where you wish, do exactly what you choose, and say exactly what you feel about the government or anything else. There are no shadows to frighten you, as in Yugoslavia or the Soviet satellites; you'll never be followed, stopped, or even questioned while you are a guest in Spain. You'll eat good food, sleep in luxurious hotels, live with every imaginable comfort—and, with the peseta newly devaluated against the dollar, you'll pay less for it than in nearly any country of Europe.

King Alfonso the Learned summed up his domain most lucidly and ably. Here's what you'll find today, just as he wrote in the thirteenth century:

"Spain has an overflowing abundance of every good thing . . . fruitful in crops, delicious with fruits, abounding in fish, rich in milk . . . plenteous in deer, well-stocked with horses, securely protected by castles, made glad by good wines, rejoicing in an abundance of bread . . . great wealth of minerals, silver and gold, precious stones and all kinds of marble, salt from land and sea and rock . . . lapis lazuli, ochre, clay, alum . . . sweet with honey and sugar, lighted with wax, seasoned with oil, and gay with saffron . . ."

Cities *Madrid*, a city of 2-million people, is right smack in the middle of the country. It's the perfect hub of the wheel, with spokes radiating in every direction—physically, politically, and socially. In size, it falls between Los Angeles and Detroit; in temperature, hotels, food, and gracious living, it's hard to find an equal in Europe. May and October are the best months; midwinter is sometimes surprisingly cold, due to the city's situation and altitude. Despite the fact that the government moves to San Sebastián during the summer and practically everything shuts down between August 1 and September 15, it's uncomfortably hot for only about 2 weeks per year—and many hotels are now at least partially air-conditioned. I like Madrid any time; it's a constant wonder and delight. To bypass it would be like visiting France without seeing Paris.

Barcelona is second in importance. It's on the Mediterranean coast, northeast of Madrid, about 100 miles from the Pyrenees, sitting on a rich plain between 2 rivers and 2 towering mountains. It conducts business in the American style, and is a huge commercial port—and you know what that means. Why visit Boston or Philadelphia, when you can just as easily see Denver or Sun Valley? But many voyagers do, in spite of its comparatively limited appeal.

San Sebastián, the summer capital, is an Iberian Coney Island during the holiday season. Originally the Roman port of Easo, it has been Spain's most popular bathing resort for centuries. Winning setting, with its semicircular bay flanked by twin mountains and backed by green hills; adequate but not plush hotels and a trio of fine restaurants; practically no ancient buildings or antiquities of note. Golf and horse racing at Lasarte; tennis at Ondarreta; plenty of jai alai, yachting, motor racing, and other sports. La Concha ("The Seashell"), its world-famous beach, is imposingly attractive in its natural state—but from July to September, it's worse than Sunday afternoon at Luna Park. Pleasant in spring or early fall, but skip it otherwise, if you can.

Valencia has a special charm of its own—but it's not the top favorite with most foreign travelers. Like Barcelona, it's

so busy and so bustling that the atmosphere is more impersonal than in various cities of the interior—and, added to this, the tourist facilities are meager. There's a low-grade beach resort, 2 good hotels, 1 good night club, and a few points of antiquarian interest. But the twin high spots of the year—the famous *Fallas* fiesta on St. Joseph's Day (middle of March) and the magnificent Battle of The Flowers (early August)—shouldn't be missed by any U.S. vacationer who is footloose in Spain during these times; they both make the Carnival of Nice a tawdry, tinny, mechanical show in comparison. Be sure to arrange sleeping accommodations beforehand, however.

Seville is far more glorious, with its wealth of archeology and art. There are churches, convents, tombs, museums, and galleries on practically every block; orange trees line the winding streets, and in the parks are snow-white pigeons which will light on the head, shoulders, and arms of any traveler who'll spend 2¢ for birdseed. The *Feria*, held soon after Holy Week, is the biggest, most frenzied, most colorful traditional celebration in all of Spain. Every soul in town pulls out his regional dress from the moth balls, and for 144 dizzy hours all work is forgotten. This event alone is worth a special trip to Europe—but reserve your space months in advance, because every pallet in the district is sought after by the hordes of outside visitors.

Granada is lovely. In addition to the world-famous Alhambra and the Generalife, here's the Spanish capital and International Command Post of the gypsies—many of whom live in comfortably furnished, electrically lit caves. Be careful of your money and personal possessions in this center; the Spaniards won't touch 'em, but the gypsies are among the lightest-fingered gentry in the world.

Málaga, during the summer, is hot, crowded, and unimpressive—but the winter temperatures are so mild, comparatively speaking, that many sun-worshippers flock down from the north to bask (or sometimes to shiver!) in its suburbs along the Costa del Sol. Its hotels and restaurants are sur-

prisingly poor. Nice setting at the foot of the mountain range, on the sea—but that's about all, touristically.

Cádiz has the drab commercialism of a port town. Its citizens spring from such mixed stocks that they hardly look Spanish, as a group; the physical and psychological contrasts with neighboring Seville couldn't be broader or more striking. No fancy hotels, restaurants, or shops; not recommended for more than a passing visit.

Jerez, home of sherry and cognac (in Spanish, *coñac*) revolves around these palatable products, to the exclusion of all other interests. Make the fascinating tour of one of the major *bodegas* (Gonzalez Byass, Pedro Domecq, Harvey's, Sandemann, Martin, or Williams) and see how these potables are produced; all are open from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. daily, all are free, and all will load you with such samples of their wares that you'll be as stiff as a board at high noon. Charming little country town, with lots of color; one only-fair hotel, no night life, no fireworks.

Córdoba beguiled us more on our latest visits than ever before—and we're darned if we can figure out why, because it's practically changeless. Its colossal Mezquita (1000-year-old mosque which is now the Cathedral) is one of the show places of the nation; its Romero de Torres collection (the twentieth-century eccentric who painted prostitutes as saints) is intriguing; its narrow streets have color and charm. Now we find it a rewarding stop—and we hope that you will, too.

Algeciras, gateway to Gibraltar, is a smaller *Cádiz*. The Reina Cristina Hotel is a show place—handsome, serene, and comfortable—but the dusty, dreary shipping atmosphere of the town itself is depressing to most voyagers.

The island of *Mallorca* (Majorca), off Barcelona and Valencia in the sapphire Mediterranean, is possibly Spain's best bet for the American wanderer whose tastes are average. Palma, the capital, is now somewhat spoiled between mid-June and mid-September by the armies of excursionists, but the rural districts still retain their enchantment. Later in this chapter, you'll find a special section about it.

The *Costa del Sol* ("Sunny Coast"), with *Torremolinos*,

Marbella, El Rodeo, and other resort settlements strung along the 106-mile strip of seacoast on the Algeciras-Málaga-Estepona road, is geared for the French, Spanish, and lower-middle-class British trade—not for routine U.S. clientele. It's a shoddy, penny-pinching tourist economy, tailored for visitors whose holiday thinking and holiday tastes are different from ours. The tone of most of the hotels and motels is typified by their excruciatingly garish cretonnes and skinny wrought-iron bedsteads in bile-duct green; in general, their quality ranges from indifferent to miserable. The beaches are fair, the restaurants are poor, and the inhabitants as a group are among the least attractive, least outgoing, and least friendly of Spain. Worth a look, if you're driving—but we suggest that it be a fast one.

The *Costa Brava* ("Brave Coast"), that rugged stretch of mountains, cliffs, and bays between Barcelona and the French border, also seems vastly overrated—at least to us. *S'Agaro*, with Spain's number one resort hotel, is a gem, the star attraction in every way; Robert and Virginia Ruark's *Playa de Montestri* is delightful, as are 2 or 3 other selected spots. But *Tossa de Mar, San Feliu de Guixols, Lloret de Mar, Blanes*, and the like swarm in season with so many cheap excursionists from the industrial areas of Catalonia and southern France that tinniness and shoddiness have driven out much of the beauty. Splendid terrain, though; tricky driving, with some of the most bruisingly waffle-surfaced byways on the Peninsula; fairly severe climate in winter. Better for private living than for casual touring, in our opinion—but maybe you'll disagree.

The *Costa Blanca* ("White Coast"), new touristic name for the coast line between Alicante and Valencia, is now being popularized to handle the overflow from the overcrowded *Costa Brava*. Currently too primitive in facilities to be anything but second-rate, but the building boom might soon add to its interest.

Toledo, Segovia, El Escorial, and excursion points from Madrid are covered in "Things to See."

Other favorites are *Sitges, Tarragona, Santander, Coruña*

(*La Coruña*), *Salamanca*, *Valladolid*, and *Santiago de Compostela*. *Las Palmas* (Canary Islands) is also untrammelled, and is well worth the long ride off the beaten path—especially since Hotel Santa Catalina became operative.

For further details on any of these, see the Spanish Tourist Office, 485 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 22; 39 S. LaSalle St., Chicago; or 68 Post St., San Francisco. Fine pamphlets in English are available.

Money and Prices The currency units are the centimo and the peseta. The white metal centimos are marked 5, 10, and 50 (this one with a hole in the center); since 100 centimos equals 1 peseta (approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ American pennies), consider them chicken-feed without any real purchasing or tipping value. The peseta has just been minted in a new coin series of 1 (yellow), $2\frac{1}{2}$ (yellow), 5 (silver), 25 (silver), and 50 (silver); these will eventually replace their bank-note equivalents, which are still in circulation. In bills, the present peseta denominations are 5, 25, 50, 100, 500, and 1000—the last being worth only about \$16.30, which is a curiously low maximum as a nation's largest exchange unit. Five pesetas (paper or metal) is traditionally known as 1 "duro" ("hard"); in the hinterland, they still speak in terms of 3 duros or 10 duros, for example, instead of 15 pesetas or 50 pesetas.

In a sweeping step to stabilize an ailing economy, the Spanish Government devaluated the peseta on July 18, 1959 from 42 to 60 to the \$1—a bonanza to the U.S. tourist, because in one jump it increased his purchasing power by 43%. Since then, the rate has settled back the trifling sum of 15 centimos, from 60 to 59.85 pesetas. Only the Banco de España ("Bank of Spain") will give you the full 59.85 for your checks or greenbacks; all other financial houses in the nation are authorized to deduct a 1% commission for their exchange services.

As a normal counterbalance, the devaluation touched off a series of price hikes. Gasoline went up 30%; railway fares,

tobacco, phone calls, and other services or commodities felt the impact. But these rises—at least to date—are small in comparison to the benefits of this 43% cash gift to the American visitor's wallet.

In the cities, Spain is now gratifyingly moderate by U.S. living-cost yardsticks; in the country, prices are so strikingly low that they will bring balm to your financial soul. It must be pointed out, however, that throughout the nation, the lush old days of decent \$2 hotels, good 50¢ dinners, and potable 10¢ Martinis have surely gone forever. If you stay in a top hostelry, you'll pay about \$10 plus 15% service for a twin-bed, double room without meals; your dinner in a top restaurant should cost you from \$5 to \$10, including wines. If you strike out for the rural districts, you'll find excellent double accommodations *with* meals for as little as \$5 apiece, and fine regional cuisine for \$1.25 per person.

Free market? At this writing, the peseta continues to hold inflexibly at the new official rate. No one can forecast its future, of course—but it looks as if it will remain firm for some months to come. Our guess may be wrong, but we do not believe that there will be any appreciable advantage in buying pesetas for your trip in New York, Switzerland, or other money marts this year.

Currency controls are less rigidly enforced, in general, than they used to be. With the black market virtually eliminated by the devaluation, their usefulness has dwindled. The Customs can still be tough, however, if your inspector has run out of bicarbonate of soda. At the frontier, you are *technically* accountable for all your funds, down to the last traveler's check and coin. When you leave the country, this original declaration must be returned to the authorities. For most American guests, the process has become only a mechanical formality.

Guard with your life any other papers which may, in some cases, be issued at the border (even if they're Greek to you, which most of them are). On your way out, they'll be counted as if they were hand-embossed papyrus from the tomb of a Pharaoh.

Language In Madrid, Barcelona, and the big tourist centers, English and French are understood. In Mallorca, and the southeast, your French will come in handy. In the rest of the country you might as well be speaking pig Latin. The profusion of local dialects sometimes adds to the problem.

But don't worry—the natives are so patient and friendly that they'll take plenty of time to puzzle out your sign language.

If you hear Spanish spoken with a lisp, no effeminacy is involved. It's purest Castilian, the historic accent of aristocracy.

Attitude Toward Tourists The Spanish State Tourist Office (Dirección General del Turismo) has its headquarters at Medinaceli 2 in Madrid (across the side street by the entrance of the Palace Hotel), under the aegis of H.E. Sr. D. Mariano Urzáiz y Silva, the Duke of Luna. Over the years, much has been accomplished to ease the lot of the traveler.

Outstanding triumph has been the construction and operation of approximately 34 government-sponsored inns (*paradores, Albergues*, etc.)—one of the most far-sighted touristic ventures in Europe. These are practical, plain, clean hotels (not de luxe), uniquely Spanish in design and furnishings, set up not to compete with private industry but to open virgin tourist areas. Some of them are remodeled castles. The basic rate runs from \$1.20 to \$2 per person, not including meals, service, taxes, and extras. Contact the Tourist Office for a list of these colorful and reasonably priced vacation centers; they will handle your arrangements.

In the United States, there are official information branches in New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. They are also in most European capitals, in Latin America, and in North Africa. The New York staff, in a stunning Iberian setting on the street floor of 485 Madison Ave., are especially warmhearted and co-operative; they'll knock themselves out to handle your inquiries quickly and efficiently. Hundreds of pamphlets, folders, and booklets in

Spanish and English are yours for the asking—and so are their typically Spanish smiles.

People Cheerful, gay, kind to strangers; courtly, considerate, with a rigid code of good manners; often as irresponsible and undependable as school children (but rarely with intent); great independence, great personal dignity; emotional, highly religious, volatile; sympathetic and respectful, but seldom bootlickers; moral extremists (a woman's morals are black or white, never gray), males inclined to boast about love prowess; handsome, proud, sensitive; careful, clean householders; often late for appointments, due to vague sense of time; love of fiestas, good paintings, good wines, good living; one of the most life-loving national groups in the world.

The double standard is observed by the Spanish to a striking degree. As in France or Italy, if a girl is good she's a lady; if a girl is bad, she's a you-know-what. There is never compromise, never hedging; the distinction is remorselessly, brutally clear.

Customs and Immigration Always noisy, often slow, and sometimes a little disorganized—but 99½% of the time, pleasant and kind in their welcome-and-godspeed to their guests. Physical facilities are cramped and miserable nearly everywhere. The Madrid International Airport of Barajas, for one example, is so painfully overcrowded and inadequate that it's a disgrace to a proud land (the construction pace of its replacement is so snail-like it has become a countrywide joke); the Barcelona plant is almost as bad. These shanty-like buildings, outgrown at least 10 years ago, create maddening handicaps for passengers, porters, and inspectors alike—an odious welcome for visitors to a nation as beautiful and as sympathetic as Spain. In spite of their limited work space, however, the officials try to do their jobs kindly and graciously.

Cigarettes (2 cartons) and currency are the primary concern; approximately ½-pint of spirits and 1 "fifth" of wine are the official limits, but 2 opened bottles of whisky or hard

liquor will usually pass. *Technically*, you'll be allowed the following quantities of the following items: 1 "still" camera with accessories and a maximum of either 5 (sic!) rolls of unexposed film or 12 placeholders; 1 portable noncommercial-type movie camera, up to 16 mm., with accessories and a maximum of 5 reels of unexposed film; 1 portable radio, not more than 13 pounds in weight; 1 portable record player, with a maximum of 10 records; 1 portable musical instrument; 1 portable sound recorder; 1 portable typewriter under 17½ lbs. in weight; 1 pair of binoculars; various types of sporting equipment (no guns or ammunition); 1 bicycle if used as transportation by the traveler (particulars to be entered in the passport); ½-pint of toilet water and a small quantity of perfume. As we emphasize above, these are the *legal* authorizations; in practice, you—and they—are likely to wind up in the deepest grasses of Left Field. On some "permissible" things, don't be surprised if you not only fill out forms until the following Tuesday midnight, but also post a substantial bond which may be collected only on departure from the country. Any slick new American gadget is given special scrutiny, whether it's a light meter that doubles as a potato peeler or a bobbie pin that plays "God Bless America"; if they suspect that it's for business rather than for personal use, you're right on the griddle beside the pork *salchichas*. Contraceptive devices and Tampax-type supplies are supposed to be forbidden, but they're on open sale in most cities.

Let none of this discourage you. Par for the course is a quick glance at one bag and an automatic clearance of the others. Treat them right in courtesy and geniality, and they'll return your confidence.

Railway Customs officials are often more exacting than those at the airports. Call the nearest branch of the Spanish State Tourist Office ("Turismo") if you run into difficulties.

► *TIP: Never have yourself mailed any package of new articles from another country to Spain—and never send any gift to a Spanish friend without finding out first what the Customs*

duties will cost him. In '56, import tariffs on just about everything went up nearly 250%; before we were aware of it, we were stuck with a \$25 levy on a \$40 brief case from Austria, a \$43 levy on an \$85 suit from Rome, a \$14.50 jolt on a few cans of Pream from America, and similar banditries. This legal larceny creates bitter disgust in the minds of visitors who are hooked, and it's a scandal which Genefalissimo Franco should clean up at once.

Hotels In *Madrid*, wonderful. Plush, luxurious, clean, with superb facilities and service, the leaders are on a par with the Pierre in New York, the Grand in Rome, and the Bristol in Paris.

Most travelers rank the Ritz in first place. Quiet, elegant, smallish, expensive; usually it's so full that reservations must be made months in advance. Srta. Carmen Guerendiain, the manageress, has succeeded in building one of the most polished staffs on the Continent—who take the Ritz tradition so much to heart, however, that you shouldn't be surprised if they look you over for 2 or 3 days before admitting you to the family circle. If price is no object, Suite #111-112, at about \$34.50 per day, is a dream. The last old-style room was renewed in '59; by early summer, at least 2/3rds of the building will have been air-conditioned. For the traveler who likes topflight living in luxurious surroundings, the Ritz is extraordinary.

Our personal preference, actually, is the Palace. It is the largest hotel in Europe—800 rooms and 800 baths; most of the bathrooms have individual telephones, shower, and tub. The public rooms are spacious; the bar is famous as the most popular meeting place in the capital; there are all the small touches that give the guest maximum comfort and pleasure. Secret of the Palace's appeal to tens of thousands of clients all over the globe lies in its management; Don Alfonso Font, the Director, in my opinion, is one of the 3 greatest hotel men in the world. He runs this enormous plant as easily and efficiently as if it had a mere 8 or 80 rooms, and he makes a sincere effort to meet and to look after every

single one of his foreign guests in person. More than 350 rooms now air-conditioned; cuisine in the Grill excellent and expensive; dining-room cuisine fair; telephone service still spotty but improving; nonstop redecoration and modernization program on a major scale. Not another Waldorf, New Yorker, or mass-production mecca; in spite of its size, the atmosphere is unfrenzied and the attention is individual. Heavenly suites at \$34.50, and less fancy ones for as low as \$20; beautiful, luxurious, up-to-the-minute doubles with a \$15 ceiling, and large, comfortable, old-fashioned ones at \$9.50—each, in every case, with its own bath! While all these quotations include the normal 15% service charge, they do not contain the standard 25% extra for air-conditioned accommodations. For the American voyager of taste, highest recommendation of any hotel in Spain.

The Castellana Hilton is good for its type—but it can never match the Palace or the Ritz, in our opinion, because it is stereotyped U.S. hotel-thinking against European grace and charm. On our latest round, evidence of seediness was unmistakable, here and there; we have the feeling that the parent company is pulling out too much of the cash which should be earmarked for renewal of fabrics, carpeting, and paint. Ultramodern décor, splashy in the patented Hilton way; practical but comparatively cramped rooms; lovely garden patio; handsome dining salon; 2 expensive bars, with fine drinks; costly and very chic Rendezvous Room with floor show and dancing, one of the top supper spots of the capital; partly (not totally) air-conditioned; good concierge, pleasant reception desk, and the best switchboard operators in Spain; inconvenient location, much too far from the general shopping and restaurant areas; Finnish baths, an 80-car garage, and other supplementary facilities. The essence is this: if you want a Little America when you come abroad, with its cellophane-wrapped philosophy and its matched-mink-and-Pekinese fellow guests, this well-run house would be a sound choice. But if you prefer the softer, more gentle Spanish flavor during your stay in Madrid, that's a different story. In any case, we'd rate this second only to the Palace

and Ritz—a good cut above all others for the average traveler.

The 8-year-old Wellington is also American in tone. Every room has a private bath; the atmosphere is modern but subdued. Intimate air-conditioned bar; fair food; higher-than-average rates. If the Spanish owner would curtail his amateurish meddlings with the active administration (he has gone through at least 10 managers since 1952), the fine possibilities of this plant might be realized. Under this gentleman's Don't-Argue-With-Me direction, however, we'd call it merely all right, instead of outstanding.

The Fenix, opened in '53, suffers a similar problem on a minor scale. The Spanish steamship company which absorbed the HUSA chain (of which this is the key link) is almost a newcomer to the big-time hotel industry. Instead of reaching to Switzerland or other lands for internationally seasoned personnel, it is still trying to get by with young local management of very limited foreign background and experience. Modern, attractive building; delightful garden restaurant which was completely redesigned last winter; air-conditioned Grill and TV rentals now both abandoned; bedrooms impersonal, with no pictures or wall decorations to warm the eye; baths generally small; furnishings in Iberian taste which for us doesn't quite jell. In spite of these negative observations, we do not wish to convey the impression that the Fenix isn't pleasant as a Madrid base, or that Manager Miguel Torres won't give you an excellent reception. It is comfortable and livable—but with so many of its potential assets currently fallow, you'll find far greater value at the Palace or Ritz for the same number of dollars.

The Suecia ("Sweden"), behind the Cortes, is a real find. Entrance on tiny street; cheerful lobby in Scandinavian style; 66 spacious, immaculate rooms, all with bath, all air-conditioned, and all furnished in Swedish Modern, specially imported (after heroic Customs hassles) from the Land of the Reindeer; 5-star Bellman Restaurant, which offers some of the most savory French cuisine in Spain. Not De luxe category, but the more moderate First class; including the 15% service charge, singles are \$4, doubles are \$4.75, and

suites are \$9.50. Here's a superior buy which is strongly recommended.

Another charmer is the Richmond, on Plaza Argentina opposite the Commodore Restaurant. All the accommodations in this small, quiet, beautifully executed hostelry are suites—6 different sizes, all with air conditioning, kitchenette, refrigerator, and other hard-to-find amenities. Most are duplex or semiduplex; most have 3 beds and terraces with white garden furniture. The 3 best, each with a split-level living room, upstairs bedroom, dressing room, kitchenette, 2 terraces, and fireplace, can be had for a remarkable \$13 per day, including service; others run as low as \$10.50, on the same basis. Tiny bar, dining room, and lobby; lovely décor with emphasis on pastels and glass; 10 minutes by taxi from the center; personalized management by friendly Mme. Edith Namias de Faragi; especially suitable for longer-than-average stays, for which the above rates are reduced. A winner for the tranquillity seeker who likes the unusual and who doesn't mind the ride from the shopping area.

The Plaza, Europe's tallest hotel, has a wonderful penthouse. On its 25th and 26th floors, you'll find dancing, a swimming pool, and roof-garden dining, plus an unparalleled view of the city; teatime (7 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.), when 2 orchestras play, is particularly popular. Busy-busy lobby, with a commercial feel; big, austere dining room; semicircular bar in off-beat architecture; 360 rooms, all with bath and shower; air-conditioning units in 15 suites only; corridors in garish mustard-yellow. German-born Manager Norbert Frank, who took over a recklessly abused plant from the old administration, has improved it immeasurably. This one is a mass-production operation which makes no pretense of offering Palace-style luxury, although the prices are only slightly lower. Mr. Frank is catering more and more to conducted tour groups, for which it is better adapted than to independent wanderers.

The Velázquez continues to please its fans. Quiet location; medium rates; clean accommodations, not plush but appealing; nice welcome and cordial atmosphere. At least a

dozen travelers have reported about the kindnesses of the Director and his staff; one Rochester couple preferred it even to the Ritz. Recommended conscientiously to the economy-minded (not poverty-stricken) voyager.

The Menfis, with its Rube Goldberg elevator system (completely safe but amusing design), is also small and agreeable. Bustling aura; more commercial and grabby than the Velázquez, noisy but satisfactory. The Washington, next door, offers 130 rooms, 130 baths (plus showers) with odd-ball electrified mirrors, and a modern ambiance. Low-level beds; some furnishings too plain for its De luxe classification, but some in conformity; mock-Iberian split-level dining room in blond wood, which gives the impression of starkness; large bar up 1 flight, so uncozy it should be represented as a lounge. Doubles \$5.75 and singles \$3.25, including service. As with the Menfis, the Av. José Antonio traffic is so heavy that you should look away from the front. Amiable. The Savoy has commodious rooms, all with private bath and slightly gaudy furnishings. Fine, big, 2-tiered terrace on 4th and 5th floors; drink, dine, and dance on the lower one, and swim or sun-bathe above it. Surprisingly low rates; not top-flight by any means, but a buy at the price. The Zurbano brings cordial evaluations from U.S. Embassy staffers who live there on a semipermanent basis; we've never stayed there. As for the Emperador and the Crillon, we're far less happy about them than we were.

For important comments on the prices quoted above and to follow, please turn to the end of this "Hotels" section, before "Tips."

Pensions? Zillions, ranging in quality from superior to stinky. The best we've seen is Hostel Amaya, Avenida José Antonio 12; central location, good food, spotlessly clean; bed and full board per person about \$4 per day; the annex, 10 minutes by foot, is so makeshift that only the main establishment is recommended. Our second choice is Isamar (Jorge Juan 32). Gurtubay (Calle Gurtubay 6) is also okay, but English is neither spoken nor understood.

Near Madrid, in *El Escorial*, is one of the most attractive

hotels in the hinterland—the Felipe II. Lovely dining-terrace; pleasant for the whole family; recommended for a luncheon excursion or a 1-night stay. In *Toledo*, another direction from the capital, the Carlos V can be called, if charity is stretched, very barely passable.

In *Barcelona*, it's the Ritz—with a shiny, patrician, and elegant new face. Before purchase in '51 by the greatest hotel chain on the Continent, Les Grands Hôtels Européens, this landmark had been milked for revenue for so long that it was a dilapidated wreck. But Syndicate President Georges Marquet and the late Secretary-General Victor Ernst had the building torn apart, room by room, bath by bath, and fixture by fixture. Now, after years of work, this Spanish institution has not only regained all its former glories, but acquired quite a few fresh ones. Every room with bath; every facility and amenity; Chef Vicente, from the George V Hotel in Paris, captured the First Prize cups and diplomas at last year's Barcelona Fair competition between all hotels and restaurants in the Province—another proof that Ritz cuisine can't be matched within scores of miles; extra-alert concierge and staff; normal De luxe rates, which aren't prohibitive. Young, sincere, likable Director John Vincke is doing an outstanding job on this one. Unquestionably the number one hostelry of Catalonia. Highly recommended.

Next best is the Avenida Palace. Opened in '52, it almost out-Statlers Statler with its radios, push buttons, concealed lighting, and streamlined touches—all in a discreet, pleasant, and comfortable style. Most Americans like this one; also recommended. The Arycasa lacks the know-how of the famous hotelier, Don Juan Gaspart, which went into the Avenida Palace; some rooms are very small; not up to the first 2, but passable. The new La Rotonda, in a residential section at the foot of Tibidabo Mountain, advertises suites—only of various sizes, each with pantry, refrigerator, radio, wall safe, and individual terrace; from the photographs at hand, we'd guess the taste in furnishings might appeal more to Spanish clients than to Americans, but perhaps we're wrong; in any case, we look forward to inspecting it

soon. The Manila, another new entry of 250 rooms, has a noisy situation on the Rambla; 1 or 2 floors air-conditioned; penthouse restaurant and grill overlooking the Gothic Quarter; food limited in choice but adequate and not expensive; we'd call this one routine. The Colón has a simple ambiance and sound cookery for its class; the Astoria, modern, unassuming, and on the low side in prices, pleases many a budget traveler; Snack Bar only. The Roma, launched in '56, offers approximately 100 rooms, all with bath; not bad, but not quite up to the Astoria.

Bungalow near Barcelona? Danish Consul General Th. Hjorth Andersen operates a small resort colony near Caldetas, 23 miles out, which we haven't yet seen but which sounds as if it might be quite a value. On a weekly basis, a room with 2 beds and a bath costs \$18 to \$21; a 2-bedroom house is \$35; a 3-bedroom house is either \$40, \$45, or \$50; a 7-bedroom house with 3 baths, large kitchen, 2 dining rooms, and a flat roof for sunbathing is \$80. We're told that every bungalow is furnished with blankets, linens, dishes, kitchen utensils, icebox, electricity, and screened windows. The patios offer sunning and a view of the Mediterranean. There's no charge for garage, heat, lights, taxes, or maid service; baby sitters, laundry, and family restaurant are available on the site. Not a luxury proposition, but popular with U.S. vacationers who seek a change abroad without too much strain on the pocketbook. Mr. Andersen will be happy to furnish further details and descriptive brochures, if you'll drop him a line at 538 Av. Generalissimo Franco in Barcelona.

In *Seville*, the historic Alfonso XIII ("thirteen" is pronounced "tray-thay") is in the throes of a major comeback. After distressing legal complications with the municipality which dragged on for years, the hotel won its case—and the vast modernization program, involving millions of pesetas, went into action in April '59. When you get there this year, you'll probably find spanking-fresh bedrooms, partial air conditioning, new elevators, new carpeting, new fabrics, and a new (and proud!) smile on the face of warmhearted Manager Koidl ("Coy-dil"). The lobby is a museum of Spanish

and Moorish art; the lavish workmanship, the specially baked tiles, the tapestries, and the \$50,000 gold service for royalty will never be duplicated. Friendly concierge and staff; tempting food; spotless cleanliness. When its face-lifting has been completed, this landmark will doubtless recapture all its former prestige as one of the greatest hotels on the Iberian Peninsula.

Second in line is the María Cristina, directly across the plaza. Appealing roof garden in summer, plus Bodega night club in basement, offering the best flamenco dancing and other entertainment in town. But its rooms are skimpy, its furnishings ill-chosen, and its service, in our opinion, only so-so. The Madrid, a HUSA house, is third. Venerable, historic building with beautiful courtyard; refurbished in '52 in what seems to us such excruciating disharmony between mellow treasures and brash Grand Rapids overstuffings that we shuddered at the "improvement." For Spanish taste, not ours. That Iberian traveling-salesman's haven, the medium-priced Colón, takes fourth place, and the small, inexpensive, commercial La Rabida, opened in '55, is fifth. Incidentally, unless you're willing to take potluck as a boarder in a private house, *do not go for Semana Santa (Holy Week) or the Feria without a confirmed reservation from one of these 5*; any other hotels here are not, repeat not, recommended. Since you'll pay double the normal rates wherever you stay during these jam-packed weeks, you might as well do so in cleanliness and comfort.

In *Valencia*, the Inhouse Company's long-awaited Astoria Palace finally opened its doors just before Christmas in '59. Early reports give it good marks. Capacity of 208 rooms, all doubles and all with bath; lobby, lounges, restaurant, and a few accommodations air-conditioned; terrace dining-and-dancing, according to the grapevine; management by Miguel Gomez Rozalen, whom we've never met. Might turn out to be the best hotel in town—but until we see it (disappointments on this score are frequent in Spain), we'll continue to recommend the urbane little Royal. This one was born in the spring of '56; 80 rooms, all with private bath; gray-blue and

old-rose décor, modern and pleasing; partially air-conditioned; lovely dining room; a good bet. The Excelsior, next in line, used to draw our enthusiasm—but our latest overnight stop here changed our minds, but good. This operation, in our opinion, has slipped sadly in every department we inspected; not for us again. Even less attractive, at least in our eyes, is the ancient, seedy Reina Victoria. Rumor has it that this relic will soon be torn down to make way for a new commercial building; for the sake of the beleaguered U.S. innocent who is forced to stay there, we hope so.

In *Granada*, the Alhambra Palace has now become one of the show places of Spain. Magnificent sweep of the city from its cliffside location; good rooms, authentic flamenco in its Zambra Gitana theater-music hall, and the aura of a small Moorish palace with Guided-Tour overtones. Recommended. The brash, flamboyant, 250-room Nevada Palace started business in '57 in the center of the city; same Melia ownership as the Córdoba Palace in Córdoba and the Bahia Palace in Mallorca; frankly, this Iberian interpretation of Hilton's splashy colors and functional living isn't our personal glass of sherry at all, but it might appeal to the traveler who wants flash when he comes abroad. The State-operated Parador San Francisco, well up the mountain, is the third choice; this former religious retreat is simple but enchanting, and prices are dirt cheap; always reserve in advance, because space is limited. The Victoria, Category 1-B, is central, noisy, just as the government rates it—1-B. The Washington Irving, fifth in line, seemed almost amateurish; we were impressed by neither the building, the situation, nor the people we saw. Leading pensions include America, Sudan, and Carlos V, with all-inclusive rates of perhaps \$5 per day.

In *Córdoba*, the new Córdoba Palace has a very fine location, a violently garish lobby, fair cuisine, a swimming pool and terrace dining in season, and the same flamboyant tone which Mr. Melia has put into his other hotels (see above). Typical of the taste in room furnishings are the gimcrack bedside lamps—wine kegs mounted on horses, complete with spigots and all trimmings, which on closer inspection prove

to be radios! Next on the roster is the Zahira, completed in '56. Central situation; every room with bath and shower; quite all right, but not special in any way. Skip the others.

In *San Sebastián*, the Continental Palace became the property of Georges Marquet and his Grand Hôtels Européens chain (Ritz and Palace in Madrid, Ritz in Barcelona, etc.) last fall. Major renovations are planned; by the time you read this, its comfort should be greatly improved. Every room with bath; beach location; open all year. Obviously the leader. The Londres is now second; small accommodations but only trivial difference in price; not so hot. The María Cristina seems to be fading more noticeably than ever before; talk is persistent that they intend to shut down the old girl for good; this house is very, very tired. The Regina is an excellent Second-class choice; it's fairly new, friendly, 5 minutes from the beach, and the tariffs are moderate; a bargain. If you're ever stuck for space, we're advised by Cornelius Ryan, Jr., the famous magazine correspondent and author of *The Longest Day*, that the private Gudamendi Club might be a port for your storm; 15 minutes from the center, atop "The Head" (U.S. Navy or Marine personnel: no jokes IF you please!); glorious view, simple living, considerable staff. No pensions whatsoever in this city are recommended. The little Gran Hotel in Zarauz, 16 miles out, is reported to be small, quiet, situated on a beach, and perfect for those who travel with children; advance reservations in season. I haven't yet seen it.

Málaga offers disappointing lodgings for a city of its importance. The Miramar, traditionally the number one, gave us a real shock on our latest night there. Before the new administration took over HUSA, it was well-maintained. On this round, however, it was so run-down that hot water couldn't even be trickled to our whole large section of the main building—not a temporary state of affairs, either! We're sad to report that, in our opinion, this fine old place seemed to be going to pot. On our next visit, we'll try the refurbished, revived Emperatriz. New management who seem very alert indeed; sea-front location, but no beach; 60

rooms with bath; swimming pool in season; not a Ritz, but coming up fast. In Second class, Belaire (Hacienda de Giro) is a converted mansion with simple furnishings and terrace-dining when the sun shines; outskirts situation; we'd call this a nice boardinghouse instead of a full-scale hotel. Lis, central and commercial, is fairly new; breakfast only. In Third class, Limonar is recommended; inexpensive, small, well run, not fancy but solid; some travelers consider this the best bet in the city, next to the Emperatriz. Casa del Monte has added 1 floor with tiny terraces and absorbed the house next door; geared for long-term visitors rather than over-nighters.

Algeciras, gateway to Gibraltar, proudly offers the Reina Cristina—a 24-carat-prize winner. Gardens, golf, sea bathing, beautiful swimming pool inaugurated in '59, new Playa Bar and Restaurant on Getares Beach, dancing, shopping, elbow-bending in its cozy Belvedere Bar—all on the premises or within easy reach. Handsome, livable, spacious rooms, with 18 recently added in a new wing; if money isn't the object but classic-style comfort is, ask for Apartment 253-254. Cuisine which vies with the Barcelona Ritz as the finest hotel fare in Spain; British ownership. Juan H. Lieb, the courtly and beloved Manager who died so tragically last year, has been succeeded by the very alert and able James Henshaw. More Americans cluster here in midwinter than anywhere else in the south, for good reason. Highly recommended. The Termino and Marina Victoria are the only local alternatives; both Third-class and frazzled. The Colonia Solimar, 2 miles out of town in the pine woods, features small individual bungalows; not so hot, in our opinion.

Torremolinos? With 2 exceptions, a poor choice at best and a dreadful array at worst. The leading stop we'd recommend this year is the Pez Espada ("Swordfish"), which was finally opened last year after off-and-on-construction nitpicks for more than half a decade. This large ultramodern slab, with the lines of a dolled-up portable typewriter case, offers 139 double rooms, 139 baths, 100% air conditioning, 4 bars, a swimming pool, a private beach, grillroom dancing, minia-

ture golf, water skiing, a beauty parlor, a garden of sorts, and large terraces. All accommodations have an angular rather than frontal sea-view. In round figures, rates run from \$4.25 for solo guests, to \$7 and \$9.25 for twin occupancies, to \$16.25 for suites. The cuisine won't make you dance with joy, and neither will the service—but here's a vast, vast improvement in the cheesy local hotel picture. Head, hair, and ears above all competition. El Remo, which used to be the most popular American choice, seems to be getting seedier and seedier. Main building with restaurant but no lounge; so-called "motel" with 8 units as cheerless as baseball dugouts; several detached houses; nightly dancing and occasional entertainment. We find its current air of neglect and grime not only dreary but depressing. No longer suggested. Lloyds, on the main road, is much better maintained. Semicircular building with 20 good-sized rooms and baths; gay, scrubbed, agreeable dining room, dining-terrace, and lounge; bedroom appointments stark and tasteless; well run by English management; satisfactory but surely not outstanding. Los Nidos is too Peninsular, in our estimation, to please most U.S. voyagers; garish, gimcrack-y accommodations and heavy-on-oil kitchen. *Holiday* recently recommended this one, which frankly amazes us. Perhaps the Montemar has improved, but when we last saw it, the furniture was tired, the rooms were grim, and the service was punk; when one of our readers pulled his toilet chain and got conked by the whole flush box, for example, an employee summed up the staff sympathy for the guests by saying, "Fortunately, Señor, it's not broken—it merely came out!" Santa Clara has crummy buildings and a second-rate aura; Playa, formerly Santa Anna, looks so old and seedy that we find no attraction; La Roca, an antiquated monstrosity that closed down some time ago, threatens to reopen—a calamity, to our way of thinking. San Enrique, next to the Plaza of the same name, is very modest, reportedly clean, and quite inexpensive; noisy at night? Pension Marcelo is handsomely located, but we cannot, in good conscience, recommend either its food or its attention.

Out of town? El Pinar, along the Málaga highway, was taken over on a management contract in '59 by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Bellocq, the French hoteliers who so ably run the Suecia in Madrid. As it stands at press time, it's a weird sort of building, chopped up by doors and arches in aimless disarray; everything is in imitation-Spanish-y miniature, painfully contrived to inject "atmosphere." The bedroom furnishings—ouch! Nice glassed-in dining room, topped by a splendid circular terrace. Since the Bellocqs' interest is confined to administration, with capital investment in redecoration not included, we don't know what physical changes they plan—but we *do* know, for sure, that this house will improve in their skilled hands. On the Algeciras road a few minutes from the center, Costa del Sol is small and unimpressive. We didn't stop at the Mar y Mar, further along, but we did note that it has an enviable situation on Benalmadena beach, big windows, lots of terraces, and a gingerbread-y design. From this fleeting glance, it looks as if it might be agreeable.

Along the *Costa del Sol* between Málaga and Algeciras (excluding the *Torremolinos* environs, which are covered above), the same general tastelessness and shoddiness of accommodations prevails. The whole area shoots for the French, Spanish, and mass-British tourist, not for us. This is plainly reflected in the facilities themselves, as well as in the almost-inevitable selection of hair-raising cretonnes and poisonous colors in the décors. Marbella Club at *Marbella* used to be lovely—worlds above anything along the pike—but, after our latest visits, we think that it has now been cheapened to the point where it's almost spoiled. Motel-style, in U-shaped design; lovely dining-terrace in season (if you can tolerate the food); swimming pool, lawns, tennis; it's a pity that this fine plant can't have more intelligent management. A new one, the Golf Hotel Gaudalmina, opened nearby just after our departure from the region. Word has it that both rooms and bungalows are available, that a very large swimming pool with *cabañas* has been built, that a 9-hole golf course is now in service, and that the Marqués

de Nájera (former owner of El Remo in Torremolinos) runs the show. Further comment must be withheld until we know more about it. A discriminating American lady tells us that El Fuerte, which we also missed, is better than tolerable; she moved out of Marbella Club to find more comfortable rooms, a kinder staff, and far more appetizing cuisine here. Santa Marta, near *Estepona*, and El Rodeo, near *San Pedro de Alcantara*, have nearly identical setups, with individual bungalows dotting the landscaped terrain; the latter has a large new central building with a dining-terrace and swimming pool; we wouldn't stay in either of these for 5 minutes, because of their ugly, makeshift bedroom furniture and depressingly junky construction. The Alhamar at *Calahonda*, a hotel rather than motel, features every-room-with-bath and an extra-long beach; heavy Iberian tone, with many massive antiques; too Spanish for most overseas trippers. The Motel Artola at *Artola* is a squatty, L-shaped structure with individual garages at ground level under each room; we'd call this third-rate rather than second-rate. Our recommendation for the entire *Costa del Sol* is this: drive through it, if you like—but let the Sandman find you snugly bedded down in the Reina Cristina at *Algeciras*, the end of the line, or, as second choice, in the new Pez Espada in *Torremolinos*. Perhaps you'll disagree.

In *Cádiz*, the Government-run Atlántico is almost forbiddingly plain and austere; barely qualifies as First class; not luxurious in any sense. The Playa (summer beach hostelry) and the Francia (winter) are adequate but no more; the Roma and San Francisco are even more Spartan. Marazul, the top pension, is open in warm weather only, is situated by the ocean, and is very cheap—about \$4 full pension per person.

Driving north from *Tangier*, *Gibraltar*, or *Algeciras*? Budget-minded U.S. motorists are usually as happy as clams in the tiny, simple, clean, well-run Parador Fuentebravia, around the bay from *Cádiz* at the Rota border, on the outskirts of Puerto de Santa María. Magnificent beach; brand-new building with 12 plain but spotless and comfortable

rooms and baths; 20 accommodations in older-style, considerably more basic bungalows in a wooded area which also overlooks the sea; central restaurant-lounge, with floor-to-ceiling windows and pleasant regional décor. Including the 15% service charge, the rate for 2 people is an amazing \$2.75! Proprietor José Luis Qutz is doing an outstanding job for this economy price. If you don't expect pink silk sheets and peacocks' tongues—and who does, at \$1.87 per person per day?—here's one of the best buys between Madrid and the Mediterranean. *Reserve in advance*, because this little haven is more sought after every year.

Other popular stopping places on the Peninsula are as follows:

Alicante: Carlton (new). Skip all others.

Almuñecar: Sexi (a fine overnight stop for coast-highway motorists from Alicante to Málaga or Algeciras; De luxe, expensive, comfortable, but doesn't quite manage to live up to its delightful name).

Bilbao: Carlton, Almirante (newer but lower category). Torrónategui needs lots of refurbishing.

Castellón de la Plana (Mediterranean coast, 39 miles north of *Valencia*): Hotel del Golf opened with a big splash late in '59. Total of 65 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV outlets, and terraces facing either the mountains or the sea; 100% air-conditioned; 9-hole golf course. Nice plant, but such amateurish administration that so far we consider this one a dud.

Costa Brava: Hostel de la Gavina at *S'Agaro* is now, without question, Spain's best resort hotel. Almost 100% reconstructed or renewed; 100 bedrooms and 16 suites, most with plus décor and bath; a few accommodations still small and simple; beautiful lounges with antique furnishings; terrace-dining, open-air night club, 30-bedroom annex, fair beaches, tennis, bars, high cuisine; 66 miles from Barcelona; suave direction by HUSA-veteran Salvador Palmada. This jewel shouldn't be missed by any U.S. warm-weather vacationer to Catalonia. Top rates, but top

quality in return—as long as you don't draw one of the overflow lodgings. Other leading choices of the area: Rogier de Flor in *Lloret de Mar* (direction by Proprietor Juan Gaspart of the Avenida Palace, Barcelona; this new entry is exceptionally fine for the region); Rigat Park and Santa Marta, both near *Blanes*, and both with their own beaches; Reina Elisenda in *San Feliú de Guixols* (new, small Spanish-Hiltonish, 70 rooms all with bath and most with private terraces); del Parque at *San Andrés de Llavenas* (converted villa, night club, swimming pool, upper-type clientele, direction by C. W. Vermeys); Rocamar at *Cadaqués* (small, tasteful, rather modest).

Irun: Colon (125 rooms, 125 baths, Frou-Frou night club, so-called "Txingudi Balls Saloon" which we have learned is a ballroom; new and good). Alcázar added 10 modern rooms in '59, but we still suggest San Sebastián if Colon can't handle your reservation.

Jerez: Los Cisnes (needs money spent on improving existing facilities instead of on expansion; lovely terrace; taste in bedroom furnishings atrocious).

La Coruña: Finisterre (summer only, above average), or Embajador (all year).

Pamplona: La Perla (adequate but not luxurious).

Salamanca: Gran, Monterrey (both so-so only). Residencia Universitaria Gran Viá, at Rosa 4, has been urgently recommended by one of our readers (a U.S. university professor) who lived there all summer; budget-level.

Santander: Real and Rex on a par; Rex is cheaper.

Santiago de Compostela: The multimillion-dollar Hostel de los Reyes Católicos ("Hostel of the Catholic Kings"), partially underwritten by the Government, is a fantastic architectural and decorative monument—so opulent, grandiose, and extravagantly conceived that it's a wonder to the eye, but commercially it must always remain, through this very lavishness, a White Elephant. Worth a 100-mile detour to overnight here, because there's nothing else like it in Spain.

Segovia: Las Sirenas (noisy).

Sitges: Carlton (new), Terramar, Miramar (all so-so).

Zaragoza: Gran (traditional, creaky, friendly, best in the city), Goya (tiny rooms, imitation-U.S.-style with only mediocre success; not so hot).

These, as we've said, are the most popular. The majority of them are worthy.

Hotels which are *the best available* but which *I do not recommend for good comfort* are as follows: *Albacete*, Gran; *Almería*, Simon (no running water when we saw it; awful!); *Aranjuez*, the un-delicious Delicias; *Burgos*, Condestable or España; *Cartagena*, Mediterráneo (miserable!); *Ciudad-Real*, España; *Gerona*, Italianos, Peninsular, or Rex; *Gualajara*, España; *Huelva*, Victoria; *Leon*, Oliden; *Lérida*, Palacio; *Motril*, Mediterráneo and all others (fiercel!); *Murcia*, Reina Victoria; *Oviedo*, Principado; *Port-Bou*, Estación (ouch!); *Ronda*, Victoria; *Tarragona*, Europa or Paris; *Valdepeñas*, Paris; *Valladolid*, Conde Ansúrez (supposedly De luxe, but a big disappointment to us); *Vitoria*, Fronton.

Off the mainland, 2 centers have become of paramount importance to every American who plans a trip to Spain. These are the Balearic Islands (Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza, and others), and the Canary Islands (Gran Canaria, Tenerife, Fuerteventura, and others).

The hotels of the Balearic Islands are covered later, in a special section.

As for the Canaries, the Santa Catalina (Las Palmas) is one of the better hotels of Spain or her colonies. Opened in October 1952 by the HUSA chain, it has everything from flower-banked terraces to a permanent art exhibit to a midget golf course. It's one of Iberia's most successful efforts in resort luxury. Second is the Mencey (Santa Cruz), an 8-year-old establishment which is also fine for the region. Third is the Parque (center of Las Palmas). In Valle de Orotova (22 miles from Santa Cruz de Tenerife), the redecorated Taoro is still our choice; the Las Vegas, opened 2 weeks before Christmas in '59, has a far more up-to-date plant, but the management is so inexperienced that we wouldn't stay here.

The Gran Canaria in Las Palmas, another '59 newcomer, is across the boulevard from the white-sand beach of Las Canteras; 80 rooms with bath and terrace; we haven't seen it. Prices are about the same as those of Mallorca. The season is winter (Dec. and Jan. have the least sun, but they're usually fairly agreeable). Round trip by Iberia from Madrid takes about 4½ hours each way and costs roughly \$70. There's a weekly express boat service via Barcelona-Cádiz (First class roughly \$36 plus stateroom 1-way from Barcelona), and a "local" run which stops at a dozen ports and takes several days longer. These Spanish islands off Africa are on the threshold of a huge tourist boom, and they should be visited soon, before their primitive simplicity and charm are spoiled.

Taxes, service charges, and state-controlled extras are heavy in all Spanish hotels. Some which cater to the tourist trade are allowed to tack a flat 30% onto everything in sight during July, August, September, 15 days at Christmas, 15 days at Easter, and throughout Corpus Christi. There is always a 20% purchase tax on alcoholic beverages (spirits *and* wines), plus another 10% levy on meals or special menus. The standard service bite is 15% throughout the nation. Last but not least, every stop on your schedule will collect a Tourist Tax (for the development of tourism) of 13¢ to 17¢, depending upon the class of your hostelry.

Therefore, as a rough rule of thumb, always add 25% to the basic rate you're quoted, in order to arrive at the figure you'll actually pay.

Spanish hotel tariffs are supposed to be controlled by the Government—but scores of proprietors are defying the legal ceilings this year. The National Hotel Union, harassed by rising costs, campaigned for a 40% increase last year; the Ministry of Information and Tourism granted the small relief of about 10%. As a result, chiseling is rampant—most of it during the peak seasons. The proper quotations for your category should be posted in your room. If these are being violated, write a letter to the Secretary-General, Spanish State Tourist Office, Medinaceli 2, Madrid, *with the bill en-*

closed. This guardian of the foreign visitor will then crack down on the grafting institution.

Even with illegal paddings, however, you'll still find Spain's hostelrys among the cheapest in Europe.

►TIPS: There are practically no fly screens in this land, because the Spanish believe they cut down air circulation and block the view. The resort hotel at Formentor, Mallorca, for example, once installed a few as a test, and there were so many outraged protests that they had to take them out. In summer, carry a flyswatter as part of your baggage, kill the current crop before retiring, and keep your blinds *closed* during the night. Otherwise, at 6:15 A.M. they will drive you out of your mind.

The telephone service in hotels all over Spain—even the best ones!—is almost sure to be terrible. Unionization is so strong that no manager can fire (or even transfer!) any of his employees without a full-dress hearing of both factions at a State Court of Arbitration. Since most of the operators don't speak English, it's a hopeless circle. Ask for your party by *room number*, because Anglo-Saxon names usually throw the switchboard people into tizzies—and never depend upon the fact that telephoned messages will be properly (1) transcribed or (2) delivered.

Most Spanish hostelrys take up the carpets from the public rooms and corridors during the summer. This undoubtedly brings down the temperature by several degrees—but to aesthetically minded Americans, it looks like the devil.

In various regions throughout the country (e.g., Mallorca, Ibiza), you'll sometimes find no electricity for your morning ablutions. This isn't the fault of the hotel; it's a coal-conservation measure which applies to the entire region. Therefore, try to arrange for a bath with an outside window.

State law specifically and rigidly forbids unaccompanied females to enter a man's hotel room (not suite!) after dark, regardless of circumstances. Don't invite her up for a drink, for you'll be stopped at the elevator.

Food Regional specialties are surprisingly good, and their varieties are enormous. But the manner of preparation is so stereotyped throughout the land (e.g., wherever you order *entremesas*, literally "between tables" or hors d'oeuvres, you'll get the identical portion of a lonely sardine, ham, cheese, tuna, olives, etc.), that the food tends to pall on American palates as soon as the novelty has worn off.

Don't ever confuse Spanish cuisine with Mexican cuisine; chili powder, tabasco peppers, and hot stuff of this nature are almost unknown in Iberia. Even the terminology differs: south of the border, a *tortilla* is a pancake-type dough which serves as bread, but in Spain it's the word for omelet.

Except in a handful of international establishments, all cooking is done in strong, coarse, harsh olive oil—one full serving of which is guaranteed to entwine the stomach and gullet of the stranger into a perfect clove hitch. To avoid the Traveler's Complaint, insist that everything be *preparado en mantequilla* ("cooked in butter"), and avoid all tomato sauces like the plague. Salads, fruits, and fresh vegetables are safe wherever you go. Incidentally, it's *always* best to pass up milk in Spain.

Aside from straight meat and poultry, here are some of the favorites of visiting Yankees: langosta (the clawless local "lobster"), Paella (world-famous Valenciana specialty of rice, peppers, shellfish, chicken, saffron, etc., served in a huge frying pan), lenguado (filet of sole with a college education), perdiz (small whole partridge, rich and savory), and centollo (tender, flavorful crab from the Bay of Biscay).

Roast lamb (*cordero asado*) and roast suckling pig (*cochinillo*) are generally the finest meats. By U.S. standards, the beef is mediocre; it's never "topped" with grain, and it's slaughtered either too young or after the age of 36.

Generally speaking, the chickens and the turkeys taste as though 15 minutes of setting-up exercises, 10 times around the track, and an ice-cold shower had been a routine part of their before-breakfast training all the way from the egg to the chopping block. Most of them are athletic and stringy,

with muscles like John L. Sullivan. In leading restaurants, however, they range from good to delicious.

Exquisite fruit of all varieties, including the world's best oranges (winter only); honey with the fragrance of rosemary, marjoram, and orange blossoms; almond nougat, marzipan, and tons of confections. As for cheeses, the better types include Tetilla (soft and greasy), Cabrales (fermented and piquant), Burgos (all cream), Asturias (smoke-cured), and Manchego. Try the last, which has been molded in matting and preserved in oil; it's our favorite. Your friends might avoid you for 2 weeks afterward, but it's worth the gamble.

►TIPS: Drink bottled water always, even though the tap water of the major cities is sweet and potable. If you like it without bubbles, ask for Solares; if you wish bubbles, any *agua mineral* like Vichy will do.

If it's late spring (May or June), don't miss the wild Aranjuez strawberries and orange juice, a dessert for the gods—nor the equally Olympian Aranjuez asparagus.

Restaurants Spanish meal hours call for heroic belt-tightening and self-discipline on the part of the visitor. By the time most Americans finally sit down to tackle the groceries, they're so faint from hunger that an O'Sullivan's Heel Belle Hélène would be gratefully welcomed.

Breakfast is at your option, generally as early or as late as you choose—and 99½% of the time, it will be served on a tray or cart in your bedroom (most downstairs food services are closed until noon). Lunch is from about 2 P.M. to 3:30 P.M.—so it might be 4:30 P.M. before you stagger away from the table to your siesta. Dinner usually starts at about 9:30 P.M.—but that's for the farmer who must get up with the birds. The more chichi local citizens wouldn't be caught dead over a knife and fork before 10 P.M. or 10:30 P.M. at the earliest—which often brings the dessert and demitasse swinging down the aisle after midnight. Carry your Hindu prayer book, emergency pemmican, and size-10 girdle to help you through those desolate pre-meal hours.

There are 3 leading restaurants in *Madrid*, all of which are extraordinarily fine.

Sharing the head of the list is the Jockey Club, Amador de los Ríos 6—like Horcher's (see below), one of the Great Restaurants of the world. It is small (18 tables only), highly exclusive, and expensive; it is not a private club, as the name implies. Sr. Don C. Cortés, the proprietor, runs it with a velvet hand: each dish is a masterpiece of culinary art (note the presentation of each platter to the diner!), and the service is wonderfully smooth. The menu, printed in English, Spanish, and French, carries no prices—but they won't cheat you 1¢ worth; your dinner with wine will run from perhaps \$6 to \$10, a bargain for what you get. Barman Pedro is a maestro. *Always crowded*, so ask your hotel concierge to book in advance. Closed during the month of August; open daily and Sunday, otherwise. Ask for Maître Gerardo ("Herardo") or Maître Felix, both of whom speak English; Mr. Cortés himself knows the Latin languages only. The feel of New York's "21" with the intimacy of the Stork Club's Cub Room. Highest recommendation.

In the same top bracket is Horcher's, Alfonso XII 6, which is also superb, also intimate, and sometimes even more expensive. Otto Horcher and his assistant, K. H. Heckt, are among the best-trained restaurateurs of Europe; Fritz Hirschfield, the proprietor's dear friend and amanuensis since their days together in Berlin's most famous prewar establishment, the original Horcher's, died in '59 after 35 years of brotherly affection and professional collaboration. In the guest books of the old era, which they'll gladly show you, you'll find a fabulous cross section of celebrities from Mae Murray to Thomas Edison to Charles Chaplin to 4 kings to the ambassadors of 20 nations. Open every day of the year. Try the magnificent roast baby lamb (spring and early summer), the sweet, tender, silver-dollar-sized chops which are charred to perfection; if these aren't available, there's a galaxy of specialties which range from Pressed Duck, Partridge or Hare to Turkey Xavier to liver dumplings to Pineapple-Lobster Titus to goodness knows what—

each with the master's touch. And please, please cap your meal with a Horcher creation called Crêpes Sir Holten; here's one of *the* prize taste-sensations in Spain. Highest recommendation, as well.

Third, the Commodore, Plaza de la República Argentina, has come up fast, but it's still not quite in the class of the Jockey Club and Horcher's. In spring, fall, and winter, its cozy, urbane Hunting Grill proudly offers a large variety of sportsman's delights (wild boar, venison, woodcock, partridge, fresh salmon, and the like in season), plus broiled steaks, *rôtisserie* chicken, flaming turbot, and sweet, tender grilled chicken-livers-and-bacon-on-a-spit (which, having American rather than European tastes, you must specify "very well done"). In summer, the tables are moved directly onto the lawn of a large patio, illuminated by lights in the trees or the open sky; chicken-and-pears flamed in a secret whisky sauce is featured then, but all other specialties (the grilled chicken livers included) are also available. The wine cellars, with a capacity for more than 20-thousand bottles, are notable. Owned by charming, English-speaking tobacco magnate Eduardo Vega and his aristocratic family; *maître d'hôtel* is the renowned Sr. Tor, who will give your party smooth attention; ask for Tuto in July or August. Swimming pool; air-conditioned 2-level bar; balcony-dining in grill when the weather is benign; same price range as the competition.

Bellman, the *intime* restaurant of the new Hotel Suecia, is a small-sized gem. Shocking-pink tablecloths, multicolored indirect ceiling lights, sophisticated service, quiet atmosphere; French cuisine which is nearly unsurpassable in Spain; expensive and extra-worthy. We're impressed with the quality of this one.

Club 31, at Alcalá 58, was launched in '59 as a less-formal, less-expensive sister of the famed Jockey Club (see above). It is superb. The décor of wood-paneled walls and wood ceilings, with recessed soft illumination, is almost Swedish or Finnish in tone. Tiny, chic bar in front; main room with 11 good-sized tables on one side and a sawtoothed counter seat-

ing 16 on the other. The range of its menu is so prodigious that you may have anything from a fast Virginia ham sandwich or Welsh rarebit to fresh Iranian Beluga caviar or *langostinos al champagne*; here's the only soda-fountain-type setup we've ever seen, in fact, where a malted-milk mixer and a duck press sit side by side and sneer at each other. Open continuously from noon to 2 A.M. daily and Sunday; after-theater onion soup and grilled chicken a popular feature. Ask for Alfonso, who speaks English—and be sure to reserve in advance, because it's usually jammed. All the know-how and deft touches of Sr. Don C. Cortés, at prices which are 30% to 40% lower than in his original enterprise. Terrific for its category and tariffs.

Alabrasa Bodegon, Alfonso XII 42 (opposite Retiro Park), specializes in steaks, salads, and waitresses so fresh and attractive that they should be served up on the spring-chicken plates. Seville motif, with picture-book tiles bright and gay; open *rôtisserie grill*; a good meal in a nice ambiance for perhaps \$4. Not to be confused with El Bodegon in the Castellana Hilton zone, which is also excellent.

Casa Botin, Cuchilleros 17, is a tried-and-true stand-by, famous all over the world for its bullfighting guests and its roast suckling pig. This is the restaurant where Jake Barnes, hero of *The Sun Also Rises*, plays his last scene at the end of the book; Hemingway gave the place considerable attention in *Death in the Afternoon*, as well. Cooking is still done in the original oven, dating from A.D. 1725. Be sure to order the *Cochinillo Asado* (83¢), because this juicy little piglet is too good to miss. Little English is spoken; ask for Don Antonio, the hospitable son of the owner, to translate your needs. New 7-table *bodega* (wine cellar) downstairs. Very cheap; very Spanish; very plain. Definitely worth a visit, if you're in the mood for atmosphere. *Check the street address before getting out of your taxi* (if you should spot an old sign which starts "Antigua Casa de Candido Remis, etc., etc.," that is correct); some drivers will deliberately drive you to another place, a real joint, which calls itself, by questionable coincidence, "Antigua Casa Botin."

Other colorful worthies? Three amiable examples. Casa Valentin, at Calle San Alberto 3 (just off the Puerta del Sol) is also a bullfighters' favorite. Ground-floor L-shaped stand-up bar, not set up for ladies, where the local gentry gorge themselves from the copious array of tidbits on display, trading jokes and tossing discarded shrimp husks on the floor; narrow stairway to the delightfully regional dining accommodations upstairs; medium-priced and especially beloved by first-timers.

El Rancho Tranquilino, at Jardines 25, opened in '59 as a so-called "Argentine Steak House"—even though its steers are Spanish. The Buenos Aires proprietor has tried hard to make it representative of his native land. Waiters and boy-doorman in gaucho dress and boots; tricked-up rustic décor in varnished rough wood and 2000-volt green; 9 tables and tiny bar at street level and 18 tables in 2 rooms upstairs. Your steak comes piping hot on a table-sized charcoal brazier, and you eat it from a rectangular scrubbed board bearing a recess for the savory barbecue-type sauce. Our "Baby Beef," a Tarzan-sized chunk for \$1.35, wasn't up to the standards of U.S. corn-fed premium, of course (no Iberian beef ever can be)—but it was delicious, just the same. Service which couldn't be more cordial; softly amplified, piped music on both floors, featuring such gems of the pampas as *La Comparsita* and *Warsaw Concerto*. Our check was about \$2 per head. In spite of its flamboyant color scheme, we liked this place a lot. Ask for the nice José Luis, who speaks English.

Mesón de San Javier, at Calle del Conde 3, is a typical and ingratiating little *bodega* ("wine establishment"). The whole baby chicken, stuffed with ham and roasted in butter at about \$1.50, is the most expensive dish on the menu. No cocktails, no whisky, no gin; Spanish brandy-and-soda is 12½¢, sherry is 12½¢, and a pitcher of house wine is 20¢. Sr. D. José Prieto is the maître, and while his English isn't good, he's very quick at sign language. Reserve in advance except in summer. Simple, sweet tavern, for the down-to-earth traveler.

For topnotch seafood, Hogar Gallego, Plaza Com. Las

Morenas 3, walks off with the honors; undistinguished, overcrowded garden in summer; here you will find excellent samples of the typical fare of another region, Galicia.

Edelweiss, Jovellanos 7, serves a good German-style meal with fine German-type beer for about \$1.75. Herring in sour cream and onions (*Arenque Crema*); bockwurst with potato salad and sauerkraut; pumpernickel bread, Camembert; also many non-Teutonic selections. No-nonsense décor; friendly but harassed service; go very early or very late, because it's *always* overfull at meal hours, and they won't accept reservations. Branch in the country (see below).

Al Pollo Dorado ("Golden Chicken"), at Av. de Concha Espina 4 near the football stadium, is a beguiling little center for charcoal-broiled chicken. Marine décor in sea-green tile; 10 tables and a J-shaped counter offering rustic-style seats built for midgets. The staff couldn't be better-scrubbed, more kindly, or more helpful. Manager Mario Sauvalle knows U.S. tastes; ½ chicken for about \$1, and you can take it from there. Branch out-of-town, also.

El Pulpito, Plaza Mayor 9, is pleasant, but the cooking is slipping, in our opinion. This thimble-sized establishment has about 10 tables, facing an open kitchen; you may watch every step of your meal being prepared. Upstairs dining room not so interesting.

Frontón Recoletos (formerly the leading jai alai restaurant), Rees (formerly Henry's) and Chípen (once the top independent in the capital) are no longer operating, sad to say.

An identical ailment seems to have hit both La Barraca, Reina 29, and the Caves of Luis Candelas, just off Plaza Mayor—namely, Too Many Tourists. We're convinced that they've gone much too far overboard for the U.S. and foreign trade, and that their authentic flavor, once so appealing, has been lost. Neither is recommended to any reader of this year's *Guide*.

Riscal, Marqués de Riscal 11, is also for the birds, not for us; we feel it's now tawdry, with both fare and service unattractive.

Quick snack? Club 31 (see above) offers the highest quality at the highest prices. The California chain of 6 counter luncheonettes is Madrid's largest. Dolar and Napolitana are among the others which now pepper the city. American Star, ruled off-limits to U.S. Military Forces last year, is not—repeat, not—suggested. If you've ever placidly assumed (1) that you're a genuine Yankee, and (2) that you're reasonably well acquainted with the cookery of your native land, you've got news coming: their hot dogs, hamburgers, pancakes, club sandwiches and other "American" dainties are guaranteed to provide you with a brand-new taste experience. Where the Spanish gents who operate the Californias or the other Iberian-reared proprietors got their basic recipes, heaven only knows; their versions are so painfully wide of the mark, in our opinion, that a smart U.S. operator with a knowledgeable U.S. staff could make a real killing.

The best hotel food in Madrid is found (in season) at the lovely garden of the Ritz; expensive as the devil. The Castellana Hilton, the Grill at the Palace (also very expensive), the extra-fine Bellman in the Suecia, and the Fenix garden are also notable.

During the summer, the one place not to miss is Villa Rosa, Carretera de Hortaleza 150, Ciudad Lineal. This is *the* spot for lunch by the swimming pool or a dinner in the lovely patio; it's the most popular rendezvous of the capital when the weather is warm. At night, dine under the trees, dance to 2 splendid orchestras, watch a big, fast, floor show with the best talent in Spain. Expensive and smart; food mediocre, but who cares? Fifteen or 20 minutes from the center. Be sure to have reservations before you go. The Florida and the Pavillon, both in Retiro Park in season only, also serve alfresco, and also offer floor shows. Xavier Cugat has played at the latter. Cuisine superior to Villa Rosa, but neither is as physically attractive; count on at least \$10 per head before "Good Night, Sweetheart" comes wafting down from the bandstands.

Edelweiss dropped its country place at *Arganda* in '59. *Barcelona* offers surprisingly slim pickings for the luxury

diner—with 2 exceptions, about the poorest choice of fine restaurants in any comparable Latin city on the Continent.

Head and shoulders above all competition is the Ritz Hotel. Prize-winning Chef Vicente is from the George V Hotel in Paris, Director John Vincke checks every move, and the cuisine, by nearly universal acclaim, is unrivaled through all Catalonia.

In the city, the independent establishment that gets our vote is Ecuestre ("Equestrien"), Balmes 169 bis. This former gentlemen's club has a Murray Hill décor, old and nostalgic, with brown velour banquettes and September Morn taste in art; garden terrace in summer; service terrific; 4-course meal about \$2 plus 15%, and à la carte meal about \$4; Old World elegance, sound fare, decent prices. Ask for Maître Juan, who will supervise your every need. Recommended.

Finesterra, Av. Gen. Franco 469, has greater fame, but to us it sadly lacks consistency. Some dinners we've eaten here have been quite good; at other times, the plates have been stone cold, the potatoes limp with cold grease, and the table service about as sloppy as that of a Tenth Avenue Coffee Pot. Pleasant maritime décor, marred by glaring yellow lights which \$6 worth of painted tin could eliminate; count on \$4 to \$8 per person for a decent repast. Good when good, but very poor when bad.

Parellada, Av. Gen. Franco 389, also has a big name locally—and the Catalans can have it all to themselves, as far as we're concerned. On our latest visit, there was less smell, and the floors were cleaner—but after inspecting, we still preferred the option of walking out fast. Reports of "elegance," "glamor," and "music" in other U.S. travel books are totally false—and amusing. Surely they couldn't have seen it firsthand. Not recommended by this *Guide* under any circumstances.

At a far lower price level, the Casa Bofarull-Los Caracoles *bodega*, Escudillers 14, is colorful and charming—our favorite for pleasing regional flavor. Caracoles means "snails"; this is the specialty, but everything under the sun is available. The entrance looks discouraging, but once inside, you

pass the huge woodstove to find yourself in a small back-room, one of 3, with a balcony above. The walls are lined with wine casks, peppers, garlic clusters, and drying spices; the snail pattern is followed in the shape of the special bread. Daily recommendations of the chef are written on the back window, in bright chalk; the 15 tables are generally full during the rush hour. *Don't sit anywhere but here.* The roast-chicken-on-a-spit is worthy of an award—which it once received in Paris (order "pechuga" if you want white meat). Menus are in 3 languages, including English. Use a cab instead of your own car, because the streets are too narrow. Owner Antonio Bofarull, a large gentleman with a large family, a larger circle of friends, and a still larger smile, will give you an even larger welcome. Very cheap; popular with Americans; down-to-earth.

El Solé, Paseo Colón 17 (at the Port) is extra-special for seafood. Cocktails poorly mixed but wines excellent; reserve in advance during winter season. Highest recommendation to fish and shellfish fans.

Ast, on Miramar, offers a lovely view of the Barcelona Port, fine *rôtisserie* chicken ("Ast" means "Spit"), a charming terrace, soothing prices—and just about the surliest, snottiest management we've found in any restaurant throughout Spain. We don't know what's wrong with these oddballs, but their lips seem to fall into automatic sneers whenever a foreigner walks in—and not only toward us, either, because several of our local American friends have been exposed to this Ast Survival Course. If you've got a thick skin and a mouth sufficiently mobile to sneer right back, here's still a good bet for lunch or dinner when the weather is benign.

The Miramar, across the street, has a much larger and more handsome building, but the vista is nil.

Game for a small expedition on a sunny day? Club Garraf, about 25 minutes out on the Sitges road, was a gem when we last lunched here—but we hear its quality has deteriorated since. It's perched on a cliff top, directly over a beach and the sparkling Mediterranean; to get there, you must

turn left off the main highway and wind your way along a tiny dirt road through a tunnel and up to its end on the crest of the hill. (Don't confuse it with the first restaurant you strike.) Enchanting panorama; terrace-dining under a thatched roof; if you'd care to risk a chance on cuisine which is now reported to be so-so, the beautiful situation and view may be worth the effort. No guarantees until we try it again, however.

Spanish-style "American" hot dogs, hamburgers, griddle cakes, and the like? Cafeteria Kansas has the nearest approach to the real things; not bad, but nothing that would excite Topekans about their namesake. Cafeteria Texas was not only grimy on our last look, but those miserable toilets next to the kitchen took away the rest of our appetite. Salon Rosa seemed downright punk, at least to us.

In *Valencia*, the Terraza Jardin Rialto in the Edificio FERIA Muestrario (see "Night Clubs") is a popular dinner spot with visitors. Lara, Calle Paz 46, with its small dance floor, cozy corners, and palate-tickling atmosphere, is good all year; so is the Rialto Restaurant (a cousin of the above Terraza), at Plaza Caudillo 17. La Gran Parilla, Calle Marques del Turia 10, has an open kitchen and a better-than-average menu; Palas Fesol, Hernan Cortes 9, is plain, inexpensive, and sound. If you're restless, if the day is lovely, and if you don't mind participating in a mob scene, La Pepica, at Playa Levante, is right on the beach (10 minutes by taxi from the center). It's simple, cheap, Spanish, and busy as a hornet's nest during the swimming season. Lunch is preferable; the food—well . . .

Seville will never exactly outdazzle Paris as a Temple of Gastronomy; there's an old Spanish saying that the people of Andalusia think too much about living to waste time on food, and it couldn't be truer. The number one restaurant of the city is currently Riviera, owned and operated by the proprietor of the Hotel Colón. Modern, Spanish-y, well-decorated Snack Bar on ground floor; walk up one flight to the robin's-egg, white, and soft pastels of the dining room. Tasteful appointments, extensive menu, adequate food, stiff prices for

the region. Locally unrivaled. By tradition, second in line is the *Hosteria del Prado*, on the Prado de San Sebastián; we used to be fond of this one, but our latest meals were so poor that we're barely lukewarm. Expensive and not worth it. Los Corales, Sierpes 102, was somewhat modernized in '57. This establishment draws almost as many tourists as flies; there were plenty of both during our last visit. Central location; friendly reception and service; food and drink so-so; medium to high prices; colorful décor, in a contrived way. Just fair. Casa Luis, Paseo de Colón 6, is very plain, very cheap, very characteristic; sidewalk terrace, hideous artwork in dining room, beautifully tiled bar adjoining. All you can eat for about \$1.50. Pescaderia Málaga, Calle O'Donnell, specializes in fried fish; La Raza (entrance to Park) is under the same management as *Hosteria del Prado*, featuring the same menu and tariffs. We missed the *Paisaje Conde Duque* during our last go-around, but we're told this bullfighters' bar offers light foods, flamenco music, and a genial English-speaking proprietor named Juanito Cortes; sounds like fun.

Two curiosities truly worth a visit: (1) La Alicantina, Plaza del Salvador, has marvelous *mariscos*—tiny clams at 15¢ per plate (to be extracted with your teeth, direct from their shells!), oysters, mussels, shrimp (with or without garlic!), grilled prawns, all sorts of delicious appetizers. Small, jam-packed, dirty-floored, noisy as a boiler shop; go before dinner for a 7½¢ glass of draft beer and a down-to-earth slice of Andalusian living. (2) Venta de Antequera, 5 miles from Seville on the Jerez-Cádiz road, is an ancient post-house (for want of a better word), bursting with flowers, terraces, and interesting little outbuildings of assorted sizes; bull corrals to rear; the bar in main structure is so rustic that we had to teach the man how to make a Dry Martini. Most active during the *Feria* or surrounding weeks; fairly quiet otherwise.

Granada? The Moorish Grill at the Alhambra Palace is the leader these days, in spite of the loss of famed Maître Enrique. Arched windows, pastel filigrees, hanging brass, trick mirrors; intimate, unusual, and attractive. The garden

at Parador San Francisco is lovely in good weather; cuisine average. Seville, Oficios 14, is simple, cheery, and provincial; no English spoken; strictly routine. Los Leones, Av. José Antonio 10, couldn't be less colorful or less costly; a full meal in clean but Spartan surroundings can be had for 75¢, including wine. Alcaiceria, supposedly in the same category as the Seville, seemed so dirty and unsavory when I walked in—and out!—that it's not recommended.

In *San Sebastián*, the Spanish regard Casa Nicolasa as the standard bearer of gourmet dining in the whole northern area; we're not so sure. Dinner only; seafood featured, with everything available; the hard-working Director and his wife knock themselves out to please the customers. Fairly expensive; not great but good. Some visitors prefer the Azaldegui, which we've never tried but on which several rave reports have come in. The Royal Club Nautico is a combined restaurant-night club on the "Concha" (the shell-shaped beach of international renown); ship design and ship motif; music, Spanish dancers, unspectacular food; the steepest prices in the city. Rodil, a venerable and plain landmark in the Old Town, serves superior seafood at average rates; lunch and dinner. España, also in the Old Town, is very cheap, very pleasant, and very Spanish; few voyagers seem to know it, to their loss. For about \$2.50, you may have a big meal of roast-chicken-on-a-spit (the specialty), all the fixings, and a carafe of house wine. Décor simple; atmosphere cordial. A real value.

In *Segovia*, the Mesón de Cándido is a national institution. Several room levels; stupendous roast piglet and roast lamb; colorful, inexpensive, and fine—except for the phony Scotch, as counterfeit as a \$13 bill, which they poured from a refilled Vat 69 bottle during our last visit. On the main plaza. *Phone for your table, to make sure.* El Abuelo ("Grandfather") is a characteristic cellar, unspoiled, with a cobblestone floor, low ceilings, and poor old "Grandpa" in a cage in one corner; suckling pig is about \$1, and most other entrees are 40¢ to 70¢. Basic.

Toledo offers a disappointing selection. Hostal del Cardenal has an enchanting garden, a marvelous arbor-covered

dining-terrace, and a score of attractive features—but the food we ate, course by course, ranged in our opinion from bottom mediocre to just plain atrocious. Setting so handsome that it still gets the nod, in spite of that villain in the kitchen. Venta del Aires has very little charm, no view to speak of, and service which we'd hardly call the world's most agreeable; in addition, so many flies seemed to enjoy its full pension plan on our last visit that it seemed a pity to interfere with their feeding. Both establishments are loaded, but loaded, with tourists in season.

In *Málaga*, the State-operated Hosteria de Gibralfaro offers one of the most stunning panoramas of any restaurant in Spain. It's atop Monte de Gibralfaro, 20 minutes out (\$1 each way, by taxi); heavenly terrace, especially at night; cuisine tasteless but prices reasonable; don't miss a trip up here. La Alegria, Marin Garcia 18, is busy, smoky, noisy, and animated; large stand-up bar at entrance and twin dining rooms to rear; seafood specialties, deliciously prepared, including a special plate of 4 varieties ("Fritura Malagueña") for 54¢. Highly satisfactory if you're in the mood. Finally, the State Tourist Department has recently opened a charming little Golf Club 10 minutes from town on the Torremolinos road. It's called Hosteria del Campo de Golf. Terrace-dining in summer; same prices (and food) as the *paradores*; private beach 200 yards from clubhouse; you may rent clubs for a 9-hole round (greens fees: 65¢) before lunch, if you're a Republican politico in need of practice.

In *Cádiz*, here's how we'd rate 'em: (1) El Anteojo (simple, dirt-cheap, with possibly the most savory prawns and filet of sole in the nation), (2) El Sardinero (spotless, unpretentious, and centrally located, with friendly staff), (3) Comedor Vasco (*bodega*-type décor with U.S.-Greek-restaurant overtones, for winter dining), and (4) El Telescopio (better in summer). Pasaje Andaluz also isn't bad. As for the Trócadere, often represented as *the* number one, I found it so dirty, unattractive, and literally smelly on my last inspection that it was totally disappointing; in spite of its fine penthouse situation, not recommended.

Zaragoza has dozens of colorful little bars for tidbits, but we could find only 1 full-fledged restaurant worth visiting—the Savoy. Good service, clashing décor, prices okay; they're trying hard, but Big City Restaurateuring seems beyond their scope.

Jerez takes pride in El Bosque, opened in '56. Unusual decorative charm throughout; outskirts location; terrace-dining in summer; high-to-medium prices; our lunch was passable but not stupendous. Best in town. The Los Cisnes Hotel offers garden-patio surroundings in season; new Snack Bar added in '57; we have the feeling that this place is waxing fat on its current business and not moving forward as it should.

Algeciras' 2 sensible choices are the Reina Cristina, with its lovely summer garden and soothing music, or the Reina Cristina's Playa Restaurant on neighboring Getares Beach, with its fish so fresh that they'll practically leap off the plate to insult you, its big steaks, and its view of "The Rock" (Gibraltar) across the bay. Full-pension guests of the hotel may dine in either without extra charge. We think these and the Barcelona Ritz are the top hotel kitchens in Spain. Cezezo, near Market Square, is Third class but solid for the price and category; Royal Club Nautico, despite its poor cooking, is agreeable on a balmy day.

Torremolinos has an indifferent selection. The Chef at the new Pez Espada will never twang the baritone-harp accompaniment to Escoffier and Virlogeux, when he is borne to the bowers of heaven. El Remo seems to be falling apart in every department, including its food. Hotel Lloyd offers deft service, spotless cleanliness, uninspired décor—and uninspired cuisine. Chez Lucien, a few minutes out, has fine Lobster Thermidor and French specialties; if you don't order ahead, however, you're faced with a long wait sans bar or garden in which to sip your apéritif. We haven't seen the Beach Club which George Gordon has opened; summer only; Gallic-style menu and dancing. Bar Mañana, the most popular night spot, has flamenco on alternate evenings; Lobo Room usually packed with visitors; more for drinking than

for dining. In the inexpensive bracket, Caballo Blanco (4 miles out) is serene, rustic, and simple; Bar Manolo, right off the main Plaza, is good in the seafood department but dreadful in the meat-and-eggs departments; La Perlilla, where you should always order à la carte instead of table d'hôte, offers substantial German dishes at a price. Last, a California gal and her Spanish partner have opened a very worthy U.S.-style cafeteria called Pogo's, which features hamburgers, hot dogs with genuine chili, waffles, hot roast-beef sandwiches, milk shakes, and other American staples. It's already so popular that local residents have changed the name of its location, Plaza San Enrique, to "Plaza Pogo." Sidewalk café; spick-and-span rest rooms; modest tariffs; recommended.

Mallorca? See the separate section which follows.

For information on restaurants in other localities, consult the Spanish Tourist Offices everywhere—or ask your hotel concierge.

Night Clubs To the Spanish gentleman, the night club is most often a fascinating institution; to the Spanish lady, it's a subject best buried and forgotten. Of the scores of elaborate ones in Madrid, only a few are considered sufficiently decorous for respectable spouses. The "hostesses" are the cause of this. It makes no difference that these are perhaps the most chic, most beautiful, most mannerly group of casual companions to be found anywhere. Their mere presence is enough to put up the barriers. Disease is almost unknown among the better "hostesses." Many make successful marriages and move back to the country.

It is not only bad taste but downright stupidity to take ladies of your family to establishments in this special category. This isn't Paris or New York, where "slumming" can be done on a casual basis by anybody; the Spaniards have an ironclad code of manners and behavior in this direction, and they look upon the occasional American girl who, through ignorance or curiosity, pops up in one of these places as a silly, brainless busybody who combines all of the legendary

crassness and pushiness of the least attractive type of U.S. female. They despise both her and the man who permits it.

Among the "respectable" places in *Madrid* which are fun for everybody, the Rendezvous Room at the Castellana Hilton is one of the leaders. It is sophisticated, smart, fairly dressy, and expensive; air-conditioned; at its peak whenever Bernard Hilda, one of Europe's greatest Masters of Ceremony, electrifies the atmosphere with his music and zip; prettified "Spanish" floor show, which couldn't be more Broadway and less characteristic; 2 cautions are the acrid counterfeit Scotch which we've found on repeated occasions and the "Big Change" racket pulled by some of the bartenders (only large denomination coins or notes are returned on the tray, to sucker you into leaving a fatter tip); very popular and—with the above exceptions—tailor-made for an animated U.S.-style evening. During the summer, Villa Rosa at Homs (see "Restaurants") is even better; open-air dining, dancing, and superior cabaret; suburban location, a few minutes by taxi; reserve early, go late, be prepared to spend from \$10 per person for one of the best evenings in Spain. In addition, Villa Rosa operates a smaller winter enterprise in town at Plaza Santa 17, but this one, sadly, is mediocre.

Also in summer, the Florida (Paseo de Coches del Retiro) offers garden-dining and dancing under the stars; new décor; now quite expensive; not up to Villa Rosa. The Pavilion (Retiro Park), is about on a par. The Samba (Arturo Soria 175), is also vaguely in the same classification—but it's gypsy; so is La Taberna Gitana (Mesonero de los Romanos 17). I have nothing against these particular places; however, from sad and long experience elsewhere, I have made it a rule to trust all gypsies just as far as I can throw the Escorial Monastery—so these are off my personal list for amusement.

Flamenco dancing? Zambra (Ruiz de Alarcon 7, around the corner from the Ritz Hotel) is one non-clip answer to the gypsy clip joints in the capital; it should not be confused with the above Samba. Andalusian bar in sophisticated *bodega* style; small clubroom for art exhibits; intimate, re-

gional, table-lined music hall with large stage rising from one end. Continuous performances (subject to change!) from 11:30 P.M. to 3:30 A.M. Fiendishly expensive: your first drink is \$4.15 for whisky or \$3.15 for anything else; further consumptions cost \$2.50 for Scotch or \$1.50 for lesser beverages. But the dancing—all of which is based on the physical act of love, by the way—is so stupendous, and the singing is so haunting, that no overseas traveler should miss this artistry. Ask for Carlos.

A newer imitator is El Duende (Señores de Luzón 3)—a place which we loathed. It's a slicked-up cellar which impressed us as having been contrived for the kindly but innocent tourist who doesn't know a damned thing about either Spain or this incomparable form of entertainment. Sunset Boulevard "flamenco," hopped up shamelessly, which struck us as being about as spurious as you can get; rank falsified "Scotch" at \$2.50 per drink; in addition to naïve lambs from abroad, we noticed that homosexuals of both genders constituted a large percentage of its clientele on the evening we were there; the final straw was when our waiter tried to con us with the above-mentioned "Big Change" racket. Heartily *not* recommended to any reader of this book.

The Rex (Av. José Antonio 43) is fair in the winter; reserve in advance. If this isn't your dish, try the Club Castelló (Castelló 24), which is open from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M., and from midnight to 2:30 A.M. La Galera (Villalar 8) is on the same style and at the same level. Slightly inferior are Larré and Alazan, both in the Castellana. Upper-class Spanish couples go to these, because they don't cater to the male-wolf trade.

For men only, Casablanca (Plaza del Rey 7) is still the best, in spite of its recent flood of hog-mannered U.S. drug-store-cowboys who make me ashamed to be an American. Stage show of 20 performers; 2 Latin bands with some of the best (and loudest!) Caribbean music on the Peninsula. It's the hangout of Spanish painters, sculptors, writers, gents occupied in the arts and gents interested in pursuing the arts. Huge 4-oz. drinks cost roughly \$2.50 for the first and \$1.75 for later ones; no admission charge; go about 12:30 A.M.

Hostesses galore, both at the balcony bar and at the downstairs tables. Open all year, except Holy Week.

Second in this men-only group is the big, impressive Pasa-poga (Av. José Antonio 37), which is far more lavish than Casablanca—but deader. The “hostesses” are now back, after being banned in '58 in a fruitless effort to raise its tone. Good cabaret; the usual night-club junk sold from table to table; closed August.

Down the list about a dozen pegs is Fontoria (Paz 11-13), a busy, barn-like mecca of starry-eyed lassies fresh from the farms. Unsophisticated and not very interesting. Entertainment: second-string.

Feminine solace may also be found in the early evening at Chicote's and El Abra, opposite each other on Av. José Antonio.

Stay away from a joint called Club York. The B-girls here are the brassiest vultures I've ever seen in the capital; they're all honor students in How To Take The Visiting Sucker. Although my party emerged unscathed, we wouldn't have been surprised if they'd try to slip us Mickey Finns. Moulin Rouge, Las Palmeras, and Congo Club are traps which are also firmly *not* advised; all are off-limits to U.S. Military personnel, for good reason.

In *Barcelona*, the best summer spot is El Cortijo (Av. Gen. Franco), and the liveliest winter spot is Rigat (Plaza Cataluña 14), with the Embassy Club drawing the more sophisticated trade. Rigat has 2 floor shows nightly, good music, and a minor-league Latin Quarter atmosphere. Like all of the leading local gin mills, it's hideously expensive: about \$3 for a Scotch, \$2 for a beer, and only slightly lower in the bar. This enterprise was deliberately designed with 2 separate entrances: facing the building, the left-hand door leads to the main club, which is to be used when you're with your wife or a social equal—while the right-hand door leads to the carefully isolated bar, where hostesses are available. The Embassy Club (Casanova 270) might be a handsome duplex living room on Central Park South, fitted up with an orchestra and a large buffet table for a wingding of a private party. Light

snacks and sandwiches only; routine high prices; continuous combo music; no shows; go late. Not a pickup joint; 2 U.S. girls may drop in for a drink without an escort, but Spanish women must always be accompanied by a man. Closed June through August. Jardines Casablanca Mexico is lively in spirit and ambiance; fair cabaret; once again, however, it's a lethal \$3 for a Scotch, \$2 for a sherry (!), and \$2.25 for a cocktail with the intriguing name of Very Well. Pleasant place, but we felt only Medium Well when we saw the total on that tab.

The air-conditioned Emporium (Muntaner 4) has improved—but, in spite of the fact that it now offers the best show and draws the nicest clientele in its league, I always expect to be greeted by Texas Guinan or P. T. Barnum at the portal. The air-conditioned Bolero (Rambla 24) has a plush interior, lots of B-girls who cannot leave until closing time (almost sunrise), and is practically a carbon copy in prices, facilities, and eagerness to assist the outlander in parting with his pesetas. Both are for the big-spending butter-and-olive trade; too rich for my blood. The Club Rio (Florida-blanca 137) seems only so-so—and I thought that the Bodega del Calderon (Rambla 26, next door to Bolero) was downright poor; closed in summer. El Brindis (Plaza Real) is a sailors' favorite; routine dancing spot, apparently not clip (but don't bank on it). La Marcarena and Vento Eritaña are not, repeat not, recommended; the customer has about as much of a break in these as he would get on an old-fashioned carnival midway.

For cocktails (8 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.), there's the Marfil, where just about everybody goes for that casual drink. Like Rigat and other establishments, it's divided into 2 sections; one bar is for men only (in the Spanish sense), and the other is for "respectable" clients. So-so.

The Bikini (Av. Gen. Franco 571) is a ranch-style building with superior garden for miniature golf, bowling, dancing, and imbibing. Pleasant décor of glass, blond wood, wall lights in brick blocks; admission charge of about 35¢ and in-

expensive tariffs. I have the feeling that this is more for local taste than for tourist taste, but perhaps you'll disagree.

For after-hours gambols (4 A.M. or later), La Masia really rocks—but cool, man, cool. It's a few minutes out of town (Av. Gen. Franco at Esplugas); from the outside, it looks like a country house, but the inside has tables, a dance floor, a bar, hard-working musicians, and 86-proof clients. Just the place to go after that third or fourth brandy-and-soda, when the world is encased in a gentle rosy glow. Your wife might enjoy this one, too. No show.

Las Acacias, 100 yards down the highway from La Masia, isn't as good. Terrace, interior facilities, indifferent cabaret; if you sit where you can overlook Barcelona, the traffic noises are so loud that you can't hear the music.

Jardines de Granada gets our booby prize in this group. Chock-full of cheap bus excursionists; mechanical and dismally commercial.

Watch out for the flamenco or gypsy dancing joints in the Old Quarter. Expert flim-flam in many.

In *Valencia*, the Terraza Jardin Rialto (Edificio Feria Muestrario) is lovely. It's a roof-garden-restaurant-night-club atop the official *Feria* (yearly festival) headquarters; don't be put off by the cavernous and desolate entrance, because upstairs it's quite different. Floor shows at midnight and 1 A.M.; French-style cuisine which Michelin (Spanish paperback edition, far less reliable than their peerless French one) gave 4 crossed spoons (we don't go nearly that high here). Respectable; unescorted American ladies may come alone or in company, and they'll be shown all consideration by Sr. Morera, the maître. The owner is the gentlemanly Spanish entrepreneur, Sr. D. Luis Donat, and there's no monkey business about bar girls or padded tabs. Medium prices; *the* place to see and to be seen in this city. Open only from May 1 to September 1. Otherwise, Valencia has almost nothing.

In *Seville*, the Bodega Parrilla of the María Cristina Hotel leads the parade; fine flamenco, slick Spanish-y décor which successfully comes off; show moved to roof garden in summer; respectable and fairly expensive. El Guajiro, open

March to November only, is a gypsy joint with gypsy entertainment; alfresco courtyard effect, with canvas roof, barrel tables, and garish colors; not cheap, either, by a long shot. El Patio Andaluz was inaugurated in '56 by the half-Spanish, half-English former manager of El Guajiro, Juan Cortes Hatton; same gypsy tone, same courtyard gimmick, same everything as El Guajiro—only this one is open the year around instead of summer-only. Citreon has 2 orchestras, a floor show of sorts, and vicious B-girls who'll take you to the cleaners; I saw one American engineer spend more than \$50 here, only to have his gal pull the disappearing act at the end of the evening; full of noise, lights, smoke, and brashness. La Terraza has a pleasant terrace in summer; plenty of pickups, all of whom must stay until closing; well-costumed cabaret and 2 bands; quite popular. El Cisne? Okay if you've been to sea for 78 straight days, but pretty rugged if you haven't. Even wilder is an amazing establishment called Siete Puertas ("Seven Doors"); gentlemen of the old school are advised to don a suit of armor before venturing inside, in order to protect themselves from the harpies who—I'm quite serious—will grasp them in a startlingly indecent manner as soon as they step up to the bar. In all my travels, I've never come across such openly and persistently predatory trollops.

Granada's Zambra Gitana, in the cellar of the Alhambra Palace Hotel, offers knockout flamenco and Moorish *zambra*—among the best in Spain. Music hall-theater arrangement, with striking décor in Arabic style; handsome chairs which will break your back if you're more than 3½ feet tall; 75-minute show starts 11 P.M., with performers who are truly magnificent; drinks on the expensive side. Rey Chico is open all year, but worth visiting only in summer, when everything moves outdoors; not spectacular, but passable; companions often available. Los Rosales, 2½ miles from the center, is pretty basic; the action starts at midnight, and the hostesses can't go home until 6 A.M.; so-so only. Private flamenco sessions? All of the caves are now highly commercialized; probably the best of the lot is Las Cuevas de la Golondrina, where 1-hour performances can be arranged be-

tween 6 P.M. and 1 A.M. for about \$10 (1 to 6 spectators). Advance notice necessary; no English spoken; the concierge in the Alhambra Palace can fix up a date for you. Far better, the entire company from the Zambra Gitana can be engaged for an exclusive afternoon show for perhaps \$25; here's real top talent, the cream.

Málaga's Miramar Hotel offers the same type of flamenco cellar as in Granada's Alhambra Palace and Seville's Reina Cristina, but it's poor in comparison. El Pimpi is cozy, colorful, animated, and friendly; 2 orchestras, floor show, medium prices; be sure to visit the artists' *bodega* upstairs, where local paintings are exhibited. A cute little place with the greatest charm in town. Las Terrazas is the best hunting ground for the lonely male. The Taxi is exactly 3 times as rough as a Grade-A Iowa corn cob; watch your watch, wallet, and teeth.

For other centers, ask the Spanish Tourist Office branches or your hotel concierge. And be careful, because clip joints are a centimo a dozen, particularly in the south—or nearly anywhere the traveler finds gypsies.

►TIPS: Most night clubs open at midnight and close at 3 A.M. In the majority, you'll pay an admission charge of 50¢ to \$1 per person; cover or minimum charges are not usual. Drink prices are often murder. Stick to brandy instead of whisky, if you can force it down; Scotch costs a mint, and it's probably counterfeit anyway; rye or bourbon is unknown.

Taxis Up about 70% in '57, but still very cheap. Despite some new fleets in the larger cities, unbelievably old rattletaps are still found in the provinces, where a few still burn wood instead of gasoline. Give a 20% tip as the bare minimum, and expect a supplementary charge of 10%. When entering the cab, *always check whether the flag is pulled down on the meter to the reading of not more than 5 pesetas*. Some of these robbers have conveniently poor "memories." Either they'll (1) "forget" to zero the meter from the last haul, so that you'll pay the previous passenger's

ride as well as your own, or (2) "forget" to haul down the flag at all, so that at the end you can be snared with that rusty swindle of a double or triple "estimated" fare. Larceny is increasing amongst this once-honest group, particularly in Madrid and Barcelona—and it's all the fault of too-generous tourists like us. If you should ever run into trouble with any of them, don't pay a cent more than you should. Just demand that he drive you to the nearest police station—an order that will *always* settle his bleats.

►**TIP:** In Cádiz, there's a 50¢ minimum ride—a racket which should be looked into.

Airlines There are 2: Iberia, the state-owned carrier, and a private organization which lately calls itself Aviaco (Aviación y Comercio S.A.).

Aviaco uses Herons, Languedocs, Blochs, and Bristol 170's; all except the first are old-style, lumbering, clumsy aircraft. Some expansion is taking place, and some new equipment is on the way. It flies partly on a nonscheduled basis to Tangier, Algiers, Oran, Mallorca, Minorca, and various points on the Spanish mainland. Its operations are jealously limited by the government, who obviously will tolerate no serious competition to Iberia, the national airline. Reputation? Adequate to fair. Safety record? So many crashes within the past 2 or 3 years that, speaking only personally, I do *not* wish to ride this carrier at present. Let's hope that its flying luck changes.

Iberia, on the other hand, is now a small colossus—and a haughty one, due solely to the fact that they've got just too damned much business for too few planes. Incorporated in 1940 by the government after private ownership since 1921, it employs more than 2300 people, serves 20 major areas, and has about 40 aircraft. It's a big operation which is gradually getting better.

In addition to heavy coverage of 8 domestic points and the Canary Islands, it fans out to 9 European cities, the United States, Mexico, South America, the West Indies, and 4 scattered regions of Africa. In the latest rundown to cross our desk, Super-Constellations, Convair "Metropolitans," DC-

4's, DC-3's, Bristols, JU-52's, Consuls, and DH "Dragons" were in operation, and 3 DC-8 pure jets were on order for the transatlantic runs; perhaps some of the old junk has since been dropped from the fleet. The DC-3 has long been Iberia's backbone; there are nearly as many of these in service as all other types combined, and the penny-pinching Directors have stuffed them with cheap, poorly built, 4-in-a-row seats instead of the normal 3-in-a-row designed for this small cabin.

The pilots are all ex-Spanish Air Force fliers; they are air-wise and steady. Maintenance is now excellent. Technically, Iberia works smoothly and efficiently: in 1959, for example, it flew more than 780-thousand passengers nearly 12-million miles. Its safety record either matches or betters that of any other major airline.

In-flight amenities? On international links, competition has forced it to be on its toes. The New York-Madrid schedule offers First-class and Tourist-class comfort, courtesy, and Spanish charm that are well nigh unbeatable. This applies, in a much more limited way, to the capital-to-capital network in Europe; while it can't yet begin to touch SAS, Swissair, Air France, and certain others, it's good compared to the States.

Point-to-point in Spain, where the company has a virtual monopoly, we're happy to report a marked improvement over previous years, when the so-called "service" took this observer back to the era of *The Spirit of St. Louis*. In '59, they installed beverage-and-snack facilities on most longer hops (tea, Coke, beer, etc. for 10¢; sandwiches, sherry, brandy, vermouth for 20¢, Scotch for 40¢). This and other innovations show an interest in the regional traveler's welfare for the first time in history—a praiseworthy trend.

On the other hand, cabins are still occasionally filthy; some of the metropolitan ticket offices, including Madrid's, still have some of the most boorish, peremptory personnel that we have ever come across in the aviation industry. In many cases, it seems to be a "don't-care-and-don't-bother-us" attitude—and this is a pity, because these people are Spain's

ambassadors to thousands of visiting foreigners, and their lack of courtesy is totally un-Spanish. To be fair, however, not all Iberia's employees fall into the indifferent category. The ground staff in Palma de Mallorca, as one shining example, always seem to go beyond the line of duty in kindness and consideration for the passenger, and they are to be commended for it.

The Governors and Directors of this carrier still have a rugged problem on their hands. In our opinion, even with the notable current improvements, both ground and cabin standards on domestic flights are still well below those of any other important airline in Free Europe.

Recommendation: Iberia will get you there, with efficient, safe flying. International services are comfortable, and they are recommended. But don't be surprised at primitive, unpleasant conditions and irritating personnel (compared to foreign competition) on local runs, because you might find both.

Cigarettes Tobacco prices went up more than 40% in '59—but the currency devaluation gain of 43% cancels out this jump for foreign visitors. Imported regular-size brands (Chesterfields, Luckies, Philip Morris, etc.) are now officially pegged at 31¢ per pack; king-size types are now 38¢. At Mallorca and other islands or ports, where they're smuggled in from Tangier, they can be had for as little as 17¢—cheaper than in the tobacco towns of Virginia and North Carolina where they're made! Contraband stocks are sold by the news vendors on the streets; tax-paid types can be purchased in tobacco shops called *estancos*. Be sure to carry ample U.S. supplies to the non-seaside provinces. The local Spanish brands (not including smuggled varieties from Cuba) are black as night on the Congo River.

Laundry One-to 2-day service in most hotels, and they do beautiful work. If you hit a snag, ask the maid to take it home and wash it privately. You'll have it within 24 hours at less than the regular price.

Be extremely leery about dry cleaning in Spain. There's a nonchalant national custom of soaking everything in heavy caustics and water; when your wool pants come back, often they're just the right size for Fido or Junior. One exception is the new plant in the Castellana Hilton hotel, which does fast and dependable work at fairly stiff prices.

Drinks Sherry, the national wine, comes in 7 different types; like port (Portugal), it is always bottled blended rather than "straight." Call it Jerez (pronounced Hair-eth), and drink it whenever you'd normally reach for a Coke at home. Years ago, a small inner circle of British pukka sahibs made super-dry sherry a mark of social elegance in England; this foible, based on snobbism far more than on actual taste, quickly spread to America. During our residence in Spain, not only have we been weaned away from the Manzanillas, Finos, and other salty, acrid varieties, but we've also converted a number of our overseas house guests through a simple 2-glass experiment. If you'd like to try this for yourself, line up an order of Tio Pepe next to an order of Long Life (or Dry Sack, in a pinch)—and your palate will instantly decide which pleases you more. Tio Pepe ("Uncle Joe" in Spanish) has the big reputation and international markets, but it's too saline and puckery for our maximum enjoyment; Long Life (or any similar Oloroso blend) is old, soft, and golden, with just enough dryness and richness of body to give true delight. Perhaps you'll disagree, of course, because this is strictly a minority opinion—but why not give it a whirl?

Spanish red table wines are perhaps the most underrated of any in Europe. Countless gallons flow over the border each year to be sold as "French" types in France and elsewhere. Most of these reds resemble Burgundies rather than Bordeaux, in their heaviness and fullness; the whites, not as fine, are most often too sweet for the U.S. taste; every so-called rosé we've ever tried has been just plain awful.

If I were forced to pick out 1-of-a-kind for routine daily consumption, I'd take Viña Pomal for my red, Monopole for my white, Cepa de Oro for my Chablis, and N.P.U. for my

Spanish "champagne." Marqués del Riscal and Federico Paternina "Ollauri" are also superior rubies, especially in the "Reserva" classes; Cepa Rhin and Viña Sol are the only other whites I've found which even approach dryness; aside from N.P.U., the "champagnes" range from sweet to cloying to sick-making. You'll pay from 90¢ to \$1.75 for all of these save the N.P.U., which runs perhaps \$2.75 per bottle.

During the summer, be sure to sample the cooling, refreshing wine punch called Sangría. Choose your own base (red, white, or champagne); it will be served in a pitcher with orange slices, lemon slices, Seltzer, sugar, and sometimes a tiny glass of cognac for flavor. Available anywhere at any mealtime; light, delicate, and delicious. Dubonnet and Campari are also popular in warm weather.

Bourbon and rye drinkers are completely out of luck in Spain. It's grim, but they might as well make up their minds to switch to something else—because there just *aren't* any (unless they're smuggled). We weep for the poor Texans, Canadians, Southerners and other good folk who cannot take this catastrophe—and whom we see, year after year, plaintively soliciting this nectar from bar to bar, with tongues slapping their chests. Their quest is *always* in vain, sorry to say.

Scotch is risky from border to border, even in the leading restaurants and hotels; not only is the average price a whopping \$3 for a small drink, but many of the supplies are counterfeit at present. Bootleggers are hard at work in Tangier and other centers faking the bottles, labels, and all. Since Spaniards aren't primarily whisky drinkers, they seldom know the difference—and what you'll most often get for your outlay is a harmless but nasty, bitterish brew of cheap Scotch, cheap brandy, caramel coloring, and alcohol—a dreadful waste of money. Switch to Fundador cognac for your highball; Fundador is by far the favorite brand among visiting Americans, because it's the only truly dry, champagne-type brandy on the local market. You'll pay perhaps 10¢ per glass or 70¢ per bottle in the average bar or grocery shop. The Spaniards like Carlos I, Gonzalez Byass Lepanto,

Larios 1866, and similar distillates, but they're much too rich and too heavy for the typical stranger.

Honest-to-goodness 136-proof Pernod absinthe is still on free sale everywhere. It's banned in the U.S., remember?

Liqueurs? Just name your favorite, and chances are good that they'll have it. Any big bar stocks at least 30 or 40 different varieties.

Most Spanish beers are poor, but the new San Miguel brand is excellent. This Philippines-based company now bottles it in Lérida on their true Pilsener formula; available nearly everywhere; light, creamy, and refreshing. Imports of Dutch Heineken are now trickling in, and Guinness has set up its own Iberian brewery.

For soft drinks, Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola are now sold nationally; ginger ale and Schweppes tonic water (other brands are fierce) can both be had in the larger cities; lemonade (*limonada*) and orangeade (*naranjada*) are wonderful in winter but not so good in summer; *horchata*, a milky beverage made from a native root, has an almond-y flavor which is highly pleasing.

Sports First, second, and twenty-fifth—bullfighting. Technically, it is not a sport; it is a pageant. But *don't miss it*, if you like football, boxing, and body-contact contests—because it's an exciting spectacle of high athletic art, not the bloody butchery which it is so often represented to be. The season is Easter to mid-October; avoid performances by *novilleros* (new or apprentice *toreros*—never say “toreador”!), since many are nervous and unskilled. Two wonderfully interesting books for the beginner: Tom Lea's *Bullfight Manual for Spectators* (send \$1 to Carl Hertzog Publishers, El Paso, Texas), and Barnaby Conrad's magnificent *La Fiesta Brava* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5). Soccer is fast replacing the *corrida de toros* as the number one attraction, so try to see this vanishing pageantry while it's still at its peak. And if you're a lady, never wear a hat.

The salmon fishing is fantastic; some say that it's finer than in Norway. Excellent game in the mountains (Spanish

ibex, chamois, stag, wolf, wild boar, deer, brown bear), everything from sardines to tuna in the sea, and everything from minnows to trout to salmon in the streams. The marshes on the Guadalquivir River are one of the 3 best shooting grounds anywhere for wild duck. All easy to arrange, all easy to reach, all comparatively cheap. For further information, get in touch with the internationally famous gentleman-sportsman, Sr. D. Max Borrell, the State Sports Director at the Dirección General del Turismo, Medinaceli 2, Madrid.

Jai alai (*pelota* is the Iberian name, and *frontón* is the place where it's played) is to Spain what baseball is to America. Originally it was a Basque game. There are 3 *canchas* (rings) in Madrid alone. It is played in 3 styles: *cesta* (basket), *pala* (small racket) and with the bare hand (vaguely suggestive of handball). Girls play it, too—and you ought to hear the screaming! Don't bet; look instead. Enough money changes hands daily to pay the American debt, but a neophyte has as much chance of winning as waltzing home with a 12-horse parlay.

Horse racing? Sporadic and limited. Ask your Madrid or Barcelona concierge; not so hot. Swimming? Many outdoor pools in the largest cities, available to the traveler. Golf? Limited. You'll find it at the Puerta de Hierro Club and Club del Campo in *Madrid*, the charming little Real Club de Golf "El Prat" at *Barcelona*, the Terramar Club at *Sitges* (20 miles from Barcelona), the Club de San Cugat near *La Rabassada* (10 miles from Barcelona), the Club de Cerdaña at *Puigcerdá* (near the French border), the Real Club de Zarauz at *Zarauz* (16 miles from San Sebastián), the Sociedad de Golf de Neguri at *Neguri* (8 miles from Bilbao), the Campo de Golf de Torremolinos at *Torremolinos*, the Club Pineda de Sevilla at *Seville*, the Golf del Aero Club de Valencia near *Valencia* (8 miles out), 2 in the *Canary Islands* (8 miles from Las Palmas and 10 miles from Ténérife), and a couple others. Greens fees vary from about 50¢ to \$5; in isolated cases, there's either an 8-day or 15-day minimum established for guests, with an \$8 top. Equipment is usually rentable; your concierge can normally arrange a card for you.

Mallorca does *not* have any links at this writing, despite persistent reports to the contrary. Mountain climbing? Skiing? Plenty, in season.

But go to a bullfight and try to fit in some fishing or hunting. With these you'll find the heart of Spain.

Things to See Topographically, the country is like an insipid picture in a million-dollar frame. The center is filled with scenery that is comparatively dull and monotonous; the border and coastal areas are normally (but not always) spectacular and brilliant. That is why you should try to get down as far as Valencia, Granada, Málaga, Seville, or Cádiz if you want sun, or up as far as Bilbao or San Sebastián if you want the full impact of the Pyrenees.

Mallorca in the Balearic Islands is, to my mind, the best single regional choice of the American on vacation. See the following section for details.

In *Madrid*, one of the first stops for any art lover is, quite naturally, El Prado. With its staggering treasures of El Greco, Velázquez, Goya, Murillo, Botticelli, da Vinci, Rubens, Van Dyck, and dozens of others, we consider this, as a matter of personal taste only, the number one art gallery of the world—in spite of its bad hanging and poor lighting. (These cramped conditions will be somewhat relieved as soon as its new extension can be opened.) In addition to this there's the Royal Palace (open mornings and afternoons), the not-to-be-missed Museo de Lázaro Galdiano, the fascinating Rastro ("Thieves' Market"—try it on Sunday morning, bargain for everything, and be careful about pickpockets!), University City—all of the Baedeker wonders rolled into one, for which local guidebooks are available at hotels or the Tourist Office. To cap it off, an extra sight most travelers never see is the remarkable collection of the celebrated Pedro Chicote. The good Señor and his officials call it a museum; if that is correct, it is my all-time favorite institution of antiquities and "art." Under one roof, Spain's most famous caterer has assembled nearly 7500 full bottles, all different, containing all types of liquor known to modern man. The market

value of this amazing display is at least \$250,000; the famous, from royalty to movie stars, have donated exotic types to the project. Admittance by card only, so beg any-and-all Spanish contacts for an introduction to this greatest collection of spirits on the globe.

During the hot months, tourists in Madrid can find good swimming pools at the Plaza, Emperador, and Savoy Hotels, the Club Puerta de Hierro, Club del Campo, Club Velázquez, Villa Rosa, the Commodore, and Stella. Spaniards like to cool off, too—and all these centers offer clean and ample facilities. See your concierge or TWA about guest cards, which are easy.

Surroundings of Madrid? Bus excursions are operated on various days of the week to 5 popular suburban targets; again check with your concierge for schedules and details. *Toledo*, 44 miles to the south, has often been called "the most perfect and brilliant record of genuine Spanish civilization." Most unfortunately, however, it has become one of Europe's biggest and worst tourist traps. The setting is magnificent, the Cathedral is a treasure house of art, El Greco's house is routinely interesting (his best works have gone elsewhere)—but so many souvenir hawkers and curbstone promoters now greet the swarming armies of sightseers that the atmosphere is increasingly tinny, mechanical, and cheap. *Don't buy a single piece of merchandise in this city*; the sharks who run some of the supposedly most respectable shops charge up to 40% more than you'll pay in Madrid for the identical item. (We must interject a personal note here: Since we first published this admonition in '56, the excursion guides have lost so many commissions from these Toledo sharpies that they've launched a major campaign against this book, our personal integrity, and now, with an anonymous death threat sent by some hotheaded paranoiac, against our life itself. Some of them, for example, have "stood there and watched with their own eyes" while Madrid shopkeepers "bribed" me with "\$5000 in cash" to "keep the business from leaving the capital." Because the Spanish State Tourist Office and I are eager to crack down on these vipers, any reports of this type

of incident—date, time, name of bus company, and name or description of the guide, forwarded to me personally at Formentor, Mallorca, Spain—will help us a lot.) *El Escorial*, 31 miles out, has 2 attractions: Philip II's famous castle-monastery, El Escorial, filled with paintings, books, royal tombs, and royal antiquities, and the Felipe II Hotel (pleasant terrace-dining in season). *Valle de los Caídos* ("Valley of the Fallen"), Generalissimo Franco's monument to all casualties on *both* sides of the Spanish Civil War, is so breath-taking in concept and so colossal in scope that it might be straight from the time of the Pharaohs. A mountain of rock, topped by a 975-foot cross, has been converted into a gigantic basilica large enough to hold 4 good-sized churches with space to spare; the valley itself, scooped out, landscaped, and criss-crossed with concrete highways, holds more than 1-million people. It's an engineering and aesthetic marvel which will thrill the spectator for centuries to come. Now open to all sightseers; approximately 30 miles from the capital; ATESA buses cover both Los Caídos and neighboring Escorial for \$4.50, including the usual third-rate lunch. But don't let the quality of any meal interfere with your journey here, because to miss it would be like going to Rome and skipping St. Peter's or the Colosseum. *Ávila*, 70 miles to the northwest of El Escorial, is a fairy-tale city from a distance, with 86 towers and a medieval wall rising starkly from the landscape; when you've seen this, however, you've had the frosting and top 2 layers of the cake—because there's nothing especially spectacular inside.

Our enthusiastic preference goes to the *Segovia-La Granja* tour—by far the most rewarding itinerary of this group, in our opinion. If you're on your own, you can easily pause for an inspection of the "Valley of the Fallen," which is directly en route. *Segovia*, 60 miles from the capital, couldn't be more Castilian in flavor, with moats, castles, a marvelous Roman aqueduct, the renowned Zuloaga Museum of Ceramics (which most travelers especially enjoy), and the internationally famous Méson de Cándido restaurant—in which the charcoal-roasted whole lamb and suckling pig would

delight Señor Lucifer himself. On the return trip, a stop should also be made at *La Granja*, the "Spanish Versailles," with its fountains, gardens, summer palace, and the nation's finest tapestry collection. Beautiful mountain drive one way and interesting plains drive the other; not yet spoiled by the legions of rubbernecks who invade Toledo and dampen its charms.

Top *fiestas* are as follows: mid-March, *Fallas* in Valencia; Holy Week, *Semana Santa* in Seville; about 3 weeks after Holy Week, *Feria* in Seville; middle May, *San Isidro* in Madrid; early June, *Corpus Christi* almost everywhere, especially noteworthy in Granada and Toledo; early June, Industrial Fair in Barcelona; early July, Music Festival in the Alhambra in Granada, and running of the bulls in Pamplona (see Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*); early August, Battle of the Christians and Moors in Pollensa, Mallorca; early August, Battle of the Flowers in Valencia; late August, Feast of St. Louis in Segovia; middle October, the *Pilar* festivities in Zaragoza; Christmas is an adult's day in Spain, with January 6 the gift-giving day to kids. In addition to these, there are hundreds of local celebrations; every hamlet has its own "feast." Make your hotel reservations *first* for all of these.

Go to Turismo for the complete list—or for detailed, profusely illustrated books in English covering the principal sights of every region or city in the land; there are 70 separate publications, and they are free.

Mallorca (Majorca) If we were asked to select the 2 most stimulating and rewarding targets in Spain for the average U.S. visitor, we'd pick Mallorca and Madrid in one second—except in July and August, when the former is horribly overcrowded and the latter is so deserted that it's a ghost of its lively self.

Mallorca, roughly 60 miles by 50 miles at its widest points, is the capital of the Balearic Islands (Menorca, Ibiza, Formentera, and scores of rock-dots). Lying almost exactly 100 miles southeast of Barcelona, it is as accessible, timewise,

as Boston or Washington is from New York City—approximately 55 minutes by air (or 9 hours by steamer). With its 5000-foot mountains, lush plains, magnificent beaches, benevolent climate, warmhearted people, colorful background, and comparatively reasonable (but fast rising!) prices, it has become one of the most popular resorts on the entire Mediterranean. In 1950, there were approximately 600-thousand visitors; last year this total was quintupled by the 3-million mainlanders and outlanders who came to soak up its sun.

Here are some rapid-fire jottings in capsule form—bare bones for the prospective wanderer:

Climate? July and August are High Season, with practically flawless weather. Spring and fall are lovely; in May, June, September and October, there are more than enough balmy days to offset the gray ones. November-December and March-April are chancy; January and February are most often raw, chilly, and unpleasant. Swimming from late spring to middle fall only, unless you've got long white hair on your chest like a polar bear.

Cities? Mallorca is shaped like a goat's head: Palma, the capital, is at the mouth, Soller is near the eye, and Formentor is on one of the horns. The heartbeat of the island lies in Palma, its only large center—roughly 200-thousand inhabitants, most of the good restaurants, hotels, night clubs, shops, most of the frenzy. At the peak of the season (not so in the spring or fall), Palma is packed so tightly with so many thousands of French, English, German, and other nationals who are flown in or motor-coached in like so many cattle on bargain tours, that it's on the way toward becoming tinny and crass; strike out during July and August for Formentor or the smaller villages, to find the real charm of the Balearics.

Language? English in the better hotels and shops; Castilian and French in the cities; a dialect spoken by all natives everywhere called Mallorquin, which is a vocal Monday-night stew of Catalan, Castilian, French, Venetian, Genoese, Moorish, and other ingredients.

Customs and immigration? So much contraband infiltrates

the Peninsula from the Islands that all *outgoing* travelers must pass through a little local Customs. For Americans, strictly a polite formality.

Hotels? Formentor has the greatest name—and this year, we're happy to report, impressive improvements have been made by its new administration. This used to be the number one seaside resort on the Spanish Mediterranean, but a series of former proprietors milked its revenues so long and so greedily that its deterioration became shocking. As soon as Don Juan Buadas took over the reins, assisted by his talented and winningly personable son, Don Tomeo, a major reconstruction and redecoration program was put into action. Now there's a new lobby, colorful and airy; nearly 100% of the bedrooms have been redone, in a bright, cheerful, tasteful way; a new wing has been constructed; dozens of spotless new baths have been added, and all others have been modernized; a new open-air, dining-and-dancing terrace for Gala Nights, cleverly planned and agreeably illuminated, has been completed; by the time you read this, the kitchen and the Beach Bar should both have been entirely renovated. The setting is a virgin wilderness on a cliff-lined coast which is 10 times more beautiful than Capri. The bay is glorious, the water is unbelievably blue, and the beach (when it's not ruined by bus-excursion riffraff) offers magnificent sunning and lazing. Because of its reclamation, it is again beginning to draw the distinguished clientele for which it was once famous; last summer's roster included, for example, the honeymooning Prince Albert and Princess Paola of Belgium (5 weeks), the Charles Chaplin family (6 weeks), U.S. Minister to NATO Frederick Nolting and his family (10 days), former Governor Adlai Stevenson and former Senator William Benton and party (who were based aboard their chartered clipper ship), and other international notables. As a personal note, we've lived in a private villa on this heavenly cape since '51, and we love it more than anywhere else in the world. With all credit to the Messrs. Buadas for their meritorious accomplishments to date, several further challenges remain. The hotel should (1) give

its De luxe-category trade comfort which is more genuinely De luxe for the prices (the top rates in Spain, with myriad and irritating extras on everything imaginable), (2) bring up the level of the cuisine, which has already been improved, by hiring a more experienced International Chef, and (3) increase its effort to recapture the all-important tone of elegance once synonymous with this famous landmark, which is now being cheapened by bus excursionists who swarm like cattle into the dining room and through the premises. If Don Juan and Don Tomeo can be successful in these goals, they will again have one of the most illustrious resort hotels in the hemisphere. Recommended with these strings attached.

In Palma, the new Fenix is a knockout—the best-equipped, best-managed, most comfortable hostelry in the Balearic Isles, with no challengers within sight. Here's the latest and most luxurious venture of the young, energetic, and charming Don Felipe Gaspart, operator of the Victoria, La Cala, and 3 other establishments, whose training in the finest Swiss, German, and British houses makes him one of Europe's leading hoteliers. It offers 100 rooms, all with bath, all air-conditioned (unique in the capital), all sound-proofed, and all with private terraces which face the sea; 6 suites with fireplaces and double terraces are also available. The décor is regional modern in flavor, and it is suave throughout. Open-air dining in warm weather, facing lovely tropical gardens with live flamingos, swans, and a waterfall; dancing every night; superb swimming pool shared with clients of the next-door Victoria (see below). Standard De luxe rates; every convenience imaginable. Reserve early here, any time of year, because travelers are fighting to get in. The new King.

The Victoria now takes second place to its dazzling brother—considering the modern section *only*. The venerable lobby (to be moved soon) and the old wing (to be totally reconstructed) are still in the Prince Albert tradition—just adequate and no more. But the 6-year-old extension, in which all accommodations have bath, piped music, and up-to-the

minute living facilities, is hard to beat. And that swimming pool! With its spectacular grand patio, plants, flowers, gay awnings, Palm-Springs-type bar, \$1.50 luncheon buffet for bathers, nightly cocktail dancing, and thrice-weekly floor shows, here is the warm-weather social hub of the city. Bay situation, on a small cliff overlooking the waterside promenade; friendly service, outstanding drinks, food only average; run like a Swiss watch by the incomparable Don Felipe Gaspart. You'll be happy here, too, for sure.

The \$1,500,000 Bahia Palace opened in the spring of '54. Like Madrid's Castellana Hilton, the décor is so flamboyant that few travelers can remain neutral when they see it: either they love it or they loathe it. Lobby straight from Miami Beach; pleasant swimming pool, refreshments patio, and bar; ultramodern dining room and terrace; standard rooms either in terra cotta or bilious-green motifs, all with bath, balcony, and radio, and all comparatively cramped; a few bay-front rooms (#605 is an example) which are larger, more expensive, and infinitely more pleasant. Its El Chico annex, directly across the street, is a cute miniature which offers single accommodations only; the new open-air-restaurant-night club here, with its greenery and dim lights, is handsomely conceived and deservedly popular. Recommendation? This one is on you—enticing if you like flash, but excruciating if you don't.

The Maricel, 15 minutes from the center, will change its proprietorship, its director, and its fast-fading physical appointments this year. At the expiration of a long-term management contract this spring, the original owner will step back into the picture—and large-scale modernizations, including a new swimming pool, are planned. As things currently stand, there's an attractive dining room and lobby; you may take your meals alfresco at the popular bar; the cuisine is substantial; swimming is possible at its concrete-jetty "beach." Now that the new water-front artery to town is operative, its outskirts location is no longer a handicap. We are very fond of the Maricel; as soon as its rooms can be freshened up and other refurbishing accomplished, here will

again be one of the superior De luxe choices on the island.

The Nixe Palace opened for business in '57. It is large, modern, frenetic, and commercial. From atop a small hill, it towers over Cala Mayor beach, about 10 minutes from the hub of the city. Servicewise, it's still having its teething troubles; the staff couldn't be more friendly or more eager to please, but it hasn't yet been integrated into an efficient unit. Heavy British clientele, including some of the least attractive sort; tariffs in the very highest bracket. Our 5 days here were pleasant, but in no way, except in its view, would we call this one special.

The Araxa, launched in '58, is styled in what might be called "Mallorquin Modern"—traditional island colors, materials, and furnishings combined with the clean lines of today's architecture. Air conditioning (dining room only); swimming pool; individual terraces; quiet location ½-mile from the center, away from the sea; medium rates. Bright, attractive taste throughout; we haven't yet stayed overnight or tried its cookery, but we liked what we saw very much. Recommended.

The Mediterraneo, almost next door to the Victoria, again does *not* get our recommendation this year, in spite of its magnificent building. Many U.S. travel agents who haven't recently been to Mallorca still book their customers at this enterprise, but we're less than enthusiastic about its food, its dining room with all the warmth of an operating room, its make-do accommodations, and its unsmiling concierge.

The La Cala, inaugurated June '56 in the Cala Mayor district, is, with the Nixe Palace, the only hotel in Palma which fronts a full-fledged sand beach. Don Felipe Gaspart (see above), one of the owners, has brought his magic touch to this lower-priced offspring, and the results are laudable. New wing in '59; all of this hostelry's 64 modest, pleasant, thoughtfully designed rooms are with bath; most of the seaside locations have their own little terraces. Private illuminated swimming pool for when the beach is crowded; outdoor bar; sweeping sun-terrace; lively clientele; extra-fine kitchen and concierge; friendly staff, headed by a young

dynamo named Simón Estadas who has a special fondness for Americans. About 10 minutes from the center, closer to town than the neighboring Maricel; not to be confused with the Hotel Cala Mayor, which is inferior. At roughly \$8 full pension or \$5 without meals (everything included), we'd call this a superior value in every department. Highly recommended for its category.

The El Patio Hotel, opened in '52 as an annex to Palma's most sophisticated restaurant, is tiny and good. Convenient address between the Victoria and Mediterraneo, just off "Plaza Gossip" (Plaza Gomila, the tourists' center); spotless, amiably furnished rooms; the finest international food on the islands; the only objection is the fact that it's quite noisy. Full pension runs about \$8 per person. If you don't mind the clanking of 1923 taxis under your windows at night, and if you want exquisite dining in attractive surroundings at a very good price, this is it.

Looking for a real bargain? Try the Virginia, Bellever 14, one block from "Plaza Gossip." We often stay here, because it offers more for less money than any place we've found. It's small, handsome, and quiet for sleeping—this is a pearl beyond price in frenzied Palma. About 30 double rooms (all with private bath) is its total capacity. The entrance opens up into a huge patio, studded with palm trees and bright flowers, where meals are served when the weather is warm. At the rear is the Spanish-style building of cream stucco, tile, and climbing plants. Tariffs? Including meals, service, and taxes, singles are about \$4.25 and doubles range from around \$7.50 to \$8. If interested, be sure to write to the friendly and hard-working Sr. D. Nicolás Oliver, the owner, in advance (he speaks excellent English); this beguiling little inn is enormously popular. Highly recommended for the budget traveler.

Elizabeth Martin's Guest House, Calvo Sotelo 254, is another buy: real American beds, central heating, double rooms with private bath and terrace, and a homey aura of hospitality—all for a maximum of about \$3 per person, including continental breakfast. Happy reader reports by the score.

The Bristol has just added a beach terrace and bar on the bay side of Calvo Sotelo (the same street which runs through "Plaza Gossip")—complete with pretty little swimming pool. Friends who've eaten there tell us that while the service leaves something to be desired, the setting is so amiable they didn't mind the lack of attention. We've never stayed in this hotel, nor have we met anyone who has.

The Jaime I (150 outside rooms), the Rigel (on the sea), and the Alcina (next door to the Rigel) are all substantial, reputable houses with First-class comforts and prices; they are heavily patronized, however, by British budget-travelers of a dowdy type. The Bon Sol, opened in '54, is just beyond the Maricel, about 20 minutes from the bright lights; grand view, nice rooms, geared for Europeans rather than for Americans. If none of the above appeals to you, Palma has at least 80 other choices of varying quality and cost. All are jammed during the season.

Beach hotels in Palma proper? Only La Cala and Nixe Palace. For Mediterranean bathing otherwise, the visitor must strike out for the suburbs. Here are the best-known choices:

The Oasis is 4 miles out at Playa San Antonio. Tennis court, bar; principal structure across the highway from the beach; furnished in rather severe, barren Mallorquin style; modest rates; Second class, by American standards; greater appeal to continental than U.S. taste.

The Bendinat, 6 miles to the southwest of the capital, is a delight from top to bottom. Opened in '53 by Mrs. Busch-Petersen and Sr. Salvador Miró, who played vital parts in building up the Maricel and who worked together 20 years to realize this dream, here is that good little seaside hotel which lives up to most of the promises of the travel folders. Main building has 10 rooms, each with bath; sweet individual and duplex guest cottages adjoining; tennis, garden, billiards, private rock "beach"; lovely alfresco dining-terrace. If you're reckless with your pesetas, Suite 26-27 (sitting room, bedroom, 2 baths, tiny flower-lined patio) costs all of about \$9 per person per day, 3 meals included; rates

for standard accommodations are less. Reserve well in advance; popular with the English; especially recommended.

Motels Palma Nova, beyond the Bendinat turn off on the Paguera highway, reflect at least one Mediterranean dweller's concept of a U.S. motel—but a lot of important things seem to have been lost in the transfer, because here's the most bone-chilling imitation that we've ever found in Europe. To our minds, just plain dreadful, but you might disagree.

We haven't stopped off at Magalluf, the beautiful beach between Villamil and Paguera, for a long time. Our good friend Tom Elwell, ex-New York *bon vivant* and stockbroker who knows Mallorca intimately through his several years of residence there, tells us that the El Caribe has been completely rebuilt, that both the kitchen and the bar are much improved, and that it is now getting a big play in season. Rates are moderate; Owners Olaf and Jane both speak English. Other sources state that its competition, the new and large Atlántico, needs a lot of shaking down before they would recommend it; Bahia-Palace-style operation, in faint carbon copy of Hilton. Both are next on our touring agenda.

Beyond Magalluf, the Villamil at Paguera (15 miles) has a 2-tiered terrace, one of the most striking in the Balearics; gardens, pine groves, 2 bars, 2 bowling alleys, sandy beach, water sports; floor shows Saturday nights in season; drinking water in all bathrooms, an innovation on the island. In the main building, the bedrooms are clean and pleasantly appointed, but they're so Lilliputian in dimensions (including toy closets and toy baths) that they're not suitable for anyone with a touch of claustrophobia. But in the adjoining annex-tower, they offer all the elbowroom any vacationer could want in a resort of this classification. Surprisingly low tariffs; gracious personnel; good but not a rave.

Bahia-Club, also in Paguera, isn't up to the Villamil; beloved by Dutch, English, and Swiss visitors; nice but far from outstanding.

The Camp de Mar, 2 miles to the west, is a cheap Atlantic-City-type operation with Mallorquin overtones, which leaves us barely lukewarm.

Country hotels farther out? Our favorite now is the medium-priced, ultramodern Molins. Opened in the spring of '57 at Cala San Vicente (2 toy coves near Pollensa), it is an hour's drive from Palma and perches on a hillside facing its own little private beach. Hilton-style construction, unattractive on the exterior but surprisingly cozy inside; 40 rooms, each with bath, radio, and independent terrace fronting the sea; beach bar, American bar, tennis, garage. The best food east of Palma, ever since the Formentor's prize chef, the renowned Agustín, left to inaugurate the kitchen at the Molins. Fine maître d'hôtel in Miguel; Jorge ("George") Pujulá, the popular Director, keeps his eye on every detail. About half the price of Formentor, and recommended for its comfortable but not luxurious range.

The smaller Hotel Cala San Vicente has an off-the-sea location, tennis, and intimate, family-style simplicity. For budget-eers, the Pension C'an Niú, directly above one of the lovely coves and beaches, offers about 20 rooms in its new annex; rates about \$3 per day, with bath and full board; plain furnishings, bar, Spanish fare; lobster pound that keeps *langosta* 5 minutes from the cooking pot; Sr. Fuster and his jolly daughter do their best in this colorful, very-basic haven.

Another well-liked retreat is the Hotel Cala d'Or, about 2 hours from the capital in a small fishing village on the south-east coast. Fine beach; bright, cheerful, and modern rooms with private baths; roughly \$7 per day, all-inclusive. Since the management has just been entirely changed, we can't vouch for the quality of either the food or service under the incoming regime. Down the road you'll find the new Hotel Cala Gran; 18 rooms, all with bath; simpler and more local than its older rival. No telephones in the entire hamlet; bumpy dirt roads for the final few miles. Cala d'Or has been "discovered" by a few members of the international set who have built villas there; on the whole, however, it's still unspoiled and lovely. Delightful for reading, swimming, lazing, and low-pressure living; wonderful for travelers with children.

At Cala Ratjada, 1½ hours out, there are 2 recent entries.

The El Castillo, built, owned, and operated by congenial American ex-globe-trotters, Carl and Aurelia Canaan, has 14 rooms—all doubles, all with bath, balcony, sea view, inner-spring mattresses, and unfancy furnishings; big sun-terrace, beach-front situation, food so well-prepared and appetizingly presented that it is just plain terrific for any part of Spain; since roughly \$9.50 takes care of lodging, meals, service, and taxes for 2 persons (less in winter), here's an especially worthy value; we recommend it with cheers. *Book well in advance; always full.* The Son Moll, across the beach, has 52 slightly larger rooms with bath; fine patio; the language, concept, layout, cuisine, and direction couldn't be more local; adequate.

For fun-and-games at a more reasonable price level, Puerto de Pollensa offers the most—especially to unmarrieds and young-marrieds. This is the nearest village to Formentor; there is frequent boat service (a few pennies) to the Formentor beaches for swimming (poor bathing but beautiful bayside surroundings in the Puerto). In physical plant, the brand-new Capri has the edge; 35 bright, nicely decorated, comfortable rooms, all with bath; amiable bar and terrace fronting the bay; meals, accommodations, service, and taxes for 2 persons run about \$8 per day; the only question here is the lack of experience of the kindly but amateurish personnel. The Eolo, also modern, clean, and attractive, is hosted by the sage Miguel, who worked for many years at the Formentor; same general price level. The Miramar used to be the leader; large, traditional, barn-like, and not so hot. The little Seis Pins has skidded so sadly under its new administration that it is no longer recommended. The above 4 are in or near the center, and they're noisy in season. The relatively plusher Uyal and the ingratiating little Pollentia, both inaugurated in the mid-'50s, offer small but adequate rooms, cleanliness, excellent service, a personalized welcome, and above-average cuisine; they're a little too far from the village for travelers without cars. All these houses jump like rabbit warrens during the summer.

On the western tip, at Puerto de Andraitx (20 miles),

the modest Brismar has 22 rooms with bath, adequate food, serenity, and is especially suitable for families on a budget with kids. Puerto de Soller, 20 miles by electric train from the capital on the north coast, features the Marina and the Mar y Sol—both Class B, but good for their category.

To round off the picture, there's the Golf Hotel in Puerto de Alcudia (across the bay from Formentor); pretty second-rate. That's about it. Except for a few in Palma or its environs, *no other hotels on this island are recommended to the American voyager*; most of the remaining small-town hostelrys are awful.

Restaurants? One leader only. For sophisticated dining in the continental manner, El Patio (just off Plaza Gomila) hasn't a ghost of a rival within 100 miles. Operated by the happily volatile Sr. D. Marcus Pomar, who studied gastronomy in Paris for many years and who is a member of ranking French cookery societies, this is the "21" of the Balearic Islands. Very smart clientele; bar and open-air dining-terrace handsomely expanded in '55; a full meal for \$4, including wine. Rumors are at press time that its renowned Jaime ("Hymie") Boronat, author of the European waiters' bible, *Pocket Guide to Dining Room and Bar*, and considered by many to be the finest maître d'hôtel in Spain, might retire before summer, to be replaced by his protégé Lorenzo; it will be a great loss to the traveler if he does. Try the Chateaubriand, the Vol-au-Vent with lobster, the Shrimp Bisque, or the special icebox cake. Cream of the cream locally, for international fare. Very highly recommended.

The Cantábrico, in Torreno, tries very hard to attain the El Patio class, but it doesn't make it—by furlongs. Pleasant roof dining-terrace, without a view; plates stone cold and food often not much warmer by the time it's served; the kitchen, good for its style, couldn't be more typically local in spite of occasional French pretensions.

For filet of sole (lenguado), French-fried shrimp (Gambas Romana), and other fresh-from-the-water seafood, try the Costa Azul sidewalk terrace in summer or the Triton (next to Cook's Travel Agency) in winter. Same management;

not what they used to be, but still passable. Or for characteristic Mallorquin dining in complete simplicity, the Fonda del Puerto gets the palm. Partridge, 75¢; breast of chicken, 70¢; fish stew, 35¢; steak, 90¢. Sidewalk terrace with perhaps 5 tables; redecorated dining room; not fancy in any way, but the cooking is typical and sound. Ask for Sr. Pons. C'an Pau (Teniente Mulet 20) is also regional, in spite of its billing as a *Rôtisserie Française*; local dishes at about the same price levels; small, basic, and also recommendable in this class.

Light food, American-style? Restaurant Latz, on Calle Pelaires directly back of the Bar Formentor, offers the closest approximation to genuine Yankee cookery in Spain—and it should, because it's operated by the American daughter of a world-famous Atlantic City restaurateur and her Austrian husband. Hamburger Steak Platter (95¢), Tomato Surprise with Chicken Salad (85¢), mouth-watering Wiener Schnitzel (90¢), the best Shrimp Cocktail south of France (85¢), hot dogs, chicken sandwiches, hamburgers, and much more. Five tables, sit-up counter, separate bar; very tiny.

We haven't yet visited the new Sandwich Club, just off the Borne (main boulevard) about a block from the Tirol—but we're informed it is Palma's modest answer to Reuben's, the New York after-theater emporium. Every combination between 2 slices of bread which the management can conceive is served; drinks are available (our sources did not like the Martinis); brightly lit soda-fountain atmosphere, with an upstairs dining room on the more subdued side; inexpensive.

Tirol (Apuntadores 15) is a small-beer-and-wine cellar which supposedly features Austrian fare. When the 100%-Spanish hot dogs appeared on our plates, we could forgive the boss, because of import difficulties—but when we took a taste of the 100%-Spanish potato salad, loaded with the usual peppers, gooey mayonnaise, and thick gluck so dear to Iberian (but not Tyrolean!) hearts, this cured us for good.

The Bar Formentor, smack in the center of town, is the local gin mill, social axis, and home-away-from-home for

nearly every American on the island, transient or permanent. Large sidewalk café; inside bar; sandwiches, tea, and snacks; very cheap.

Joe's Bar Bellever, astride the key leg of the triangle on Plaza Gomila, still attracts the highest caliber visitors and members of the foreign colony. Most people who dine at El Patio (see above) can usually be found having cocktails here first—and, almost as frequently, their after-dinner drinks, too. Joe Dreyer, its patron saint, has been an institution since long before the Spanish Civil War; he is confidant, friend, letter-drop, and Dutch Uncle to half the U.S. residents in the Balearics. No pickups, no undesirable elements, no monkey business; Joe continues to serve excellent drinks and to run both his establishment and his customers with an iron hand—and everybody loves him. A landmark.

Tony's El Rodeo Bar, opposite the Mediterraneo is fresh, congenial, and attractive. American bachelors or bachelorgals by the score would starve at breakfast time if it weren't for Tony's savory ham and eggs. Delicious sandwiches; extension under way which will feature dancing; recommended. Carrousel Bar (Calvo Sotelo, a few steps from Plaza Gomila) is another popular drop-in spot, particularly after midnight. Circular bar; lurid polychromic *collage* wall decorations made by the artist-proprietor; low, low prices; open 1 P.M. to 4 A.M. daily and Sunday; operated by Jan and Ruth Mevissen, a personable young Dutch couple; fun for a quickie, when the crowd is right. Nico's, also on Calvo Sotelo, has just reopened under the aegis of Robin Howard, the English writer, and Betty Mack, former manager of London's Clover Club. Remodeled along simple lines in an attempt to capture the feeling of a British casual oasis. Very pleasant indeed. Speaking personally, we don't happen to like Olé (formerly Panchito's), Mam's, or Larry's, and we don't recommend them; perhaps you'll disagree.

For luncheon or dinner excursions out of the capital on a sunny day, the Hotel Molins (1 hour), the Hotel Bendinat (25 minutes), and the Hotel Villamil (25 minutes) are the most rewarding. The Hotel Cala d'Or does not accept meals

only clients. At Puerto de Pollensa, Maxim's offers home cooking (steaks, filet of sole, plain dishes); operated by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duerr, a very friendly Swiss couple, the selection is limited but the preparation makes the palate glow with its St. Gall touch.

Night clubs? Tito's, rebuilt in '57 at a reported cost of \$350,000, has emerged as one of the most spectacular show places on the European after-dark circuit today. *Don't miss it!* Two shows nightly in season, which sometimes feature the top talent on the Continent (but which at other times, unhappily, are only run-of-the-mill); wonderful open-air patio, for dancing and entertainment under the stars; no entrance fee or minimum charge; first drink of your choice \$2.50 (Scotch and brandy are \$3), with reductions of 20% to 50% on your second and all later drinks. The winter quarters, while attractive, are of course smaller and less glamorous. Thanks to Impresario Don Antonio Ferrer, here's an attraction that is rivaled only by Villa Rosa in Madrid for warm-weather gaiety.

Jack El Negro's is a big open-air establishment which incorporates a windmill, 2 bands, a floor show, and a view. We used to enjoy it, but it now seems to attract such a cheap crowd that it's off our list for evening fun. Summer only.

La Cubana (Calvo Sotelo 234) is a new spot which we'd now never dream of missing on our Palma relaxing rounds. The remarkable Max Woiski (see "Netherlands: Night Clubs") has now sold his world-famous Amsterdam oasis of the same name and brought to Mallorca 6 of the finest musicians from his native Surinam (Dutch Guiana). With his 18-year-old son, Ronnie, who is a pocket-size Harry Belafonte, their renditions of calypsos, mambos, and other West Indian music are so catchy they'd make a marble statue wiggle its ears and fig leaves in syncopation. Marvelous band; no door or cover charge; drinks 50¢ to 90¢; premises uncomfortably steamy on hot nights; safe for American ladies to visit without escorts. Popular, unusual, and fun.

Rosales is a favorite of the middle-class Mallorquin family, often with kids and all; Trebol attracts the more humble

workers in search of fun; both alfresco in warm weather, and both with cabaret. Olimpia is on the seedy side, to our eyes, at least. We haven't inspected the new Tropicana. If companions are desired, Villa Rosa and Casablanca have the edge on the others in this category; some (not all) of the hostesses work the customer for beaucoup drinks and then disappear at closing time, so caution is suggested.

Taxis? While there has been notable recent improvement, the islands are still the boneyard for every antique vehicle this side of Zamboanga; don't be surprised if your hired chariot is an almond-shell-burning (not gasoline-fueled!) 1919 Renault, as one I had actually was. In the city, they're terribly cheap; for excursions to other towns, however, petrol is so expensive that they cost real money.

Self-drive autos? Either grinding-gear, full-sized jalopies, motor scooters, or those despicable little Biscuters (called "Gibraltars" by the Spaniards, because they're "the shame of Spain") are available. Ridiculous prices for the first; no price could entice us, on the other two. So many U.S. friends have had road failures, blowouts, and other troubles—plus the fact local driving is so very hazardous for first-timers—that all are definitely *not* recommended. Hire a chauffeur-driven sedan from your hotel for \$10 to \$15 per day, instead—not too bad if you split it with another couple.

Trains? Electric service to Soller, and Lionel-sized miniatures operated on almond shells (coal is too costly) to Inca, Manacor, and other points. New rolling stock in '58, for some runs.

Air connections? In High Season, Iberia operates 2 daily Madrid-Palma schedules (1¾ hours) and at least 9 daily Barcelona-Palma schedules (55 minutes). Aviaco (which we do *not* recommend) has just inaugurated daily Palma-Ibiza service, as well; this line also goes from the Peninsula to Palma, Ibiza, and Port Mahón (Menorca). BEA, SAS, Swissair, KLM, Sabena, Air France, and Air Algeria all offer direct service from their respective capitals to Palma; some are summer only. *Every flight on every airline is nearly always*

crowded; make your reservations early, or you might be stuck for several frustrating days.

Transmediterranea has a sizable fleet of steamers which originate at Barcelona and Valencia and which cover all of the major islands. There is nightly service (10 P.M. to 7:30 A.M.) 6 days of the week (no Sunday sailings) between Barcelona and Palma, less frequent daylight service between Barcelona and Palma (including Sun. in season), daily service between Ibiza and Palma in season, and once-to-thrice-weekly service between Valencia, Ibiza, and Palma, between Alicante, Ibiza and Palma, between Palma and Menorca, and between Alcudia (Mallorca) and Menorca.

Two fine ships are now in service between the island and mainland. The *Ciudad de Burgos* and *Ciudad de Barcelona*, identical twins, are handsome, bright, cheerful, and more than adequately comfortable for an overnight run—*providing you have a stateroom*. If you can afford it, book the De luxe or semi-De luxe cabins; they're worth the difference, because routine accommodations are rather cramped. The lounges are gracious, particularly in First class; the food is ample, well-served, and amazingly inexpensive; the bars are friendly. In summer, other craft are brought in to supplement these graceful newcomers on the Barcelona-Palma run; some aren't so bad, but others are The End.

The vessels to Ibiza, Alicante, Valencia, and Mahón (Menorca) are smaller, older, and grimmer. Most of them are quite poor.

Don't, for heaven's sake, take deck passage on *any* overnight sailing, regardless of destination or circumstances. The *Burgos* and *Barcelona* offer airline-style chairs (160 of them!) in enclosed dormitory-like salons; they're clean enough, but when full they're a zoo. The others sleep their passengers in open, maritime discomfort. We repeat: get a stateroom, willy-nilly; if the man at the counter tells you that they're all booked (on the mainland, not in the Palma office), a fat bribe of 100 pesetas might work miracles for you, as it invariably has for us—and provide you with a delightful cruise, in miniature, on the Mediterranean.

Tobacco? This is the best spot in Europe to load up on cigarettes. At this writing, you can buy Luckies, Chesterfields, or Philip Morris for as little as \$1.70 per carton, and L & M's (harder to get) for about \$2.25—all on the contraband market (bootblacks, waiters, barmen, and the like are the vendors). Legal stocks with the tax stamp are higher; you can find these in tobacco shops. Cigars? Havana imports fine, but local types expensive and not as good as the ones in the States, Denmark, or Holland. Pipe tobacco is virtually unknown.

Drinks? Mallorquin specialties are *palo*, which is the islander's favorite beverage neat or highball-style, and *anis* (the Tunel brand is marvelous). Try them both for size; they cost pennies, and they're mighty interesting.

Things to buy? Palma is the shopping center; the choicest merchandise is here. If you cover the following shops, each tops in its specialty, you'll see the best Mallorca offers:

Gordiola (Calle Victoria 8) is world-famous for its regional glass. You'll find tableware, vases, ashtrays, urns, pergolas, chandeliers, pitchers, typical wine pourers, everything imaginable—and, if they haven't got it, they'll blow it for you immediately. Visitors are welcome at their factory; prices are modest. Recommended.

La Casa del Hierro, nearly next door at Calle Victoria 22, has striking wrought-iron bric-a-brac. Marvelous birds, angels, knights on horseback, ashtrays, fireplace utensils, candlesticks, wine racks, many others. Manageress Señorita Paquita is the girl who speaks English here. Finest in its field.

Bonet (San Nicolas 15) is to needlework—men's shirts, embroidered linens, handkerchiefs, and the like—what Tiffany is to jewelry. This distinguished house, employing more than 350 Mallorquin specialists, is known all over the globe for its matchless artistry. In its venerable museum, open to clients, are wonderful treasures: Chopin's musical scores, Chinese calligraphy, intricate etchings copied so exquisitely by needle that it's almost impossible to tell them from the

originals. Table linens, placemats, runners, bridge sets—most ladies drool at their spectacular displays.

For men, there are 2 suggestions: extra-fine, hand-rolled linen handkerchiefs, so Class-A that they can be seen through when held to the light, *with your own signature or choice of 650 monograms* for roughly \$1.75 complete; scores of visitors buy these by the dozen, for themselves or for gifts, because they're \$8 to \$10 values on Fifth Avenue. Second is their tailor-made sport shirt—and thereby lies both 2 tails and a tale. In 1952, I needed a replenishment of this item, and American-style cuttings were unavailable on the island. Strictly as an emergency measure, I bought a bolt of candy-striped cotton for a couple of dollars in a remnants joint and (probably to their secret horror) asked Bonet to make up a shirt from my own original design. To our mutual surprise, it turned out so well that others began to buy it; to date they've sold several hundred. Entirely tailor-made in what some seem to think is a smart cut (certainly it's comfortable!); 2 pockets with flaps; 2 buttons on each cuff for tight or loose wear; choice of monogram in any size or color; short tails which may be worn either in or out; pre-shrunk; delivery, 3 days. Later, when I ran short on swimming trunks, we worked out a monogrammed pair in identical material, completing an unusual (and we think passably handsome) 2-piece beach set. Price? About \$3.50 for the shirt, \$3 for the trunks, or \$6.50 for both, everything included! They now call this the "Fielding Modele," à la Spanish brand name; I might add this happy little fashion accident kicks back no compensation in any form to me, in line with our rigid policy about all such things. Bonet also offers beautiful white broadcloth or linen "town" shirts with Arrow-style collars, made-to-measure with monogram for about \$6. Ask for Sr. Bonet—there are 2, father and son; both speak excellent English, and they're justly proud of their trademark.

Odette, across the street at San Nicolas 36 (also at Edificio de España in Madrid and in Las Palmas, Canary Islands) shouldn't be missed by any clothes-conscious gal. Pearled and sequined blouses, sweaters, stoles, slippers, belts, shoes,

hats, purses, earrings, and other accessories have been Mme. Odette's trademark for 2 decades—and they're knockouts. Typical prices? Sweaters about \$10, stoles about \$15, earrings \$2.50 to about \$4.50. In addition, the French proprietress has just introduced a new line: after spending 10 years in running down and buying every available antique paisley shawl on the island, she has adapted them with her local "pearls" and sequins into stunning evening coats, evening purses, and the like. Chic, original, and inexpensive stocks; definitely recommended.

Artesanías Borneo (Conquistador 36) and El Drach (Santa Domingo, under the stairs from La Casa del Hierro, the wrought-iron shop) are popular for straw wearables and other island souvenirs.

Colmado Colom (Santa Domingo 15, also down the steps from La Casa del Hierro) is the local gourmet's shop for saffron, liquors, wines, and fancy Spanish groceries.

Beauty parlors? The best-known is Villamor—but my Nancy got such slipshod service and such a pathetic permanent on our last visit that we *don't* recommend it to anyone, no matter how desperate. Now she's as happy as a robin with a little place called Hebe (Teniente Mulet 5, Plaza Gomila, near the Fenix, Victoria, and Mediterraneo Hotels); the usual beautifying services, with massage also available. Ask for Otto when you make your appointment.

Garage? For the U.S. motorist in trouble, Jaime Oliver of Auto-Freund Oliver (Calle San Miguel 236) is not only a genius—he's an angel. He's the only man I know on the island who understands the latest models of American cars, and he's the only one I've ever dared trust with my own automobile. If he doesn't have the necessary spare part (they're hard to come by, all over Spain), he'll make a brand-new one, with a smile! Fair prices; top craftsmanship in all repairs; Mr. Oliver speaks good English, and he's as conscientious as Job. Don't confuse his garage with another of the same name, down the street. Highly recommended.

Things to see? In Mallorca, my candidate for the number one sightseeing attraction is the Drach ("Dragon") Caves at

Porto Cristo, 40 miles on good roads from the capital. Underground music; fabulous boat ride on an eerie underground lake; definitely worth the time and the small admission fee. Bus excursions from Palma at regular intervals. Arta also has awesome caves; Campanet has them in miniature.

Next best, in my opinion, is the junket to Formentor, with a stop on the return trip to see the Mallorquin dancers at the little hamlet of Selva. Best scenery and best dancers on the island. Regular excursions Tuesdays and Fridays (other days in summer, too).

If you'd like to see Palma from the deck of a motor launch, wine glass in hand and cares checked ashore, Robert Dudley's "Champagne Cruise" will happily fill the bill. English commentary; music and ample free bubbly aboard; departures Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6:30 P.M., from the Hotel Mediterraneo float; everything included for about \$2. Recommended.

Valdemosa, the monastery where George Sand and Chopin once wintered, is what I consider a 21-carat tourist trap. While this famous couple were here, there was such mutual antipathy between them and the natives that they left the island under a cloud; now, however, the shrewd locals have "recreated" (to use a kind word) a "shrine" to these "beloved historical characters"—almost 100% for foreigners, who swarm through the phonyed-up premises by the thousands upon thousands. The view is magnificent; the overcommercial atmosphere isn't. Clever job of "reconstruction," though, so long as the spectator realizes the width of the gap between "legend" (to be kind again) and fact. Only 11 miles from Palma; plenty of bus trips that stop here and continue to Soller, which is pleasant from a scenic point of view.

The top beaches are at Formentor, Camp de Mar, Magaluf, Paguera, Cala d'Or, Arenal, and San Vicente.

Sports? Bullfights in the Palma Plaza on many Sundays from late spring to early fall; in spite of the fact that most of the principals are *novilleros* (new fighters) and few of the bulls are brave, they're often not bad. Surface fishing is

generally not worth any angler's time, except when the tuna run in early fall. Skin-diving, however, is magnificent nearly everywhere, with *mero* and giant rays the sportiest targets; equipment can be rented from Fishing-Sport, Plaza de la Lonja 13, Palma. The Tennis Club on Calvo Sotelo welcomes visitors and charges modest fees for use of its courts, which are excellent; the 2 pros here give lessons inexpensively, and they'll usually whip up a game for you if you happen to be alone. At the Yacht Club, Tomàs, the concierge, is the man to see for chartering a boat or yacht of whatever displacement you desire.

Information and assistance? The Spanish Tourist Office branch is on the Borne in Palma; Director Luis Sainz and his staff are friendly and knowledgeable. Since no bookings or itinerary arrangements can be made here, we always use Agencia Schembri (representative of American Export Lines) or Viajes Marsans (representative of American Express) for tickets or reservations. Both are dependable; see Don Juan Manero in the former and Don Julian in the latter, both of whom speak good English and are cordial in the extreme. For prospective residents in search of household data, *Trim's How To Live in Majorca* (50¢ plus postage at Trim, Teniente Mulet 107, Palma) is loaded with helpful hints. For nontravel problems of any size, shape or form—anything at all which needs a Mr. Fixit—Sr. G. Vich, Agencia Vich, Plaza Gomila (across from the Victoria Hotel) is the oracle for countless baffled Americans. Sr. Vich's primary occupation is real estate; his secondary occupation is doing the impossible for his many U.S. friends.

Come to Mallorca and the islands, if you can. To millions of overseas visitors who have already basked in their sun and their charms, including this writer, they offer one of the outstanding travel targets of the world.

►TIP: If you're headed toward Formentor or Puerto de Pollensa—or if you're seeking an unusual excursion—be sure to stop en route at the studio of Michael Huggins, an artist fast on his way to fame. Visiting connoisseurs including

opera-TV star Patrice Munsel, ICI tycoon Lord Clitheroe, our U.S. Minister to Paris, Princess Pignatelli d'Aragón, Impresario Stanley Black, and many others have snapped up his stunning work. No "abstract" dribs-and-drabs for *this* master; his clear, clean, sun-drenched Majorcan scenes, startling *trompe l'oeil* realisms, luminous flowers, and still lifes warm almost anyone's walls, eyes, and soul. (We know, because our own house is full of 'em!) Take the *inland* road to the "big" Pollensa (*not the bay road to Puerto de Pollensa*). Just past Pollensa and Km. Road Marker #53, the sign "C'AN XINO" points up a tiny road to the right. This charming young Englishman and his beautiful wife will be happy to invite friends of this *Guide* for a chat and a look through the studio. Less than 1 hour from Palma; prices far too modest for the skyrocketing value of Huggins' paintings; one of the happiest "finds" in this whole book.

Gibraltar Here are some rapid-fire jottings, in capsule form, for the many Italian Line and other voyagers who pause briefly at "The Rock": *Situation?* A mountainous promontory (not an island!) at the western mouth of the Mediterranean, 3 miles long, $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile wide, and 1396 feet high at the topmost point. *Civilian population?* Roughly 25 thousand. *Government?* A British colony, to the red-hot dissatisfaction of Spain. *Currency?* Gibraltar pounds and other sterling; Spanish money circulates freely. *Inhabitants?* Discounting the British Armed Services, mostly of Italian, Maltese, Spanish or East Indian descent. *Purpose?* A military bastion, jammed with troops and defense equipment, and honeycombed with security-screened caves. *Connections?* Frequent ferry service to Algeciras, a short ride across the bay; by road via the La Linea frontier station, 11 miles to Algeciras. *Border formalities for Americans?* Valid passport only, up to 72 hours; visa required for longer visits. *Hotels?* The Rock is the shining star; nothing else touches this very-British delight. Mountainside site with magnificent view; new 4th floor adds 40 modern, handsome, livable rooms to the existing comfortable and well-maintained ac-

accommodations; ambitious construction program includes further improvements to come. Outstandingly savory cuisine for a British community; refurbished restaurant, lively bar, and swimming pool; urbane direction by Proprietor Jean Hammerel, renowned former Chairman of the HUSA chain, and by Manager Emile Manent, a kindhearted hotelier who works 24 hours, 24 minutes, and 24 seconds every day to please his guests. Ideal place for happy lazing; we're especially fond of The Rock, and we try to escape from workaday living to its friendly premises as often as we can. At Catalan Bay, a luxury hostelry with an adjoining restaurant and night club is under construction; it might take number two position to The Rock when completed a few months from now. Work on the Trafalgar, another new entry, is proceeding with frustrating slowness at this writing. The Queens has been holding the traditional second spot, but it's not in the same league with The Rock; closer to the center, in the Alameda section; new building, with less spacious rooms and a poorer vista; popular La Venta night club; satisfactory, but not a rave. The Bristol is a poor third. The Grand, Continental, Victoria, Britannia, and others are Third class by U.S. standards and are not recommended. *Restaurant?* Besides The Rock, The Queens and Bristol Hotels, the only dining place which seems worth patronizing is the Assembly Rooms (Alameda); the rest looked pretty cheesy. *Night clubs?* La Venta, in the Queens Hotel, leads the pack; cabaret, dining, dancing; Scotch 35¢ "small" and 70¢ U.S.-size; the only night spot of any distinction. Miramar, by the sea, is the pick of the remaining glamorous and mechanical lot; floor show; open until 2 A.M.; far from startling. Arizona and Embassy are on a slightly lower level. Winter Garden is a sailors' and soldiers' joint, raucous and shrill. Bar girls are available *for companionship only* in most honky-tonks; they can't leave until closing time, and the authorities are so tough that commercial l'amour is practically nonexistent. *Gambling?* An English syndicate was granted governmental sanction in '59 to erect a \$1,400,000 Casino, complete with theater, ballroom, night club, gaming rooms,

tennis courts, squash courts, and a private beach. An ancient fort built into the granite overlooking Rosia Bay is now being converted, and the hoped-for opening date is sometime next year. This will mark the first occasion in history that gambling in sterling currency has been permitted. *Things to buy?* Commonwealth products or trade-pact items only, at fabulously low prices; almost no U.S. goods available. Liquors and wines for export consumption are so cheap that your eyes will pop. Venerable Saccone & Speed Ltd. (130 Main St.) will deliver to your outgoing ship, or to the highway Customs House at La Linea, proprietary Scotches (Ballantine, Dewar's, Johnnie Walker, White Horse, Haig, etc.) at roughly \$1.50 *per fifth-sized bottle*; French cognacs, U.S. whiskies, champagne, fancy liqueurs, and other spirits go at comparable tariffs; 6 bottles is the minimum purchase at these bargain-basement rates. For Spain-bound voyagers, there's a special 6-bottle deal granted by the Spanish authorities; ask the sales clerk how it's worked. If you're passing through at sea, with only 1 hour in the harbor, chances are you can cable this fine firm in advance and they'll see that your order is deposited in your cabin. One gallon per person is the duty-free limit in U.S. Customs, of course—but the levy on additional bottles is so small, considering your retail cost, that it's worth while to carry what you can and simply declare it. For English woollens and materials, try Austin Reed, Carruana, or Garcia—all on Main St. For cameras, Red House or Remington (both Main St.) are the most reliable bets. For souvenirs, I had excellent luck at the "Rock Store" (Wadhupal Bros. Ltd.) at 205 Main St.; the 3 cheap-but-handsome Swiss watches and oriental silks I bought here for gifts have since given excellent service. Other recommended shops are Dialdas & Co., Chanrai & Co., and Chellarem & Co.—still Main St., of course. *In Indian establishments like these, never fail to bargain for all your merchandise; start low, and don't accept less than 10% off the price tag.* *Things to see?* A. M. Capurro & Sons Ltd., the American Express agents, run the choicest excursions. They feature 4 separate tours, from 2

to 3 hours each: "Standard," "Round the Rock," "Upper Rock," and "Comprehensive"; I'd personally pick either of the last 2, because they allow a first-hand look at the world-famous apes which swarm the visitor's car or bus. If you sightsee on your own hook, remember that various key areas are strictly off-limits without a military pass. *Further information?* Contact the celebrated Colonel Bobby Sheppard-Capurro at A. M. Capurro & Sons Ltd. about any problems from baggage to car rental to hotel space to tickets to how to encrate the ape you've captured; this merry gentleman, the Number One Private Citizen of the Colony for decades, is known as "Mr. Gibraltar" for unassailable reasons.

Cars and Motoring A.T.E.S.A. (Autotransporte Turístico Español, S.A.), 50% State-controlled, offers the finest chauffeured or self-drive rental cars in the nation—either brand-new or fairly new Seats (the Spanish-made Fiat), Versailles, Ford station wagons, Lincolns, Mercurys (self-drive only), and Cadillacs (chauffeured only). They've practically got a monopoly on the market.

Unless you circle back to your original point of origin, their prices are perfectly dreadful—far out of line with almost any of their European competitors. The reason is that you are charged *both* ways for any 1-way journey—full rate for the empty return of the vehicle. Example: recently, when we were in a hurry to get from Algeciras (Gibraltar) to Madrid, here were our quotations for this long 1-day run: Cadillac for \$353.77 or \$340.35, Ford 7-seater for \$259.87, and Seat (the Spanish-made tiny Fiat) for \$178.88 (self-drive on the last for \$136.10). This was against a ticket cost of something like \$34 (including 2 sleeping compartments) on the train! The company will give you good automobiles and good service, but you'll pay through the nose, ears, and mouth for their wares. Headquarters: Av. José Antonio 59, Madrid.

Private motoring? Be sure to carry your own supply of oil (Spanish oils aren't topflight), be sure that your tires are good, and be sure to get *plomo* (leaded gas) wher-

ever you can snag it. This premium variety is advertised as containing a rating of 90 octane (look on the pump for the figure 90, or ask for "Noventa"), but the tortured engine of our U.S.-type car would rise right out of the hood and smite us indignantly if we were to state that we put the slightest faith in this claim, because its performance is a lot closer to 70. After a 30% price jump in '59, *plomo* now sells for about 60¢ per gallon. The ordinary type is clear "white," and this is guaranteed to murder your motor for around 45¢ per gallon—unless you buy a separate bottle of tetraethyl for every 15 liters (available everywhere). Service stations are annoyingly sparse; the Government doles out franchises only to people it wants to—and that's that. It's an absolute monopoly. What competition Standard Oil could give it, including clean rest rooms!

Road conditions? More than \$14,000,000 was spent last year for highway improvements, but 10 times this amount is still needed. Trunk roads are usually (not always!) efficiently graded, beautifully banked, cleverly engineered—dandy, if only someone had remembered to put tops on them. They're wide enough, well-marked, and basically safe—but the pot-holes, wrinkles, and bumps on their surfaces all over Spain make fast driving nearly impossible. *Stay off the by-lanes*; they're often so rutted that you'll break your springs and molars. But the Spaniards are trying their damndest, and their progress over the past 10 years has been not only eye-popping but miraculous.

Traffic? In inhabited areas, probably the worst jumble of trucks, cars, motor scooters, bicycles, donkey carts, donkey riders, and darting pedestrians that you've ever seen. It is important to realize that your chances of being killed in a road accident are about 3 times greater here than they are in the States. One crowning rule which must never be forgotten: *the vehicle to the right ALWAYS has the right of way, except at a few scattered junctions with triangular signs reading "Ceda el Paso."* Even if you're flashing around a traffic circle via the main highway, that little guy from the dirt road on your right has the privilege of horn-ing in,

in front of you—and he will jolly well expect that you will yield.

To cross the frontier, your documentation must still include passport, *Carnet de Passages en Douanes* or *Triptyque* (the latter valid for 3 months), and international driver's license. Regulations remain the stiffest in Western Europe.

Remember, too, that there's an utterly foolish and short-sighted law which prohibits foreign cars in Spain—even those of innocent tourists—for more than 6 consecutive months. Spare parts are short, but the mechanics are so wonderfully adept that they can usually fix anything by hand-made substitutes. Repairs are astonishingly cheap. You'll like auto travel heré, except for the potholes.

►TIP: Use 6 eyes, 4 ears, and radar when you drive in Madrid, Barcelona, or any of the big cities, because the antiquated control systems cannot even begin to cope with the recent massive influx of automobiles. The arterial system, in which traffic on main boulevards is given the right-of-way, has not yet been installed. As a consequence, cars zip out from side streets like proverbial bats-out-of-hell—and if your attention is distracted, even for a fraction of a moment, you're liable to wake up in a hospital, wondering who let down that boom. The authorities have made one concession to the Motor Age, however. They've installed beautiful electric stop lights all over the place—but, for artistic purposes, many of them are neatly hidden behind trees.

Trains Improving slowly. No country in Europe has worse rail facilities; modernization of long-distance and short-key hauls has helped some, but may the Lord protect the innocent traveler who takes a typical local run by mistake.

Border-to-major-city and major-city-to-major-city schedules are now quite comfortable—but be sure to pick the best expresses only. The Talgo and other diesel streamliners are about as good as you'll find outside of Switzerland. But away from these, dining cars are rare; equipment is dirty, slow, overcrowded, and seldom on time. Station restaurants are almost without exception unappetizing and unsatisfactory.

Passenger fares were given a 35% boost in '57 and a 40% boost in '59, but they're still very modest by U.S. standards.

You can save 27% by buying a blanket ticket called a *kilometrico*, but this means that you yourself must ride a minimum of 1850 miles within 3 months, or that 2 of you must ride 2500 miles within 4 months. Saints preserve us! For Lionel fans only. The Eurailpass (see page 125) is a better bet—if you're traveling in other countries as well.

The \$281,000,000 reconstruction program, started in '49, will eventually eliminate the washboard roadbeds and replace the chicken-coop rolling stock—but the current phase won't be wrapped up until 1962. In the meantime, we repeat: take the good long-distance trains with impunity, but otherwise go by private car, hand-picked bus, or airplane.

Buses A.T.E.S.A. also offers a bewilderingly extensive network of motor-coach tours for the visitor who wants to cover the greatest amount of territory for his dollar.

There are 18 fixed all-inclusive De luxe tours, 4 so-called "Slow Motion" tours, scores of optional-combination itineraries, and a galaxy of city or suburban sightseeing excursions. As typical illustrations of the long-range hauls: #1 is San Sebastián-Madrid-Seville-Cádiz-Algeciras-Valencia-Barcelona (16 days, Sat. departures, \$346); #5 is Madrid-Seville-Cádiz-Algeciras-Málaga-Granada-Madrid (9 days, weekly-in-summer departures, \$173); #11 is Seville-Jerez-Cádiz-Algeciras-Málaga-Granada-Seville (4 days, Fri. departures, summer-only, \$96). All times, routes, and prices are subject to change when the spring timetables are released—but this is a general idea. Vehicles are new, shiny 29- or 34-seaters with radio, individual lights, public-address system, reclining chairs, 2 drivers, and a multilingual interpreter-guide. Tickets are issued for full or partial journeys, but preference is for applicants who want the whole thing. Baggage is limited to 66 pounds.

American readers who took these trips last summer showed sharply mixed reactions. Some felt they were the greatest joy—and travel bargain—of their entire European

junket. Others angrily reported disorganization and don't-care attitudes of personnel. As a fair guess, it looks as if the success or failure of the individual run depends upon the caliber of the Tour Conductor; if you're lucky, you'll get a good one who will give utmost satisfaction—but if you draw a lemon, most of the fun might be spoiled. In any case, you'll stop at all interesting landmarks, stay at good regional hotels, eat at adequate restaurants, shop as you please, relax with somebody else doing the driving—and your transportation, room with bath, food, service charges, tips, guide fees, entrance fees to national monuments, and everything else comes to the grand total of about \$20 per day.

Tipping Give your taxi driver 2 to 5 pesetas ($3\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$), with 3 pesetas (5¢) the average tip. Hotels extract their own service charge, usually 15%; to this, add the following: baggage porter, 5 pesetas ($8\frac{1}{2}\text{¢}$) per person per suitcase; maid, 5 pesetas per day; room waiter, if used, 20 pesetas (34¢) per day; concierge, minimum of 20 pesetas per day, not exceeding \$4 per week; valet, if used, 5 pesetas per call. Restaurant waiters should be given 5% to 10% over and above the check, depending upon the quality of service. Theater ushers get 1 peseta, or 2 pesetas if you are generous.

The people aren't as grabby as the Italians or the French; you'll like their independence and their effort to do a good job without the tip as the primary consideration.

Never leave money with the hotel concierge to be split among his staff. These individuals are so well educated that many times it sticks to their own pockets.

Personal Services Sick in Spain? Madrid's splendid British American Hospital, at Calle del Límite 1 in the quiet University district (phone: 34-67-00), has served the traveler and the community since 1923. In '54, it was moved into its cheerful present building, which contains the latest in modern equipment. English-speaking doctors and English nurses are on duty 24 hours a day; bilingual telephone operators will answer your call the clock around. Everything is here, from an up-to-the-minute operating theater, a maternity

wing, an X-Ray Department, an Iron Lung, an extensive laboratory, and all out-patient facilities on a nonstop basis; ambulance service is always available. Joint Honorary Presidents are the American Ambassador and the British Ambassador. If you need medical attention, this outstanding non-profit institution will bring you solace, comfort, and expert attention. One of the finest small hospitals on the Continent.

Hairdressers? In *Madrid*, Elizabeth Arden (Plaza Independencia 4) usually does a chic job for U.S. ladies; telephone 36-64-00, and try to make an appointment with Karl. Rosa Zabala (Plaza de las Cortes 8, directly across from the Palace Hotel) shows even greater flair and style-consciousness at times; permanent wave is about \$6, shampoo and set 75¢, manicure 25¢, and trim 45¢; telephone 21-69-79; the only drawbacks are its 6 flights of stairs and the fact that no English is spoken. Most larger hotels also have competent services. *Barcelona*? Nancy has searched more than 10 years for a good beauty parlor, trying one after the other—and she still can't find a house that she would recommend.

Things to Buy Women's clothes, needlework items, book bindings, ceramics, gloves, selected (not all) leather goods, mantillas, wrought iron, inlaid wood boxes, decorative bric-a-brac, colognes, straw work, casual shoes, canned truffles and delicacies, Spanish liquors, fans.

Spain is still a paradise for the clothes-conscious gal (and what gal isn't?). Only the wealthy, however, can now afford to patronize the Big Four of Iberian couturiers—Balenciaga, Pertegaz, Pedro Rodríguez, and Cutuli; prices have shot up to the point where they're staggering in contrast to less-touted labels. If you're rolling in that green stuff, you'll get handsome and well-made merchandise, but you'll pay almost as much as you do in comparable establishments all over Europe.

For the average traveler with a keen nose for style, however, *Madrid* offers 2 exciting establishments which, in dollar-for-dollar value, can't be matched in any other city on the Continent. These are Comar and Anna Lise; they

are so different in approach and services that they're not competitive. Before describing either of these unique houses, one point in common must be urgently emphasized: *both must be contacted instantly upon the visitor's arrival in the capital, in order to insure adequate delivery time.* Otherwise, your patronage might be regretfully refused.

Anna Lise, Antonio Maura 11 (5th floor), is a small, extremely exclusive, and surprisingly inexpensive couturier who is the rage of the American and French diplomatic colonies. Sra. Anna Lise is a gifted Madrid society lady with extraordinary charm; she has clever hands, strikingly original ideas, and a sixth sense about *haute couture*. Married to one of Spain's most cosmopolitan figures, she speaks English and several other languages fluently. She will receive you informally in her own flat; what you *don't* see are the 2 entire floors of her building that she has taken over for workrooms. Everything is made-to-measure; unlike Comar, she has no ready-made models to show, and she doesn't want any. Instead, she'll look you over and then suggest whatever design she feels will make you, the individual, your most intriguing and glamorous. Standard delivery time is 3 to 4 days—and if that's too long for your visit, she can send it along to the States. If you want something copied, she'll duplicate it right down to the last stitch. Or if you bring your own material, she will make your dress or suit, styled any way you want it, for \$30 to \$40, depending on the intricacy of the cutting. In a wide range of Spanish and imported materials, dresses begin at \$55 (wool or certain materials slightly higher), and suits begin at \$75. *Be sure to telephone Señora for an appointment at 22-49-81 before visiting her establishment;* she is as busy as a bird dog throughout the day, and she wants to give each client her full and uninterrupted attention.

Comar (Menendez Pelayo 11), with its contrasting method of operation, is a knockout. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisch, the Hungarian owners, were well-known dress designers in Budapest before the war; when they came to Spain 8 years ago with their urbane nephew, Steve Hermann, now the

Manager, they'd lost everything except their paprika accents. They started in 1952 with several square feet of floor space and 5 employees; today they have an air-conditioned salon that looks like a motion-picture set, a sizable factory to the rear, a Dior tailor, a celebrated French hat-maker named Zoë, and more than 150 workers. They're a howling success, and they should be. My particular favorite is their Matador suit (black, gray, or blue at about \$90)—but only on gals who can carry it; since both Mr. Fisch, Mr. Hermann, and their other designers are all excellent judges, those who can't will do well to allow them to decide. For extra-busty gals, God bless you, the Fiesta suit is so slimming that it'll make you look like a sylph; especially recommended, also. Other suits run from a \$77 low to a high of perhaps \$90, while dresses range from \$75 to \$90 (lace and evening models higher). Skirts, stoles, and accessories, too. Everything is custom made with materials woven on the premises, in exclusive patterns. Unlike Anna Lise, there is just one clothing line; 3-day delivery if sorely pressed, but try to give these good people enough Grade-A Cream of Human Kindness to allow 4 or five.

Men's suits? About \$60, made-to-measure, on the average—and many Yankees like them. Ongard (Av. José Antonio 34), Cutuli (Alcalá 44), Gonzalez y Garcia (Barquillo 9), Penalver (Plaza de Cortés 5), and Marcelo (San Jerónimo 5) are all well-known and reputable. Quite frankly (if anybody cares), over a long period I've only had good luck with one house in Spain—and surely I must be the exception. This cutter is Matyas, former Chief Tailor of world-famous Knize's Vienna shop. He'll make what I consider the top job of the nation for \$85 to \$95—every stitch done by hand, with love. Emergency 3-day delivery, but you'll get more affectionate work if you'll give him six. Also a Comar enterprise, adjoining it at Menendez Pelayo 11.

Spanish handicrafts and souvenirs? Festival (Barquillo 44), the Permanent Spanish Exhibition, is any visiting gift-shopper's dream. Ed Kreisler, the Ohio fireball who in '56 started it on peanuts and immediately ran it up to a 6-figure colossus,

has assembled under one roof the most arrestingly attractive handmade creations of 400-thousand artisans from every corner of the Iberian Peninsula. More than 65% of his stocks are made to Mr. Kreisler's personal specifications and are unobtainable elsewhere. One feature greatly in demand is the pick of Toledo damascene jewelry, which Festival sells for less than the Toledo robbers charge the tourists at the factories. The Women's Accessories Department offers gorgeous plain or sequined mantillas, highest quality suède sport jackets, antelope suède bags, solid silver or gold charms of typical subjects, beaded bags, hand-sewn bullfighter shirts, regional skirts and dresses, costume jewelry, combs—everything except switch locomotives and Castoria. But even this is minor when stacked up against his vast collections of tiles, ceramics, paintings, linens, wood carvings, placemats, wrought iron, brassware, dolls, glass, and miscellanea. Two floors; low, low prices; top values; expert packing even for shipment by camelback to Samarkand. Don't miss dropping in on this unique operation and saying hello to its jet-propelled American director. Highly recommended.

High-fashion ladies' accessories? Odette (Edificio de España Building), the French designer whose success is so spectacular in Mallorca and the Canary Islands, was the first to combine Manacor pearls and sequins with blouses, sweaters, and other wearables, way back when—and her whole line reflects Mme. Odette's fertile brain and imaginative style sense. Every piece is handmade, and her prices are absurdly reasonable. Original pearled or sequined blouses, in white or lovely pastels, run from perhaps \$6.50 to \$12; decorated, hand-loomed sweaters are about \$10; stoles average \$15; hats, slippers, belts, shoes, purses, matching ear-clips and necklaces, and other articles, all enlivened by the Odette jeweled trademark, can be had for a song. And her antique Spanish paisley creations . . . !! Ask for Miss Maria—and don't miss her shops in Las Palmas (León y Castillo 46) or Palma de Mallorca (San Nicolas 36) if you're headed for either of these resorts. Superb.

Sra. Emilia T. de Valeiras, who lives and works in a small,

old-fashioned apartment at Diego de León 39 in Madrid, is known all over Spain for needlework. She will show you exquisite things at prices so low that they take the breath away. Fine blouses of pure Spanish linen can be had for under \$10; beautifully worked 100% silk blouses, a lovely gift or personal splurge for anyone feminine, sell for not too much more. Embroidered sheets, trousseaux, silk robes, bolster cases, pillow slips—name it and it's there or can be made. The Señora was the official seamstress to the Royal Court of Spain, during the monarchy. Friendly, hospitable people and pleasing values.

Gloves? Rafael Benito, Calle de Recoletos 12, is the favorite of most travelers; ready-made and made-to-order at decent prices (for Spain). María Cristina Lauffer, López de Hoyos 11, is fine, too, but she's more expensive. If you're en route to Italy, you'll find far better bargains there.

Leather goods? Far-and-away the number one house in the nation is Loewe (main store: Av. José Antonio 8). Over 100 years, the original Don Enrique Loewe Roessberg's modest 18-worker establishment has expanded to 2 factories, 8 de luxe salons, 600 employes, an unsolicited Appointment to the former Spanish Royal Court, gold medals in international expositions, and the reputation for producing some of the most striking works of art in the industry today. Handbags, brief cases, air luggage, vanity cases, all types of jewel boxes, writing pads, suede and leather jackets and coats, gloves, shoes, frames, scrapbooks, wallets, billfolds, diaries, cigarette boxes, flasks, gaming sets, address and memo pads, every kind of small executive-type gift—all are here, and all are so carefully fashioned that each piece has the style, flair, and finish of a fine jewel. See Manager Dobao personally in the Av. José Antonio headquarters, if you can—or write to him to avail yourself of Loewe's delivery-guaranteed "Mail Gift Plan," which airmails your choice of glamorously wrapped Loewe treasures to your home-town friends at well-under-U.S. prices. Branches in *Madrid* (Serrano 26, plus Palace Hotel and Castellana Hilton Boutiques), *Barcelona* (Pasco de Gracia 35), *San Sebastián* (Miramar 2 y 3), *Granada* (Al-

hambra Palace Hotel *Boutique*), and *Tangier* (Goya 32).
 Legendary.

Perfumes? Fans? Alexandre, corner of Av. José Antonio and San Luis, has every cosmetic product and bottled scent available locally. Since several French perfumers make cologne in Spain—Guerlain, for example—the prices are excitingly aromatic to any shopper's nose.

Wrought iron? Reindeer teeth? Curry combs for canaries? The "Thieves' Market," El Rastro, offers a fascinating jumble of junk—some good, some dreadful. Go on Sunday morning, and leave all your valuables (including passport!) in your hotel.

Shoes? Plenty of good casual and play shoes for both men and women almost everywhere; the famous Spanish *alpargatas* (straw-soles) interest visitors most. Most Iberian men's city shoes squeak.

Children's dresses? Sweet, sweet clothing for Little People at Bebe Ingles (José Antonio 36); handwork galore, at surprisingly low tariffs.

Dolls? Try Casa Zato (Peligros 10) for intriguing "double" dolls which assume another costume and a different personality when you flip them over; successful gift item for small fry.

Delicacies? Some of them are wonderful to take home—IF the U.S. Customs doesn't interfere. Saffron, which costs almost as much as gold in the States, is a Spanish product—and a \$5 local purchase of this exquisite aromatic would last the average gourmet for more than 1 year. This *might* be passed by U.S. officials; I'm not certain, because I've never tested it. Intriguing little tins of truffles, light as a feather, are another delight; good gifts, too, at perhaps 15¢ each. Pâté de foie gras is about the same price as Jones' breakfast sausage in New York. Olives stuffed with anchovies—delicious!—come for about 20¢ per tin. But you'd have to smuggle every bit of this stuff in, if you can't polish it off before departure, because the U.S. Pure Food and Drug Act prohibits all canned goods without specific ingredients listed on the label (which the Spanish and most Europeans don't do).

Liquors? Yours for a song, in straw jugs, matador bottles, señora bottles, all shapes and sizes. Absinthe (Pernod) is banned in America, but the rest aren't. One gallon per person is the limit, back home.

Flowers? Bourguignon, Almagro 3, is the best in the capital—but it's expensive. Castañer, Serrano 20, costs less and has beautiful blooms.

Goods by the yard? Zorrilla, Serrano 2, is tops.

In *Barcelona*, the Paseo de Gracia between Plaza Catalunya and the Diagonal has the best (and most expensive!) shops; if you stroll along each side in turn, you'll probably find what you're after, in the highest quality. For local color, try the U-shaped walk from Plaza de Piño through Calle Petritxol, around the corner of Puerta Ferrisa to Galleries Malda, and back again to Plaza de Piño. Asunción Castañer (Calle Petritxol 11) specializes in handsome children's wear; in 8 days, they'll tailor-make your choice of flamenco dress, at \$23 for small fry and \$45 to \$50 for adults. The rest of this street offers a jumble of shoes, watches, candy, and staple items. The Galleries Malda, with covered arches, are a veritable tourist trap—but perhaps you'll spot at least one souvenir of interest in the masses of claptrap on display. During fiestas, particularly at Christmas, these narrow little by-lanes are festooned with lights and crowded with celebrants; they're great fun at these special times.

Armeria Barcelonesa (Fernando 23) is a paradise for the man: intriguing sporting goods, guns, knives, boats, male colognes, a complete section devoted exclusively to fishing gear. Fine prices, fine stuff. Loewe (Paseo de Gracia 35) has no rivals for handbags and traditional Spanish leather goods. Vidal (Paseo de Gracia 21) is a leading men's tailor; Casa Comas (Paseo de Gracia 1) has good ready-made slacks, sweaters, and haberdashery; Durany (Paseo de Gracia 29) is the place for ladies' shoes; Girona (Av. José Antonio 768) understands more about the repair and maintenance of U.S. automobiles than does any other local garage.

American tourists do not need export licenses if their purchases total 25-thousand pesetas (about \$425), or less. It ap-

plies to goods which are carried at departure or subsequently shipped. If this amount is exceeded, however, a license is mandatory.

All stores are closed between 1 P.M. and 4 P.M.

Things Not to Buy Spanish shawls. The only real Spanish shawls are antiques from China. This has become a tourist racket; prices have skyrocketed to heights that only a naïve visitor would pay. Handkerchiefs are often sleazy and expensive; women's shoes have the wrong last for the American foot, and they are ordinarily limited to B, C, D, and E widths. Prices of whisky and ordinary linens are in the stratosphere. Beware also of the metal on the cheaper varieties of handbags or costume jewelry; it might tarnish all too soon.

Local Rackets The Barcelona docks are one of the rare places in all Spain where the traveler must be wary. Porters sometimes overcharge; local ship's personnel, especially the stevedores who load the tourist automobiles aboard the steamers, sometimes demand fantastic tips; certain cartage companies who transfer heavy baggage to hotels or connecting transportation centers run up enormous charges. One of the latter, a firm named Placido, billed a well-known U.S. novelist \$25 for hauling one trunk and some light suitcases from the waterfront to the Ritz, a distance of a few blocks. Make your deal first, and be careful.

Watch *any* transaction *anywhere* with a gypsy. You can count on magnificent honesty from the Spaniard, but the gypsy lives by trickery.

"Ronson" and "Omega" lighters (asking price: \$1.25), "Parker" pens (asking price: \$6.25), and other "branded" merchandise are now being hawked by sidewalk sharpies in the cafés of the larger cities. It's all sucker bait, counterfeited in illicit Tangier factories—and it's guaranteed not to work.

The taxi-meter racket (described in "Taxis") is becoming more and more widespread and virulent. Madrid is the biggest trouble-spot.

Keep an eye peeled for pickpockets in streetcars, buses, and crowded areas in Madrid, Barcelona, and the tourist centers.

They've sharply increased during the past 12 months. Most of them, naturally, are gypsies.

Much of the Scotch whisky here is phony (see "Drinks").

Forbid the shoeshine boys on the street to apply any kind of dye (not wax polish) or to change your heels. If you don't, you'll be sorry later.

Don't change your flight tickets here, or you'll pay a tax on the entire balance of the tour—Spanish and non-Spanish, too. Let the agent handle only the local or necessary segment, and fix the rest in another land.

Spanish integrity is 99.99% universal; as a nation and a people, you'll find far less thievery, far less cheating, and far less chicanery than in France, Italy, or most of the world—sad to say, even than in America. Discounting the gypsies, the moral standards are most often not only admirable but splendid.

A final word: On Spanish soil, you'll understand the feeling of restfulness, warmth, beatitude, peace that we have described. It's there, like a magic spell—and we think that you'll find it as we did.

Sweden



Most of us picture Sweden—especially Lapland—as a rugged, rocky, wind-swept country, where the good-natured, fair-haired, square-headed people milk their reindeer, drink Swedish Punch, battle the cruel elements, and never take off their red-flannel underwear.

Not on your life! It's a land of lakes and streams; much of it is flatter than Ohio. Hundreds of thousands of pools and rivulets glitter on the placid green landscape of the south; the summer sun there is warm, the fields are bursting with ripe golden wheat, and the gentle pastures are brilliant with flowers. One-fifth of the population tills the dark soil on

these plains, the coastal terraces, the shores of the lakes, and the northern valleys; in this balmy bottom-land climate, warmed by the Gulf Stream, everything flourishes from peas to sugar beets to long-stemmed roses.

The mountains rise in the north and west, sentinels shared with their Norwegian friends. They're lumped together by the Swedes into a single, mystical range unknown to cartographers—the Kjölen Mountains.

Swedish stock is as undiluted as Kentucky's best thoroughbreds: 7-million pure Nordics against 40-thousand Finns, Lapps, and others. Lutheran Protestantism is far and away the dominant religion, but the 99% national participation is a loaded statistic; unless you declare yourself otherwise, you're automatically a member of the Church of Sweden. There's complete freedom of worship; education and military service are compulsory and universal.

Democracy and socialization have far outstripped America; some of the by-products are amusing to the stranger. Few jails in Sweden have iron bars—yet it's a crime to get drunk. No country in the north has smarter, better-groomed women, but there's no such thing as a truly gala night club in the land. No country in Europe is better suited for tourists, yet the Swedes shrug their shoulders and say, "To hell with plush hotels and funicular railroads. If those tourists want to come, let 'em *walk* up mountains as we do!"

Watch out for the left-hand traffic! It's murder. Motorists aren't allowed to toot their horns in cities; when the visiting pedestrian steps down from the curb, he's like a plump duck waiting for a shotgun. Always look to the *right* (not the left) when crossing the street; this simple precaution may save your life.

You'll like the Swedes. They haven't quite the lightness of the Danes or Norwegians, but they are a fine, wholesome, dependable people.

Cities Stockholm is a miniature New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Podunk, rolled into one and

transported to Sweden. The size of Pittsburgh, it has 800-thousand people, 3 railroad stations, an improving hotel picture, plenty of restaurants, and shops (all as crowded as the New York subways), wonderful relics, and the Rotary Club meets on Tuesdays! The \$30,000,000 jet airport at Arlanda will be opened this spring; the 5-block, glass-and-concrete "New Manhattan" business complex, with small skyscrapers, terraced gardens, and garages (6 floors underground), is rising on the site of outmoded houses in the Klara District. This city of islands is spick-and-span, modern, efficient, and beautiful to the eye—but it seems to have discouragingly little *joie de vivre*.

Göteborg (Gothenburg), pronounced "Yote-ah-borg," is Sweden's busiest port, and is second in importance—about the size of Toledo. It's on the west coast, seaward. There are many historic canals here, and the Göta River ends the famous Göta inland waterway which winds cross-country to Stockholm. Several hotels (the ultramodern Park Avenue is definitely the best in Sweden), and ample tourist facilities. The city is an interesting one, and the inland boat ride across the peninsula is a relaxing and pleasant journey. You can fly back to Stockholm by fast, frequent SAS (Scandinavian Airlines) service.

Malmö is third. It's right on the tip, pointing directly at Germany. This is the jumping-off point for excursions to the Swedish château country; there are at least 100 fine ones from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Three good hotels, plenty of shops, and Sweden's most modern theater. SAS runs shuttle flights to and from Copenhagen (Denmark) 9 times daily each way.

The rest of the "cities" are hamlets, bucolic and charming; visit Stockholm first, then branch out to Visby, the Lake Siljan District in Dalarna (Tällberg, Rättvik, Mora), or Östergötland, which are the best bets for tourists.

Money and Prices The öre and the krona (plural: kronor) are the media of exchange. The krona is now worth 19.3¢, or 5.18 kronor to \$1, so here's your scale:

100 öre = 1 krona = approximately 20¢. Silver coins come in 10, 25, 50 öre, and 1, 2, and 5 (rare) kronor values; notes are in 5, 10, 50, 100, 1000, and 10,000 kronor values.

Prices are by far the highest in Scandinavia; the contrast is not only noticeable but startling. Dinner in a top restaurant costs \$5 to \$10, including beverages; a double with bath in a top hotel runs \$7 to \$14; even a short haul by taxi might be 50¢. In the countryside, however, levels are lower—and there are good, simple, inexpensive facilities everywhere in the land for the traveler who must watch his budget.

Language Fluent English is spoken in all the big hotels, restaurants, and tourist centers. You'll rarely have the slightest trouble finding your way around the cities; the rural areas, however, will sometimes demand your sharpest thespian abilities.

Attitude Toward Tourists Five separate organizations fly the banners of welcome for foreign visitors, and each tackles its special phase with earnestness, intelligence, and efficiency.

The Stockholm Tourist Office operates its all-year inquiry service at Gustaf Adolfs torg 20. From June through August, its Tourist Center in Kungsträdgården—resembling a tiny model house in this metropolitan park—dispenses information and aid to tens of thousands of visitors. Its hotel booking-office functions on a year-round schedule in the Central Railway Station, in collaboration with a new all-purpose branch to assist motorists at Segeltorp, 10 miles south of the capital on National Highway #1. Finally, it sponsors the intriguing "Sweden at Home" program for the benefit of overseas guests: you are invited for a lunch, a dinner, or an evening on a 100%-private basis with a local family which shares your professional interests, hobbies, or other mutual bonds—in their house, without fees or considerations of any kind. Merely fill out the form with your personal particulars, and they'll cross-check their files for exactly the right host. Denmark has had great success with a similar program; it's the kind of hospitality—and heartwarming contact—which money can't buy.

The Swedish Tourist Traffic Association (Klara V. Kyrkogata 3-A, Stockholm) is the master organization and moving force in the promotion of international understanding through travel. It maintains 8 branch offices in foreign capitals, publishes more than 30 highly useful free booklets and brochures (*How to Feel at Home in Sweden*, etc.), and co-ordinates all official activities in the field. The President and General Manager is Göran Hedin, an active sportsman and economist with a pleasant personality and a mind like a steel trap. Gunnar Rosvall, the Secretary, has traveled not only in America but all over the world; he knows his own country like the palm of his hand, and he's one of the most tireless, co-operative, and knowledgeable experts it has ever been my pleasure to work with. If you're a journalist, radio commentator, television producer, author, photographer, movie cameraman—anything to do with any aspect of the press—see Messrs. Hedin and Rosvall for sound advice and invaluable local assistance.

The Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations handles foreign study groups (labor, management, religious, farmers, teachers, social workers, professional associations, and similar units)—and Reso (Travel and Holiday Organization of the Popular Movements) not only operates 4 budget-priced hotels in the capital and 14 bottom-priced resort centers in the hinterland, but it also makes available 8000 private homes in Stockholm for workers, students, and low-income vacationers, both Swedes and foreigners.

In America, the Swedish National Travel Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 20, will plan your trip, answer your questions, do everything but make your actual reservations. The scholarly Director, Birger Nordholm, is a key official on most of the world-wide tourism commissions, and he is familiar with every molehill and mountain of his native land. You can't stump him if you try. Here's the place, too, for further information on Reso, study-group facilities, and other special data.

Make certain that you have advance reservations before you venture to Sweden.

► **TIPS:** "Calling All Tourists," a Radio Sweden broadcast first initiated in '57 by the Swedish Tourist Traffic Association, is a delight to the visitor. On any weekday morning at 8:15 during the summer months, tune in your hotel, car, or portable radio for a world news roundup, current events, tips for travelers, and other information designed to add to your touring pleasure. In English, of course!

A brand-new departure is "Miss Tourist," a telephone voice in Stockholm which will give you fresh-off-the-griddle facts on local events of interest. The program is changed daily. Just dial 22 18 40, and you'll be given this earful. The same gimmick is available in German and Swedish, at different numbers.

People Spotlessly clean, handsome, healthy, well-dressed; hard-working, efficient, honest, reliable; inclined toward heaviness of spirit, severity, stolidness, lack of humor; strong individualists; upright in business dealings; on the surface, political chameleons (neutrality is a fetish), but underneath, fiercely Swedish; urbane and worldly wise, in a wholesome, unstudied way; they tend to plod rather than jump, to walk rather than run, to repress the quick-kindling spark that gives the Danes, Norwegians, and Americans spontaneity and joy of living. You'll like the Swedes immensely, but you've got to know them first.

Customs and Immigration One of the best in Europe. You'll be received, quizzed, stamped, inspected, approved, and through the gate while your head is still spinning. The inspectors are thorough, quick, and interested.

Americans may bring in 2 bottles of liquor without ceremony; 500 cigarettes are free, with a duty of 2¢ per cigarette for any over this number. Since American varieties sell for about 70¢ a package in Sweden, it's cheaper to bring in your entire supply. They won't go through your pockets; visitors are treated like ladies and gentlemen.

There's a 1000-kronor limit (approximately \$200) on the amount of *Swedish* currency which may be carried in or out; the denomination of these banknotes may not exceed 100

kronor. All other formalities involving money have now been abolished.

If you enter Sweden from another Scandinavian country, you are no longer required to show your passport, because these 4 lands were linked together in '58 in a single common Passport Zone.

Hotels In the capital alone, the number of First-class rooms with bath has more than doubled over the past 30 months. Despite this dramatic increase, however, the overall accommodations picture still remains surprisingly poor for a nation of Sweden's wealth, progressiveness, and sophistication.

Year after year, Swedish hoteliers have been coasting along on an almost noncompetitive seller's market; business has been just too damned good. As a result, the sole hostelry in the country that even begins to approach the "Great" category is the Park Avenue in Göteborg—a city of secondary significance.

Most lodgings in this country break down into either of 2 types: (1) ultramodern, ultra-Spartan, and ultraimpersonal, with tiny rooms, budget prices, and shine-your-own-shoes policies, or (2) drably furnished, depressing Victorian relics that cry for new administrative methods, competent interior decoration, and managers who can shake themselves out of their ruts.

Stockholm offers the Grand as its traditional leader—and here, to us at least, is the perfect example of the once-great hotel which has grown fat, careless, and slovenly from lack of competition. Imposing building; 300 rooms with 300 baths, approximately 100 of which have recently been redecorated in a very attractive way; middling cuisine; large, popular bar; friendly concierge and reception people. But if you draw the same blithely indifferent upstairs people as we have on every single visit here since '46, you'll live with unmade beds, tired lamb-chop bones, last night's dirty glasses, wet towels, and pyramids of squashed cigarette butts until you're ready to blow your top. The Grand has a beautiful location and an

enviable physical plant, but we've found better-organized and more gracious attention to the guest in side-street pensions in other lands. In our most impersonal estimate as travel reporters, we rate this as the most poorly operated "number one" hotel on our whole European beat.

The newish Foresta, 10 minutes from the center by cab, is an interconnected unit of 4 separate buildings: a 5-story transient hotel (singles, doubles, and suites, all with bath and balcony), an apartment-hotel (2 to 3 rooms, one month minimum occupancy), the Milles Hall (theater, banquet, and conference facilities), and a completely redecorated miniature Gothic castle (restaurants). Pleasant, modern lobby, successful in the tone Hilton's foreign branches have tried so hard to capture; heliport; roof terraces; 100-car garage, swimming pool planned. The bedrooms have solid-glass fronts, daybeds, waking alarms, and other features; while their space has been cleverly utilized, they're so small that they gave us a cramped feeling. Wide-awake management; efficient and interested staff; very good, except for (1) the size of the accommodations, (2) the distance from the doin's, and (3) and the sometimes-patronizing attitude of the maître d'hôtel plus the general lack of distinction of the cuisine, on which we received numerous reader objections last year.

In number of beds but not of rooms, the Palace, launched in '59, is the second largest hotel in the city. It occupies 4 floors of a commercial building (the premises of a local automobile dealer); with garage space of 1 car per lodging, its main occupancy target is the motorist. There are 235 accommodations with 175 baths, and the so-called Motel Rooms are a triumph of architectural planning for children, elves, or midgets. Restaurant, self-service cafeteria, snack bar, Finnish bath, beauty parlor, barber shop, "cobra dial" telephones, rentable TV, and other facilities; clean, utilitarian décor; singles from \$3.70 to \$6.25, and doubles from \$5.55 to \$12.75 in season. This one is more for automobilists with kids or Scandinavian businessmen who travel by car than

for tourists with an eye toward elbowroom and the plushier type of comfort.

The Apollonia, another newcomer, is also situated in one section of a commercial building—this time on the 4th, 5th, and 6th floors. All of its 80 rooms have television-for-hire, radio, and radiant heating; 60 come with bath and 20 with shower; the singles are tiny, but the doubles offer workable living space. Star attractions are its 3 nice demisuites priced at about \$20, with good baths, more *lebensraum*, permanently installed TV sets, and amazingly practical wardrobes with "dishrack" drawers (the first we've ever seen). Small restaurant, Turkish bath, and club room are part of the package. Fresh, attractive, and nice.

The Carlton is radically improved. At least 50% of its rooms have now been entirely rebuilt and refurnished; the rest have been spruced up in varying degrees. A total of 104 offer private baths, and the balance have private toilets but no tubs or showers. Three new suites; entrance and lobby fully modernized; new elevators; ground-floor lounge enlarged and redecorated; pert cocktail bar added, where Patrik dispenses solace to thirsty wanderers. Barber shop and beauty parlor now at your disposal, too. Accommodations again on the cramped side, with simple but practical Swedish furniture. General Manager Sven Zetterberg merits praise for this ambitious project. About half the cost of the Grand.

The Strand's refurbishing program is sadly dragging its feet; only 20 rooms have been tackled in 3 years. These are comfortable but not spectacular; old rooms ante bellum; of the 70 total, 25 now have bath and 5 have showers. Two good restaurants and terrific roof garden (see dining section), however. The Stockholm City occupies the 6th and 7th floors of an office building; lovely view; some rooms excellent, and some shoebox-size; breakfast only, served in room only—a nuisance. More of a sleeping convenience than a full-blown hotel. The Castle, with a tiny lobby 1 flight up, is modern and fairly pleasant; 23 rooms (including 9 suites) and 15 baths; strange, whimsical décor which I've heard described as Oriental overtones on Swedish Punch rococo; to me,

quite high-priced for the value. The Plaza, like the Palace, Apollonia, and Stockholm City, operates on the 5th to 7th floors of a business structure; bright little lobby, small but cheerful accommodations, quiet location, agreeable roof-garden restaurant; no great shakes, but worth it for the money. No bar. The Malmen, owned by the municipality and operated by Reso, is a streamlined, starkly modern factory of mass-production tourism; 250 minuscule, painfully clean rooms, all with radio, automatic awakening bell, and toilet; tandem-style beds in all doubles and triples; service for *minimum* essentials only (guests must shine own shoes on machine in lobby); a wonderful bet for students or budgeteers (double with bath and service: \$6.50) but most certainly not for Americans in search of the amenities. The new Bromma, near the airport, is a very worthy challenger in this class; 198 rooms with Lilliputian baths and showers; remarkably ingenuous call-for-service gadgets; medium-priced restaurant so worthy that, in addition to hotel guests, it draws Swedish residents from all over the western suburbs; heated garage with do-it-yourself car-washing machine; a few accommodations with stoves and refrigerators; singles around \$3.75 and doubles around \$6.26, service included; no tipping. The Reisen, under Swedish State sponsorship, is closer to the center but not up to the Malmen; the Domus, one of the 4 Reso houses, is a students' dormitory in winter and an equally sterile, institutional-style hotel in summer; open from June through September only. Including service, singles \$3 and doubles \$4.50; every room with shower and toilet. The little Silvia, backed and decorated by the famous NK Department Store, has the best-looking furniture of any older-line hostelry in Stockholm except the Grand; 20 rooms, 5 baths, no restaurant (breakfast only); amateurish one-woman operation (guests arriving after 3 P.M. must carry their own luggage); extremely pleasant, in spite of its limitations. The Salvation Army's Frälsningsarmén's Hotell is open to both genders; very cheap, and better than most YMCA's or YWCA's in the States. Dry, of course,

and there's the Gyllene Ratten Motel, 4 miles south of the center of the city (see below).

Finally, we haven't seen the Gillet, but reports state that the 60 rooms added last year bring its total up to 140—70 with bath, 10 with shower, and all with toilet. The lobby and lounge have been enlarged and refurbished, and a new bar has been opened. Convenient location about halfway between the Central Station and NK Department Store; from the sound of it, should be popular with any conducted-tour groups.

Still under construction are the Continental (240 rooms) and the Anglais (150 rooms), both of which will be completed sometime next year.

Saltsjöbaden, the renowned beach resort 25 minutes by train from the capital, is proud of its 51-year-old Grand—and rightly so. On water-front situation; 87 rooms, 77 baths; now redone almost from the ground up, in excellent taste; new Cubana, with action for nighthawks until 3 A.M. except Sunday and Monday. If you can afford it, get #208, at \$16.50 per day per couple (High-Season quotation). De luxe and good; recommended for summer.

Göteborg has the Park Avenue, our candidate for the number one hotel of the nation. Modern, fresh, attractive décor; luxurious appointments; every accommodation with bath and shower; 30 spanking-bright singles recently added; amusing gadgets, such as its 14-language gag "Service Guide" on how to ask for a masseur or send a Telex message. In summer, the Park Avenue Grill is *the* fashionable meeting place of the city; open noon to midnight; supplemented by the smaller Tidbits Room, where you may have your breakfast, coffee break, light lunch, afternoon tea, or evening snack until the same closing time. From September through May, the beautiful Lorensberg Restaurant swings into action, with dancing to 2 orchestras nightly except Sunday; these star enterprises alternate in their respective seasons. Managing Director Olvar L. Janson deserves the salutes of every one of his U.S. guests for his lively, alert approach to hotelkeeping. Head, shoulders, and torso above

Stockholm's pedestrian Grand; highest recommendation in Sweden. Next best, in order, are the Palace, Grand, and Eggers. In the low-to-medium-price class, 2 traveling U.S. officers report that the Ritz, "except for its 'marvelous' view of the railway marshaling yards, is a superior hotel—a model of cleanliness and convenience"; sounds good! For budgeteers, the new Vikor Rydberg offers 50 doubles at \$4 and 50 singles at \$2.70, on the same impersonal, serve-yourself basis as the Domus in Stockholm; open June 1 to September 15 only; closed to tourists (students' dormitory) all winter. The Heden offers the same setup for about the same prices; good Italian rather than Swedish specialties in the modest restaurant, oddly enough.

Malmö proudly calls its new Arkaden "Europe's Most Up-To-Date Hotel"—and there's considerable justice in this claim. This supermodern establishment, with 175 rooms, 140 baths, and a ground-floor reception foyer, occupies the 5th floor of a giant office building. Chambermaids equipped with short-wave radio for instantaneous contact by the hall porter; every room features an automatic awakening device and gadgets galore; teleprinter and loud-speaker telephones for the staff; roof gardens, bar, and 500-place restaurant; single with bath \$4 to \$4.50, and double with bath \$6.50 including service. Reso management, Reso efficiency, and Reso impersonality. The Hotel Kramer, partially redecorated, and Hotel Savoy are also desirable.

Båstad has the plush Skånegården (June to Sept. only), site of the International Tournaments of both tennis and golf. Everything hand wrought (furniture, textiles, etc.); big restaurant, congenial bar, dancing nightly; several annexes with lower-priced accommodations. Established and maintained by the Nobel family; very popular. Tylösand (the seaside resort on a cape facing Denmark, 5 miles from Halmstad on the Malmö-Göteborg road) offers a cluster of summery hotel buildings, several bungalows for transients, 1 restaurant seating 550, 2 smaller dining establishments, Finnish steam baths, a wonderful beach (cold water—brrr!), an 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, dancing, and many other

attractions. Main plant open June 1 to September 1; stay at the Tylösands Havsbad, best in the community, for about \$7 per person, American Plan. At Mora, the 8-year-old Mora Hotel also deserves mention; 60 rooms, 20 baths. And for honeymooners, the favorite is Gyllene Uttern, 1½ miles south of the village of Gränna on the Stockholm-Jönköping-Malmö route. Two hotels (1 First class, 1 for country living); guest cottages with 1-or-more bedrooms, a bath, and a sitting room; not expensive; May to September only. Just the dish for lovebirds who want bucolic scenery and less-than-zero chatter from anybody.

Linköping (pronounced "Lin-shoe-ping") has the delightful little Frimurarehotellet, provincial but comfortable. Tällberg has its famous Dalecarlia Turisthotell (81 rooms, only 16 baths) and the charming little Långbergsgården Pension, managed by Miss Jungbeck (handmade rugs, traditional and Swedish modern furniture, 50 beds, country home atmosphere, a favorite of artists and writers). Rättvik's choicest is the Siljansborg, and both the Turisthotellet and the Persborg are quite adequate, as well. The Persborg was nearly destroyed by fire in '55, but it's now rebuilt. Visby's leaders are (1) Snäckgårdsbaden and (2) Stadshotellet, rebuilt and enlarged in '56; the former has a swimming pool, which is fortunate, because there are exactly 8 private baths (50 in the latter). Last but far from least, Sälen offers the celebrated mountain resort establishment called Sälens Högfjällshotell; more about this in "Things to See."

Touring by car? U.S.-style motels are springing up like dandelions, all over Sweden. Four examples, starting south and working north: (1) Fleninge Motell, 6 miles from the Elsinore (Denmark)-Hälsingborg ferry, offers every room with bath, radio, and waking alarm; restaurant and cafeteria; adjoining service station; no tipping permitted; sponsorship of Royal Swedish Automobile Club; about \$3 single, \$4.25 double; simple, practical, and good. (2) M.H.F. Motel, 1½ miles north of Hälsingborg's Central Station, has 45 rooms, each with shower, toilet, and radio for \$3 single and \$4 double, and ownership-management which will never

bestow its Special Good Conduct Medal on the villain who writes this *Guide!* (3) Stadshotellet at Värnamo, about half-way between Stockholm and Malmö on National Highway #1, features super-advanced Swedish décor and furnishings; television, radio, waking alarm, and bath or shower in every room; spacious, fully licensed restaurant with smörgåsbord; breakfast room, bar, and hairdresser; singles from \$2 and doubles from \$4.50; so starkly modern that it's like over-nighting in an F-105 jet. (4) Stockholm's entry, opened in '56, is the Gyllene Ratten ("Golden Wheel"), 4 miles south of the city at the intersection of the Södertäljevägen and Vantörsvägen highways; 1-story building straight out of "Progressive Industrial Architects' Journal," streamlined enough to be a Band-Aid plant; 55 rooms, 44 baths; grill, bar, and dining room; car-servicing facilities; double with bath for \$5.80 inclusive.

For information on hotels or motels in other parts of Sweden, consult your travel agent, the Swedish National Travel Office, the Royal Swedish Automobile Club, or the Swedish Automobile Association.

Practically every small town and tourist resort has comfortable pensions which charge \$3 to \$5 per day, all meals included. To get pension terms, you must stay a minimum of 3 days.

Youth Hostels are in operation on a national scale between June 1 and September 1; only 10 of them are open the year around. Rates are 50¢ per night during the summer, 60¢ per night during the winter; meals are 50¢ to 90¢. Hitchhiking is sternly discouraged in Sweden; little English is spoken in this circuit. For information on hiking, bicycling, and typical accommodations, write to the Svenska Turistföreningen (Swedish Touring Club), Stockholm, 7.

► **TIP:** If you're headed for Stockholm by rail from Oslo, Copenhagen, or Lapland, the train conductor will now make your hotel reservation in the capital. A similar service is also available on ships sailing from Finland. But don't count on

your first choice of accommodations, because the better houses are usually booked up in advance.

Food A black and white picture. When Swedish restaurant fare is good, it's superb—but when it's not good, it's often heavy, tasteless, larded with grease, and totally unimaginative. The difference among the local chefs is instantly apparent: the top cooks use only their sensitive fingers and sensitive palates, as delicately as angels; the routine cooks use only their muscle-bound thumbs and muscle-bound fists. We've never found a land, even our own, where the contrast between fine eating places and Greasy Spoons is so apparent.

For the world-famous smörgåsbord (hors d'oeuvre table), you might as well load up first in New York's Gripsholm Restaurant or on the Swedish-American liner which brings you across, because these 2 operators will give you a far better spread than you'll now find in 99% of the local establishments. Since the owners can make more money on straight dining, most of them have entered a blanket agreement to discontinue their once-groaning (and *so* heavenly!) banquet boards, on the grounds that the custom is "unhygienic." Except for the Grand Hotel in Stockholm (in summer on the Veranda, in winter in the Winter Garden), you'll have to go out to the suburbs to Stallmästaregården (year around), Nackanäs Wårdshus at Nacka (year around), Solliden at Skansen (generally not served during July), or the Grand Hotel in Saltsjöbaden (Sundays only)—and *remember that it's lunch, not dinner*. The city restaurants offer it individually by small plate, tailored to the customer's girth and pocketbook (ask for *assietter*)—but the fun is completely gone. From the foreigner's point of view, Sweden has almost lost one of her most alluring tourist attractions.

Cardinal rule with smörgåsbord: eat all fish on the first plate, meats on the second, and hot appetizers on the third (optional). Never mix your fish and your meat, under any circumstances.

As a curiosity, try the delicious tiny crayfish called *kräftor*

—a fresh-water lobster in toyland. It's expensive—8 for \$1.50—but you'd be wrong to miss this important ceremonial dish of Swedish homes; the season is August.

Then there is *strömming*, the dwarf Baltic herring which is the Ping-pong ball of the national kitchen. The Swedish cook boils, fries, pickles, pounds, and minces it, makes croquettes, fishburgers, and canapés of it—serves it in every conceivable fashion except raw, at which the good housewives draw the line. If you want to try it, order 2 fillets, back-to-back, with parsley between—a herring sandwich, in effect. There is also plenty of the inevitable, but tasty, smoked eel. But the very best, in my opinion, is the juicy, delicately sweet salmon trout.

There are no special meal hours in Sweden. Most people lunch from 12 to 2 P.M., dine from 5 P.M. to 8 P.M. (afternoon tea is not popular), and later "sup" on light snacks—but restaurant kitchens are open continuously during the day and evening. Your large meal (whether lunch or dinner) will cost you from \$1 to \$10, with the average perhaps \$2.50 or \$3. Be prepared for a bricklayer's breakfast.

Restaurants For dining without dancing, Stockholm's most celebrated and distinguished institution is Tore Wretman's Restaurant Riche. Enclosed sidewalk dining-terrace with big windows and flower boxes; eighteenth-century French-influenced décor, plush and opulent; intimate, charming Theatre Grill to rear, with open *rôtisserie*; super-elegant Riche Bar at entrance, where gold-leaf frescoes go mad; service notably fast and deft; small fixed choices from \$1.35 to \$2.15, but count on spending at least \$5 for a respectable meal; ask for Mr. Brodendal. By far the best in the city for both elegance and cuisine.

The other *must* for the food lover (and interior-decoration lover, too) is Stallmästaregården ("Royal Stablemaster's House"), 15 minutes and 75¢ by taxi from the Grand Hotel. Enchanting patio garden, made glad by cool pools, tiny waterfalls, and flowers; dining pavilion on lake (view poor; new SAS air terminal being constructed); 44-dish *smörgås*-

bord at lunch only on weekdays but up to 7 P.M. on Sunday (\$2.50 for all you can eat); lovely atmosphere and urbane fare. Also operated by Tore Wretman; open all year, but a sunny day in summer is happiest. Mr. Johansson will take fine care of you here. Don't miss it.

Bacchi Vapen (Bacchus Arms), with its "Old Town" location and venerable name, was excellent on our latest visit. Shortly before last Christmas, however, its guiding spirit, Hans Bratt, resigned to take over the dining-room operations at 2 of Tore Wretman's enterprises—the Riche and the soon-to-be-reopened Operakällaren (see below). How it will fare now, without Mr. Bratt's personal ebullience and professional flair, is unanswerable at this writing. Trianon, on a small island in the heart of the city, has a warm-weather terrace, somber appointments, and a sturdy French kitchen; currently working all year, for a change. The Strand Hotel comes up with a triple-barreled threat to the waistlines of gastronomic sightseers. From mid-April through September, its Strand's Terrass Roof Garden offers its world-famous view, commendable cuisine, music nightly, and dancing twice per week; so popular that reservations must often be made 2 days in advance. Its Maritim ("Maritime") Grill, stunningly decorated, is noted for seafood specialties which are culinary triumphs, and its main dining room, spacious in dimensions, is also imaginatively operated. Messrs. Smedberg and Hansson should be proud of their unusual trio. La Ronde is now open the year around; it has added an open-air patio for milder days. The interior is semicircular, intimate in a rich way, and deservedly a big draw for diners who like comfort; the bar list features "Harry's Weak and Acid Special," on the house for all clients, consisting of " $\text{CH}_3\text{COOH } 164 \text{ H}_2\text{O}$ "; piano music; recommended. The Cecil has the nicest cocktail bar in town, but the food we had here was strictly for Lake Mälaren ducks; closed June to September.

Sweden's biggest restaurant news of 1960 is the reopening of the fabulous Operakällaren, scheduled for October 1. This landmark, part of the Royal Opera House, used to be the

most lavish dining place in the nation; through inadequate management, its losses became so heavy that it was forced to close several years ago. Now Tore Wretman of Riche and Stallmästaregården fame (see above) is spending millions of kronor in its complete reconstruction and modernization. With the help of the previously mentioned Hans Bratt, he is building a ground-floor Grill with an adjoining sidewalk café, a bar in the original Jungent style, a top-floor glass-enclosed banquet hall seating 350 to 400 diners—and, as the *pièce de résistance*, an ultra-plush main establishment facing the sea and the Royal Palace, complete with rain-proofed terrace for the warmer months. The entire kitchen is being moved from the cellar to above ground, and its new concept will be as efficient as Scandinavia's top architects and engineers can make it. Should be a marvel.

Berns, in the heart of the capital, is one of Europe's most vast and imposing feederies; 2500 customers can be served simultaneously. After entering through the Red Room, decorated with memorabilia of Swedish Literary Immortal, August Strindberg, you're given the choice of the French Verandah (Montparnasse décor), the Chinese Restaurant (food bearing little resemblance to the Cantonese cookery to which Americans are accustomed), or the main dining room (music, balconies, high ceilings, barn-sized). In the evening, top cabaret stars perform (see "Night Clubs"). As a minority of 1, we'd be happy if its local patronage were left in peace to consume every morsel served on these premises; this mass-production mecca has repeatedly come up with the dulllest meals we've ever eaten in the North. All the above group are costly by local standards; you'll pay an average \$4 to \$6, except for that *smörgåsbord* specialty at the Royal Stablemaster's House.

In the inexpensive category, Cattelin is a pace-setter, with food which surpasses some Stockholm menus at twice the price. Simple, friendly atmosphere, not chichi; full of artists, students, civil servants, and assorted Characters; *rôtisserie* grill to rear; seafood annex; U.S. ladies may come unaccompanied without complications. Fixed dinners at 75¢

to 90¢, but you'll pay \$1.25 to \$2.50 to fill your tummy to capacity. Wine and beer only; ask for Miss Lilly; open all year. Veteran restaurateur Frati has now opened Frati's Tre Rummare ("Three Rummars"). Although both the name and the location are mellow, he has jazzed up the interior in stark modernity. Food similar to that of Parioli, but sometimes superior in preparation. Parioli, on Frati's former site, is an odd wedding of Italian, Swedish, and Latin American cuisine; colorless surroundings; price range \$1.75 to \$3; closed late June through mid-July; fast service and dependable fare. Regnbågen, centrally located, is reminiscent of the Childs' chain in tone and flavor; table and counter service; okay for a fast lunch. Fiesta, farther up on Sturegatan facing Humlegården Park, is similar in its culinary facilities; it also offers nightly dancing (no wine or spirits) from 8:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.; so new we haven't seen it and know nothing else about it. Oh—let's not forget the spotless, efficient I.C.A. chain, while we're up here; moderate-priced cafeterias plus table-service outlets; excellent value for budgeteers. What we saw of Conti didn't impress us very much—but we got there too late to make a fair judgment.

For other dining possibilities, see "Night Clubs."

In addition to the previously mentioned Stallmästaregården, there are several likely targets in the suburbs; pick your weather with any of these. Djurgårdsbrunns Wårdshus, behind Skansen in the famous Deer Park (15 minutes out), is an eighteenth-century Gustavian-style house with an attractive table-and-awning-lined flagstone patio—perched on the banks of a placid canal. In aura, it's pleasing; in cuisine, it's either superfine or awful; in prices—wow! Solliden, nearby, is slightly cheaper and caters to a mass trade. Nackanäs Wårdshus at Nacka (15 minutes toward Saltsjöbaden), is a swell little expedition in sunshine for those who don't want to spend much. This delightful lakeside country mansion, summer house, and bar-terrace offers a substantial (not dazzling smörgåsbord, a hot entree, bread, and butter for \$2 at lunch only. Peaceful, tranquil, and beguiling; food adequate, typical, and good. Mosbacke is the highest restaurant

in the capital, with a view that will knock your eyes out—but the cuisine just isn't up to the magnificent prospect. If you don't mind a 25-minute train ride, the Grand Hotel in Saltsjöbaden serves a splendid smörgåsbord on Sunday noons.

In the miscellaneous category, that 250-year-old cellar called Den Gyldene Freden ("The Golden Peace") has color galore—and wide-eyed Nebraskans by the bucketsful. Main room bisected from end to end by a single community table; excellent service from girls in regional costumes; prices high and cuisine indifferent—but worth a visit for those who don't mind a 100% tourist-y atmosphere. For fish, Sturehof (center of town) has the most exalted reputation. For shoppers, the summer-only open-air terrace at the NK Department Store has one of the finest views in town; very popular and very good; winter lunchrooms, too. For students, the Minerva has a Parisian-*bistro* décor, a Swiss chef, and great charm; lunch or dinner, \$1 to \$2; closed July 1 to August 15; reserve in advance for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, when Swedish students carry on an almost continuous program of informal entertainment; hot as hades, but lots of laughs.

For sky travelers, the Flyg-Restauranten at Bromma (Stockholm Airport) has zoomed up like a supersonic rocket. When Gunnar Knutsson, local SAS Public Relations Director, was forced to eat here daily from '48 to '53, he became so monumentally fed up with the insipid fodder that he slyly persuaded Scandinavian Airlines to take over the operation—naturally, for the best interests of the flying public (the Knutsson stomach wasn't mentioned). Now Food Expert Folke Hildestrand, SAS Vice President of Service at Catering, has enlarged and improved it to an amazing degree. For the cuisine, Mr. Hildestrand has 70 aircraft bringing in his caviar from Teheran, his canvasback ducks from America, and 58 other specialties from about 30 SAS-serviced countries—so how international can a restaurant get? Open all days from 7 A.M. to midnight; fixed meals at 75¢ and \$2, plus à la carte.

Finally, the sailing ship *af Chapman*, moored within

walking distance of the Grand Hotel and operated by the Swedish Touring Club, is great fun for snacks—if the skies are clear. Cafeteria counter in Forward Cabin (sandwiches 20¢, milk 8¢, chocolate with whipped cream 15¢, etc.); don't ask for "Vardagar," the largest item on the menu poster, because this intriguing specialty means "Today"! Carry your tray to a gaily painted table on the deck, and enjoy a fine light lunch for less than 50¢.

Bars? The Cecil (up 1 flight) is the nicest for chatting, relaxing, and hand-holding; the Riche is tops for showing off the new Dior; the Grand Hotel is the most international.

In Göteborg, the Grill (summer) and Lorensberg (winter) at the Park Avenue Hotel are great favorites of voyagers. The Henriksberg, 10 minutes from the center, is shaped like a Captain's Bridge; harbor view, tempting smörgåsbord table at lunch, comfortable armchairs, heavy gold satin, and chandeliers; family clientele; fish specialties; good. Valand is larger and more elegant, but we weren't particularly impressed with the cookery; this incorporates the Gröna Hatten ("Green Hat"), with a show every night and dancing 4 evenings per week; the best after-dark spot in the city; ladies without escorts are frowned upon. Frimurare Logen ("Freemasons' Lodge") is a pleasant, old-fashioned, Cavanagh-style establishment; well-run but not De luxe; modest prices. Ringbaren and Konsum Bar are cafeteria league; good budget bets; no liquor.

In summer only (May to mid-Sept.), there are 3 popular choices. The Liseberg, in Liseberg Amusement Park, is lively; good food, good band, no show, no dancing; medium tariffs. Trädgårdsföreningen, in the Horticultural Garden, is surrounded by lovely flowers; medium category also. Långedrag, in the Yacht Harbor 15 minutes by taxi, offers a glorious view of the Göteborg Inlet and its heavy ship traffic; spacious in size; institutional food and reasonable prices; worth trying if the day is sunny.

► **TIP:** If meals are served in both the bar and the dining room of any establishment, choose the bar. It's usually far cheaper.

Night Clubs That ridiculous nationwide ban on night clubs has at last been modified—and now, for the second year in history, it's possible to let your hair down after dark (at least a trifle).

Let's face it: it ain't Montmartre yet, and it probably never will be. Narrow-minded Do-Gooders (shades of Zürich!) still control the legislature; as a result, (1) dancing in almost every public establishment except the out-and-out dance hall is customarily limited to 4 nights per week, (2) except on a trial basis in Stockholm, Göteborg, Malmö, and other key sections, no hard liquor may be served without food, and (3) operating hours are designed for retarded high-school freshmen instead of customers over 15. But even though your evenings might still fall as flat as a Bismarck herring, it's a big step forward.

During the '60 tourist season, 6 Stockholm restaurants will be authorized to stay open until the wicked hour of 3 A.M.—but be sure to get there before the stroke of 1:30 A.M., because otherwise they probably won't let you in. These are the Ambassadeur, the night club in the Strand Hotel, the new and very modern Vällingehus (20 minutes out), the Trianon, the Hamburger Börs, and the Club Bacchus in the Bacchi Vapen enterprise. All will offer dancing and floor shows. Reports indicate that the first 5 will operate 7 nights per week, and the Club Bacchus will be shuttered on Sundays only; better check with your concierge about this.

Among the less-fortunate places, Berns gets the biggest spenders and the best gin-mill talent (Harry Belafonte, Eartha Kitt, Josephine Baker, Patashou, and the like). Grand Old Opry atmosphere; cover charge \$1; mediocre food; 1 A.M. closings, as in all but the Favored Six. A so-called "Literary Cabaret" has just been opened in the Restaurant Tegnér by an old acquaintance with long experience as a hotelier—Baron Olof Rudbeck, former proprietor of the Frimurarehotellet in Linköping (further reference in "Hotels"). Some of the entertainment is in English. We haven't yet had a chance to try this one, but its sponsor has a special flair. Berzelii Terrassen has dancing every week-

day night from May through August (closed Mon. in winter); no meals, no hard drinks, no wine; light beer your only solace; good orchestra; popular with youngsters; college-age travelers can usually find partners here; no admittance after 11:30 P.M. For gents on the prowl, the Mosebacke is often happy hunting ground, *if you can flip those bouquets in bell-like Swedish*; just walk up to any pair of gals sitting by themselves at a table, and ask the one without the gold chop-pers to dance. The Grand and other hotels also trip the light fantastic on specified evenings—*but remember that most Stockholm spots follow a rotation policy regarding dance nights, so find out what's cooking first.*

In Göteborg, the Park Avenue Hotel has dancing to 2 orchestras nightly except Sundays until 1 A.M.; no floor show yet, but the management is working hard to secure full night-club licensing. The Gröna Hatten ("Green Hat") in the Valand Restaurant offers a nightly cabaret, including Sundays, from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M.; 4-piece band; attractive modern décor; not bad. The Kajuta ("Cabin") of the Henriks-berg Restaurant is a '59 newcomer; variety show; except for Sundays, this one is reported to perk from 11 P.M. to 3 A.M. between June 1 and August 31, with 1 A.M. closings during the darker months. We're not familiar with it.

You won't feel faint and giddy from the mad revelry of Swedish night life, but at least you're no longer stuck in your hotel room when they pull the sidewalks in.

Taxis Plentiful. Most of them are recent American cars. The minimum rate is 1.30 kronor (about 25¢)—but from there on, the meter goes up like a skyrocket. A trip from one side of Stockholm to the other can cost you \$1 or more.

"Ledig" means "For Hire." When you can spot this on his flag, he's yours.

As in so many other countries, scores of these jockeys "don't happen to have change"—trusting that you'll say "to hell with it!" and let them pocket the difference. Watch this racket.

Trains Superior. Ultramodern cars; plenty of good diners; fast, frequent, and prompt service. As a point of interest, the 1400-mile stretch between Trelleborg and Ricksgränsen is the longest continuous electrified railroad line in the world. More than 90% of the network now utilizes this form of power. No cinders in your eye on *these* babies!

For the visitor who wants to see a lot and whose funds are limited, the Swedish Railways offer (1) fast train "circular tours" (interrupt your journey wherever you wish, and save 20%-30%), (2) a sliding scale of prices which decrease as the distance increases (if you buy all of your tickets at once, this zoning arrangement will earn dollars for you), and (3) 20% reductions in round-trip "holiday tickets" (valid 2 to 3 months, and good for any destination under specified conditions). The Eurailpass sold in the U.S. is valid, of course, in this nation. Sleepers are very cheap.

The 40¢ charge for reserving your seat applies on all routine daylight trains; on the *Göteborgaren*, the 90-mile-per-hour express which makes the Stockholm-Göteborg run in 4½ hours and is the fastest in Scandinavia, and on a few other prime runs, the levy is \$1.

Round-trip tickets are valid for 1 month; they will also save you money.

Get your hotel porter to deliver your baggage direct to the train. If you don't have reservations, he'll pick a seat and hold it until you're aboard. Give him 2 or 3 extra kronor for this service.

Airline See "Scandinavian Airlines System." ABA, the banner Swedish carrier founded in 1924, is now a full working partner in the great SAS network; its individual identity has been dropped.

Should flight problems plague you in the Land of the Reindeer, the tall, jolly, and razor-sharp Gunnar Knutsson, SAS Public Relations Director for Sweden, is exactly the sympathetic soul who will charge to your rescue like a battalion of Swedish Marines. Your hotel switchboard will connect you immediately with his office.

Cigarettes All you want—at the paralyzing price of 70¢ per package. Sweden collects a monstrous import duty; you pay it back to the retailer, if you insist on your Philip Morris or Camel (at this writing the most common leading American brands generally available). Load up before arrival on the airplane or ship that brings you to this land; you'll save a mint! Swedish types are pretty bad compared to Norwegian ones, even if they are Virginia and Turkish tobacco. Try John Silver to save 20¢.

Laundry In hotels, sometimes fast (but more often slow!), always clean and relatively inexpensive.

Drinks Long long ago, an abstemious, blue-nosed gent named Dr. Bratt succeeded in giving Sweden a set of beverage laws which vied with the late and unmourned farce in our own Oklahoma as the most chuckle-headed liquor legislation in the civilized world. For 36 years, legions of able-bodied men dropped like flies from acute dehydration. Finally, in October 1955, to the numb disbelief of millions of Swedes whose tongues habitually rested on their chests, this ridiculous state of semiprohibition was abolished.

Package sales are now unrestricted. You may buy unlimited amounts of whatever you choose, at any State liquor store from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. on weekdays and 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. on Saturdays, and the only formality is the cashier's casual count of your kronor. Restaurants keep the corks out of the bottles from noon until closing time, straight through; again there are no quantitative limits. The single remaining puritanical regulation is gradually being abandoned. Until last year, whenever the customer ordered a hard drink, he was required to buy (but not necessarily to consume!) one portion of food to accompany it—as a minimum, a sandwich. But now, on a test run, the authorities have suspended this antiquated nonsense in such areas as Stockholm, Göteborg, and Malmö.

Scotch, Canadian Club, English gin, French cognac—you'll find a wonderful variety from all over the globe at the official dispensaries. Proprietary Scotch, for example, can

be had from \$7 to \$8.50; Schenley rye, Four Roses, and Seagram's V.O., at \$7, seem to be the only North American whiskies.

Aquavit is the national drink. It is also called "snaps," "brännvin," and "aqua vitae," but no matter by what name it slides down the gullet, there's enough heat in one glass to turn all the radiators in the Empire State Building a bright cherry red. The base is potatoes, grain, or—believe it or not—an extraction of *wood* alcohol! Drink it well-chilled with smörgåsbord (not with the entree or by itself), gulp the potion in 2 or 3 swallows (don't sip!), and chase it quickly with 5 or 10 gallons of beer. The best brand, to our taste, is Åhus, which is closest to that King of Scandinavian Good Cheer, Denmark's Aalborg. Swedes prefer others, such as Överste (slightly spiced, slightly sweet) or O.P. (aroma of cumin).

Swedish Punch is a happy beverage. The ingredients are Java arrack and a special distillation of rum; float Courvoisier or some other good French cognac on the top of the glass and you'll find a drink that is fit for the gods. Expensive but worth it.

Beer comes in Pilsener, lager, Three Towns Export (the strongest, at 4½%), porter (stout), Royal (pale ale), St. Eriks Jubileumsöl ale (delicious, even at 30¢ per bottle), and St. Eriks Mörköl. The last one is a dark variety which is found around Stockholm.

For nonalcoholic drinkers, Coca-Cola has finally invaded the Swedish market—praises be! Among the regional products, there is an excellent "lemonade" called Sockerdricka; this is actually a cross between the British ginger beer and the American ginger ale, with nonpotent additions. There's also a fruit beverage called Pommac; a pleasant, fresh orange beverage called Loranga; and a watery, insipid combination of fruit syrup and water called Saft. Grappo is not grape juice but sparkling grapefruit juice, tart and refreshing.

►TIP: Beware of inferior Swedish gins or aquavits; some of the less reputable brands are distilled straight from cellulose.

It's always wise to insist on Gordon's for your Martinis (only 10¢ more)—because 2 or 3 of these innocent little wood-alcohol cocktails—believe me!—will suddenly jerk you into a state which only a qualified physician or mortician can distinguish from rigor mortis.

Skål See under "Denmark." The same applies here, only more so; the formalities are far more rigidly observed.

Sports At Stockholm, golf (three 18-hole courses), European-style football, bowling, tennis, 4 indoor swimming pools, riding, running and trotting races (both with a "tote board"). Cold weather favorites are hockey, "bandy" (similar to hockey, but played with a round ball), motorcycle ice-racing, and iceboating.

Want your back scrubbed by a lady? Try a *badanstalt* (public bath). For 80¢ you can loll as nature made you in a big bathtub, while a woman attendant applies a large brush. Nothing immoral; most of them are old crones, with muscles which equal the bulgiest of Syracuse's Sizable Seven, who have seen many a better man than you or me. Fine Turkish-type baths at Sturebadet, and Centralbadet.

Good swimming everywhere, in the summer; in the winter, skiing, mountain climbing, and bobsledding in the central regions; lots of skating.

Norrland offers some terrific fishing, particularly in July and August—salmon, sea trout, brown trout, grayling, pike, perch, cod—just about everything but goldfish. Tuna used to run heavily in the Öresund, the straits between Sweden and Denmark, from the end of July to the middle of September, but they've been avoiding these waters lately. There are plenty of fine salmon-trout in the southern provinces (Mörrumsån, Emån) during April and May.

If you happen to be in Scandinavia during the first week in March, the Vasa cross-country ski race from Sälen to Mora is one of the most spectacular events in the world of sports. The course is 55 miles, and the hundreds of participants provide hundreds of thrills for the thousands of interested spectators.

For automobile enthusiasts, the Motor Rally to the Midnight Sun is planned for mid-June. Last year it drew no less than 130 cars.

For pure fun requiring small money and smaller energy, take a boat ride. There are motorboats and steamers of all descriptions, going in a hundred directions; missing one is like missing a gondola ride in Venice.

Things to See If you're an early-June traveler to the North, you're lucky—because that's when the annual Stockholm Festival and its kindred celebrations take place. Denmark has its Ballet Week and "Hamlet" in Elsinore Castle, Norway has its Grieg Festival, Finland has its Sibelius Week—and here is the final link of the chain, timed so that the spectator can enjoy each one in order. Motion picture cavalcade; folk dances and square dances in regional costumes; symphony concerts; opera; ballet; drama; organ music; chamber music; choral recitals; parades; museum exhibits; special sightseeing events; plenty of excitement. The Stockholm Festival is the first half of this month—and it's the very best time to go to this beautiful capital.

The Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, a new all-September event, features special exhibits of Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, and Swedish industrial arts—glassware, silver, jewelry, needlework, all the crafts of this culturally rich and aesthetically skilled quadrumvirate. Your travel agent or the national tourist offices will furnish details.

As for permanent attractions in Stockholm, Drottningholm Palace is particularly impressive. This was the favorite royal winter residence of the present King's father, the most beautiful of royal homes, with Gobelin tapestries scattered around like bathroom rugs. The adjoining Court Theater, untouched since 1765, is still very much in use; during the Stockholm Festival and several times per week from then through August, performances "De l'Époque" are featured. See it if you can; 20 minutes by bus, or 50 minutes by frequent steamers.

Östermalmstorg, the public market in the center of the city,

has its fascinations for the stranger, too. Vegetables, flowers, practically every kind of fish from minnows to sperm whales—the works. Quite a deal.

Djurgården (Deer Park) shouldn't be missed. It's the island home of world-famous Skansen: a magnificent open-air museum with authentic farms, a zoo, a Lapp camp, Nordic antiquities, and great natural beauty. In the evening, there's everything from concerts to folk dancing to performances by international artists to fox-trotting for teen-agers. If possible (and if the weather is benign), plan to have lunch at either Stallmästaregården (a short drive), Djurgårdsbrunns Wårdshus (behind Skansen), or Solliden (in the Park); see "Restaurants" for details.

The capital is chock-full of interesting targets for culture seekers. Both the Tourist Center in Kungsträdgården and New York's Swedish National Travel Office are gold mines of local information and trivia.

In the suburbs of Stockholm, there are dozens of resorts, beaches, and islands which afford the visitor fascinating glimpses of coastal Sweden. All of them are 1-day excursions; when possible, go by boat and return by rail or bus. Saltsjöbaden, a short ride from the city, is the best known; take your bathing suit and plan on luncheon at the local Grand Hotel. If you are young, rugged, and want to get away from the crowds of this popular resort, get off the Saltsjöbaden train at the station nearest Erstaviksbadet, a wooded beach with fewer people and wonderful swimming. You'll have to undress behind a tree, a matter supremely unimportant to everybody but yourself.

Sandhamn, the largest yachting center, has perhaps the best bathing of all; the boat leaves about 9 A.M. and returns about 9 P.M., and the ride takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours each way—a long haul but definitely worth it. Vaxholm is a pretty trip and an excellent place for a quiet lunch, but there is no swimming. Other enjoyable water cruises are to Gripsholm Castle, Strängnäs, Södertälje, Sigtuna, Uppsala, and the Castle of Skokloster. Pick your weather.

Away from Stockholm, there are several tours which, in

my opinion, are the most interesting in Sweden. First and foremost is the Sunlit Nights Land Cruise on the special streamlined express across the Arctic Circle—an 8-day loop, with the train as your hotel; this tour covers forests, waterfalls, museums, dairy farms, Lapp settlements, iron mines, logging stations, lake excursions, and even fishing or a ride down white-water rapids if you want that. Each train has 4 sleeping cars, 2 lounge cars, a dining car, a baggage car, showers, a bar, movies, radio, English-speaking guides—just about every luxury you can expect to find on wheels. It stops frequently for side trips by boat, bus, or on foot to points of interest. So much is crowded into the busy schedule that the trip is a strenuous one—but it is more than worth the effort or the cost. The fare of \$287 per person in a double compartment and \$345 (subject to change) in a single compartment is not really steep, for it includes all tickets, meals, guides, excursions, and all charges except your bar bill. No extra levy for the Midnight Sun you will see (you cross to Narvik in Norway).

If this should be too steep for the budget, the State Railways and official Touring Club have joined hands in offering 3 other itineraries at a more reasonable outlay. All are reversible, so that you may start from either end; Sunday departures are standard throughout; each takes 7 days. Second-class sleepers, a restaurant car, a lounge car, a shower car, a kitchen car, a storage car, a staff car, and English-speaking guides are carried; you must make your own bed. The first covers Skåne-Göteborg-Värmland-Stockholm, the second the central mountain region of Jämtland, and the third a sizable chunk of Lapland. For further information, write to the Swedish National Travel Office for the interesting booklet called "Touring Trains in Sweden." Ideal for students and the young in heart.

Finally, the Nils Holgersson Tour, named for the fabled hero of *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, offers a top-to-bottom rail trip through Sweden for individual travelers who prefer to do their sightseeing alone. It's a ticket-only

proposition, at \$43 in First class or \$30 in Second class, with the rest up to you. Also sold by the State Railways.

If you'd like to cover the Scandinavian Arctic speedily, the SAS *Midnight Sunship* has been doing it (and I hope will repeat it this year, despite a few very mild doubts) for about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the price of the De luxe rail excursion. Between June 5 and July 17, weather permitting, comfortable DC-6's make special flights over Lapland, circling back to Stockholm after a short stop and ground excursion to Jukkasjärv from Kiruna. Departure from the capital is at 8:50 P.M.; when the Arctic circle is crossed, each passenger is presented with a fancy certificate which attests his participation in this off-trail adventure. At 5 A.M. you're back at Bromma Airport—about 8 hours in the air and 1500 miles, for the total outlay of \$62.80. All trips are subject to clear visibility over Lapland, requiring slight postponements of schedules from time to time. For further particulars, contact any SAS office or your own travel agent. Reserve early.

If the north doesn't appeal to you, a quick tour of Östergötland might. About 3 hours by train from Stockholm, on the main line to Copenhagen, it's Sweden in a capsule, with rolling fields, sweeping forests, lovely lakes, and miniature mountains. High point to most visitors here are the excursions on the Göta or Kinda canals—charming at first but quite dull after the novelty has worn off. You can also play golf, sail on the lakes, fish for salmon or char, go to horse races or county fairs, or do practically anything you like. This is rural living, but it is usually busy and always urbane.

Along the same lines, but much more familiar to Americans, is another province, Dalarna. This tour requires at least 2 days, and preferably 4. Here, too, there's not much excitement—positively no bop bands or 50-Girls-50—but you'll get a glimpse of a way of life different from anything else in Scandinavia. Go first to Rättvik (5 to 6 hours from Stockholm)—and then proceed, if you like, to the entrancing little village of Tällberg, beloved by so many of Sweden's overseas guests. Hotels in this Lake Siljan District

(Tällberg, Rättvik, and Mora) have been previously listed; they're not elegant, but comfort is there.

From Rättvik it is 3 hours by car or hotel bus to the strikingly different terrain around Sälen. Here are the high mountains and deep valleys of the west, and the Sälen Högfjällshotell, perched at the top of a ravine, is the best mountain-resort hostelry in Sweden. Winter is the big season here, because of the nearly perfect skiing conditions—but in summer there are swimming pools, good food, magnificent scenery, bus excursions to Norway, and every convenience to which you are accustomed. Of the 110 rooms, 74 have private baths—a high percentage for rural Sweden; the rates run from \$6 to \$8 per day, including meals.

No tourist should miss Visby. This insular capital, the only walled town in northern Europe, is one of the most worthy sights in Scandinavia. You'll find Viking remains such as you have never seen before; occasionally you'll see traces of Minoan, Greek, and Roman cultures. The wall is about 2 miles in circumference; there are 200 churches which stood before Shakespeare donned his first pair of long trousers. Now Visby is a vacation center. Swell beaches, good bicycling, good tennis, gorgeous scenery; the impressive musical drama, *Petrus de Dacia*, is presented during July and August in the interesting medieval cathedral ruin of St. Nicholas. The Snäckgårdsbaden is a modest but pleasant hotel. One night from Stockholm by boat, or about 50 minutes by SAS (9 flights daily from June through Aug.).

Tipping Most restaurants now automatically add 10% to the bill. In hotels, a 15% service charge appears on your tab as surely as death or taxes. Give hatcheck girls 50 öre (½ krona). The hall porter in the hotel gets a separate bite on top of your automatic service charge; it's not customary locally to give him an extra penny when you check out. Tip railway porters (identified by *Stadsbud* on their caps) 1½ kronor (30¢) for each heavy bag.

Air Mail and Telephones To save money on your ~~state-~~side correspondence, use the V-mail type of aérogram (avail-

able in any stationer's) which goes for 40 öre (8¢) all over the world. Another trick with letters which weigh less than 5 grams (get your porter to weigh it) is to place the symbol "5G" on the envelope, slap on 40 öre worth of stamps, and it will go by air wherever you send it in North America (Central America, too, but not Europe or the other continents). Be sure to cross out any marking on the envelope of "Air Mail," "Par Avion," or the like; for some odd reason, this makes the "5G" deal invalid.

Letters for European destinations are automatically put aboard the next plane without airmail surcharge.

Post offices carry the sign "Post" and sport a large bugle waving in the breeze. Use yellow mailboxes for letters and blue ones for reindeer, magazines, and bulky souvenirs.

Telephone service is almost as good as Switzerland's—very cheap, rapid, efficient, and you usually get the right number. Like the automobile traffic, the revolving doors, and the hotel stationery, the dial direction is counter-clockwise.

Things to Buy Glass, ceramics, silver, leather liquor "pharmacies," handicrafts, cutlery, modern furniture, Bohus knitwear, *boutique* items, chocolate, and trick matches.

The merchandise is a knockout; so are some (not all) of the prices. Never bargain in Sweden. The merchants have bigger bank accounts than you have, and they couldn't care less if you "leave it lay." Jensen silver and Royal Copenhagen porcelain are heavily represented locally, but they sell for less in Denmark; Cherry Heering liqueur, on the other hand, is cheaper in Stockholm.

On all silver items, all gold items, and many classes of carpets, there's a 20% saving if they're taken out of the country. A special form must be filled out for the Customs people at exit; if you fail to turn over this document to the frontier officials when you leave Sweden, the store must ante up this full luxury surtax to the government.

In Stockholm, the outstanding specialist for Swedish glass is named exactly that—Svenskt Glas (Birger Jarlgatan 8). It's a small, exquisite Tiffany-style establishment

which has supplied the Royal Families of Sweden, Denmark, and England for more than 20 years. Most popular item with Americans is tableware—4 types of glasses, 12 of each kind, from \$60 to \$600 complete. Engraved pure crystal art glass from \$2 way up; colored, multilayered one-of-a-kind pieces from \$7 onward; bar glasses, ashtrays, monogrammed ware, the works. No charge for export packing; specially trained employees who know all the answers on stateside shipments. Ask for gentlemanly, kindly Manager Anders Borg, who speaks fine English and who is usually on the floor. For yearning.

Swedish modern textiles, stylized furnishings, and bric-a-brac? Svensk Tenn (Strandvägen 5A) is the undisputed leader. Pewter, printed linens, china, furniture, glass, costume jewelry, woodcraft, and all sorts of artistic curiosa are featured. Mrs. Tügel or Miss Munck are the ladies to see. Highly recommended.

For silver, K. Anderson, in the Opera House, is the place to look—and C. G. Hallberg (Drottninggatan 6) or Guldsmedsbolaget (Biblioteksgatan 12) is the place to buy. Anderson, where the Swedish King purchases his testimonial gifts, has such opulent designs that the Ethiopian Service of State would look shabby beside them; here's the number one silversmith of the nation, with prices to match. C. G. Hallberg has 22 domestic branches; for charmingly Swedish gift items from 65¢ to \$3, see Mr. Olin at the headquarters listed above. Guldsmedsbolaget caters extensively to party groups or conducted tours. All of these will give the 20% discount on foreign silverware shipments.

Fabulous NK ("Nordiska Kompaniet" or "Nordic Company") is just as solid a sightseeing attraction as the Royal Palace, the Town Hall, and Skansen—an institution so fascinating that no visitor who knows about it ever dreams of missing it. This amazing department store outshines even Lord & Taylor or Harrods in international appeal; it made all the chairs for the United Nations General Assembly Hall in New York, decorated the Shah of Persia's luxury train, flew a Swedish dinner for 70 to Kenya Colony, furnished a

dozen foreign embassies in Moscow, serviced nomad schools in Lapland, and cut gala uniforms and suits for King Gustaf Adolf from its own cloth. Although nearly everything under the sun is available, shoppers from overseas are particularly taken with the "Hall of Industrial Art" and its new jewel-among-jewels, the prize "Treasure Chest Room"—permanent exhibits of the finest in regional and national ceramics, glass, stainless metals, and similar crafts. Available with the sought-after Bohus jumpers (from \$23), all knitted by hand, are matching scarves, bonnets, and mittens; modern Swedish linens in lovely colors and designs are next in popularity. You'll find the whole galaxy for the home here, plus a 4th-floor main restaurant and quick-lunch bar, a summer-roof-garden-terrace restaurant, post office, telegraph office, railway office, theater ticket bureau, and other facilities. Interpreters are stationed at the Information Desk (Main Entrance), although most of the salespeople speak English; the special shipping office near the basement escalators will corral all your packages and fix you up on transatlantic delivery. The heartbeat of Stockholm; a *must* for any shop-hound.

Another *must* for frequent travelers who enjoy their nip during moments of relaxation is the remarkably practical and efficient liquor "pharmacy" designed by Joh. Palmgren A.B. (Sibyllegat 7). We've carried ours from Toulouse to Tetuán to Tasmania—literally everywhere we've wandered for the past several years. Not only has it been an enormous convenience on trains, short-flight airplanes, excursions, picnics, and in all sorts of odd places, but its appearance is so innocuous that we've waltzed by the Customs inspectors of more than 40 countries (bone-dry centers like Bombay included) without once being asked to open it. Resembles a good-looking small makeup kit, in fine leather, with a carrying handle or strap; 2-bottle or 3-bottle sizes, in beautiful Swedish crystal or glass; prices range between \$21.23 and \$33.77 (glass), or \$38.60 and \$86.85 (crystal); the monogram is a trifle extra. With the half-dozen peripatetic friends to whom we've given them as gifts, we've formed a facetious

"Pharmacy Club"—but none of us jokes one second about their being indispensable to *bon vivant* voyagers.

In all handicrafts, look for the blue-and-yellow label which reads "Svensk Slöjd"; this means that they've been approved by the official Board. Svensk Hemslöjd (Sveavägen 44) is THE place for them—a lovely store, with a big choice of fine fabrics, brass, basketweaves, ironwork—even some furniture. Mrs. von Münchow is the Directress; tops.

Boutique? Hjalmarsson (Sibyllegat 18) is a honey—a real find. Very small, very chic, with everything in elegant taste: hand-woven skirts (\$21 to \$27), matching sleeveless tops \$18, stoles \$4 to \$9, hats \$8, purses \$8 to \$10—ceramics, shoes, earrings, wooden figurines, and more. Miss Hjalmarsson is the owner; usually jammed, for very good reason. Konsthantverkarna (Mäster Samuelsgatan 8) is the co-operative crafts shop of Sweden's independent artisans; also small, also attractive.

Eskilstunaaffären (Stureplan 6) has some terrific Swedish cutlery; the Svanströms shops (all over the city) are best for stationery supplies; Ströms is an excellent men's clothier, with an impressive choice of ready-made British tweed, Harris tweed, or Swedish woolen sport jackets from \$22 to \$35 (not up to English House in Copenhagen, however!).

Stockholm is far too rich and far too dignified to tolerate anything like the Paris or Brussels Flea Markets—but a walk through the Old Streets should satisfy the most ardent Marché-aux-Puces fans. Try the Västerlånggatan-Själagårdsgatan-Stortorget areas. We found 3 delights: A. Lindström & Co. (Själagårdsgatan 21) for copper specialties, Gemla-Slöjds (Stortorget 7) for fantastic educational toys for children (the likes of which we've never seen elsewhere), and Möbel-Hansson (Storkyrkobrinken 6) for a happy muddle of curios, copper, china, and King Olav Skötkonung's false teeth. These shops are especially recommended—but you'll make your own discoveries, too.

In Göteborg, nearly every foreign traveler heads straight to Sweden's center of original peasant art—Klockargårdens Hemslöjd, at Korsgatan 3. The headquarters of this extraor-

dinary project still remain in the old village of Tällberg, on Lake Siljan in Dalecarlia; other branches have sprung up in the little settlements of Falun, Borlänge, and Gösäter. You'll find darling national costumes for kids from \$8 to \$16 (grown-up models are \$40 to \$60), dolls in provincial dress from \$1.50 to \$16, a parade of handwoven articles in strikingly colorful and handsome fabrics from 25¢ to \$50, provincial wrought-iron candlesticks from \$1 to \$10, gay handloomed rugs from \$20 up, bowls, lamps, teapots, bric-a-brac galore. Fine taste, unique selection, reasonable prices. Heartily recommended.

Ferd. Lundquist's, the leading department store, is a smaller NK (Stockholm) with heavier Macyish overtones; big selection of most domestic goods; definitely worth a visit, if there's time (NK is more stimulating, though). Artium's Exposé (S. Hamngatan 49) has beautiful glassware and ceramics; much better than its larger companion shop, Artium (Korsgatan 13), which carries wider but more routine stocks; Göteborg's leader. Varia (Kungssportsplatsen 2) offers happy poking for general antiques; B. W. Berry (Geijersgatan 16) carries only antique china and glass. For other establishments, take your pick from the sample showcases in the Park Avenue Hotel; all the finest ones display here.

Shopping hours: 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. on weekdays except Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. or 3 P.M. (most big stores). Unlike the southern countries, there's no noontime closing.

Things Not to Buy Furs are far too expensive; perfumes are extremely high; leave *all* true-gold items strictly alone, because a legislative quirk on metalliferous content runs the prices up to stratospheric levels.

Hairdresser and Barber Ladies can get a cold-wave permanent in the Dorothy Gray salon at NK for \$10, and a regular one for \$7; a shampoo, set, manicure, and eyebrow job costs \$4.50 plus a 50¢ tip—but watch that they don't dye your eyebrows when you're not looking! One of the 2 best barber shops is at NK, too, and a haircut costs \$1 plus a 10¢ tip.

Local Rackets "Racket" is too harsh a word for this one, because it's an accepted (but fast vanishing) local custom—but it *is* disturbing to poor yokels like us who get caught by it. A very few hotels (*not* including Stockholm's Grand, Strand, Carlton, and other scattered large ones) still might quote you a basic bed charge which doesn't include other taken-for-granted necessities—and bang goes your budget! Therefore, always worm the *total* rate out of the hotelier before you check in, even if it pains his soul to tell you. Fortunately, this system is becoming increasingly rare.

Another petty annoyance is this: in Stockholm, more than in any city, I found taxi drivers and waiters overworking the "Big Change" racket. Almost invariably they'll make up your change in the largest coins they can find, knowing full well that you're helpless to tip them normally. When this happens, demand smaller units, even if it's a single krona; give them *exactly* 5% of the fare (and not a single öre more) to teach them a lesson. (The usual tip, of course, is 10%.)

But aside from these trifles, you'll leave with a strong admiration for the Swedish code of ethics. In general they are an honest, straightforward, reliable, decent people.



Switzerland

If a group of scientists were given 50-trillion dollars, atomic power, and instructions to carve from the earth's surface a tourist's paradise, they'd probably refuse the assignment. They'd just point to Switzerland, shrug their shoulders, and say, "Why build another?"

Switzerland has everything. It's got mountains, lakes, snow, the sort of thing you've been taught to expect, of course—but it's also got electric trains, castles, old-age pensions, dial long-distance telephones, "fondue," wild ibex, and, with

few exceptions, one of the most honorable collection of human beings on the face of the globe.

This country has often been called "a nation of hotelkeepers"; if said without scorn, there's truth in it. The tourist industry is a key business which occupies 120-thousand citizens. Over 20-million visitors swarm through Switzerland each year, charmed by its atmosphere and natural beauties.

Four languages are used officially. In religion, the country is about equally divided between Protestantism and Catholicism, with complete freedom of worship. Military training is compulsory for all males at the age of 20; paradoxically, you'll probably see more and better soldiers here and in Sweden than in most other tourist lands in Europe. Unemployment is almost nil; last October, there were exactly 1018 jobless workers in a population of more than 5 million. Conservatism is sometimes carried to degrees which seem preposterous to less stiff-necked societies: no child under 16 may attend a movie, night clubs are the kiss of death except in the slightly more liberal French-speaking area, and women's suffrage was again defeated in February '59 by a 2 to 1 majority, with only Geneva, Neuchâtel, and Vaud rooting for the girls. The greatest pride of the world's oldest republic is its complete independence—personal, religious, economic, and social. Swiss love of independence is typified by the tiny canton of Appenzell. The handful of farmers in this mountain fastness chronically vote against the rest of their countrymen, chronically loathe whatever government happens to be seated at Berne, and, because they are completely surrounded by the big canton of St. Gall, chronically tell strangers that they are "a piece of gold on a cow cake." You'll never find a Swiss kowtowing or bootlicking.

The national honesty, courtesy, and lack of guile is incredible. When Americans browse in Swiss stores, they are seldom hounded by an eager beaver with his eye on their pocketbooks. If you buy a 5-cent stamp—or if you walk out empty-handed—you'll get a "thank you," a smile, and the same number of teeth that shopkeepers in other countries

reserve for millionaires. The only crooks we've ever encountered were taxi drivers in the larger cities.

Amazing people: to the eye, there are enormous regional differences, but in the core there is a stubborn and admirable sameness. The Italian Swiss in the south (Lugano, Locarno) seem the softest, gayest, and merriest; the French Swiss in the west (Geneva, Lausanne) seem the liveliest, most peripatetic, and most volatile; the Alamannic Swiss in the east (Zürich, Berne, Basle, Lucerne, St. Gall) seem the most wooden and humorless in social relationships. Yet under the surface they all share one characteristic which dominates everything: they are *Swiss*, right down to their toenails.

In a broad and general way, you'll find them healthy, handsome, sports-loving, athletic; reliable, dependable, and honest; always polite and always correct, but often as cold as the snow on their glaciers; fiercely patriotic, consuming love of individual freedom; often stolid and heavy, rarely brimming with lightness and brightness; always tenderly sympathetic toward a franc, a buck, or a centime; steady, hard-working, progressive, virtuous, and mighty intelligent.

Cities *Zürich* is the largest; it's about the size of Denver or Seattle; commerce, industry, and culture are centered here. You'll find the biggest shops, factories, markets—excellent but seasonally crowded hotels, restaurants, and amusements—unlike the outlying towns, the distinct hustle and bustle of a metropolis. From the tops of the encircling hills, the city is a stunning sight: villas and gardens stretch down to the silvery inland sea, with snow-capped mountains always in the background. The new 4200-foot, 52-unit cable-car system built last year for the Horticultural Exposition spans the Lake of Zürich; for a 70¢ round trip, you may now have even a better view. The people of this metropolis are supposed to be the greatest boasters in the country—and why not, when every 1 out of 572 residents is a millionaire, and when they have practically everything within reach? Make Zürich and Geneva your excursion centers, for everything worth seeing in Switzerland can be covered from these 2

bases. If you can, plan to be in Zürich in June; the month-long Festival here is one of the most famous on the Continent.

Basle, a financial center, is next; despite its many antiquities, its Holbein collection, its zoo, its extraordinary chemical plants, and its location on the Rhine, we find it singularly uninspiring from a visitor's point of view. The Carnival in February is said to be fun; we've never seen it.

Berne, the capital, is one of the few undestroyed medieval cities of Europe, and is charming. The Aare River divides it twice, in a horseshoe, and the turreted buildings on its banks look like an illustration from *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. Excellent hotels, fine little shops, covered sidewalks, winding streets, an almost rural atmosphere; new 18-hole golf course 9 miles out, with clubhouse, restaurant, and swimming pool. In conformity with its medium geographical position, the people are medium humorless and medium austere.

Geneva is beautiful—and full of tourists. The lake is fantastically blue, the atmosphere is French, the buildings are quaint, the gardens are bursting with color, and the streets literally teem with doughty burghers who have just climbed down from a more distant range of Alps—the California, Chicago, and 42nd-Street chain. If you want gaiety, action, and familiar faces, it's a swell place both to visit and to use as a base for western operations.

Lausanne is another popular center for holidays in French Switzerland. On the south slopes of hills which gradually fall away to Lake Geneva, it is sheltered and the climate is unusually beguiling, with a record 1912 hours of sunshine per year. Its university and schools are world-famous. It offers good sports, entertainment, and food, along with the world's shortest subway, a big-town commercial aura, and the homes of many international celebrities—but it's not as lively as Geneva.

Lucerne has the greatest influx of Americans of any Swiss city, town, or hamlet. Its traditional star attractions of the Lion Monument, the Glacier Gardens, the covered bridges, and its 2 pet mountains have now been supplemented with a

scenic 18-hole golf course, a fascinating new Transport Museum with historic and/or modern locomotives, cars, airplanes, plus a steamer, and a new suspension cable-car system to the top of Mt. Pilatus. As in Florence, tourism makes 99% of its wheels go around; into this center of 65-thousand inhabitants, from 10- to 30-thousand foreigners pour *daily* off the boats, trains, and cars; there are now 72 hotels with 5000 beds. If you're a first-tripper, naturally you won't want to miss this landmark. But hit it in the spring or fall, if you can—because in peak season it's so jammed with so many other sightseers that its atmosphere, normally so beguiling, becomes tinny, mechanical, and production-belt in feeling.

St. Moritz, roughly 6000 feet high, is the most celebrated winter resort—and a delightful summer resort, too. It is a cluster of 4 small communities strung along a mountain valley, like glistening pearls on a green or white string; the Village, the Spa, St. Moritz-Suvretta, and St. Moritz-Champfèr are its components. In May and November, it is moribund; during the rest of the year, it ranges from active to frenzied. Train, bus, and air-taxi connections with most principal cities; nearly 60 hotels and pensions, from super-plush to a-song-and-a-few-francs a day; scores of restaurants, from chichi black-tie establishments to holes-in-the-wall; probably the most fabulous winter sports facilities of the world, from Olympic bobsled runs to Olympic ski jumps to ice rinks to skikjöring to 51 ski tours to curling (see "Sports"); new helicopter service for skiers or sightseers, plus ski-plane airport on a glacier, plus an aerial cableway extension to 11-thousand feet scheduled for completion next fall; dancing, fashion shows, bridge tournaments, lectures, concerts, horse races, ice parades, "skeleton" races, every imaginable type of social activity; handsome terrain, not as breath-taking as Zermatt or even Arosa, but more pruned and polished; like Biarritz and Cannes, one of the most sophisticated and lively vacation focal points on the European continent. Despite some low-priced accommoda-

tions, in general it is extremely expensive—possibly the costliest single spot on the Swiss map.

Arosa, 68 miles to the north, might be called the Poor Man's St. Moritz—the Jones Beach of ski resorts. It's a family place—a medium-priced, middle-class, domesticated, down-to-earth holiday community for Mr. & Mrs. Smith of Levittown, Long Island, and Mr. & Mrs. Schmidt of Zürich, Switzerland—plus all of the Smith and Schmidt Juniors. Amazingly mixed crowd, ranging from well-dressed bankers to stolid Swiss-German elevator operators with suspenders, picnic baskets, and small fry; magnificent ski slopes, ski lifts, and chair hoists; glorious 3-hour excursion up to 7600 feet over the famous Arlenwald Circle by horse-drawn sleigh; largest ski school in the nation, with nearly 70 instructors; summer 9-hole golf course, horseback riding, tennis, fishing, gliding, rowing, Alpine bathing "beach"; roughly 60 hotels and boarding houses, most of them second or third rate (see "Hotels"); few restaurants of distinction. If you're a Boston Brahmin, a Newport Nostalgic, or a Park Avenue Patriarch, forget about Arosa—but if you're free, white, and not "21"-minded, with simple and healthy tastes, this might have exactly the right appeal.

Interlaken, for my money, is a zero; when you've seen the Flower Clock, you've seen just about everything. But the funicular up the Harder Kulm, the Ibex Preserve, and the circle trip to the Jungfrauoch (Lauterbrunnen and Kleine Scheidegg, returning via Grindelwald) are another story—marvelous! The environs are what count, not the town.

Locarno is an ideal stop for the traveler to or from Italy. It's serene and tranquil, with a lovely setting on the shores of Lake Maggiore; the Ticinese here are among the most warmhearted and hospitable people of Switzerland. Improving accommodations and fine restaurants; one of the scariest (absolutely safe!) cable-car ascents in the Alps; plenty of good shops; quiet, friendly atmosphere.

Lugano, down the line a bit, is also on the lakeside, backstopped by the mountains—but it seems in season like an Alpine Blackpool with Swiss and foreign holiday-makers

(many from across the neighboring frontier). One of its biggest drawing cards is the gambling casino and cut-price shopping area of Campione d'Italia, almost directly across the lake by frequent ferry service—an isolated chunk of Italian territory, 1.8 square miles in area, which suddenly found itself plunked down in (and surrounded by) Switzerland. The steamer excursion to Gandria is also mobbed in summer. About 110 hotels or pensions, mostly second-string, which offer more available beds than any resort in the nation; discounting a few exceptions, restaurants undistinguished; funiculars, chair lifts, and cable cars galore; greater appeal, in general, to its European trade than to overseas visitors. One thing which shouldn't be missed is the fabulous Thyssen collection of Goya, El Greco, Holbein, Dutch masters, and Italian Renaissance artists which is housed in a private museum adjoining this family's villa; unfortunately, it is open to the public for only a few hours on week ends and holidays—but catch it if you can!

In *Gstaad*, the international set does its dining, dancing, drinking, gossiping, and wife-swapping in the merry surroundings of the hotels—but it retreats to privately owned or rented chalets for its beauty sleep and repairs. Here is a chalet village with thrice the accommodations in these mountain-style houses than in its public hosteleries. Beautiful setting in an open valley which absorbs more hours of sunlight than many of its competitors; slick-rustic atmosphere, with more Greta Plattry sweaters and Kalten Brunner custom-made ski pants than peasants on its streets; 18 ski lifts, chair lifts, or teleferics; allegro, expensive, and chichi. Seasons: mid-December to mid-March, and mid-June to mid-September.

Leysin is just the opposite—a fast-developing winter sports mecca for budgeteers. Admirable location on the same type of sun-catching slopes, with a glorious panorama below; simple, not very attractive hotels which average a mere \$5 per day or less; restaurants equally plain; heavy patronage by economy-minded Swiss and English, *en famille*; 36 sky-car "gondolas" which can handle only 300 passengers.

per hour. Since '57, local boosters have been trying hard to convert this former TB cure center and its one-time sanitariums into a low-priced, mass-traffic ski resort. To date, however, they haven't succeeded too well in wooing a substantial share of U.S. vacationers. Same seasons as Gstaad, except that the cutoff point for winter activities is mid-April. For bargain hunters only.

Zermatt? To us this is the number one attraction in the nation—the place which no American should fail to see. Here you will find the Matterhorn, jutting up through the clouds in incomparable splendor.

Montreux, Vevey, Bürgenstock, Neûchatel, Klosters, Pontresina, Davos-Platz—the list of pleasant stop-offs is almost endless. Clean hotels (and good relaxing) in all. The Swiss National Tourist Office has scads of fine folders and brochures on any region or almost any single spot you might select.

Money and Prices The Swiss franc, stabilized at 4.30 to \$1, is the most powerful currency in Europe. There are no restrictions on foreign exchange; you may bring in, take out, or draw from any local bank all of the dollars you wish.

Prices aren't as high as those in France or Italy—but, compared to the rest of the Continent, Switzerland is still pretty steep for the American traveler. Most imports and many living essentials are higher than in the United States. Nevertheless, the values are unquestionably there, either in quantity (e.g., food) or in quality (e.g., workmanship). You'll pay plenty, but unlike the economic banditry in some countries, you'll always get your money's worth.

►**TIP:** Don't cash in all your Swiss banknotes (not coins) when you leave the country, regulations notwithstanding. They're better than dollars all over Europe.

Language Three-quarters of the people speak what are called the Alamannic dialects—but write in High German. One-fifth speak French, one-twentieth Italian, and the rest a tricky tongue they call Romansch.

But don't worry. Most of them—even the peasants!—can understand Uncle Remus or Hoagy Carmichael at their most provincial.

Attitude Toward Tourists Since a fourth of the national investment is tied up in tourism, the Swiss are all-out to cater to the visitor. The Swiss National Travel Office is a whopping enterprise; no country in the world can match it for size or spread. They have the most voluminous, most readable collection of free guidebooks I've ever seen. Their architects are studying 35 vacation centers street by street, hotel by hotel, and room by room, planning new partitions and bathrooms as far ahead as 1996!

By all means visit one of the branches before or during your trip. The New York office is in the Swiss Center at 10 West 49th Street, which combines all the travel and transportation agencies of the country in one handsome setting. San Francisco has another branch; so does practically every capital of Europe. And every Swiss town, no matter how small, has its "Verkehrsverein," Tourist Promotion, or Official Enquiry Office. They'll give you expert advice on buying the proper railway tickets, and a thousand helpful hints—all for free. You will find Hans Baertschi, the new Director of the New York operation, patient and courteous.

If any extraordinary situation should arise once you are in Switzerland, wire, write, or telephone Florian Niederer, who has just been promoted to the newly created post of Delegate for Special Missions and Activities of the worldwide SNTU, in its headquarters at Haus Victoria, Bahnhofplatz 9, Zürich. He is a whirlwind executive of vast capabilities and a beloved friend of everyone in the travel industry, including us. His expert management of the post-war invasion of 350-thousand G.I.'s was so savvy that only 17 wound up in the clink. Don't bother him about details—but in major difficulties no one in Switzerland is better equipped to pull you out. You'll be completely charmed and delighted with Mr. Niederer—as is every American who meets him.

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Customs and Immigration Courteous, reasonably thorough (you may be asked to open every compartment of every piece of baggage, or you may escape any examination whatever), well organized. In addition to personal effects, you may take in the usual 2 cartons of cigarettes *or* 100 cigars *or* 1 lb. of pipe tobacco, 2 cameras and unlimited unexposed film (overseas visitors only), typewriter, ½ liter of perfume in an opened bottle—the same general exemptions which apply through most of Europe. Either 1 bottle of spirits plus 1 bottle of wine *or* 2 bottles of wine are also permitted (don't forget that all of this is per person). Merchandise in normal quantities may be shipped home without special permit or license, and it is not subject to export duty. All the inspectors speak English, and most are cheerful. You should find a pleasant reception.

►**TIP:** Never forward a package of new articles to yourself from any country to Switzerland—and never mail a gift to a Swiss friend without first checking the Customs duties. We shipped a small box of miscellaneous trivia to ourselves at Zürich (writing supplies, film, a couple of spare cigarette lighters, etc.) and walked into a bill of \$40—more than we had originally paid for the stuff. Used clothing, however, is free.

Hotels You'd expect to find outstanding accommodations in this "nation of hotelkeepers" (said again without derision), and you most certainly do. Swiss hotels are models of comfort, cleanliness, and efficiency; elevators work, maids don't talk your ear off, breakfast comes so hot that it burns your gullet. Not only is the Swiss Hotel manager an institution from Buenos Aires to Birmingham, but the Swiss concierge is such a fixture that many of the current crop are the fourth or fifth generation in the trade.

Prices vary considerably. Probably 98% feature the American plan (room, board, and basic tips *included in the bill*). On this arrangement (3 meals plus lodging), you'll pay between \$5 and \$10 per person per day. De luxe metropolitan

hotels and resorts like St. Moritz sometimes double or triple these figures. Rates drop *after* you've stayed 3 days.

Most visitors to urban (not rural) communities find the full-pension arrangement unsatisfactory; it is boring to take *all* meals in one place. If you're in a city, *ask for the demi-pension plan*, which is 30% less, and which gives you the option of eating some of your meals elsewhere. In resorts during peak season, you probably can't get it; most of the popular provincial centers insist on 3 squares only for all guests.

Here is our personal rating, in order of desirability, of the top Swiss houses, with further comments on them directly following. As with all personal evaluations, there's plenty of room for disagreement:

Arosa: (1) Kulm, (2) Tschuggen, (3) Excelsior, (4) Post, (5) des Alpes. None really first-rate, at our last sight (see comments below). For Tourist class, try the Merkur.

Basle: (1) Drei Könige ("Three Kings"), (2) Euler, (3) Victoria-National, (4) Drachen. International, Alfa, and Excelsior are utility-modern and impersonal; Central and Helvetia need work.

Berne: (1) Schweizerhof *or* Bellevue-Palace (equal rating), (2) Bristol, (3) Savoy, (4) City, (5) St. Gotthard, (6) Wächter.

Bürgenstock: (1) Palace *or* Grand, (2) Park. All under Frey management.

Geneva: (1) des Bergues *or* Richemond (equal rating), (2) Beau Rivage, (3) de la Paix, (4) du Rhône, (5) Cornavin, (6) de Russie, (7) d'Angleterre, (8) d'Allevés.

Grindelwald: Grand Hotel Regina, Adler, Park Schöneegg.

Gstaad: (1) Palace, (2) Park, (3) Alpina, (4) Bellevue. Bernerhof and Maurice-Oldenhorn routine and unattractive. Olden and Victoria are the best full-meal budget bets; Christiania, breakfast only, also recommended in this class.

Interlaken: (1) Victoria-Jungfrau, (2) Beau-Rivage, (3) Schweizerhof, (4) Krebs (outstanding food), (5) Bellevue, (6) Royal St. George.

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Klosters: (1) Silvretta, (2) Vercina, (3) Hans Guler's Chesa Grischuna.

Lausanne: (1) Beau-Rivage-Palace, (2) Royal, (3) Alexandra, (4) Mirabeau, (5) Maurice (summer only), (6) Victoria (breakfast only), (7) de la Paix. Lausanne Palace no longer recommended.

Locarno: (1) Esplanade, (2) Park, (3) La Palma au Lac, (4) Reber. Belvédère and Quisisana run-of-the-mill. Alexia Garni and Zücherhof simple.

Lucerne: (1) Grand Hôtel National, (2) Palace, (3) Schweizerhof, (4) Astoria, (5) Carlton-Tivoli, (6) Montana, (7) Europe, (8) Luzernerhof, (9) Wilden Mann, (10) Royal.

Lugano: (1) Splendide-Royal, (2) Arizona, (3) Park, (4) Excelsior, (5) Eden. Palace and Bellevue have deteriorated sadly. Plaza is tops for economy living. Best pension: La Canva.

Montreux: (1) Palace, (2) Cigne, (3) Excelsior, (4) Golf, (5) Eden.

Pontresina: (1) Schlosshotel, (2) Saratz. Others routine.

St. Moritz: (1) Palace, (2) Kulm, (3) Carlton (all close together in the village). (4) Silvretta Haus, a few minutes by bus, is in a special category, but it is obviously one of the 4 leaders (see below). Then come (5) Post, (6) Chantarella, (7) Calonder, (8) Schweizerhof, (9) Steffani, (10) St. Moritzerhof, (11) Privat, (12) La Margna, and (13) Bernasconi. Caspar Badrutt is no longer recommended.

Zermatt: (1) Seiler's Mont Cervin or Grand Zermatterhof (equal rating), (2) Seiler-Haus. The inexpensive Waliserhof is a gem. Up the mountain, it's (1) Riffelalp and (2) Sporthotel Riffelberg. More details in "Things to See."

Zürich: Dolder Grand or Baur au Lac. Balance cannot be efficiently rated in order (see later).

Arosa's famous Kulm, traditionally known as the outstanding hotel of the region, was a great disappointment to us when we last overnighted there—but that was too long ago to be fair about today's conditions. Reports seem to agree that the operational side has recently shown improvement.

We hope so, because the building is beautiful. High Season: December to end of April.

The Tschuggen, perched on the mountainside in solitary handsomeness, is older-style; about 100 rooms (most facing south), the usual resort appurtenances including a dance orchestra; open December 15 to early April only. The Excelsior has been refurbished; French cuisine; same family since 1919; 30 baths to 100 beds; quite pleasant. The Post and des Alpes offer a slightly lower brand of comfort, but they're passable. For the economy-minded, the Merkur is just the thing; step down into the Chamanna Grill, and you've found the finest food in the Grisons. Most Arosa hotels are closed for part of April, all of May, part of June, all of October and November, and part of December; exceptions are 10 Second-class hostels and 15 boarding houses which operate throughout the year.

Basle's Drei Könige ("Three Kings"), founded in A.D. 1026, is Switzerland's oldest hotel. Central location, overlooking the Rhine; hollow center extends to roof, lending impression of a covered courtyard; some accommodations superb and others not so hot; bathrooms poor in general; first-floor bedrooms entirely redone in '58 and '59; appealing terrace extended in '56 to 200-person capacity; French grill, bar, dancing; not perfection, but the best in the city. The Euler, near the station, is celebrated for its cuisine; extra-fine restaurant, old-fashioned and substantial. Five semi-luxury suites with TV; first 3 floors agreeably redecorated, with 4th floor still to go; every bathroom with telephone; a few accommodations small and antiquated, but most of them updated and comfortable; friendly staff; recommended. The 3rd-place Victoria-National, directly opposite the station, has now modernized and air-conditioned its 4th and 5th floors; book into these, if you can, because the older rooms at other levels are smaller and less attractive. Refurbished lobby; air-conditioned dining room up 1 flight; clean, fresh, and efficient; only slightly less expensive than the first two. The Drachen, inaugurated in '57, is the outstanding candidate in the new crop of functional-modern houses; 40 rooms, all

limited in space but skillfully planned, and all with air conditioning, radio, rental TV outlet, private strongbox built into the floor of the wardrobe, and courtside situation for added quiet; tiny baths; charming restaurant, plus bar and snack bar; beds in tandem in the cheaper doubles; maximum rate (2 persons) of \$8.29, against twice this quotation in the Three Kings and Euler. A good value. International and Excelsior are less-successful exponents of the same architectural school; so is Alfa, which is somewhat out from the center. We've never seen the Schweizerhof, and we know nothing about it.

In *Berne*, it's a tossup between 2 famous hostelries. The Bellevue-Palace, high on the riverbank, has a beautiful view of the Alps and a classic Louis XIV—or is it XV?—décor; face-lifted lobby, ballroom, new elevators; 45 redecorated rooms, with minimum doubles very cramped but others spacious; \$250,000 spent in refurbishing since '58. Excellent. The Schweizerhof, with no view but a far more convenient location, celebrated its Centennial in '59 with a 3-day gala so newsworthy that it was covered by the press from more than 30 nations. This house blends the owner's fabulous antique collection with up-to-the-minute streamlining in living facilities; each hallway, for example, offers almost priceless collections from different periods (3rd floor in seventeenth century, 4th all-Swiss floor with ancient rifles, harness, a sleigh, *et al.*)—while each of the staff carries individual short-wave "Walkie-Talkie" locators! The great Chef Ernest of Barcelona Ritz fame, one of Switzerland's top masters, now presides in the kitchen; outstanding Horseshoe Grill, urbane little bar, a few small suites with 2 tubs and 2 showers in the same bathroom; if you're a wealthy Easterner or a poverty-stricken Texan, ask for #226, which comes including breakfast at \$21.75 per day for 2 persons. Through the whirlwind efforts of Jack and Anne-Marie Gauer, 2 of the go-gettingest hoteliers of Europe, the year-around clientele is more than 50% from America. In sum, the building and the vista are better in the Bellevue-Palace, while the Gauers' extraordinary know-how about U.S. preferences in comfort, service, and

the little gracious touches make the Schweizerhof the favorite hotel abroad of scores of Yankee travelers. The Bristol modernized part of its 4th floor in '59; new rooms small, simple, and pleasant; old rooms old-hattish; tiny baths and/or showers; a big drop from the 2 leaders. The Savoy has a few attractive accommodations (try #230, for example); many recent alterations; downtown situation; modified-commercial Ambassador restaurant; not much elbow-room, when your day is done. The City is routine; the St. Gotthard is regional-style, with bed-and-breakfast only; the Second-class Wächter has a delightful *stube* and dining room with Swiss specialties (see "Food and Restaurants"), but its bedchambers are tiny, impersonal, and cheerless.

Bürgenstock? There's no place like it in the world. This 500-acre sky empire over the Lake of Lucerne (25 minutes from Lucerne proper) must be seen to be believed. A bronzed, good-looking young magnate named Fritz Frey would need an alpenstock to count the Swiss francs spent to blast, carve, and whittle the top of his private Alp into a de luxe resort; since '53, his lowest annual capital investment has been 1-million Swiss francs. The result is eye-popping—the mountain vacationist's dream. Three hotels (the palatial Grand, the plush Palace, and the more moderate Park), all hung with Van Dycks, Brueghels, Tintoretos, and the like, and all with a magnificent view; Mountain Inn for light refreshments at the 3000-foot peak, reached by one of Europe's fastest and highest elevators; 6-minute funicular to lakeshore bathing and quay for the 100-passenger Bürgenstock yacht; brand-new Guest Club entertainment center; 9-hole golf course, championship tennis courts, fine heated Alpine swimming pool with dancing at Poolside Cafe and Underwater Bar for oglers; Golf Grill, Sporting Club, 2 orchestras, gala evenings, concerts, shopping center, beauty parlor, fashion shows, private chapel—this cloud-kissed community offers just about everything but harp solos by the neighboring angels. Season: May to October for the Grand and Park, and June to October for the Palace; everything shut tight in win-

ter. Perfect for peace-seekers; on the expensive side, but worth double its tariffs. Recommended with cheers.

In *Geneva*, the des Bergues is like New York's Plaza used to be, before Mr. Hilton revolved through its door: tranquil, dignified, traditionally the gathering place of bankers, coupon-clippers, and Oldest Families. The cuisine of its Amphitryon Restaurant is well above average; the furnishings are plush; the service is smooth, and the aura is subdued and elegant. Recommended for the moneyed traveler who seeks serenity in the heart of a frenetic city.

The Richemond is an even better choice for the average (not Oldest Family) visitor, because there's an informality and warmth here which do not exist in other top-category hotels in formal, correct Switzerland. Direct credit for this can be traced to Jean Armleder, the young, handsome, supercharged proprietor, who is the third successive family generation to hold this post; in 1943, after meeting an American girl through the French underground and concealing her in his hotel, they were married—and now they run it together! Entirely redecorated in their joint taste, with modern baths and either modern furniture or genuine antiques (both are rabid antique hunters); 2 American floors with day beds, radio, wall-safe, additional telephone in bathroom, and other Statler-like innovations which are cheerful, utilitarian, and slightly sterile in aura; 4 floors furnished with traditional European softness and appeal, which are charming. The sidewalk café, bursting with flowers, seats 100 in summer; it's the best spot in Geneva for breakfast. Their Le Gentilhomme grill-bar, with its smart decorations, music, and sophisticated clientele, is the Stork Club or Pump Room of the metropolis. And the venerable barman, Sen, who presided for years at a club for U.S. diplomats, mixes the most perfect Old-Fashioneds and other cocktails that I have ever found abroad; he is my candidate for the best bartender in Europe. Highly recommended.

The Beau Rivage, adjoining the Richemond, is coming up again to its former urbanity, after an unfortunate slump.

Fine position; hard-working management; now recommended.

The de la Paix looks—and is!—ancient. But don't let the small lobby or the fusty appearance fool you for a moment, because there are superior accommodations and great charm to be had here. Some of the rooms are small; some are grand enough for the Queen of England. It has 120 rooms, 80 baths; lakefront situation; world-wide reputation.

The du Rhône, opened in July 1950, is a hulking modernistic structure which might be a progressive sculptor's concept of an architectural honeycomb. Miami Beach and Museum of Modern Art aficionados might like it fine but, as just one opinion, we feel that the architects and decorators have borrowed the worst of Americana and left behind the best; to us, the décor is downright hideous and the furniture arrangements in the bedrooms are so unfamiliar to our normal living habits that they make us feel like fish out of water. New 5-story building almost finished at this writing, which will increase the capacity from 280 to 350 beds; handsome dining room, with good food; attractive bar; pleasant coffee shop; large windows throughout, an excellent feature; otherwise this monument to Modern Hotel Practice is most definitely not our style of hostelry, but perhaps it might be yours.

The Cornavin, de Russie, d'Angleterre, and little d'Allevés aren't Claridge's, by any means, but they all take fine care of their guests.

Grindelwald's choicest house is the Grand Hotel Regina, rejuvenated by dashing young Fred Krebs and his hotelier clan at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. The exterior remains gingerbread-y—but inside there has been a revolution. Nearly every room with bath; plenty of flowers around, tastefully arranged by Mr. Krebs' lovely wife Susy; heated private swimming pool to be completed this spring; Folklore Fondue Dinner Parties every Thursday night, featuring a yodeling quartet; Candlelit Dinner Dances every Sunday night, with occasional floor shows; Hans Fischer Orchestra from the Atlantic in Hamburg; popular Sports Bar; kitchen

garden of vegetables and herbs, for ever-crisp salads and table-fresh greens. Cuisine now excellent. Hats off to this talented, hard-working couple. The Adler and Park Schönegg have also been face-lifted; satisfactory, but not in the same ball park. The Alder and Schwiezerhof are routine.

Gstaad offers the Palace as its Big League attraction. Veteran Director Ernest Scherz modernized and redecorated its entire south side (all front rooms) in '58; the north rooms are still small and simple. Gorgeous "Maxim's Room" for galas, inaugurated in '59 with the co-operation of Louis Vaudable, owner of the Paris original; conception so stunning that, in our opinion, it outdazzles its fading namesake. Big pool, bowling alleys, chichi clientele; open mid-December to mid-March, and mid-June to mid-September; always crowded. Excellent, but not nearly as luxurious as the Palace in St. Moritz. The Park, in second place, occupies an adjoining hilltop; pleasant regional bar; good situation; from about \$1.25 to \$3.50 less costly per day; its handful of hotel-owned chalets, on the premises, may be rented. Popular. The Alpina, on higher ground than the Palace, is now adding some new bathrooms—but little else; run-of-the-mill décor with no provincial zest. The Bellevue, at the approach to the village, is old-fashioned and wedding-cakey; little appeal for Americans, except in its 2 cunning chalets. The Bernerhof and Maurice-Oldenhorn could scarcely be less inspiring. The little Chalet Christiania is breakfast-only; nice, clean, handy, and inexpensive. Older and Victoria are also worthy buys for budgeteers. As an informative sidelight, the Eagle Ski Club, patterned after St. Moritz' famed Corviglia Club, was launched in '58 for the international social set of Gstaad (the Aga Khan, for example, has a chalet next to the Palace Hotel); life membership is a trifling \$950.

In *Interlaken*, most of the accommodations are strictly Swiss-Resort-Traditional: gables, cupolas, crystal chandeliers, terraces, red plush, Louis Quinze via Basle or Grand Rapids. The Victoria-Jungfrau, partially redecorated in '58, has the weightiest reputation. We personally prefer the Beau-Rivage, near the Interlaken-Ost station, or the delightful

little family-style Krebs, which has simple rooms, regional charm, a friendly welcome, and the finest food within miles. There is also a 75-bed motel, Switzerland's first example of the present plethora. Perfect holiday community for travelers between 90 and 120 years of age.

In *Klosters*, the Silvretta has forged ahead of the competition. Progressive-minded Giorgio Rocco stepped out briefly in '58, and then revolved back in-a-flash, as soon as new administration took over; vast sums continue to be poured into a top-to-bottom modernization program. Now open in winter *and* summer; current total of 120 rooms with 80 baths; try to stay in the Kurhaus section. Mr. Rocco knows his business; coming up fast. The Vereina (private park, baronial tone, 200 beds and 60 baths) is next in line; okay but not outstanding. Hans Guler's Chesa Grischuna is a rustic jewel; its country-type ambiance would unthaw the crustiest Philadelphia lawyer. A total of 16 accommodations in knotty-pine *afenholz* style (5 with bath and 3 with shower), plus an 11-room annex with larger bedchambers—that's all! But there's a restaurant, a bar, music, and barrels of animation, plus a charm so winning that the *American Ski Annual* has called this "the best little hotel in the world." While our enthusiasm doesn't extend this far, here is indeed a prodigy.

In *Lausanne*, the Beau-Rivage-Palace in the Ouchy district (5 minutes from the center) gets the palm and the salaam. Able, knowledgeable Director Walter O. Schnyder (pronounced "Schneider") has at last finished his 4-year \$1,000,000 reconstruction project, and the results are terrific. Almost all the one-time Victorian stuffiness of this landmark has been gently eased out, without disturbing its graceful atmosphere. Brand-new kitchen, technically one of the finest we have ever admired in our travel lives; ask to see it, if you're interested, and they'll bust with pride in showing it to you. Lovely gardens which require 8 full-time gardeners and 2 year-round flower arrangers to distribute their bounties; tennis; 80-car garage; tranquillity; superb service. Better than anything within miles; one of the very top hotels

in Switzerland. Rated down the line, the Royal is second and the Alexandria third, followed by the Mirabeau, Meurice (summer only), Victoria (breakfast only), and de la Paix; most of these have undergone or are undergoing extensive improvements; the contractors are buying \$2 cigars in this city. The Lausanne Palace, once the leader, has fallen upon such sad days that this *Guide* can no longer recommend it; rumors persist that the property will be sold and this seedy old girl torn town. The Savoy has been converted into a technical school.

In *Locarno*, the spacious Esplanade offers golf, swimming, open-air dining, dancing, a lovely lake view, and the management of Alfredo Fanciola and his beautiful daughter. Forty rooms tastefully renewed, all with bath or toilet, and most of them good-sized; bar perked up handsomely; 2 new elevators; 11-room annex opened in '59, with budget prices. The service couldn't be more friendly or kind—but Mr. Fanciola is now leaning too heavily, we believe, on nice, eager, inexperienced, bolixed-up trainees, instead of a more proper proportion of personnel who really know their business. Lovely place to stop on your way to or from Italy. Open the year around. The Park is our second choice—and this "Park" *does* occupy, for a change, an honest-to-goodness green zone in the center of the city. Classic atmosphere; pleasant, immaculate, old-fashioned rooms with comfortable living space; quiet and agreeable. Also recommended. La Palma au Lac, opened in '56 and renewed in '59, is greatly improved. Originally, the building was designed in such a careless way that there was an alarming minimum of conversational privacy in the rooms; Proprietor Bolli now assures us this problem has been conquered by the installation of double walls throughout. Boulevard situation, facing the lake; delightful roof garden and solarium; refurbished lobby and 18 additional singles last year; accommodations small but modern and attractive. Much better than it was, and still rising. The Reber, further along the promenade, is a hash of good, poor, old, and new; private beach; 6-room Pavilion Reber adjoining, with cheaper rates for families with kids.

Don't let them put you in the antiquated section here. The Belvédère and Quisisana are average. The tiny Alexia Garni, on the Station Square at Lucarno-Muralto, offers breakfast-only, a Ticino-style lobby, small modern rooms, and economy prices. Zücherhof is also simple.

Want a real adventure in this region? Try the Cardada Hotel, 4500 feet up the Cardada Alp via one of the most hair-raising rides by suspension railway ever sweated by this acrophobic traveler. The view is unbelievable from this little hostelry, opened in 1953 when the cable run was inaugurated; if you're not a sissy about cliff-hanging (as we are), a night here will be an experience that you'll never forget. Full pension is about \$5 per person; perfect for an unsurpassed scenic thrill.

In *Lucerne*, the Grand Hôtel National ranks among the key stopping places of the nation for appointments, luxury, and attention to the guest. Open all year; expensive. The Palace, thanks to the alert management of Director Fricker, has now elbowed its way past the Schweizerhof to the runner-up position, in our opinion. Unique setting on lakeside promenade; tasteful modern furnishings; 3-star Grill Mignon and bar, one of Switzerland's top choices; beloved by Americans for its all-around comforts; ask Dino to conjure up some of his special salad dressing for you. Recommended. The Schweizerhof doesn't have the same splendid view or the same Mignon fare, but it's also excellent; noted for its loyal year-after-year returnees; thoroughly face-lifted, but guests are still met at the station by famous old "Aunt Matilda," an electric automobile of pre-World-War-I vintage; also open all year. The radically designed Astoria, an 8-story Hilton-type establishment on the main Pilatusstrasse thoroughfare, made its debut in '57. Guests climb into an elevator at the sidewalk and are whisked up to the lobby, directly under the roof garden; they are then escorted *down* to their lodgings. One hundred colorful efficiency-style rooms, all with private baths; singles very small but doubles okay; ultramodern feel; handsome lobby and lounge, almost Danish in décor; sound choice for fans of New School hotel.

keeping. The Carlton-Tivoli, extensively remodeled by Director Furler, has come up at express-train speed. Entire façade modernized; new roof-garden restaurant opened, with lakeside dining in addition; high percentage of rooms 100% refurnished and up-dated. Private swimming and water-skiing; 4 tennis courts; 3 luxury suites; dancing in one of its 2 popular bars. Now a very good bet at the price—if you draw the right location. The Montana and the Europe won't be quite such a blow to the bankroll, either—although they can't be called cheap, by any standards. The Luzernerhof, a '57 newcomer, has small rooms and picture windows with Venetian blinds; its teething troubles are now over, and Proprietor Joe Dittli is doing a commendable job for the more moderate-spending traveler. The Wilden Mann offers one of the leading restaurants in the city—delicious food!—and simple accommodations at simple prices. We've never stayed at the Royal, but it looks adequate for its category.

Lugano's 100-plus hotels and pensions offer disappointing quality, in general. The Splendide-Royal runs away from all local contenders in its spotless maintenance, comfortable facilities, and taut management. Classic Swiss Resort style, with all the traditional appurtenances; noisy location on main boulevard facing lake (a disadvantage shared by all other major hostelries except the Arizona); try to get one of the renewed accommodations on the 4th floor. By far the best. The Arizona, opened in '56 high on a hill overlooking the lower town and the water, takes our second spot. Curious but intriguing modern architecture; all rooms have bath or shower, balcony, and angular walls in irregular directions; every corridor door painted a different gay color; off-beat but surprisingly pleasing. The Park au Lac is a typically heavy, stiff-necked example of Boater Hat hotelkeeping, with overstuffed furniture and overstuffed dowagers; this one could tolerate lavish amounts of up-dating. Just so-so by American tastes, as it stands. The Palace is coasting along on its once great name, in our opinion; we now find it not only antediluvian but dismal; not recommended. The Eden,

directly on the lake (others are across the street) has been face-lifted to a moderate degree; nice position and terraces; otherwise average. The Bellevue au Lac, like the Palace, seems to be living in the horse-and-buggy era—unfortunately, not with grace. The Excelsior is new and austere. For voyagers who watch their budgets, the Plaza is easy on the pocketbook. Opened in '59, about 2 blocks from the lake; 33 small, functional rooms, all with radio and bath or shower; bed-and-breakfast only, for \$1.85 to \$3.50 per person; in business the year around. A bargain, considering its competition.

In *Montreux*, the renowned old Palace has pulled up its bootstraps under the vigorous administration of Manager Paul Rossier. He has snapped this landmark out of its decline through intelligent planning, hard work, and major renovations. Cavernous premises, with elephant-sized public rooms and kilometers of corridors; 270 rooms, some opulent and some skimpy, most of them with private bath; dining room strikingly improved by the addition of color and picture windows; now recapturing its almost lost glories as a Great Hotel. The Cygne, also under the Rossier aegis, is its less-expensive connected annex. All food here is prepared in the Palace kitchens, but the furniture is simpler and a greater number of accommodations are without bath. Securely holds the number two position. The Excelsior, on the lake, has an amiable ambiance, a relaxing little Grill, and bedrooms which are either excellent or old-hat; ask for #206, if you're shooting the works, at \$16.50 for 2 persons per day. Comfortable feel to this house. The Golf, in fourth place, is small, clean, and plain; lakeside site next to Excelsior; lovely terrace; only partially refurbished, with much more needed.

Pontresina's Schlosshotel, at this writing, is successfully weathering its second season under new auspices—and it has already activated a small revolution among old-style Swiss resort operators, because of its elegance and flair in the '60's School of luxury innkeeping. Dr. Georg Linsenmeyer, the German tycoon described on page 410, spent well over \$1,000,000 tearing apart this castle-sized building and then

reassembling it from subcellars to turrets, at the same special level of taste which has brought such international acclaim to his Petersberg and Breidenbacher Hof. There's nothing garish or flamboyant or aggressively modern in the finished structure; it is exquisite, with an up-to-the-minute tone of subdued lavishness. Fifteen suites; 170 beds and 80 baths; Panorama Bar with mountain view; Anabelle Night Club and 2 big-name orchestras; enchanting Marie Luis Relais for afternoon tea and à la carte dining; Candlelight Dinner Dances plus Ballroom Galas with floor shows; bowling, minigolf, children's playroom; skating rink, curling rink, large sun-bathing terrace; Rustic Tavern and Fondue Grill for regional or seasonal specialties; bus service to St. Moritz (2 miles). Open in winter only; expensive, of course, but 15% to 33% less costly than the Big Four in the neighboring center (see below). Pontresina is neither as fortunately situated nor as animated as is next-door St. Moritz, but Dr. Linsenmeyer's beautiful new project is already making inroads on its international society trade. A delight. Saratz, the number two, was built in 1873—and it looks to us as if since then it has advanced to perhaps 1920 in its concepts; not bad, but scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with the Schlosshotel. Kronenhof-Bellavista, Walther-Palace, and Klainguti's Languard are no better than average.

St. Moritz? Go between December 20 and March 31 or July 1 and September 30, because these are the seasons. For the lively sophisticate, there is only a single pace setter, the Palace—to us, the number one resort hotel we have seen in the world. The building is Wedding Cake, with nothing left off in the way of towers, V-shaped gimmicks, and architectural frosting which could possibly be glued or screwed on. Inside, however, it is a triumph of urbanity which brings sunlight to the soul. Flawless direction by Andrea Badrutt, the energetic, patrician bachelor son of Hans Badrutt, who was the most celebrated host of his era. "Regular" bar with nightly dancing, à la carte dining, and nonstop zip; elegant little Renaissance Bar, a new hideaway for quiet cocktailing and gossiping; Engadiner Stübli tavern for more easy-going

merriment; *intime* Grill which might remind you of New York's Colony Restaurant; 300 rooms with 180 baths, all furnished in classic-style comfort and livability; Concierge's desk which now couldn't be kinder or more helpful to the clients; covered tennis court, shooting stand, every plush facility imaginable. Happy, bright, chichi, social, and usually full; lodging, meals, and service charges total from about \$15 to \$30 per person per day, plus drinks, tips, laundry, and the usual extras. Highest recommendation of any mountain or seaside hotel we have ever visited.

The Kulm, founded in 1856 by J. Badrutt and currently managed by Fred Herrling, has as charmless an exterior as a military barracks in Bulgaria—but the interior is lovely, in a traditionally conservative way. Extra-savory cuisine, ballroom, bar, grill, snack-bar, sun terrace, music; 300 beds and about 150 baths. Recommended for the discriminating traveler with Union Club background or leanings; not as opulent nor as vivacious as the Palace.

The Carlton is more luxurious than the Kulm, but its ambiance seems to us to be on the cold side. Fine appointments and same price levels as the other leaders, but we like this one the least among the local Big Four.

Suvretta House, last of the quartet, is a short bus ride (or longish hike) from the center. This landmark occupies its own distinguished niche as the ideal family-type hotel. This huge, sprawling structure, perched on its own mountainside with its own spectacular vista, is a totally self-sustaining resort community. Everything is here: the Suvretta ski runs, the Suvretta ski lifts, the Suvretta ski school, the Suvretta skating rinks, the Suvretta stables, the Suvretta nursery—a complete plant for every holiday need. Free bus service to the village every 30 minutes. Big dance-bar, bright Carousel bar, attractive dining room, lovely dining-terrace, tennis courts, playgrounds, orchestras, many social events and galas; 300 rooms and 220 baths. The famous Bert Candrian, the entrepreneur who put Zermatt on the tourist map, is the operator. Wonderful for travelers with kids; unquestionably

the best for people who want relaxation without formality or Dior ball-gowns. Same tariffs as the rest of its group.

In medium-priced stops, the Post (1 block from the Palace) gets the winner's laurels. Its full-pension rates (3 meals) for its 16 newly redecorated rooms—best in the house—run from roughly \$11 to \$12.50; less desirable accommodations, without bath, go as low as \$8.75. Caution: between seasons, when the Big Four are closed, quotations are jacked up to the De luxe category. If you can promote one of these choice accommodations for yourself, you should be both snug and satisfied. Next in line is the more costly Chantarella, halfway up Corviglia in lofty isolation; full of terraces, sports chatter, and hot-buttered rum; principally for ski enthusiasts. The Calonder, at the edge of the village, offers about 50 rooms and 24 baths; 20 have just been redone, and 30 have radio; cozy, appealing Caprice Grill; pleasant bar and lounge; not operated during the dead months; nice. The Schweizerhof is so old-fashioned that in spite of its antebellum spaciousness and comfort, we think it is overpriced. The Steffani, in Class 1B, has an amusing regional Grotto with rifles, wine barrels, and millstone tables; dancing every afternoon and evening; bowling, terrace-dining, other features; its bedchambers have unattractive linoleum floors and are only so-so. The St. Moritzerhof, next to the funicular, is popular with curling devotees. The Privat, La Margna, and the Bernasconi (outstanding restaurant in the last) are all small and economy-level. The Caspar Badrutt has deteriorated so badly that we no longer suggest it to anyone.

For further comment on the hotels of *Zermatt*, turn to "Things to See."

In *Zürich*, it's still a tossup between the Dolder Grand and the Baur au Lac. During most of '57, following the death of its former administrator, the Dolder Grand skidded seriously. In August of that year, however, the management reins were grasped by the most brilliant young Director in European hotel circles today—Georges C. A. Hangartner, who, with his exquisite wife Denys, most recently transformed Barcelona's Ritz from little better than a stable to

one of the most polished, smoothest-running houses on the Continent. Already this remarkable team has successfully given this matron the well-known Hangartner Special Beauty and Rejuvenation Course—guaranteed to iron out the wrinkles and to make the Old Girl shine from the top of her new marcel to her pedicure. Mountainside location, 10 minutes by car from the heart of the city; breath-taking panorama; 150 rooms, only 5 without bath, 40 of which have just been revived with the special Hangartner genius; heated swimming pool with artificial waves; private 9-hole golf course; 6 tennis courts; skating rink; spacious gardens and woods; hourly automobile service to town at 35¢ per ride. We love this healing and beautiful shelter from life's storms, and we go there annually. Improving with each turn of the clock; again warmly recommended. (The smaller Waldhaus Dolder, administered by veteran Hans Lange-negger, is nearby; rates and accommodations more modest.)

The Baur au Lac, in a downtown lakeside setting, is also fine. There's a vague commercial atmosphere about it which the Dolder lacks; the average cluster of guests seems to be talking business rather than relaxing. But if you get one of the nicer rooms (as in the Dolder, a few are second-string), you won't go wrong in any way in this excellent house.

The mishmash of styles and flavors makes it impossible to rate the remainder in order. The Eden au Lac offers the most savory and imaginative cuisine we've tried in any Swiss hotel in a blue moon; if any visitor here misses what is called "The Gourmet's Menu" (starting off with caviar, smoked salmon, and artichoke-with-shrimp *suédoises*, and going up with the angels from here), he ought to have his head examined. The aura is on the old-fashioned side, in a nostalgically serene way; the rooms are comfortable but not luxurious; Proprietor A. L. Thurnheer and his wife are 2 of the most gentle and kindly Swiss we've ever met, and their personalities reflect in their hostelry. Most Americans like this one. The Savoy, oldest in town, is central, impersonal, and routine; 80% of its clientele are European businessmen on 1-night visits; too commercial to appeal to most tourists. So

is the Storch, although it tries hard to please. The St. Gotthard is in the middle of such an ambitious reconstruction program that the only corner which will remain undisturbed is its well-liked Hummer ("Lobster") Bar; among other additions, an elegant sidewalk café on Bahnhofstrasse is planned. Should be excellent, when those little men with the big hammers finally leave. The venerable Krone, built on the Limmat Quai in A.D. 1599, is also being remodeled by Owner Ernest Baumann, a Swiss Air Force pilot; a \$250,000 alteration will convert this 24-room old-timer into the style of a Bernese patrician mansion, topped by a roof-garden restaurant. We shall be particularly interested in watching the progress of this one. The Bellerive au Lac creaks with antiquity, except in its handful of redecorated rooms; lobby looks grimy but isn't; décor insipid and plodding; not so hot. The Ascot is cozy, attractive, and modern; every accommodation with bath and radio, and most with picture windows; enlarged lobby; inviting new Jockey Club restaurant and sidewalk café; the 4 best rooms, including a hopped-up Louis XV double with a kitchenette and refrigerator, are \$13.92 with breakfast; Lilliputian but pleasant. The Waldorf, opened in '55, has smallish rooms with tiny baths, radios, kitchenette-type sinks, and refrigerators throughout; bright colors, blonde furniture, ultramodern motif; not bad, but not too impressive, either; we personally prefer the Ascot, but that's a matter of taste. The Im Park, a short ride out, has taken an interesting idea and flubbed it. Two "villas" in indoor-outdoor living design spread their wings from a remodeled Victorian mansion crowning a small hill; the exterior is enchanting, but the furnishings are so skimpy and austere that the atmosphere is cold, flavorless, and grim. The Central draws a heavy British following.

Leading hotels in other centers of Switzerland are as follows:

Ascona: Europe au Lac (modern Italian motif; 2 sides of triangular construction face lake; private beach and swim-

ming pool; opened in '57; closed Nov. through mid-Mar.; happy resort choice).

Bad Ragaz: Grand Hotel Quellen-Hof (recently modernized; rambling, classic-spa style, with 2 main buildings; closed between seasons; setting and region reminiscent of Interlaken; more to European than U.S. tastes). Touring Mot-Hotel Schloss Ragaz (conventional hotel, with motel in gardens; good but not luxurious).

Davos: Belvedere, Palace

Flims: Parkhotel Waldaus

Lenzerheide: Kurhaus, Schweizerhof

La Tour de Peilz (Lac Léman, near Vevey): Rive Reine (antique-filled former private mansion built in 1850; décor renewed but not altered since 1900; 21 rooms, 8 baths; directly on lake; great charm for tranquillity-seekers, as long as they don't draw its top floor or annex).

Leysin: Grand, Belvedere (the latter available in summer only). In Second class, Mésange, Mont-Blanc, Eden-Valerette, Trient (just redecorated and up-graded), Charmettes, Orchidées. All plain and all inexpensive.

Neuchâtel: Beaulac (ultramodern, efficiency type, built on wonderful lakeside position; 40 small rooms with tiny baths, showers, and radio, plus 6 with toilet only; open-air terrace-dining, private jetty "beach"; coolly functional). Alps & Terminus is dull. Touring, third in line, has a café but no restaurant.

Rapperswil: Schwanen (up-to-date rooms overlooking the Lake of Zürich; food, service, and bar above average; medium prices; unruffled and good). Du Lac and Speer both routine.

St. Gall area: Wallhalla (new 150-capacity house erected on site of historic inn of same name; several regional dining outlets; reportedly the choicest in the city). Metropole (station location, small but well-arranged rooms, friendly service). Hecht antiquated and poor, and Im Portner now so miserable that it is *not* recommended. Enthusiastic comments received about the tiny Rössli Flawil, 8½ miles out, operated by the brother of the Berne Schweizerhof's fa-

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mous Jack Gauer; 10 rooms; wall-to-wall carpets; rustic ambiance which looks enchanting (at least in the brochures); sounds as though it might be a little jewel. In Wil, the Station Hotel has been replaced by the near-futuristic Derby Bahnhof.

Sierre: Chateau Bellevue

Sils Maria: Waldhaus

Tarasp: Kurhaus Tarasp

Vevey: Des Trois-Couronnes (\$350,000 modernization program almost finished; 90 rooms and 70 baths; handsome, spacious, and luxurious in parts; big new dining-terrace and redesigned entrance; curtains instead of sliding door on bathrooms in a few of the more simple accommodations, the only questionable detail we saw in this fine house; ask for #66, if you're splurging; great character and charm in this veteran). Du Lac isn't bad; not the same category.

Comte, much improved recently, is third.

Villars-sur-Ollon: Villars Palace

Vitznau: Parkhotel

Vulpera-Tarasp: Waldhaus

Wengen: Palace-and-National (one name)

Winterthur: Garten (new, 50 rooms, 50 baths, 100% air-conditioned).

These are the most famous of their regions—some palatial, some unpretentious, some mediocre.

For less-known stops, consult your travel agent or the *Swiss Hotel Guide*; the most expensive listings in it are generally the best, although in a percentage of instances this does not hold true.

Private baths are scarce. They are considered luxuries, and are often charged separately.

Most hotels give a 50% reduction for children 1 to 6 years old, and a 30% reduction for children between the ages of 6 and 12.

Check your meal arrangements carefully; if you eat in an outside restaurant you may be paying for 2 dinners instead of one.

►TIP: By the time you read this, at least 11 motels (or hotels with motel facilities) will be available for motorists—and a half-dozen others under construction. You'll find existing ones at *Interlaken*, at Mies near *Geneva*, at *Olten-Hauenstein*, at Losone near *Locarno*, at Ponte Tresa in *Ticino*, at *Veza* near *Lugano*, at Muri near *Berne*, at Spreitenbach near *Zürich*, at *Bad Ragaz*, at Sihlbrugg on the *Lucerne-Zürich highway*, and at *Préverenges* in the Canton of Vaud. All are being promoted by the Touring Club of Switzerland, which will happily furnish you with last-minute information.

Food and Restaurants Switzerland has a superb cuisine; it's not all chocolate and cheese, as many visitors suppose. A cold buffet of chicken, duck, roast beef, ham, smoked pork, sausage, and pressed meats is commonly served at lunch; at dinner, you name it and it's yours. Some hotels don't serve hot meals after 9 P.M., so check up on yours if you plan to be late.

Fondue is as local as baked beans in America; don't miss it, if you like cheese. It's a vague Welsh rarebit made with white wine, into which you dunk (and swab) chunks of sweet bread. When the opposite sex shares this dish, Swiss tradition dictates that the one who loses the bread off the fork owes the men (or the ladies) a kiss; offenders beyond the kissing age must buy the company a bottle of wine (no instances recorded). From the Valais comes raclette, another melted cheese dish even more delicious than fondue.

As for straight cheeses, our special favorites are *Alpenzieger* (Glarus), a sharp, tangy blend seasoned with green herbs; *Vacherin du Mont d'Or*, a winter product with the viscosity of *Liederkrantz*; and that fine *Gruyère*.

Sausage is a national specialty, and each region has its own types. The big, fat *Zürich* version, a bologna with a Napoleonic complex, is one of the most succulent. Even more famous is the *St. Gall Bratwurst*. Order this with the fluffy, light hashed-brown potatoes of the district, and you are in for a treat.

Dinner in top places like *Zürich's Ermitage* runs per-

haps \$5 without wine; prepared blue-plate specials can be had for about \$2 to \$2.50. At the other end of the Zürich scale (using this center as a more-or-less typical urban barometer), both the tearooms and the Mövenpick restaurants (an interesting combination of drugstore and cosmopolitan cookery) offer snacks and light meals for as little as 50¢ to \$1. It's simply a matter of choosing your own category and spending what you please, because the range is ample. Prices are generally lowest in small villages everywhere.

Granted that Swiss cooking lacks the inventiveness and delicacy of French cooking, there are few countries in the world which offer the visitor better day-in day-out fare.

Arosa's Chamanna Grill, offering Canton ham, mountain trout, Bindenfleisch, mushroom dishes, and other local specialties, is just about the finest restaurant in the Grisons. The Schweizerhof is famous for its fondue (see previous description) and for its small but lively floor shows. The Central is also pleasant.

In *Basle*, the Odeon Grill is distinguished and expensive, Schützenhaus ("Ranger's House") and Rhy-Stube (next to the Drei Könige) have color; the Walliser-Kanne is rustic and attractive; the Casino is reported to be agreeable (we've never been here). On a benign day, we especially recommend the Schloss Binningen, in a park setting a few minutes from the center. It's a renovated thirteenth-century castle (Junior Prince size), with a small Wine Garden at its entrance, a *Gastübe* in its front room, an enchanting medieval-style *Trinkstube* upstairs (private parties only), a quiet and intimate dining room, and a knockout of a terrace for warm-weather dining (lunch or dinner). The cookery could be improved, but the atmosphere makes it worth the short ride. Medium expensive; my tab for 1 person was \$3.80, including a half-bottle of Johannisberg. In hotel circles, the Euler now walks off with the epicurean honors, and the Drei Könige ("Three Kings") is second.

In *Berne*, the Horseshoe Grill of the Schweizerhof, back-stopped by famed Chef Ernest, is head, mane, and forelocks

above everything within the city limits; coziness, versatile menu, wine list so staggering that the printing probably costs \$1 per copy, artful drink blending; huge, juicy steaks with corn-on-the-cob (!) the year around; place \$4 on the nose of this one, and you'll win your bet. For Swiss specialties, we're devoted to the rustic, charming, inexpensive Taverne Valaisanne of the Hotel Hirschen, a few steps from the above-mentioned Schweizerhof. If you'd lend this road-worn author a smidgen of your trust, please try the *raelette* here (34¢); golly, is it *good*!! Fondue (76¢), paper-thin Valais wind-and-snow-cured beef (70¢), *croûte au fromage* with mushrooms or ham (76¢)—many Alpine pleasures, plus a tempting assortment of conventional dishes. Proprietor Leo Wellig is really doing a job here; warmly recommended to all comers, from zillionaires to budgeteers. Our third current favorite is a sunny-day one—a little excursion to Le Vieux Manoir ("The Old Manor House") in Morat, 16 miles out on the Lausanne Road. Lakeside situation, with terrace-dining in season; chic Station Wagon Set style, similar to the Red Barns, White Turkeys, and Spinning Wheels in the suburbs of almost every cosmopolitan U.S. center; 2 separate sections, one polished pastoral and the other French-y sophisticated, both *intime* and both with identical prices; cuisine expensive and in the superior class. Service? Ours was flawless, because a Berne friend mistakenly tipped them off in advance to our identity and purpose; from watching 6 or 7 other tables, however, it seemed to be deft and smooth. Frankly expensive; delightful. Back in Berne, Kornhauskeller is a baronial German-type beer cellar, dominated by a massive wine barrel and made glad (evenings only) with an oomp-pah band; trencherman's fare, excellent cookery, friendly staff, moderate tariffs; recommended to sausage-and-sauerkraut fans. Du Théâtre is celebrated for its kitchen; we found it excruciatingly dull, in spite of its fine cuisine and practiced attention. De la Paix also left us shivering from lack of spiritual warmth—although its reputation is high. Reports on the Hotel Löwen café, which we used to like whenever our budget needed plasma, aren't so hot this year,

sad to say. The Café Rudolf is routine but amiable. As for other suburban inns beside Le Vieux Manoir, none we visited on our most recent circuit was worth the effort or gasoline.

In *Brig*, the Guntern has gone off dishearteningly. We don't know a single meritorious restaurant here, although we'd like to find one.

Buchs offers the extra-worthy Chez Fritz. For a description of its interesting assets, turn back to the "Liechtenstein" chapter.

Geneva's Le Gentilhomme at the Hotel Richemond probably has the top cuisine and certainly has the most elegant atmosphere in the city. The beautifully renewed Richemond sidewalk terrace is the happy focal point of visitors and residents alike for breakfast, brunch, or snacks; Beefburgers, Cheeseburgers, Club sandwiches—even Banana Splits! The Hotel des Bergues is also rewarding. As for straight restaurants, our happiest discovery lately is the little Le Chandelier et Bar Edmond (Grand-Rue 23). Upstairs, this doll-sized venture offers one room of 5 tables, a tiny bar, and a fireplace, with rustic-slick décor of Swiss farm-kitchen implements and decorative bottles—plus the smallest public dining salon we've ever encountered, consisting of exactly 1 table! Steaks are \$1.75 to \$2; omelets are 50¢ to 90¢; the Fondue Bourguignonne, so delicious that it shouldn't be missed by anyone, is \$1.50 plain, or \$1.75 with chili beans (which, to our taste, is an abortive idea). The ground-floor Bar Edmond section has 9 tables, piped music, and an appealing ambiance. Highly recommended. Also delightful is L'Or du Rhône (rue du Stand 46); here's a rôtisserie-type establishment with an open fireplace at one end of the main room, where steaks and chicken-on-the-spit are broiled by white-capped Patron Fiechter, in full view of the guest. About \$3.50 for lunch or dinner; Old Tavern authenticity, not Olde Taverne phoniness; advance reservations mandatory for dinner; recommended. Michigan friends who are seasoned and discriminating travelers tell us that La Rôtisserie de la Bonne Auberge (Place du Cirque 1) is also noteworthy; same general surroundings, standards, and fare. Mövenpick has

launched one of its so-called "super-restaurants" on Place de la Fusterie; sidewalk counter service and eat-and-run facilities at street level; modern, striking, distinguished Baron de la Mouette down 1 flight, with savory U.S.-type steaks and other grills; Entrepreneur Ueli Prager combines in his chain the best food management ideas of 2 continents. Le Français (rue Kléberg 21) was opened in '55 by Serge, former second maître of the Richemond Hotel; small, smart, lively, with a good meal for about \$3; closed Mondays. The Mère Royaume has a bigger name than these 2, but we've had better luck lately with them; a sound bet, nevertheless. La Perle du Lac, on the lake, has a lovely terrace and an impressively agreeable atmosphere, but the food we had was so poor that it was embarrassing—quite possibly our bad luck in hitting it on an off day, because Swiss friends rate it highly. Mazot, near American Express, has gone flamboyant, with flambés and chafing dishes galore; zither player and genial aura; better every year. Finally, a delightful and thoroughly cosmopolitan couple, summer neighbors of ours in Mallorca who maintain their permanent home in Geneva, sing praises of the chefs at (1) the Hotel Residence, (2) the Bearn Restaurant, and (3) Auberge de Grand'Lancy—in that order; because they know so much about *haute cuisine*, we're itching to try this trio on our next visit.

Sunny day? There's a honey of a *bistro* at Chambésy s/Genève, about 15 minutes from the center of Geneva (start along the Lausanne highway and turn off up the mountain). The name is Relais de Chambésy; it's at the hub of the tiny village; there's a tree-shaded terrace with 7 or 8 tables; the atmosphere is relaxed and friendly. Excellent, truly excellent preparation, too; don't fail to try their 2 major specialties, Entrecôte (steak) with a marvelous chef's sauce and the light, mouth-melting Sabayon to settle the meat. Our lunch for 2 came to \$6, with wine and service, but it was worth \$15 in pleasure. A little charmer, if the weather is right.

Gstaad has no restaurants worth mentioning. The Olden Bar is the all-factions' rendezvous for drinks.

Lausanne has 2 or 3 attractive ones. *Rôtisserie de la Grappe d'Or* is the pacemaker: big, open grill, beamed ceilings, bright paintings, *entre-nous* atmosphere; figure \$3 to \$6 for an above-average meal in sophisticated "rustic" surroundings. Unrivalled quality but *beaucoup* francs. *Au Gentilhomme*, in the Central Hotel, has been up-graded to the point where it now sweeps second honors; the adjoining *Brasserie Central* is a favorite for sandwiches and beer; enormous recent improvement. Next comes the slightly more modest *Pomme de Pin*, with its renowned chicken specialties; also good, also far from cheap. *Aux 3 Tonneaux* ("3 Barrels") is tavern-y, with intimate dimensions, limited menu, and a sprinkling, at least, of charm; not special, but not bad for quiet, light dining. *Le Carnotzet*, in the *Hôtel des Palmières*, offers cheese dishes and other local cookery; so-so only. *Lausanne Palace Grill*? Not for me, thanks. Sunny day or starlit evening? The *Hôtel du Monde* at *Grandvaux*, 10 minutes up the *Corniche* from the center of town, is a joy; wonderful view, open terrace, Old-Post-Inn ambiance, good food, fair prices; worth the excursion. *De l'Onde*, at *San Saphorin*, also a short drive, changed hands in '59; we don't yet know whether it's better, the same, or poorer under its new regime. *Le Chalet*, at neighboring *Boussens*, once one of our pets, no longer pulls our vote for even Third Assistant Dog Catcher; *not* recommended this year.

In *Leysin*, locals informed us that the *Mésange* Hotel offered the best cookery—when we hied ourselves there, we found it plain, substantial, inexpensive, and good. This is the only place we've ever tried in this village.

Locarno's Feed Box Special is—I Due Gatti-Las Gatos, perched at 1400 feet on a mountainside just past the hamlet of *Brione*, 15 or 20 minutes from your hotel. To get up there, be sure to use the *Orselina* route, and be sure to take a Mickey Mouse Fiat instead of a Cadillac, because the road is so narrow that it only accommodates one car in one direction at one time. Open terrace with breath-catching panorama; Spanish specialties, plus French and Italian dishes;

excellent cookery; our mussels, cannelloni, omelet, 2 coffees, and a half-bottle of Spanish wine came to \$4.25, including service. The setting alone is worth the price of admission. Or if you're in the mood for an even more striking view (plus a cable-car ride that will give you goose-pimples!), the Cardada Hotel, 4500 up an alp, is swell for lunch. While the food is nothing special, the cost is negligible and the vista will thrill you to your toes.

In town, the Campagna Ristorante & Grotto has 4 rooms, 2 fireplaces, and a tavern-ish architecture; terrace with stone tables for summer dining; modest prices and simple furnishings; typical Ticinese atmosphere. Da Emilio, between La Palma and Reber Hotels on the lakeside promenade, offers far superior cuisine. At first glance, it appears to be a routine *trattoria* with a small sidewalk annex—but it's neither as plebeian nor as inexpensive as it might seem. Patron Emilio is a gastronome who speaks fluent English; his elaborate menu comes in 4 languages; his artistry with the skillet is renowned. Recommended. Among the hotels, the Esplanade has the top chef, while the Du Lac is the most widely praised in the budget category; both feature alfresco dining in season.

In *Lucerne*, the thought of those big, tender savory Châteaubriand steaks in the Wilden Mann ("Wild Man") makes this man wilder. Belt-busting fare; tavern motif; not fancy, but one of our favorites in town. Stadthof is large and agreeable; Schwanen has adequate cuisine but as much atmosphere as a hospital waiting room. Stadtkeller is well-managed; Swiss music, Swiss food, Swiss alpenhorn tooting from special stage—almost more Swiss than the Swiss, to please its big tourist trade; very crowded and noisy in season. Harry Schraemli, the renowned author of 22 books on gastronomy, has relocated his kitchen and staff in the Dubeli Restaurant, at Furrengasse 14; hamburgers 82¢, Hamburg-steak plate \$1.52, cheeseburgers \$1.63, 6 U.S.-style luncheons, 10 local-style menus, hot dogs, milk shakes, and the like; intimate, attractive premises; prices much too high on American items; jovial welcome. Less publicized but far more

charming than most of these—a smash hit with *Guide* readers, in fact—is the tiny Gerberstube (the bar is the “Cozy Corner” and the restaurant is the “Old Lucerne Inn”), on Sternenplatz; 8 tables, regional rustic décor, table d’hôte \$1.25; the Boese (“Boo-see”) family who own it do a swell job; recommended, but get there early, and please please PLEASE try its mouth-melting \$2 Fondue Bourguignonne (bits of beef which *you* cook at the table, and spice at will from 8 different seasonings). Finally, the Bürgenstock Alpine resort empire, 25 minutes out (see “Hotels”), is a dreamy target for a luncheon excursion on a sunny day.

Lugano’s pride is the Hotel-Restaurant La Romantica (20% “hotel” and 80% “restaurant”) at the end of the lake bridge, a few miles south of town. Glorious setting; stunning summer dining-terrace 1 flight up (lunch or dinner), which leads off from the tastefully decorated Grill and small bar; cookery good but not great; plain white plates and table appurtenances show lack of zip in food presentation; tariffs on the expensive side, with table d’hôte lunch starting at \$1.40, \$1.86, and \$2.34, and à la carte more; 8 or 10 bedrooms for overnight guests; such an entrancing atmosphere that it shouldn’t be missed. The Grottino, at its entrance, is a separate little bar-restaurant with economy prices; a delectable Swiss blonde named Margherita will welcome you with a smile which should tickle your blood pressure, if you’re male and over seven. Very cozy and cute (and that includes Margherita, too!). Closed from October to March. The Capo San Martino, on the same highway but closer to Lugano, is on a promontory which is medium-high over the water; terrace service; clean; cheaper.

Within the city, Bianchi Biaggi now brooks no pretenders to its crown. It is old-fashioned and solid, with gold-silk walls, high ceilings, a fireplace, and no-nonsense fare. Recommended to the hungry Inner Man, if not to the Glamor Seeker. Orologio was a disappointment on our latest look, sad to say; new bar in '59; \$1.16 lunch; not as clean nor as attractive as it used to be. We’ve had unfavorable reports

about a place called Guzzi's San Francisco; not suggested by this *Guide*.

In *Montreux*, here's how we'd pick 'em: (1) Escala (operated by the former Manager of Palace Hotel Grill in St. Moritz), (2) Victoria (in Glion, 5 minutes up the mountain), (3) the Tavern at the Castle of Chillon (interesting atmosphere but food only so-so), and (4) the Golf Course Clubhouse (Swiss country-type offerings). The Hauts de Caux, 20 minutes up, opened 2 days after we left, so we didn't have a chance to cover it. Reportedly done in rustic style, with Alpine atmosphere, plus inside-or-outside dining; sounds good.

Neuchâtel's blue-ribbon bet is Des Halles; Proprietor Armand Montandon is the former Director of the world-famous Swiss Hotel School. Up 1 flight; 3 old-fashioned rooms with damask-patterned walls and a leisurely air; fixed \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2.25 meals, plus medium-priced à la carte, no chichi, but extra-fine cooking. Du Théâtre and Cave Neuchâteloise are both worthy but not in the same quality category; on a sunny day, the lakeside terrace of the ultramodern Paulac Hotel offers a lovely setting.

St. Gall? We haven't been up there for much too long an interval. All we know about this year's dining picture is what we've already described in the "Hotels" section. Sorry!

St. Moritz offers several possibilities. The local "21" is Chesa Veglia, owned and operated by Andrea Badrutt and his Palace Hotel associates. The main rooms of this glorified Engadine chalet feature Viennese, Hungarian, Oriental, and local canton specialties—all sorts of exotic dishes, including a strange American preparation called hamburger steak. Heart of the enterprise is the more exclusive, dressy, and expensive Chadafö Grill. While its ambiance is chic and its menu extensive, we regret to report that our latest meal here was so uninspired and undistinguished that it was most definitely not worth its \$20.05 price for two. Perhaps, however, we hit it on an off evening. The Grill at the Palace Hotel, on the other hand, couldn't have been more rewarding on any of our several tries; outstanding cuisine, service,

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and cheer; warmly recommended. The little Cascade Restaurant in the Hotel Bernasconi is a charmer; sweet décor, Swiss-Italian specialties, medium prices; when our Martinis appeared in the British formula of perhaps 70% gin and 30% vermouth, we asked the shy Bar Girl if we might mix our own—and she couldn't have been more sunny. A find. The Caprice Grill at the Calonder is also cozy and appealing; closed between seasons. Two Illinois trippers report their enthusiasm for the Stuba Staila in the Metropol Hotel, where the Chef hunts wild mushrooms in his leisure hours and later prepares them in sauce at your table; we're anxious to try it. Tzigane and Steffani were both a letdown last time. The former had stuffy ventilation and a clientele of local oafs whose project seemed to be to get maximum drunk with maximum boisterousness; the latter served the toughest and greasiest slab of meat we've seen since Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Salastrains is halfway up the slope; snacks for skiers. The Corveglier Club, mecca of society sportsmen, is restricted to members and their guests; uncrackable, unless you're invited. Lunch expedition on a balmy day? The trip up the new Diavolezza aerial railway to 8800 feet can be enormous fun, if your company is as nice as ours was. It's a leap-and-a-skip past Pontresina, a drive which takes perhaps 20 minutes. At the top, the panorama from the terrace of the simple mountain restaurant is fabulous. You'll eat locomotive-sized hot dogs and typical farmer fare—and love it.

In *Zürich*, our favorite has long been Seiler's Ermitage. Lovely lakeside country-house situation at Küsnacht-Zürich, 10 minutes by car or motorboat from the center; graduated terraces for fair-weather dining, and picture-windowed interior for inclement days or evenings; garden concerts by Viennese trio in season. Try the Double Porterhouse Steak, the fresh River Trout, or the Calves' Liver; you'll spend from \$3 to \$6 in the most urbane surroundings of the region. Service and cuisine standards inferior in '59 to previous years, due to personnel problems which Dr. Seiler assures

us have now been straightened out. Open every day of the year; recommended.

Kronenhalle (Ramistrasse 4) came up last time with such extraordinarily delicious cookery that we still lick our chops in reminiscence. Two floors; old-fashioned ambiance, enlivened by the Picassos, Dalis, and Matisse on the walls; rendezvous of journalists, authors, painters, and people in the arts; medium prices and food that would delight the original Lucius Licinius Lucullus in regeneration. Paul Gallico calls this one of Switzerland's top 2 restaurants. Superb.

Gusti Egli's Columna zur Treu (Marktgasse 21) is a slick, smooth, pseudo-rustic establishment 100% designed for the tourist trade. Every gimmick to add "typical" regional flavor and color is there—but the execution is so smooth that most visitors go for it. Open for dinner only, from 5 P.M. to midnight; piano and accordion music; chef-capped Maestro Egli will greet you in person and make a tremendous fuss about flaming your *Filet du Patron*; food not outstanding, but atmosphere vivacious. Reserve in advance.

Haus zum Rügen (Limmat-quai), built in 1295 and restored in 1936, preserves all the charm of the traditional Guild House. It's a sure bet: good cooking, handsome furnishings, table d'hôte between \$1.50 and \$2, and a friendly welcome from the engaging Fritz Haller. Recommended. In the "Hotels" section, we've already called attention to the eye-popping and palate-soothing "Gourmet's Menu" at the Eden au Lac; unusual imagination for Switzerland. The Hummer ("Lobster") Bar of the Hotel St. Gotthard is attractive, especially for lunch; deservedly popular with Zürichers who know their vittles. Huguenin continues to draw scores of U.S. travelers; the pastries are especially fine, and the prices average. The ancient Veltliner Keller, operated by the experienced Willy Kessler, has many overseas fans, too. Töndury's Widder spreads over several separate rooms on 4 floors of a venerable residence; intimate dimensions, excellent cuisine, routine tariffs; book in advance; praiseworthy for the bracket. Walliser-Kanne, with a branch in Basle, has a big, rich menu; very Swiss; ask for Mr. Walther. Ueli

Prager's remarkable Mövenpick chain now has 6 outlets in Zürich (others in Geneva, Berne, and Lucerne). The most elaborate example is in Dreikönighaus ("Three Kings' House") on Beethovenstrasse; here, as in the previously described Geneva "super-restaurant," you'll find everything from stand-up facilities to the De luxe Baron de la Mouette Rôtisserie-Grill. A clever sidelight in the eat-and-run section is the printing of the customer's exact time of arrival on his order form; 2 huge clocks are visible, and if more than 12 minutes pass between the time the order is given and served, the meal is on the house. Efficiency-plus; each extra-good for its level and purpose. Finally, no sweet-toothed traveler should miss the wonderful Sprüngli Confiserie on Paradeplatz; as in Demel in Vienna, here's sugar, spice, and everything extra *extra* nice in pastries, snacks, beverages, and candies; retail shop on one side and refreshments on the other; main outlet of the celebrated Lindt chocolates, to us the best in the world; yum, yum, YUM!

►**TIP:** For motorists on the Berne-Zürich national highway, the Kalten Herberge Guest House at Roggwil (30 miles from Berne and 48 miles from Zürich) is an ideal lunch stop. Pleasant, rambling roadside inn with terraces; simple fare (frankfurters with home-fried potatoes, 65¢); apple-cheeked country waitresses whose smiles take the place of English; ask for Rita, to translate.

Night Clubs Full-fledged night clubs (not "dancing bars" or similar sops) flourish only in Geneva; the farther east one moves, the duller the night life becomes.

Berne's leader is Chikito. Attractive oval street-level bar featuring an aviary of feathered birds in wall-cages and unfeathered specimens with 1 foot on the rail; cellar club modern, brash, with local smooth apples doing the jitterbug as primly as the minuet; 45¢ door charge, Scotch \$1.25; heavy as Berneplatte sauerkraut. Peroquet is down a couple of pegs; Kursaal couldn't be more routine.

In *Geneva*, the number one gathering place for the socialite and sophisticate is Le Gentilhomme at the Hotel

Richemond; no show, casual dancing; cocktails, gourmet dining, and Diors the main attractions. Ba-Ta-Clan has 2 terrific seminude shows of 40 performers, with perhaps 20 solo strippers; strange sort of sexy, creepy décor; poor band and stuffy ventilation; admission 75¢, drinks \$1.60; B-girls; for any man under that Bolivian Indian's age of 165, the ripest cabaret in Switzerland. Moulin Rouge is more elegant, in plush reds and whites; 2 small shows nightly; good Spanish band; B-girls; better if you like to dance instead of ogle. Chez Maxim's, an old stand-by, is the same general league; adequate show; not outstanding, but not bad either. Picadilly is smaller and lower class; single performers and strippers featured; only passable. Chez Monique is second-rate. Mac Mahon is so lowdown and tough that you're liable to run into trouble; not recommended.

Lausanne has the lavish Tabaris, where I got neatly clipped; rich furnishings, good-sized cabaret, B-girls, the usual; no food; watch your drink checks here like a Valais eagle. The Lausanne Palace has an expensive and dull night-erie in its cellar; we question some practices here, too. The Château d'Ouchy offers garden dancing in season only. Go across the lake to the famous Casino in Évian (France) for more exciting action; steamer service when open.

In *Zürich*, the skies fell down in '57, when the mahogany-nosed City Fathers permitted 9 spots to stay open until 2 A.M. for a "probationary period." But in '58, they fell straight up again, after prune-minded Do-Gooders, backed by some church groups, forced through a recall-plebiscite by a hair-line margin of about 2000 votes. Now they're back again to that 12:30 A.M. closing—a Dark Ages approach and mentality which is astonishing to find in such a world-famous tourist center in the mid-twentieth century. This is an aberration for which otherwise-hospitable Switzerland should hang its head in shame. Optimists predict, however, that the Municipal Government will soon show these latter-day witch hunters who's wearing the pants—and permit, on its own initiative, any respectable establishment to stay open until 3 A.M. or even 5 A.M., at least during the season.

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In the meantime, your most lively choices (partners often available, if desired) are (1) Café de la Terrasse, (2) Embassy, and (3) Börse. But the tea-dancing room at the Baur au Lac Hotel has the best afternoon potential for feminine companionship, and the Mascot Bar currently draws the pick of the crop at night; some semipros, some pros, all pretty grim.

As for other Swiss cities, towns, and villages—have you written the folks or read any good books lately?

► **TIP:** Hostesses are required to stay on the premises until closing time; if they leave before this, they lose their jobs. Most are “B-girls”—house employees who get a cut on every drink the customer buys; most complain of “stomach trouble” which only champagne (not whisky) will soothe; most start gently with a half-bottle of bubbly and work up quickly into the \$10-per-jug-per-15-minutes league. The customary gratuity runs from \$15 to \$40; the majority are of French rather than Swiss birth.

Taxis If you care about your francs, the distinction among the various classes of taxis is important.

Some cities now have 3 types: the “Piccolo” (smallest, cheapest, 3-passenger maximum), the “Klein” (small, average rates, 4-to-5-passenger maximum), and the “Gross” (large, expensive, 7-passenger maximum). Fares vary geographically. In Zürich, as an example, the “Klein” will charge you a flat minimum of 24¢, and a per-mile fee of 22¢—provided that there are no more than 3 passengers, and provided that the ride takes place before 11 P.M. (extra charges otherwise). The “Piccolo” will cost you less, but the “Gross” will nick you a fat difference more.

In '59, Geneva followed Basle by opening a Taxi Telephone Center. Simply dial 165 in either city, and a fleet of 150 cars will be at your disposal.

As long as you stick to “Piccolos” or “Kleins,” their standard tables won't hurt your pocketbook at all—but always be cautious about climbing into a “Gross.”

Even more important, *beware of the taxis in the resort*

villages. Some of these drivers are such shameless s.o.b.'s that their gouging will shock you. One St. Moritz bandit, whom we wouldn't have used if the lady hadn't been in formal clothes, took us from the Palace Hotel entrance to Chesa Veglia—a long 1-block walk—for \$2; on our return trip, after dinner, he coolly demanded a \$3.50 "night rate"!! Another pirate in Arosa rocked us \$3.25 for hauling 2 persons and normal hand luggage from the Kulm Hotel to the station—a distance of no more than 20 blocks or so. To call this situation scandalous would be the same as referring to the Matterhorn as "sizable."

Similarly, in some big cities of otherwise-honest Switzerland, you might run across petty chiselers of the same proclivities. As one example, a smooth-talking bucko in Zürich overcharged us by 35% "for baggage"—and, when investigating the incident, a second driver of normal Swiss honor scornfully told us that "some of these bummers have the motto that 'Americans are the cows who stand still while they're milked, so why not take the cream?'"

After several recent disappointments in this regard, we now make it a habit to count our change and to check into any supplements before paying them. We're especially watchful whenever we take a cab from the vicinity of the Zürich station.

It's smart to use buses or trams (trolley cars) for short hauls in any Swiss city; conductors, usually English-speaking, will steer you to your destination in a friendly way—and you'll save plenty.

Car Rental The best agencies we've found for hiring cars are A. Welti-Furrer A.G. and Spycher's Swissways, both with main offices in Zürich. This duo was confronted in '59 by a new competitor, Garage Riesbach A. G., which is also reported to be dependable. Welti-Furrer, an important international shipping firm, dates back to 1838—but its program for today's overseas visitor is not only streamlined but jet-propelled. Up-to-the-minute automobiles of all categories, both self-drive and chauffeur-driven; International Tour

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Organization for itinerary-planning, hotel reservations, theater and festival tickets, sightseeing excursions, and other services across Free Europe; purchase-repurchase plan on Volkswagen, Fiat, Simca, Mercédès-Benz, and 4 other makes, for vacationers who wish to holiday in leisurely fashion and then resell their car at the end of the trip; branches in Lucerne and Geneva. Honest and fine. Try to get Driver Josef Felder, who was especially thoughtful and capable when I drew him, by luck, for an excursion. Swissways is operated by Max R. Spycher, an energetic Swiss-American; here's the Swiss licensee of Avis Rent-a-Car System, with a new branch in Geneva and new correspondents in many Swiss cities. Mr. Spycher will give you 62 miles per day in a new self-drive U.S. model (Plymouth, Chevie, Dodge, etc.) for roughly \$14, or in a new European model (Opel, Taunus, etc.) for roughly \$11—including free insurance, documentation, taxes, and other technical fees. You buy *all* gasoline and pay 13¢ or 11¢ for each mile over the limit, plus delivery or pick-up charges to any point in Europe outside Zürich. Chauffeur-driven cars are also available, from Cadillacs or flashy '59 Mercédès 300 D's down. We've used Swissways for a long time, too, and always found it excellent. Garage Riesbach, with which we are not personally familiar, represents the U.S.-based National Car Rental System; for the first time abroad, it also offers a Rent-A-Plane service, with or without pilot. All these agencies now have booths at both the Geneva and Zürich airports—and all have the blessings of the National Travel Office, which in Switzerland means 100% reliability.

Motoring This might amaze you as much as it continues to amaze us: Swiss roads, in general, are among the poorest in Free Europe.

On our latest swing, we drove 1500 kilometers within a nation whose extremities are only about 350 kilometers apart as the crow flies. Except in bits and pieces here and there, the construction of even the main arteries took us straight

back to the days of Grandma's Franklin and our first Model "A" Ford.

We do not refer to the mountain areas, either, which offer special problems in building and maintenance. Just point the nose of your car over the flatlands or gently rolling valleys between Neuchâtel and Basle, or Basle and Zürich, or Lucerne and Berne, or Berne and Lausanne, or a half-dozen similar lifelines, and you'll understand our disenchantment.

Their surfaces are all right—but the majority are so high-crowned, narrow, twisty, and bisected by so many surface railway crossings, that it's difficult to credit such superannuation to one of the richest and most progressive countries in the world. Unless you're 80 years old and bestowed with buckets of idle time, you won't enjoy more than curiosity-fulfilling doses of motoring through the non-Alpine areas of Switzerland.

Belatedly, plans are under way for a new 20-year, \$1,000,000,000 highway network covering 1200 miles—but progress to date is agonizingly slow. Ground was broken in '59 on the link between Geneva and Lausanne, and they're hoping to finish this 37-mile stretch by 1964 (!) About the only recent feather in anyone's cap is the superexpressway which will sweep down the Rhine Valley and tunnel through the Alps to the Italian Riviera, linking Germany, Switzerland, and Italy on an all-weather basis; Montreux will be threaded to Mont Blanc and France by sometime in '61.

Gasoline is priced at about 40¢ per gallon—the lowest cost on the Continent.

You are no longer required to fill in Customs forms at the border, providing that your residence is in a foreign land.

Your automobile may now be carried by train through the Simplon, St. Gotthard, Lötschberg, and Albula tunnels—a big help for drivers who've never been checked out as Alpine pilots. Eight-seaters are the maximum they will take. Fares were reduced in '59, when the experiment became a proven success; they vary between \$5.14 and \$14, according to the vehicle's dimensions and the route.

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Trains Excellent. About 98% of all trains in the country are electrified; they run like Swiss watches. They usually keep their split-second schedules; they are usually clean; they usually go like a bat out of hell. Fastest run is made by the noon flier from Geneva to Zürich, which covers the 287 kilometers at an average of 89.3 miles per hour—and if it went nonstop, it would average 92.4 miles per hour.

A total of 150 First-class and 126 Second-class coaches, all of a radically improved design, were placed in service in '58. They're something!

The food in the dining cars is both inexpensive and excellent. Breakfast (ham and eggs and the works) costs \$1.16; lunch and dinner are \$1.48, and can't be matched anywhere in Switzerland for twice the price. Service is polite, fast, and efficient except on crowded mainliners (*i.e.*: Zürich-Geneva), when they'll sometimes make you stand up for your sandwich and drink instead of deigning to disturb an empty table that has been set up for a full meal.

Ticket prices were given an across-the-board boost of 10% to 14% last October. Various validities and other conditions were also altered at the same time.

There are 5 classifications—and knowing what each does is important. First is the ordinary variety, full fare for 1-way trips. Validity varies between 2 days and 2 months, depending upon the run. Purely routine.

Second is the round-trip ("Return Rail") class, a 25% saving on the cost of 2 single rides. Good for 10 days; validity may be extended for another 7 or 14 days for a slight extra charge.

Third—the one you'll probably want—is the Holiday type. It works this way: tell the man your entire itinerary, and he will issue one compact booklet with all of your transportation lumped between its covers. The reverse side bears 5 printed control squares for 5 extra trips of your later choice—over-and-above your original schedule—at a 50% reduction. It is good for exactly 1 month, regardless of calendar differences (*e.g.*, from Feb. 10 through Mar. 9, or from July 3 through Aug. 2). Extensions of 10 days may be made for \$1.62 in

First class and \$1.15 in Second class, per application. It is nontransferable, and your John Hancock is required. Saving: less than 50%, because of the fees involved.

Fourth is the new General Season type, which replaces the former 15-day and 30-day arrangements. You can flash this pass within a specified period on 3125 miles of Federal trackage and lake routes, 144 private railways, 9 private steamship lines, and unlimited postal motor coaches (this sentence has made us reach for our vitamins). It is not for sale outside Switzerland. In some districts, there's a further breakdown to what is called the Regional Holiday Season Ticket—unlimited or half-fare movement within the confines of that particular district for a set period. The man at the window will give you all the dope on these.

Fifth is the Party type. Groups of 8 to 24 persons get a 25% to 30% reduction, depending on the ground covered. If most of your in-laws are with you, take advantage of the 35% discount for parties of 25 or more. Validity is for 2 months, and if more than 14 people travel together, the tour conductor may ride free.

But don't forget first to look into the Eurailpass (see page 125) if you are touring other countries as well.

An interesting statistic: if the 5000 bridges and 700 tunnels of the Swiss Federal Railways were stretched out in one piece, they would reach for over 250 miles.

►TIPS: Ride First Class in Switzerland. With the category changes of '56, the old Second Class became First, and the old Third moved up to Second. Second has wooden or slick plastic "textile" benches and is crowded to the scuppers. Distances are so short that the price difference is peanuts.

Don't put your feet on the cushion across from you. I was twice bawled out by horrified conductors.

Many people take along picnic lunches to eat on trains. If you're staying in a hotel where meals are included, ask them to put up a lunch—you're paying for it!

All wines and liquors are available in dining cars; no lounge cars on Swiss trains, unhappily.

Old trick: buy a Second-class ticket and waltz over the landscape in de luxe style, highball in hand—by riding all the way in the dining car.

Most station restaurants, contrary to the slapdash coffee-in-saucer tradition in American terminals, are excellent. They take so much pride in competing with their regional dishes that even the townsfolk use them for family treats.

Children under 6 years of age ride as guests of the conductor and engineer; children from 6 to 16 (!) pay half fare.

Airline Swissair has 179 employees to every plane—one of the best averages in commercial transport and an indication of the precision of their maintenance. In both passenger service and technical operations, here is one of the finest carriers flying today, in our most thoughtful opinion.

Counting the aircraft to be delivered in the immediate future, this year's fleet will consist of DC-8 jets, Caravelle jets, Convair 880 jets, DC-7C's, DC-6B's, Convair Metropolitan's, and DC-3's. There are 3 major international airports—Kloten (6 miles from Zürich), Cointrin (3 miles from Geneva), and Blotzheim (4 miles from Basle). The fourth, near Berne, is used only for feeder services. When Kloten was inaugurated in the late '40s, it was named for a neighboring village; sturdy Swiss burghers fainted like flies when an amused Hollander told them the startlingly vulgar Dutch translation of this word—but it wasn't changed to "Helvetia Airport," as planned, because too many announcement pamphlets had already been printed!

Every important nation in Europe except Norway is blanketed by this airline. Intercontinental routes extend all the way to Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Manila in the Far East, Bagdad and Teheran in the Middle East, Brazil and Argentina in South America, and, of course, New York.

In '57 it was granted the long-awaited Lisbon gateway to and from North America, as a supplement to its northern approach. This means that the U.S. passenger can this year climb aboard one of its ocean-shrinking DC-8 jets at Idlewild, fly nonstop to Switzerland (or to Cologne, base point

for the Rhine excursion, as an alternate), and then pick up Swissair again for a stopover in Portugal on the way home—a great circle on this single airline, with tons more scenery but no more cost.

Founded in 1919 under the name of “Ad Astra Aero,” this private (not nationalized!) enterprise is one of the oldest transport companies in the skies. Its pilots are the cream of the National Air Force, teathed and weaned on treacherous mountain flying. Most of them are million-milers, and 12 have already sat in a cockpit for more than 4-million miles.

Like SAS (but all-too-few others in these “push ’em-on push ’em-off” days of air travel), Swissair makes an all-out effort to treat its ticket holders as dignified human beings who deserve the most gracious, hospitable type of individual attention. As a result, the caliber of service you’ll find aboard is extraordinary—far, far superior to that of perhaps 95% of its competitors. Every single Swissair traveler we talked with last year found this highly refreshing—as did we, on several different rides over the same period.

Special attention is devoted to the cuisine—and, considering the catering problems involved in the in-flight category of dining, it is fabulous. When we bought our First-class transatlantic ticket last December (this does not apply to Economy class, due to IATA restraints), the man at the counter handed us a colorfully embellished menu 1 yard long, which started with Malossol Caviar and *Tranche de Foie Gras de Strasbourg* and worked its way through 34 other mouth-melting specialties. About 5 days later, when we boarded the plane, all the passengers who had made their selection were presented with beautiful individual menus which bore their name, the date, the flight number, and the dinner they had chosen. Silver cutlery, china crockery, and glass were used exclusively; no stainless steel or plastic containers or plastic dishes showed their plebeian faces. Hot dishes were piping hot, and Swissair’s presentation of things like canapés is so eye-appealing that the customer could almost eat the platter on which they’re served.

If any Swissair scheduling troubles or other special prob-

lems should come your way, take them straight to the charming, able, and friendly Dr. Hugo Mayr at the company headquarters, 3 East 54th St., N.Y. 22. Although he is the line's General Manager for North America, he's a ball of fire in straightening out the smallest difficulty for his most modest passenger.

Recommendation: We recommend Swissair unreservedly as a careful, efficient smaller airline, with fine equipment, super-service within the IATA limits, superior food, and pilots who know how to fly. We love it, and we hope that you will, too.

Cigarettes No trouble in Switzerland—except the prices. All you want—U.S., British, Egyptian, and others—at 35¢ to 60¢ per pack. A radiant American lady of our acquaintance recommends the less expensive Parisiennes Superfiltre, a filter-type in a red package; she swears by 'em. Other North Carolina imitations are also available, at 20¢ to 30¢ for twenty. Cigars are very expensive in the Corona-Corona class, but there are many excellent lower-priced varieties. Rosa Cubana, for example, is mild and pleasant, like the better Danish or Dutch brands; an enjoyable long smoke for 19¢.

Drinks Everything is available including absinthe (illegal), at prices slightly below those in the United States. Popular brands of Scotch cost about \$5 per fifth; Canadian Club sells for \$5.10; imported gins and ryes are less. Supplies are ample. Highballs run from 60¢ to \$1, and most of the bartenders could do just as well with a medicine dropper as they do with their jigger glasses.

Swiss wines? Almost any wine lover can instantly set them apart from good French, Spanish, or Italian vintages, even when blindfolded. They have a unique character of their own: a freshness, a slight effervescence, a distinct tang to the tongue which is missing from all others. They take learning, before true enjoyment can come. Most of them should be ordered young.

The majority of visiting Americans seem to prefer Johannisberg as their white and Dôle as their red. You'll al-

ways be reasonably safe if you order either of these sound old stand-bys. Personally, we happen to prefer the Cortaillod of Neuchâtel to the Dôle, but that's merely a matter of taste. Other satisfactory types, at random, are Maienfelder, Altstätter, and Churer-Schiller (St. Gall and the Grisons), Mont d'Or, Dézaley, and St. Saphorin (Lavaux), Fendant and Torrenté-Château la Tour (Valais), and Cru de Champ-réveyres or the sparkling whites of Bienne or Neuchâtel. Here are the best of the land.

Swiss beer is cheap and plentiful. Perhaps my taste buds over the years have been nodding, but on a recent circuit I suddenly woke up to the belated discovery that Swiss brewers seem to make an ideal potion for invalids, old ladies, and nursing mothers. The Reinfelden brand, which seemed just as froggy to my mouth as most French types, started me on this little quest. All of the others I then tried shared this watery, Milquetoast spinelessness—but perhaps the tangy Tuborg and other Danish beer made for men rather than for the handicapped has spoiled me. Naturally, this is a personal reaction with which you may loudly disagree.

For teetotalers, the noncarbonated, natural white grape juice called Grapillon is wonderfully refreshing; about 25¢, and be sure that it's served icy cold. Apfelsaft is a pleasant and soft apple cider; the milk-based Rivella product is currently taking the country by storm.

The most astonishing Swiss liqueur is Appenzeller Alpenbitter. Appenzell is the town and Alpenbitter is the product—"Alpine Bitters," made up of the essences of 67 different flowers and roots. In taste it is vaguely reminiscent of gin-and-tonic consumed in a perfume factory, but don't let this stop you from sampling a genuine curiosity among potables.

Another flag-waving oddity is the so-called Marmot Chocolat Suisse—in taste a kissin' cousin of Crème de Cacao, with tiny cubes of extra-suave milk chocolate floating in the upper half of the bottle. All it needs is cheese in the bottom half to make it 200% Swiss.

Absinthe has long been banned by the Government, but it is bootlegged all over the land. The base is wormwood

elixirs; Pernod, as most travelers know it, is the watered-down version. You'll find it in almost every rural inn or tavern—but the proprietor must trust you before he'll serve you, just as in our speakeasy days. Ask for it with sugar and water; it will probably be dispensed in a porcelain beer mug to fool the police. The price is about 25¢ per glass; treat it with utmost respect, because the "proof" is sometimes 120 or 130 against the 100 proof of the strongest ryes and bourbons in the United States.

Sports Call your shot: tennis, golf, riding, swimming, boating, squash, sun-bathing—anything you have in America, and more.

Mountaineering is first, most hair-raising, and most dangerous. At Rosenlauri in the Bernese Alps, the Swiss Climbing School offers weekly courses to all comers with a zest for hanging to a cloud by their fingernails. Anyone can learn this art (except me); it just takes a little practice, nonchalance, and stability toward heights. If you're a complete beginner as I was, the Riffelhorn (near Zermatt) is tailor-made for you. You ride up the funicular railroad to Riffelberg, then go by foot for 1000 feet up a hogback, quitting before things get too tough. The Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and a breath-taking panorama spread in front of you; if you walk to the rim (which I did only once), the glacier is thousands of feet straight down. Perfectly safe, perfectly easy; get a good guide for about \$7 per day, take your lunch, and you'll have a holiday you'll never forget. It's okay for women, too—nothing hard about it. Shoes with special soles (usually rentable) are handy, but not entirely necessary.

We scarcely need mention the hundreds of peaks for experts. The Matterhorn and the Jungfrau are the most famous; there are a dozen even harder.

Skiing is the big sport in the winter. Most of the guides double as instructors during the season. Throw a stone from any window in Switzerland and you'll hit a ski slope, ski lift, or chair lift. Scores of resorts; so many fine ones, in fact, that I can't single out any for recommendation.

Want the climactic sporting thrill of your life? For excitement, exhilaration, and pure, raw speed, nothing I've ever experienced is in the same soul-tingling class as the bobsledding at St. Moritz. There are 2 options: the "regular" Run, which accommodates 1-man, 2-man, and 4-man sleighs, and the world-famous Skeleton or Cresta Run, which is for single "tobogganing" (small sleds with runners) only. Track times are determined by weight, current surface factors, and the skill of the driver. The heavy 4-man teams, which go the fastest, sometimes hit up to 85 m.p.h. in the straight-aways—and when they roar into those high-banked reverse curves of sheer glare ice and cling to the top edge like a jet-propelled fly skimming around the lip of a teacup, the spectator's heart climbs so high that he can roll it from cheek to cheek like Beechnut chewing gum. In spite of the explosive drama, however, there is almost no danger whatsoever: safety supervision is so close, driver's tests are so rigid, and track conditions are watched with such picayune, jealous care that there's literally just about the same risk as you'll find in climbing into your own bathtub.

If you're interested in this most pulse-stirring 2½ minutes of your sports career, with a medal as your reward, seek out Mr. MacCarthy, Secretary of the St. Moritz Bob Sleigh Club, and tell him that you'd like to try it. Guest membership is very inexpensive; no limit to your number of rides. Once you have "made" the course, the handsome bronze medal of the Club is yours. Christmas to end of February; go early, because melting of the ice usually closes the Run around 11:30 A.M.; hardy ladies enjoy it, too; strongest possible recommendation to any traveler, male or female, with a sense of adventure.

Fishing is out of this world. The lake trout, 20-lb. fellows, periodically work their way up the tumbling mountain rivers; there are salmon, rainbows, pike, graylings, and lazy fat perch in profusion. Take a fly without wings, one that looks a little starved, because the Palmer type doesn't work; or take worms and a bamboo pole, if you prefer. The National Tourist Office puts out a fine booklet, *Angling in*

Switzerland, which has the places, seasons, routes, and more complete information than you can possibly use.

Foldboating also is popular. The railroads will transport your boat for a surprisingly nominal charge. Like mountaineering and skiing, there are crack locations all over the country.

Switzerland offers the sportsman more opportunities closer together than any other nation in the world. That's why the Swiss are such a healthy people.

It's a photographer's paradise, too. Film is available everywhere; the natural light is so good that you'll get wonderful pictures.

Things to See We're tempted to throw in the sponge on this subject, since Switzerland offers exactly 19,999,999 exciting things to see or do. But here are some suggestions which have worked out happily for us:

Our favorite among favorites is *Zermatt*—it's incomparable. Go first to Brig, where you will have a wait between trains. Here young Hermann, Station Porter #1, will faithfully ride herd on your luggage while you take a stroll through the village. The little Guntern Restaurant, which we used to like, has skidded so alarmingly that it can no longer be recommended; probably the Couronne Hotel dining room is now as good a spot as any. Then take the funny little railway through Visp and up the steep green valley on the 2-hour climb to Zermatt. No automobiles here yet, thank the Lord—but a group of local lame-brains are trying hard to spoil this handcart-and-sleigh paradise by petitioning for a road extension from St. Niklaus to a parking-lot-and-garage area on the edge of town. If the clerk is charitable in assigning your room, you'll wake up in the morning with the Matterhorn seemingly so close that you can almost touch it. Later, take the cog train which goes up the mountain face like a chamois, inching its way slot by slot to Gornergrat. You'll never regret it.

If rest is your goal, stay at either the Riffelalp (first stop on the mountain funicular) or at the Sporthotel Riffelberg

(nearer Gornergrat). The Riffelalp, 7300 feet above sea level, is larger, more urbane, and more traditional; refurbishing program under way; closed in winter. The Sporthotel Riffelberg has pleasant but simple rooms, indifferent food, one of the most thrilling panoramas in the travel world, and a younger, more rugged clientele; closed in fall only. But don't pick either of these unless you're a climber, a skier, or a dreamer—because you'll find yourself cutting out paper dolls for distraction unless you have these specialized enthusiasms.

Seiler's Mont Cervin (Cervin is French for Matterhorn) and the Grand Zermatterhof vie for top honors. The former consists of the classic resort-style main building and the now-renovated Villa Margherita annex of Victorian aura; tiny Escargot Bar for summer visitors and lively Rendez-Vous Bar for skiers; comfortable rooms and good service; cuisine still reported to be indifferent, in spite of the recent change in chefs; new management by Bernard Seiler, fourth generation of this renowned hotel family; so animated and vivacious that it's the social center of the region. The Zermatterhof, owned by the community and ably directed by J. Stöpfer, is quieter, plusher, and more restrained than the Mont Cervin; friendly bar, rustic grillroom, tasteful and colorful rooms; also very pleasant, also recommended.

The Seiler-Haus, across the street from the Mont Cervin, opened in '57. Not a renovation job, but built from the ground up; Post Office, big Seiler Confectionery, and shops on the ground floor; good-sized, thoughtfully planned rooms on the 2nd floor; open the year around; not quite the fun or the attraction of Mont Cervin or Zermatterhof, but almost universally liked by American visitors.

We haven't yet seen the new Otto Furrer-Stube Hotel, named after the former world's champion skier and famous mountain guide who was killed in action on the Matterhorn several years ago. Reports at hand lay special emphasis on its Valais chalet-type dining room, where raclette, other cheese specialties, and a versatile à la carte menu are offered. Sounds attractive.

Zimmermann's Schweizerhof was given an extensive face-lifting rather recently, and it's worlds better than it was—although still not up to the 2 leaders in stature, and still not up to the less-expensive Walliserhof (see below) in charm. It's comfortable, all right, but we don't happen to care for starkly modern furnishings in an Edwardian building; perhaps you'll disagree. Zimmermann's National-Bellevue, one official category lower, has also been refurbished; we haven't seen it since the work was completed. A New York friend of the *Guide* writes that the Beau-Site, with its new décor, "is still a bit Old World, has a 'family' feeling, and is well-run at only \$9 per person for full pension and private bath." This one has a splendid location, to start with. The Victoria is so creaky with ghosts of the gaslight era that we're not fond of it at all, in spite of certain reconstructions and Seiler management. The Gornergrat gets no blue ribbons for any of its facilities, and the little Schwarzee, once the mountaineers' delight, burned down to its foundations in '57.

Among the smaller houses, however, there's one gem—a delightful little Valais-style establishment called the Waliserhof. There are practically no tourists in the village during October and November; this appealing, pint-sized country inn is about the only one except Seiler-Haus that stays open during this slack period. Here, in the smoky and cozy common room, you'll find ruddy-faced, bearded gentry in checked shirts and fireman's suspenders drinking beer and playing Swiss checkers and card games day and night. New wing and elevator; charming provincial ambiance; good beds, savory food, spotlessly clean; the friendliest of welcomes all the way from sweet Marti in the dining room straight up to the equally sweet Theo Welschens, who operate this fine but inexpensive haven with the warmth they'd show in their own home. We often take a few days' rest here—and each hour is always happier than the last.

If you need anything in Zermatt, incidentally, Mr. Welschen will cheerfully fulfill any requests or desires, from a fondue to an unscheduled train to a manufactured avalanche.

Skiing starts about Christmas time and continues into

spring. There's a fine new ski lift, and toboggan runs from the Riffelalp and Sunnegga-Findeln to the valley. Tournaments and races are held from January to the middle of March; there are plenty of mild slopes for beginners. All equipment, including clothes and boots, can be rented. Or if mountain climbing of any degree is your interest, the veteran Bernard Biner is the Head Guide of the community.

If there is time for only one stop on your Swiss itinerary, we'd pick Zermatt without hesitating a fraction of a second.

St. Moritz wears its own proud crown, too—for polish, for chichi, and for glamor rather than for comparatively natural simplicity. Here is the ski ground and playground of the elite of 4 continents (see "Cities" *et seq*); among the newer attractions are the teleferic extension to the 11-thousand-foot Piz Corvatsch (to be opened around the time this book is published), the St. Moritz Helicopter Service (skiers' rate is \$19.75 per 2 persons, while a sightseeing ride is only \$5.80 each), and the Freddie Wissel Air Taxi Service which, similar to the "eggbeater" outfit just mentioned, deposits its sporting clientele on lofty glaciers and peaks no funicular or teleferic can reach. Let's not forget, too, the new aerial cableway to neighboring Diavolezza; we've already suggested a lunch excursion here in "Food and Restaurants." The tourist can visit St. Moritz with very little money in his pocket—it's physically possible although realistically unwise. But if your wallet is loaded for bear and your aspirations loaded for lion (social species), this should be happily rewarding hunting ground.

Arosa carries a coronet, as well—for the middle-class, family-style Alpine holiday with all the kids, pets, toys, Sunday papers, and thermos bottles (see "Cities" *et seq.*). Beautiful setting; all facilities; so jam-packed in season that only those who like crowds should tackle it. If you should need any help here, the hard-working, alert local Tourist Chief, Werner Grob, is a mighty good man to see or to know; he does his job with utmost efficiency, and he's always ready with expert assistance.

Sightseeing from *Berne*? The Berne Excursions Co., Lang-

gasstrasse 85, operates the only full-day and half-day round-trip excursions in the region *with guaranteed departures*—an important qualification for the trusting traveler who otherwise might face last-second cancellations for lack of sufficient customers. You may tour the city, or you may take a lovely ride to such points as Interlaken, the Castle of Chillon and Montreux, Grindelwald, Neuchâtel and the Jura Lakes, the Grimsel-Furka-Susten Passes, and other standard treasures. Or you may make the Jungfrau-Jock round trip by rail under this company's wing (early June to late Sept.). Between May 1 and September 30, some are run daily, some are run thrice-weekly; between October 1 and April 30, there are 2 twice-weekly and 1 thrice-weekly departures; *all* go off on schedule. Prices vary between \$9.40 for the Grand Alpine Tour to \$4.60 for most others; meals en route are not included. Fine company, fine value.

Near *Lugano* at Medile (lake bridge on main highway from Italy; same village with La Romantica Hotel-Restaurant), a unique exhibition called Swissminiatur was opened in '59. With no advertising whatsoever, it has already wooed more than 200-thousand spectators. Towns, hamlets, castles, mountains, automatic railways, remote-control steamers, and other real-life things are reproduced in exact dimensions and detail, on a scale of 1 to 25. Surely worth a stop, if you're staying in Lugano or driving the southern route.

Sion inaugurated a \$187,000, Sound-and-Light spectacle last year. Elaborate electronic apparatus, including 194 floodlights and 6-track stereophonic equipment, project it on the 2 high hills of Tourbillon and Valère, which form a dramatic background to the city. Season only; daily program starting at 9 P.M. and lasting slightly less than one hour.

Most Americans in Switzerland make what might be called the Swiss Baedeker Circuit—that classic, old-fashioned swing made by their parents, grandparents, and neighbors before them, through such dependable travel chestnuts as Geneva, Lucerne, Interlaken, Montreux, and Lausanne. All these places are very attractive, as millions of footweary travelers will testify. But so many people have trod this path

for so many years that the freshness is gone, and the welcome the visitor receives is often hollow and professional.

If you're after a region which few U.S. vacationers know and which hasn't been "civilized" beyond repair, the 2-day or 3-day circuit from Zürich through the Principality of Liechtenstein and La Suisse Orientale (Nordostschweiz or Northeast Switzerland) is an enchanting choice. Spend your first night in *Vaduz*, the capital of this rustic little border state on the Rhine (see separate section); the second night might be spent in *St. Gall*, where the hotel situation has improved (incidentally, the Im Portner, which we liked so much under earlier management, still carries in its brochure a completely unauthorized quotation of esteem from the '52 edition of our *Guide*, and this is an annoying misrepresentation of our current *lack* of esteem for this establishment). If you stop here, there will be time for a look at neighboring Appenzell, the Abbey Library, and other points of interest. And the return to Zürich should be made around the other leg of the loop, through Romanshorn, Constance, Stein am Rhein, Schaffhausen, Winterthur, and Effretikon—with a pause at Neuhausen's Rhine Falls, if you're not in too much of a hurry. Full information on this off-trail territory can be obtained from any Swiss National Travel Office branch or the Tourist Office Quick in Vaduz. Quiet rather than spectacular beauty; recommended to old-timers rather than first-trippers.

There are 23 well-equipped mineral spas in the country. St. Moritz (see previous comments) is the highest in altitude; Baden, Ragaz-Pfäfers, and Tarasp-Schuls-Vulpera are characteristic. Each is a center for particular types of illness; some are purely for rest and relaxation. The Swiss National Travel Office publishes a free Pocket Guide about them.

August 1 is the big Swiss national holiday—the Bundesfeiertag—with bonfires and dancing all over the country. Annual folk festivals include Good Friday at *Mendrisio*, Camielia at *Locarno*, Blessing of the Alpine Pastures at *Lötschental*, and Escalade at *Geneva*. Zürich pops its fuses twice: once during the traditional Spring Festival of Sechseläuten, when

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Old Man Winter (a mammoth dummy stuffed with fireworks) is publicly burned at the stake, and again during the June Festival weeks, with concerts, opera, exhibitions, theater, and other gala events. *St. Gall* also blows off the lid at the end of June, when 8000 children march through the streets in the biennial Children's Festival, consuming as they go the legendary 29 miles of Bratwurst.

The Jungfrau and Interlaken; the Lake of Constance with its castles, orchards, and quaint villages; the Grisons, land of 150 valleys; Bürgenstock; the Bernese Oberland, with its lakes, glacial valleys, and high-Alpine landscape; the Jura; the Valais—everywhere in Switzerland you'll find something quaint, new, and beautiful.

But don't miss Zermatt, if you can arrange it.

Tipping An increased automatic service charge, inaugurated in '57, of 15% across-the-board in all De luxe and First-class hotels. All other hostelrys now get 15% for the 1st and 2nd night of your stay, and 12% for all subsequent nights. Give the waiter from 5% to perhaps 10% extra; tip the rest of the hotel people as indicated on page 116. Porters will tell *you* how much you owe them; taxi drivers, especially the resort robbers, shouldn't get a penny more than 10%. Leave something extra for the maid; all of them knock themselves out to keep your room extra clean.

Telephones Service is magnificent. You can dial directly any number in the country from any phone; just drop in your francs, and in 15 seconds you'll have your party. A '59 ruling permits collect calls to be made to any point in the United States—one of the very few European countries to authorize them. You may dial 161 for the correct time, 162 for the weather report, 167 or 8 or 9 for the news, respectively, in German, French, or Italian; and the magic number 11, which will wake you up in the morning, take messages, relay your affections, and answer such queries as the height of a mountain, the departure time of a train, the name of yesterday's football winner—almost (but not quite!) the statistics of that stacked Neuchâtel blonde who sat across

from you in the dining car. Most important, this same 11 should be contacted immediately if you run into trouble which can't be handled without assistance.

Buying a Watch You'll probably want a watch first of all. Here are a few good tips:

1. Never buy it until *the end of your stay in Switzerland*. By that time you've seen dozens or hundreds, and your judgment is more seasoned and experienced. Although almost any shop in the nation is reliable (see below for 2 dealers we're not fond of), we recommend either Bucherer or Gübelin (see below) for what we believe are the most tempting stocks and finest values.

2. Make sure that it has what is called a "jeweled escapement" (quality companies use this invariably). If it has a "pin lever" or "Roskopf escapement," you are getting works of the cheap drugstore variety—good enough for children.

3. The number of jewels in a watch is *not* a criterion of value or performance. They cost 5¢ to 10¢ apiece, and there is no possible need or purpose for more than 18 in a hand-wound model, and from 21 to 26 in a self-winder. American manufacturers make up to 39 a peg for advertising campaigns; the average Swiss maker sticks to the above limits. In Hong Kong, you may now find standard Geneva or Biel products which have been up-jeweled by Chinese merchants to 59—the acme of absurdity.

4. Never buy an inexpensive chronograph (watch with stop hand, moon phases, or other devices on the dial). These instruments are so complicated that it is physically impossible to turn out a reliable one without a large investment in time, labor, and materials. In average wrist-watch sizes, even the best of them can't take much of a beating. Stay away from "bargains" in chronographs or "calendar" movements; they are so intricate that when they break down (which they do often), repairs cost a mint.

5. Nearly all this year's output come with shockproofing gadgets built in. Because anyone of average activity needs the sturdiest possible timepiece, insist on this feature—unless

It's a ladies' model so tiny that this cannot be effectively included.

6. Investing in a nonwaterproof model in these advanced days is almost like buying an open car without a top. If a case is so finely constructed that it will keep out water, this means that it will also keep out humidity, face powder, perspiration, dust, perfume (which is harmful, by the way!), and other substances which gum up the high-quality movement for which you're paying those *beaucoup* francs.

7. Self-winding watches are of 2 types, one of them with several variations. In the first (now nearly obsolete), the weight which winds it does not make a 360° swing; in the second, the weight swings freely. Swiss manufacturers used to be evenly divided as to which was more practical, but this is no longer debatable. In my opinion, Rolex is unquestionably the best in this field, because they were the pioneers of the free-swing technique, and they have the jump on all of their competitors. I've had perfect luck with my current Rolex—complete accuracy, toughness, dependability. While swimming in Spain in 1952, I dropped it in 40 feet of water; when it was fished up the following morning it was still running as merrily as ever, without damage or complaint.

8. Alarm watches are the Vulcain "Cricket" and the LeCoultre "Memovox," which now offers a self-winder. These 2 are the outstanding brands on sale at present.

9. For our money, "reserve indicators" on the faces of ordinary watches are useless gingerbread—and on self-winders, just plain stupid. Any decent self-winder, no matter its price, always has ample reserve when in use, and never needs to be wound by hand.

10. Many Swiss watches famous on Fifth Avenue are found only in second-rate Swiss stores. Don't be misled by high-pressure American advertising.

11. In Switzerland, most of the "little" watches (brands you've never heard of) are reliable. You won't be cheated by these honest Swiss dealers, particularly in the larger stores; nice, ordinary watches can be bought for \$10 to \$20. *But beware of bargain outlets and peddlers who have "smuggled"*

or "pawned" any reputable Swiss timepieces in any other part of Europe or in Africa or Asia. They are apt to be like the dollar "Parker 51" pens of Naples—bald and worthless counterfeits which fooled thousands of tourists.

12. Gold or steel bands (straps) for wrist watches are plentiful, beautiful, and comparatively inexpensive. If you want one, order it here and save money (Spain is the only country where they are slightly cheaper).

13. You get exactly what you pay for. Sometimes you'll find fine jewelry and a 5¢ movement; a common practice of American retailers is to sell a magnificent, gem-studded bracelet carrying a watch with works that shouldn't be offered as a Mickey Mouse premium—at a "bargain," of course. If you buy a watch in Switzerland, you'll pay from 25% to 50% less than current American prices—or possibly even 60% less, now that our politicians have clamped the dog-in-the-manger, thoroughly unjust import curb on Swiss-made movements. Taking that into account, remember that you'll get no more and no less than a \$10 watch for \$10 and a \$700 one for \$700.

Before rating the various companies, we must apologize to our '59 readers for misinforming them on the subject of watch manufacturers vs. watch assemblers. No such distinction as we described in that edition exists; some of the leading houses participate in both fields. Our technical sources, 100% factually accurate up to then, goofed—and so did we.

Let's move along, then, to our more carefully delineated private ranking of the most prominent brands—opinion only, of course, with plenty of room for argument:

At the very top there are only 3: Patek Philippe, Vacheron & Constantin, and Audemars Piguet. Although some of their output in simple cases can be had for \$150 or so, most work is done on a custom basis, and the sky is the limit.

In the *High-Precision Class*, we'd lead off with International and Rolex, followed (not in order) by Omega, Gübelin, Movado, Longines (not Wittnauer), Eterna, Zenith, Jaeger LeCoultre, and Universal. We don't know enough about Piaget for precise placement, but we strongly

suspect that it belongs in the upper section of this category.

In the next grade, called *First Class* or *First Commercial Class*, we'd make it (again not in order) Borel, Certina, Cortébert, Cyma, Doxa, Enicar, Girard-Perregaux, Invicta, Juvenia, Marvin, Mido, Solvil, Tissot, Vulcain, and Zodiac. You may take pride in any of these.

In *chronographs*, Heuer, Lemania, and Breitling are the most renowned specialists—although most leading manufacturers now offer their own models, too.

In *calendar watches*, absolutely nothing made today touches the Rolex Day-Date, with the Datejust the runner-up.

Pleasant tidings: the Swiss Luxury Tax on gold watches, platinum watches, jewelry, and other indulgences was repealed in '59. Good hunting!

Now—the best shops? First let's get the only 2 Swiss establishments which we do *not* like and do *not* recommend off our mind: (1) Fischer in *Lucerne*, and (2) Printania, next to Cook's, in *Geneva*. Neither will ever get a dime's worth of our personal trade, for reasons which we consider to be ample. After comparing the stocks and prices of probably all the major dealers in the land, we're stuck on an outstanding pair—one for the Ford-Oldsmobile type of buyer, and the other for the Cadillac-Jaguar league.

If you're interested in finding the widest variety of sturdy, dependable, lower-cost timepieces of all categories, the Bucherer Co. is the largest watch retailer in the world. Their branches spread from the *Lucerne* headquarters to *Zürich*, *Lugano*, *Interlaken*, *St. Moritz*, and *New York*; the *Lucerne* operation alone carries up to 50-thousand separate items. Sample prices: wrist watches from about \$7, ring watches from \$20, lapel watches from \$14, folding purse watches from \$18, "skeleton" watches from \$18, lipstick watches from \$15, travel clocks from \$7, cuckoo clocks from \$8. From these bargain quotations, please don't gather the impression that Bucherer doesn't offer a topflight expensive line, too; they're the official Rolex appointee, as one example, with regal jeweled specials which run into thousands of dollars. Natu-

rally, however, the bulk of their business is in the mass market at Mr. Average Man's price tags. My personal favorite-of-favorites is their Vulcain "Cricket" wrist-alarm, which for 9 years has roused me, prodded me, got me to airports, and made itself such a part of my life that I'd be helpless without it; gold-filled models run from \$75 to \$90. In Lucerne, ask for our happy English-speaking friend, "Johnny The Piano Player," or Frank Limacher or Eric Schmuziger if he's not in; they'll all take good care of you. Every purchase guaranteed; best bet for the budgeteer or the average pocketbook.

For quality purchases, if Gübelin's creations don't make your mouth water, the champagne's on me. Strikingly handsome main store in *Lucerne* at Schweizerhofquai 1; branches in *Geneva, Zürich, St. Moritz, Bürgenstock*, and *New York*; authorized representatives and repair agents in over 60 American cities. In addition to carrying Patek Philippe and Audemars Piguet, 2 of the 3 ranking timepieces on earth, they also feature the most stunning original craftsmanship in this field which has ever brought light to our eyes. You'll find every category here from stainless-steel models at \$17 to medium-priced wrist, lapel, pocket, or purse watches to stunningly artistic jewelry watches in exclusive Gübelin designs—crowned by a fabulous diamond-emerald-sapphire bracelet job at a mere \$6671. And the clocks . . . well! This 4-generation House Specialty, a collection unrivaled in the world, offers everything except a Mongolian Sand Egg-Timer. Jewelry, sundials, lots more—plenty to buy in the \$20-to-\$40 bracket, but the emphasis, of course, is on \$50-and-up. Most appealing trinkets to the average American gal seem to be the "March of Time" bracelet and the "Cheerio Time" or "Touch Wood" charm watches—as well as the "Rainbow" wrist watch with interchangeable covers and straps to match every color she wears. Don't miss Gübelin. It's a *must*, because you'll never find another treasure house of timepieces like it.

In conclusion, there is this to be said: No American watch, not even the Hamilton or Elgin, can meet the quality of the best creations of these master workmen. Because standards

are so high and costs are comparatively low, the traveler who goes home without a good Swiss watch on his wrist and 2 or 3 inexpensive ones in his bag for gifts hasn't made the most of his fine opportunity. The U.S. Customs duty-free limit is 5 per traveler (personal use)—so shoot the works!

►TIPS: Don't bargain. Prices are rigid.

Experts say that your watch will Live Longer and Stay Younger if you'll (1) rest it on the bedside table while you're sleeping, and (2) wind it in the morning instead of at night. (Getting-up time is fairly constant with most people, but bedtime is apt to vary—and results are better if it's wound at the same hour every day.)

Other Things to Buy Our first and last errand on Swiss soil is unvarying: we always load up twice on what we consider the finest chocolates in the world—Lindt's. The Candy Master of this firm must be a 250-year-old elf who is kept under lock and key in an air-conditioned cellar under the Kilchberg plant and laboratories—because nobody else has ever been able to duplicate that special Lindt texture and flavor. The supreme work of art is the liqueur type; Lindt's "Bonbons Liqueurs Supérieurs," filled with everything from Cointreau to Roffignac Three Star cognac to Kirsch to Bénédictine to perhaps 10 other bonded brands, are magnificent. *Remember, however that no chocolates containing alcohol can be passed by the U.S. Customs.* Bitter-sweet or milk chocolate, tiny Napolitains, round Croquettes, motorists' Lunch Tablets, dozens of varieties are obtainable, from 20¢ units to elaborate gift boxes at \$4.50. The Sprüngli Confiserie in Zürich (see "Restaurants") is the ideal place to buy them, because it's a partner in the parent company; naturally, however, you'll find Lindt's in practically every confectioner, delicatessen, or high-class grocer in the nation. Go to it—and how we envy you!

Swiss embroideries and hand-worked appliqués have been famous for centuries; so have the St. Gall linens and organ-dies, the most distinguished in Europe. For the best values and most tasteful stocks, try the nearest Sturzenegger store.

Headquarters are in *St. Gall*, home base for the mills that make these gorgeous materials; branches are located in *Zürich*, *Lucerne*, *Berne*, *Basle*, *Interlaken*, *Montreux*, *St. Moritz*, and *Zermatt*. This old-line chain tops them all in these specialties; you can count on quality merchandise and rock-hard integrity. Recommended.

Handicrafts? If you're as sick of tourist claptrap as we are, and if you want to find some honest-to-goodness regional craftsmanship instead of souvenir-stand junk, Schweizer Heimatwerk might warm your shopping soul. There are 4 shops: Uraniabrücke (headquarters) and National Bank Building (a few steps away) in *Zürich*, and Hinterlauben 6 in *St. Gall*, plus the Transit Hall in *Zürich Airport*. The main operation is combined in the first 2 units: one is a semimuseum which displays the national costumes, and the other contains the major sales rooms. In the latter you'll find everything from the handmade output of Alpine farm families to the skilled work of semiprofessional artisans from little towns all over the Swiss map: tea cozies, dolls, trays, furniture, textiles, wood carvings, placemats, and much, much more. The employees wear colorful provincial dresses, and the aura is bright and cheerful. Ask for Director Wettstein, who is proud to show off the fruits of his rural collecting. If he's not in, Manager Mrs. Schroeder in the Uraniabrücke center or Manager Miss Nikles in the Bank Building will take care of you. Huzzahs for this one.

Cameras and supplies? Shutterbugs must look for dependability, honesty, breadth of inventory, and service rather than cost differences in this industry, because nearly all photographic items are fair-priced throughout the country. There are plenty of good houses, but the only one we've ever found which doesn't seem to breathe that correct, disinterested, chilly neutralism toward its customers is the lively Photo Paul Weber chain. Americans flock to his 4 shops in *Lucerne* and his resort branches at *Bürgenstock* and *Davos*; here's the fastest-growing outfit in Switzerland, because this young dynamo and his equally young staff have the warmth, patience, and enthusiasm that instantly puts the shopper on

personal terms. Inexhaustible selection of top-grade cameras (Leicas, Zeiss-Ikons, Rolleis, Alpas, Minox, Bolex movie, etc.), with German products adjusted to German price-levels; bottomless lens stocks to match. Rush-delivery for color, regular printing, and enlarging; portraits so masterful that Dr. A. J. Cronin, the eminent author, wrote "I can honestly say that you have surpassed the most famous studio artists in England and America"; roving photographers for any assignment. Six stores: in *Lucerne*, at Haldenstrasse 7 (opposite Hotel National, where chipper Mrs. Didy presides), Pilatusstrasse 18 (the original), and Pilatusstrasse 1 (near the station); in *Kriens*, *Davos*, and *Bürgenstock*. Special, reduced export prices for all foreign visitors. Paul Weber himself is always on tap, so call for this eager-to-help expert if needed. None better.

High fashion and accessories? For both chic grownups and teen-agers, the Grieder department-specialty stores in *Zürich*, *Lucerne*, *St. Moritz*, and *Bürgenstock* have often been called "The Neiman-Marcus of Europe." They're the style centers of Switzerland. Grieder designs are exclusive and highly selective; even their ready-mades are produced in such infinitesimal batches that the chances of running across a duplicate of what you purchase are a million to one. In their imposing *Zürich* headquarters on Paradeplatz, you'll find *haute-couture* lounges, millinery shops, hosiery shops, beauty parlors, a men's section, textiles divisions with 375 shades of crepe de Chine, 1800 different silks, and 2000 cottons and woollens—plus the most successful experiment for teen-agers in merchandising today. This is the "Seventeen Club," with its private quarters, refreshments, magazines, pattern books, a record player, a monthly magazine, design competitions, jam sessions, picnics, fashion shows, and goodness knows what—all free, and open to any American girl who sees or writes to Secretary Aniko for a membership card. Unique for the Continent.

Swiss ski pants can't be surpassed—and Kalten Brunner in *Davos* is the Dior or Brioni of the field. The local cosmetics are worth investigating, if you're running short. The

porcelains are appealing but expensive. For antiques, Schlus-selgasse is the street in *Zürich* and rue de la Cité is the center in *Geneva*.

Be sure to hand your export form to the *Swiss* customs at the frontier, not to the Austrian, French, or Italian authorities.

Shopping hours: Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 12 and 2 P.M. to 6:30 P.M. except Saturdays, when closings are at 5 P.M.

Things Not to Buy Unlike most other European shops, quality is the byword in Switzerland. You won't like most of the music boxes, ashtrays marked "Souvenir of the Alps," and other cheap junk made for the tourist trade; you will like the "legitimate" items made for the Swiss people.

Price will be your worry, not quality. Lace, for example, is gorgeous—but compared to the cost in Maria Loix or other top Belgian purveyors, it's absolute highway robbery. Break it down to American currency; if the item is worth it, well and good. You may be sure that anything you buy will stand up, *if* you can afford it.

Local Rackets Only among a scattering of Swiss taxi drivers have we ever found any dishonesty in this nation. The only other reader-complaints we've ever had about Swiss ethical patterns were on a similar minor subject: the Kurtax (at Interlaken, for example, you're given a little shopping brochure issued by the merchants in return for this extra tax which is automatically slapped on your hotel bill). These are trifles. Switzerland is one of the most honest and upright communities on the globe today.

Yugoslavia

In 1944, when the Nazis were whacking away at Yugoslavia, I spent several months behind enemy lines as an American officer with Tito.

I've been itching to go back to this magnificent land—to the rugged majesty of the Montenegrin peaks, to the twinkling serenity of the Bishevo Grotto, to the incomparable beauty of the fortress Dubrovnik, to Skoplje, Zara, Smederevo, all the picturesque places more exotic than their names. There are scores of debts to pay for the matchless hospitality given a soldier by people with hearts as big as their mountains.

But such deep-rooted personal antipathy still exists between Tito and this writer that quite frankly I'm timid about returning. Communist memories are long; once inside again, the prospect of any "accident," however farfetched or remote, frightens me away.

Reports from recent travelers indicate the following: (1) today's unpolitical visitor may roam at will, without obvious interference or undue checking by the Secret Police organization. (2) Foreign tourism increased 40% in '59, but this country is still comparatively unpopular among the American trade. In order of traffic volume last year, Germans, Austrians, Italians, French, and English were all more heavily represented than we were. (3) A new paved highway with long tangents has been opened from the *Austrian border* through *Ljubljana* and *Zagreb* to *Belgrade*; the branch extending to the *Adriatic* at *Trieste* and *Rijeka* is paved or macadamized. Portions of the *Rijeka-Dubrovnik* sea road, along the *Adriatic*, are under construction and too rough for comfort. Finally, not even a paratrooper should yet brave the road from *Belgrade* through *Skopje* to *Greece*; they're rebuilding it, but it's still horrible. If Athens or Istanbul is your goal, take the newly inaugurated daily car ferry from *Brindisi* (near Bari, Italy) to *Igoumenitsa* (Greece). (4) Hotels are all government-owned and operated, and their quality varies. Be sure to look up their official category *in advance*. If they're "A," they're livable; if they're "B," they run from barely tolerable to adequate in a simple way; if they're "C," run. Among the "A's," observers say the new Metropole in *Belgrade* is the best in the nation, with a double room and bath around \$8; others recommended by these

observers are the Excelsior in *Dubrovnik*, the Tourist in *Jajce*, the Grand Palace on *Lake Ohrid*, the new Tourist on *Plivica Lakes*, the Grand in *Titograd*, and the Esplanade in *Zagreb*. There are pretty good "B's," we're told, in *Bled*, *Budva*, *Fruska Gora*, *Ljubljana*, *Maribor*, and *Split*. Backwoods hotels are usually impossible, due to their lack of toilets and cow-stable sanitation. Tips of 10% to 15% are welcomed everywhere. No Service Charges are levied; the only extra is a small tax. (5) Food is heavy and fatty in character, but the menus are diversified and the servings are generous. Dark bread is commonly consumed. So is Turkish-style coffee, to which few Americans can accustom themselves. Dining is reasonable. (6) All the larger towns have Tourist Information Offices with English-speaking personnel. (7) For longer journeys away from the main Ljubljana-Belgrade highway, we are advised that the most sensible means of travel is YAT-Yugoslav Air Transport. Frequent flights are made to all major cities and summer resorts. We are not familiar with its equipment or safety record. (8) Railway travel, even on the famed Simplon-Orient Express, is likely to be on a standing-room-only basis. (9) There's a double-price system—one for nationals, and a much higher one for you. It was masked until recently, under the excuse that trade-union members (among the few Yugoslavs who can afford vacation trips) were granted a reduction on their hotel bills. When this "Sindikalni Popust" was abolished, they tacitly kept the custom going—and questions on the subject by visitors are sometimes answered frankly, sometimes evasively or dishonestly. One friend of the *Guide* states that in both Crikvenica and Jajce, he was told flatly that foreigners must pay more, "since they can afford it."

This Dictator and his "People's Republic" are very hungry for U.S. dollars. They want tourists, if only for the income in hard currency. Regrettably, however, I must ask you to turn to other sources for further information—because I simply don't know enough to be qualified for decent service to you.

One thing is sure: if you go, you'll see a scenic Valhalla, one of the most beautiful anywhere.

But for me, I'm going to wait a while.

L'Envoi



We hope that your trip gave you pleasure beyond price—that you had happiness and a bounty of thrills—that it will always pay you off in the currency of cobwebs and dreams. We hope, too, that both Europe and this little book were faithful when called upon for your friendship.

Because it's over, you have phone calls to make, presents to give, friends to impress, hundreds of demands. The whole world is yours, waiting to be caught up with. We envy your excitement. So does everybody within a mile of you—if they'd only stop one little minute to listen!

But let's share a last secret. Now that we've slipped off our shoes, hung up our clothes, taken a real American shower, raided that familiar refrigerator, and sat down to relax— isn't it wonderful to be able to say those magic words "I'm home again"?

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